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ERRATA.

Page 37, col. iii., line 24. For "Rückhard" reach "Rückardt."

Page 60, col. ii., line 48. Omit "Parker."

Page 54, col. i., line 4. For "Olaf Hammerstein" read "Olof Hammarsten." Line 25. For "Friis" read "Fries."

Page 181, col. ii., lines 23 and 38; also, Page 182, col. iii., line 15 from bottom. For "Agusti" read "Agresti."

Page 195, col. ii., lines 11, 12. Read "He lived eighty-two years and died as recently as 1862."

Page 380, col. i., line 50. For "Brown" read "Brawn."

Page 395, col. i., line 6 from bottom, and col. ii., line 12. For "Farnum" read "Farman."

Page 411, col. iii., line 7. For "Coseia" read "Coscia."

Page 412, col. i., line 1 of second stanza of poem. For "sara" read "sera."

Page 444, col. ii., line 9 from bottom. For "Macmillan" read "Dutton."

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The Nation.

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The Week.

Probably no ex-President ever had quite the sort of compliment implied in the rising demand, in so many parts of the country, that Mr. Cleveland be made again the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. Vilified by the majority of his party during his last term; out of office for eight years; the object still of the most intense personal hostility on the part of hundreds of thousands of Democrats—the tradition of his rugged character and great services persists in such power that the eyes and hopes of many of his former followers are turning to him. Under the shadow of his mighty name even discredited and unscrupulous bosses like Murphy, and Smith of New Jersey, and John R. McLean of Ohio, are, for their own purposes, seeking to take refuge. This, of course, tends to discredit the seriousness of the movement. Those dishonest politicians cannot really want that honest man. The call for Mr. Cleveland is, besides, in the face of his own announcement that his decision not to accept another nomination is "unalterable." It goes dead against the apparently settled conditions of practical politics. None the less is it a remarkable tribute to a great public figure. President Roosevelt has said that the reëlection of Mr. Cleveland in 1892 was, under the circumstances, the most extraordinary personal triumph known to our political annals. He might rank the present beseeching of the old leader to emerge from his retirement as still more extraordinary.

Congressman Lucking of Detroit, a Democrat, makes one or two interesting points regarding the Republican platform. He says that it is silent on the President's "biggest and longest fight," Cuban reciprocity, and that this fact alone "proves the absolute control of the stand-patters." If the platform makes any allusion at all to Cuban reciprocity, it is certainly veiled. It states that we freed the island, and then gave it to its inhabitants with order restored, and "connected with the United States by wise provisions for our mutual interests"; which can be construed any way you please. The Convention had much to say about the confidence of the people in that quality in Roosevelt which enabled him "to render personally inestimable service" to the country, and it mourned that "great statesman and patriotic American, William McKinley." But never a specific word about Cuban reciprocity, to which both were sincerely committed. Mr. Lucking also points out that, with business depression and a Treasury deficit staring the country in the face, the Republican platform had nothing to say about economy in Government expenditures. But how could it? Did Mr. Lucking think the party was going to admit publicly that times were hard, and that it had been squandering the people's money?

The special invitation extended by Mr. Roosevelt to "Lou" Payn, the very type and flower of the baser Republicanism, and the "satisfactory" conference had by the two, cannot be overlooked by students of that interesting subject, Mr. Roosevelt's psychology. Coming upon the heels of his recognition of Addicks, his laudation of Quay, his choice of that dearest foe of his, ex-Gov. Black, as his chief eulogist at Chicago, the Payn incident is highly illuminative. Does he forget the past? Is his former undying opposition to Black and Payn, so tearfully celebrated by Mr. Riis, already forgotten? Do his efforts to undo their evil work and rid the party of them count for nothing? They only make his present attitude more sublime. The lower he has to stoop to compromise, the loftier does he feel his political virtue to be. For is he not doing a thing personally most disagreeable, a thing from which his nature instinctively shrinks, in order to compass the "larger good"? It is, indeed, Mr. Roosevelt's doctrine of the larger good, combined with his passionate devotion to compromise as the chief of political virtues, that makes him capable of doing with a fine moral enthusiasm things which would stagger a hardened politician.

Secretary Shaw has substantially got his predicted surplus of $14,000,000 for the fiscal year—that is, after excepting the Panama and St. Louis Fair payments from the account. The exact sum is $13,247,674, resulting from receipts of $541,186,745 and expenditures of $527,939,071. The Treasury has accomplished this feat by a spurt on the home-stretch. The surplus accumulated in June was, on the night of June 27, only about $7,500,000, and on June 29 it was about $8,400,000. On the last day of the fiscal year, however, there was a jump of about $2,500,000, the total excess for the month being $10,919,513. This was accomplished by withholding payments on that day in a wholesale fashion. The total receipts for June 30 were $2,990,872, but only $647,000 was paid out, leaving Secretary Shaw $2,343,872 to help make good his estimate of last December. This is not a new policy for the Treasury Department. The receipts are apt to exceed expenditures heavily on the last day of the year. In 1903 there was a balance for the day of about $1,900,000, and in 1902 one of about $2,900,000.

No exhibit at St. Louis can be half so startling or instructive as the display of public corruption which that city offers to the world. It was again unfolded last week in the confession of one of the guilty officials, made in the fear of Folk. By it we are let inside the whole system. We see shameless corporations willing to buy legislation, and calloused public servants ready to sell it. The member of the House of Delegates, C. A. Gutke, who now turns State's evidence, declares that no ordinances affecting public franchises in any way could be passed without bribery, large or small. His specification of names, dates, and sums appears complete. What is most alarming, however, is his statement that the unblushing gang of thieves still hope, in spite of all that Mr. Folk has done to break them up and jail them, to escape unwhipped and entrench themselves in power again politically. They plan to circumvent the courts and "fix" juries. As Mr. Folk's successor, they propose to elect a man who will not be so "unreasonable" in running down rich criminals. All told, therefore, the municipal situation in St. Louis is still full of peril. The boodlers are only biding their time. They hope to defeat justice by means of politics. And no doubt every thief of them, together with the directors of the wicked corporations that bought illegal privileges, will rally with tremendous patriotism under the banners of their respective parties, and go into raptures of enthusiasm over the republic which they are doing their best to destroy.

To the latest lynching of a negro in Mississippi, for assaulting a white girl, columns of space were given in the newspapers, with the customary lamentations over the fearful degeneracy of the colored race. But at almost the same time in New Jersey five men were arrested for having lured a young woman to a secluded spot and there cruelly maltreating her; and of this item of news barest mention was made in the press. There seemed to be a general desire to hurry over it and forget it as one of those manifestations of brutal passion which remind human beings of their bestial origin. But why was this, except for the reason that these particular beasts were white men? If they had been black, it is safe to say that their crime would have been ventilated in the most sensational way, lynching would have been

threatened, and all kinds of morals drawn to the discredit of negroes. Let us be fair in such matters. Let us not condemn either the white or the black race for the deeds of its exceptionally fiendish members; and let us bear in mind the part which newspaper partiality and lack of due proportion in the treatment of such crimes has in doing practical injustice to the colored race.

An interesting situation has been created by a court decision in Milwaukee enjoining a certain tailoring company from discharging the members of a labor union. It was shown that the company was under contract to employ only union men for a specified time. The proceedings certainly show the hollowness of the position of organized labor as regards "government by injunction." It seems that the injunction is a perfectly proper means when it can be used to the advantage of the labor unions. But the recent decision has other curious features. The head of the tailoring establishment explains that there are two unions among the tailors in Milwaukee, and that his contract was with only one, which agreed to furnish him all the labor he needed. As it was unable to do so, he hired some men of the other organization. Thereupon the first union brought suit, charging that the defendants had entered into an agreement with other custom tailors of the city to break up the organization. If the facts are correctly stated, labor is apparently at war as much against itself as against capital. The Milwaukee decision, however, is in sharp contrast to one handed down on June 28 by a Massachusetts court in a similar case. The owner of a Boston tailor-shop contracted to employ only union labor, and agreed to regulate wages, hours of work, and apparently everything else, in accordance with the demands of the local union. In this case the court went beyond the mere question of whether the parties had lived up to the agreement, and held that the contract itself was "null and void because of such terms, and illegal and contrary to good conscience and public policy."

Capital and labor may differ in many ways, but they are fundamentally very much alike in the kind of rascals they produce. The Housesmiths and Bridgemen's local unions have in particular been prolific of officials who knew a "dead sure thing" when they saw it. Local 2 distinguished itself by producing Sam Parks, who was a sort of Napoleon in his line, and who made short work of such representatives of organized capital as caused any fuss in handing over the spoils. Local 52 has now the stage. Unlike Sam Parks, its treasurer has not preyed chiefly upon the Egyptians, but has gone through the strong-box of the chosen people themselves. He has just been arrested for devoting to his own use $1,854 of the union's funds, and, according to the police, he says he lost the money playing a "dead sure system of beating the races." Such instances are getting to be so common that people will soon begin to ask seriously, "How much better are the labor leaders than many of our Wall Street promoters and underwriters, or of our bank officials who use public funds for private speculation?" Seriously, if large investors and bank depositors are fair prey for tricksters, labor unions are very much more so. Their members are more easily gulled; and the worst of it is that slippery fellows whose only object is to rob the unions, and who care not a farthing for the real interests of labor, are often the ones to determine their policies.

Mr. Frank Cochran has pointed out the real defect in the "scabs." They are without the fear of God, and it was to remedy this that fourteen of them were blown into eternity at Independence, Col., on June 6. Cochran, who is secretary of the Victor Miners' Union No. 32, states under oath that the outrage was planned by representatives of organized labor. He says that a Mr. Haywood, who is described as secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, came to him and declared that "we have got to put the fear of God into these fellows," and then sent him to talk the matter over with two other men by the name of Parker and Easterly. The explosion was directly caused by one Victor Poole. These names are significant. Cochran, Haywood, Parker, Easterly, and Poole have neither a Slavonic, an Hungarian, nor an Italian sound. They are the kind of names we have always been in the habit of associating with sober Americanism. And yet the dastardly act that has just brought them into prominence differs only in degree, and not at all in kind, from the intimidation practised by the labor unions in the East. The accepted theory on the part of organized labor is that the "scab" should "get off the earth." A favorite means of getting him off is to starve him. When this has failed, his house has been burned, and his wife and children maltreated. But in Colorado they do things with frontier roughness. Dynamite is the best sermonizer out there.

By its sweeping verdict fixing criminal responsibility for the slaughter of the innocents on board the *Slocum*, the coroner's jury has lived up to a sense of public duty. The evidence before it fully warranted its finding. Never was there so gigantic a calamity so plainly due to gigantic carelessness. Somebody ought to be punished for it if justice is not to be mocked. Of course, the coroner's inquiry is only preliminary. It remains now for the District Attorney and for the United States prosecuting officers to press on the trials of those responsible. The most striking part of the arraignment by the coroner's jury is the severe condemnation of the United States inspector for "criminal negligence." Indeed, the whole system of inspection under Federal authority is denounced as inefficient, and the Secretary of Commerce is called upon to see to it that his force of local inspectors is overhauled and made to do their work "efficiently and *honestly*." In that last word we are put on the track of the one great political moral of the whole affair. Behind "graft" stalks murder. Corruption in the public service means a literal striking at the very life of the people. This is the burden which the Administration at Washington has to bear. It must explain to a mourning city how it came to allow the guardians of public safety to become so lax or rotten that they permitted 1,000 women and children to be needlessly burned to death or drowned.

The first batch of Chinese coolies for the Transvaal mines was expected to reach South Africa June 18. But on that very day *South Africa*, a London weekly, containing the following: "The substantial increase shown in the gold output of the Transvaal during May, despite decreased labor, is eloquent testimony of the marvellous possibilities of the future." Even more eloquent are the increased dividends which the mines are paying. During the week prior to June 18 one company declared 112½ per cent., following a distribution of "similar noble dimensions" in December. Another announced a payment of 100 per cent., as against one of 80 per cent. These are only two of a long list of companies showing gains. The fact is, the Transvaal mines have, by a natural process, been recovering as fast as could be expected from a long and disastrous war. But the South African miners propose to do nothing by halves. Great as have been their profits in the past, they can be heavily increased by a reduction in the cost of labor. The importation of Chinese coolies will bring the Kaffir to his senses. When he realizes what is taking place, he will, in the language of South Africa, "quickly show the healthful effects of competition." In short, the stockholders in mines that have been paying 100 per cent. or more every six months can flatter themselves that they will not long have to be content with such a meagre return.

Mr. Chamberlain must now think that the Canadians are like the deaf adder, which harkens not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. His passionate appeal last year to the colonies to abandon their "secondary" industries is regarded as mere chatter

north of the St. Lawrence. There is, says a Canadian correspondent of the London *Economist*, a general disposition to launch into those higher manufactures which Mr. Chamberlain, "in his innocence, thought we ought to reserve for Englishmen." One hears of projected yarn, cutlery, and carpet factories, of shipbuilding plants on the Great Lakes, and of other industries capable of reducing British Exports. Most of these schemes are likely to come to nothing, but there is no mistaking the growing determination to make the preference with the mother country of no practical benefit. A Canadian trade paper says: "The question of fealty to the mother country does not, and should not, enter into the consideration of our fiscal relations. But even if it did, there is no good reason why the mills of the Dominion should be sacrificed in favor of British manufacturers." The fact is, the Canadians feel that Chamberlain is playing a sly game, "and we are only bettering the lesson taught us of late from Birmingham."

By the withdrawal of the free-trade members of the Liberal Unionist Association, that moribund body falls completely under Mr. Chamberlain's control. A very valuable political asset it cannot be considered, but it has the possibilities of all dormant franchises. An organization is always worth something, and should Home Rule again come to the fore, Mr. Chamberlain's capture of the Liberal Unionists might conceivably justify his pains. It should be recalled, however, that among those he loses is the Duke of Devonshire, and in general he retains only the obscurer members. In fact, imperial reciprocity seems so dead—the Canadian tariff scheme smites it in the house of its friends—that there ought to have been some way of avoiding the split; for it is entirely possible that Mr. Chamberlain may never rally his Liberal Unionists for the tariff fight, but rather for the next political alarum that seems worth his while. The estimable gentlemen who make up the Liberal Unionists, not content with throwing overboard their best shipmates, are embarking, in the words of a South Sea Bubble prospectus, upon "a project the nature of which will be later divulged."

It is not unusual to closure all bills at the end of a crowded Parliamentary session, but Mr. Balfour's application of that rule looks uncommonly like a signal of distress. The party whips have been overtaxed to maintain a majority. The new rule will allow matters to be brought to a vote before the dinner hour draws the Unionist members away from Westminster. Of Mr. Balfour's manipulating his majority to please himself no one can complain; it is better after all to pass the minor bills wholesale while there is a majority, than to turn on the Unionist timekillers until the reluctant members can be haled to the turnstiles. Should the Licensing Bill be passed under closure, however, the Liberals and the country would have a just grievance. To indemnify publicans for non-renewal of licenses is a fairly revolutionary measure, involving the creation of a new kind of property right, and carrying with it enormous possibility of expense. Such a measure should be thoroughly debated. Evidently, Mr. Balfour does not mean to be caught, as on previous occasions, with a number of important bills unpassed. But his popularity to-day will hardly bear that mode of railroading the Licensing Bill, even on the theory that previous to liquidation he is setting his political house in order.

German stupidity never seemed more laughable than in all the outcry now making in Germany about our tariff laws. What is particularly objected to is our Customs Administrative Law—really the greatest monument of human or, at any rate, protective intelligence. Tariffs can be circumvented, but by clever administration we circumvent the circumventors. That is where the joke comes in. The Germans complain that we will not take the oath of their exporters, or admit invoices sworn to before our own consuls. Certainly not. Protection is the great provocative of perjury, and has to be on its guard against it; besides, we know how easily our consuls may be fooled or bribed. Then the Germans go on to protest that we have so arranged the law that there is no appeal to the courts, and that even a manifest injustice cannot be redressed. This is positively delicious. When did the Germans discover that protective tariffs had anything to do with justice? But the Germans cease to be funny and begin to talk in a highly offensive fashion when they make threats about keeping American exports out of their own market. They even have the effrontery to complain of our "dumping" iron and steel manufactures upon them, at prices far below those exacted in this country. But this is both foolish and unfriendly. Haven't the pig-headed Teutons read Secretary Shaw's explanation of American dumping? He made it clear to the humblest intellect—even to the German mind, we should hope—that our practice of selling cheaper abroad than at home is purely an evolution of modern business, and perfectly justified. It keeps our mills busy when otherwise they would have to shut down; and what we ask is if a nation like Germany, professing to be friendly, proposes to do all it can to bankrupt our manufacturers? Besides, it ought to be glad to get our goods cheap. Nor should it dare to go behind our invoices and ask what our prevailing market rates are. All those privileges of protection were never intended for a country so young in the faith as Germany. They are reserved for that aged saint, Uncle Sam.

There is no abating the zeal for polar exploration. It was announced on Friday that the German South Polar ship *Gauss* is shortly to start for the North Pole with a Canadian expedition under Government auspices, coming close upon a new French plan for attaining the farthest north. Unlike some other expeditions which have started for the Arctic in recent years, the French undertaking has received at the outset a very striking scientific endorsement, more than fifty of the best-known men of science in France having signed a memorandum declaring that it would be of great scientific utility. As explained by M. Charles Bénard, the expedition should follow a route a little to the north of that taken by the *Fram*, starting from a Norwegian port and crossing the southern portion of Barents Sea. Passing the summer along the Peninsula of Taimyr, it should arrive at the islands of New Siberia by the end of autumn. Instead of going north from there, as the *Fram* did, the ships—for there are to be two, specially built and equipped with wireless telegraphy—are then to make every effort to reach a point on the one hundred and fiftieth degree of east longitude, whence they need only drift with the ice. Three years is to be the duration of the expedition, which is to be provisioned for five. As the cost is estimated at only $300,000, it ought not to be very difficult to find a wealthy patron, particularly in view of the weighty scientific approval the proposal has received.

The rains have brought the northern military operations to a standstill. The Japanese hold all the important passes, but are apparently suffering from interrupted transport service and from insufficient shelter. In these respects the Russians, who are concentrated in the larger towns along the railway, have a considerable advantage. Seemingly, the campaign has ended in a stalemate. The rains came a week too soon for an effective juncture of Kuroki and Oku near Kaiping. North of the Hai-Cheng road it is doubtful if the Japanese have been strong enough to deliver a formidable attack. Kuropatkin, too, must be far weaker than has been supposed. He would hardly have given up Mo-tien Pass, on the high-road from the Yalu to Liaoyang, unless the call for troops to the south had been imperative. Delay plays so obviously into the hands of the Russians that we may yet see a desperate attempt to secure a base at Yinkow. Such a movement, though it would be undertaken at great risk, would settle the transport problem for the Japanese.

SENTIMENT VS. LAW.

Mr. Olney, speaking before the Harvard Law School Association last week raised the important question whether the United States is not unconsciously substituting a sentimental principle of authority for the rigid code of law. It was a pertinent issue to present to a body of lawyers, for if law is gradually to yield to the humanitarian instincts of our rulers, the legal profession must lose authority. The challenge was timely, for, just before, ex-Secretary Root, speaking at Yale Law School, had sounded the same warning against official usurpation of the rights of the nation. The occasion was dramatic, for Secretary Taft had been telling the Harvard Law graduates that Mr. Roosevelt's gentlemanliness was the ultimate warrant of his administrative acts, and Mr. Taft himself, as Mr. Olney did not fail to point out, stood before the audience as the personification of a benevolent despotism wholly foreign to the spirit of our laws.

Against the willingness to substitute sentiment for law Mr. Olney forcibly protested:

> "A new school of thought has arisen," he said, "and the American lawyer of to-day finds himself grappling with ideas for which he will search in vain any writings or utterances of the great American jurists of two generations ago. . . . The orator of the day [Mr. Taft], for example, with a laudable frankness which ignored any claim of benefit to the people of the United States from its present Oriental experiment, defended it a few days since on humanitarian grounds. According to him, we are rich enough and can afford it, and therefore it is our duty to sacrifice American lives and American treasure indefinitely and without stint for the education and elevation of Filipinos according to American standards.
>
> "But out of any such proposition at once issues another legal puzzle for the modern American lawyer—to find in the National Constitution the principle of altruism; to find in a frame of government declared on its face, by the people adopting it, to be designed to 'secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity' any authority for purely philanthropic enterprises."

Now, Secretary Taft and all of Mr. Roosevelt's followers wave aside such an argument impatiently. They perceive an imperative duty, they set about its accomplishment like men; let the law take its lagging course. Time enough after our duty is done for Congress to validate our acts by law. Time enough, when Congress has cut the law to suit our actions, for the Supreme Court to cut the Constitution to fit both. This is the real attitude of those who plead for a kind of higher law. Virtually they make of law a secondary convenience, and for emergencies fall back upon morals as interpreted by a strong and virtuous ruler; and this school of thought admits the possibility of only such.

No body of lawyers certainly could question the propriety of challenging so loose a theory of government. For what, practically, does the gentlemanly or the humane rule of a just man mean? It means at best his instinctive decision, subject to all the fallibility of individual judgment; at worst it means a decision influenced by the less worthy motives of those to whom he is beholden. Or, to return to the legal aspect of the matter, no lawyer can consistently regard government as anything but a trust—a trust under a broad deed, perhaps, but still under definite limitations of power. Now, where would the law be if trustees generally disregarded their charter and fell back upon their gentlemanliness, their high ideals, their irrepressible humanity? What would Mr. Taft say to a trustee who invested in, say, Hackensack Meadows to relieve a distressed speculator with a sick wife and eight small children? How would the courts treat an animal-loving trustee who, deeply affected by the tortures inflicted on horses in Southern Italy, gave 10 per cent. of his trust to the Naples Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? Such conduct by individuals would be grotesque, yet we accept this conduct in a President, we applaud it in the nation. When Mr. Root hints at the evil, we turn it off as an academic lucubration; when Mr. Olney speaks out plainly, he is in imminent danger of being dismissed as an impracticable pessimist.

Yet he exposes a real peril. There is no bottom to this doctrine of the good man above the law. Robespierre was such a good man in his time. No individual is strong or safe enough to exercise among his neighbors the kind of surveillance which we are assured this country must keep upon less enlightened peoples. In practice, this philanthropic opportunism has always broken down, leaving only the opportunism behind. It is very well for Secretary Taft to glorify retrospectively the motives that led to the retention of the Philippine Islands. The facts are otherwise. A vague hope of exploitation, unwillingness to withdraw from a possibly profitable game—these were the real grounds of our inaction. Senator Beveridge was the prophet of that evangel, not Judge Taft. So it always is; greed attaches itself to all the fair phrases; conquest in the name of humanity seldom fails to develop into an argument for political promotion or commercial spoliation. Law, on the contrary, has this great advantage—that it assumes that men are selfish and need to be restrained, grants no roving commissions, safeguards the individual's right to live his own life against the opinions of stronger neighbors. On this sound basis of reality people live at peace; on any other theory a democratic society dissolves under the intolerable regimen of compelling the many to obey the will of the few.

Indeed, the hollowness of this new theory that a strong nation has missionary duties is displayed in the fact that, though preached broadly as a general principle, its very champions hesitate to apply it in particular cases. Mr. Roosevelt dared not frankly cast himself upon the welfare of humanity in the Panama *coup;* he appealed pathetically to the treaty of 1846—to law, that is. Mr. Taft to-day would as little venture to tell the Filipinos that they are to be ruled by us indefinitely for their own good, as he would let the anti-Imperialists inform them that they are to be made independent for our good. In every case there is some shrinking from the full admission that the instinct of our higher officers transcends the law that creates them. It is a significant thing when jurists of Mr. Root's and Mr. Olney's parts, when two ex-Secretaries who have been the right-hand men of masterful Presidents, solemnly warn the lawyers of our two oldest universities that law itself is in danger of falling before the rule of the Executive, which is then most arbitrary when it professes to be most humane.

"PLACES."

The Secretary of the Panama Canal Commission announces that he is receiving something like a thousand applications a day for positions. In self-defence he issues the public statement that there are no "places" at the Commission's disposal. All the work to be done is of an especial kind requiring peculiar aptitude; and he warns aspirants that it will do them no good to write to him or to attempt to secure influential political backing. Everything is to be put upon the basis of specialization and efficiency.

If the Secretary believes that this will make any great difference in the rush for Panama jobs, or that political magnates will not insist upon sinecures on the Isthmus for their protégés, he must be singularly ignorant of the present theory and practice of our Government. To multiply "places," and to endeavor to retain power by their adroit manipulation, is the very beginning of political wisdom. We talk easily about efficiency, but we do not really mean it. Why should the spoils-hunters think for a moment that the Administration intends to construct the Panama Canal without favoritism and with an eye strictly to business? They see that it begins by disregard of efficiency. Economy is an essential part of efficiency; yet the President, by extending the Dingley tariff to the Panama strip, has thrown economy to the winds. He did it, of course, to put money in the pockets of American contractors; but it is only a step from doing that to permitting American politicians to stuff the Commission's working force with their ne'er-do-weel dependents.

Just at present we have before us a ghastly illustration of the working of the doctrine of "places" in the Steam-

boat Inspection Service. Certified to as fully equipped and safe by a United States official, a death-trap carries a thousand women and children to destruction. Inspection that really inspects was evidently not dreamed of in the Government philosophy. So dismayed and staggered is the Secretary of Commerce when the disaster bursts upon him, so distrustful is he of the capacity or integrity of his subordinates, that he orders them to do their work over again, and this time to do it thoroughly and honestly. Yet this is the very branch of the service which, we were told a year ago with a great flourish, was reformed root and branch by a vigorous and fearless Executive. An incompetent head was removed instanter, and thereafter nothing but skill and honesty was to be tolerated in that important service. It was presently observed, however, that the inefficient officer who was dismissed with so much unction was soon "taken care of." He was, in fact, put in charge of the local inspection service in New York, and was thus technically responsible, as superior officer, for the lamentable failure in official duty in the case of the *Slocum*. He was, if our information is correct, kept in office by the power of his "pull." Potent Senators went to the President and said that they could never consent to seeing an old friend thrown out upon a cold world. Consequently, demonstrated inefficiency was given a new field in which to make mischief. The offices were thought of simply as berths to be filled, not as positions to be well administered. It was really the theory of government by "places" which destroyed the *Slocum* and filled this city with mourning.

A Chief Executive with the fear of place-holders before his eyes is paralyzed in his best-meant activities. Lincoln described, half-humorously, half-pathetically, the immensely greater difficulty of filling the fourth-class post-offices than of carrying on a titanic war. We are convinced that the President is greatly hampered in his Philippine policy by the horde of American office-holders in the islands. It is possible for Mr. Root to breathe a pious hope that, some day, American rule may be withdrawn from the Philippines, but if Mr. Roosevelt were to echo it, he would have a swarm of alarmed and angry politicians about his ears. What! surrender all those well-paid offices, throw upon their own resources, in an unfeeling world, all those handy men of ours whom we have provided for as secretaries and treasurers and auditors and judges in those isles of the blest, where nothing but detected embezzlement can lead to dismissal? In Cuba, the problem was simpler. There the work of administration was in the hands of the army. A soldier obeys orders, and gives up a job when commanded to; but meet a bear robbed of her whelps rather than a civilian office-holder threatened with the loss of his salary. He cries to high heaven; he looks to the political great ones, whence his help cometh; they fly to his rescue, and the beleaguered President finds it easier to make a change in his policy than in the offices.

It is vain to talk of efficiency in the public service so long as its nerves are cut by the spoils system. Lord Rosebery, the great apostle of efficiency in England, once described a certain kind of official as being "plush tied up with red tape." What we too often see in office is insolent incompetence, kept there by defiant politicians. Easy-going Americans smile at such lax or corrupt service as just a custom of the country, until they see it blaze out into wholesale murder. Then they cry out in shame and horror, not seeing how their own careless acquiescence in the use of public office as political rewards has brought calamity upon them.

FUTILE LAWS.

A great gulf is fixed between the theory and the practice of civil government. Theoretically, the legislature expresses the will of the people. As a matter of fact, the laws it enacts have all sorts of origin. Most of them are carried through in the interest of a small number of persons. It is absurd to suppose that the power of the community is available for the enforcement of such laws. The legislature depends upon the executive to carry out its mandates. This the executive may or may not do. "John Marshall has got his judgment," sneered President Jackson; "now let him enforce it."

In the current number of the *Yale Law Journal*, Mr. Charles G. Morris of the New Haven bar points out the extent of this divergence between theory and fact in the legislation of Connecticut. Under the title "The Inefficient Statute," he considers the causes and the varieties of inefficiency. A statute may be well-meant and be favored by public opinion, and yet not be enforced. The coroner's jury that investigated the fire at the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago found "adequate statutory provisions for the builders' work being thorough and safe, for ample exits, for fireproof curtain and scenery, for the separation of stage and auditorium by fireproof devices, for a supply of fire-extinguishing apparatus, and even for the drilling of employees, and not least in the statutory provisions are requirements of periodical, thorough inspection, with authority in the executive to close the house if it fails to comply with these requirements. Yet with every statutory provision ample for enforcing the law, we find non-enforcement of the most glaring type." No great surprise will be felt should the investigation of the slaughter on the *Slocum* result in some such pitiful conclusion.

Statutes are not enforced for various reasons. The law may be satisfactory to a portion of the community, but displeasing to the remainder, and the refractory element may be practically the more powerful. Some laws are favored in one place, disliked in another, and where they are disliked they will be ignored. Not a few laws express merely a vague general opinion, and are universally disregarded. In some cases infringement is so difficult of detection as to make it impossible to procure a conviction; in others the machinery of enforcement is weak, or the wording of the law is such as to defeat the supposed intent of the Legislature. Finally, according to Mr. Morris, are to be included statutes the enforcement of which is left entirely to the individual harmed by their violation.

Of laws representing the opinion not of the public, but of an active part of the public, a type is to be found in the acts passed when bicycling was at its height. The wheelmen induced the Legislature to enact laws forbidding the injury of bicycle paths, and the throwing of articles injurious to bicycles on the highway. But these laws have seldom been enforced, and, with the decline of the influence of the bicyclists, have fallen into contempt. Where public sentiment is actively opposed to a statute, local or even general nullification may follow. The law of Connecticut provides that all male citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five shall be enrolled in the militia, and that the towns and cities shall collect two dollars from every one not exempted, and pay the amount to the State. The number of voters paying no taxes is, however, so large that the officers of the municipalities do not dare to enforce the law. They accordingly obtain the amount due the State from the proceeds of other taxes, thus throwing an illegal burden on a certain class of citizens.

Like other States, Connecticut has a law against profane language—"Every person who shall use any profane oath or shall wickedly curse another, shall be fined one dollar." A law like this has the mild endorsement of public opinion, and it would probably be impossible to repeal it, although it is almost never enforced. So there is a law which makes it a misdemeanor for any one to go on the land of another to hunt or to gather berries or nuts. The most that can be said in favor of such a law is that it enables an owner who has suffered from wanton trespassers, or who has special reasons for excluding the public, to defend himself; which, however, he ought to be able to do under the common law. There is a law forbidding the defacement of trees by placards, which is not enforced; but here there may be hope of eventual support from public opinion.

Of laws whose infringement cannot be easily discovered or proved, Mr. Morris mentions that which forbids the rooting up or injuring creeping fern and arbutus. Such acts are crimes in Connecticut, and it is a crime "to permit fowls (after notice) to trespass on a neighbor's land, to pick a huckleberry or a cranberry on another's waste land, to walk in another's orchard in the dead of winter, or to fish in Farm River, which is leased from the owners of the land by a private fishing club; and there are many other crimes of like significance."

This mass of futile laws is due to the propensity of men to force others to conform to certain standards. Murder, arson, and robbery are universally condemned, and every one aids the officers of the law in the detection of such crimes. But when an act is not universally condemned, or is commonly regarded as a venial offence, it is not wise to stigmatize it as a crime. This throws work on a frightfully overloaded institution — government — which it cannot properly perform; and by placing trivial acts in the same category with highway robbery, it brings the law into contempt. No one should call for a law unless he knows that it can be, and will be, enforced. The knowledge that laws are not enforced is a direct encouragement to lawlessness, and men come to regard obedience as a matter of calculation. Finding they can disobey one law with impunity, they are tempted to break others.

Men are restrained from evil deeds by conscience, by regard for public opinion, or by fear of punishment. The last motive should be appealed to only when the others are inefficacious; and when it is invoked its operation should be certain. Reformers would do well to concentrate their efforts on the machinery of justice; we need fewer laws and more punishments. We frequently see offences committed which we know that we ought to bestir ourselves about. Our own cowardice and disposition to avoid what is disagreeable account in part for our failures; but if policemen and magistrates would do their duty, the public would coöperate with them more vigorously. Yet the chief lesson taught by Mr. Morris's examples is that our aim should be to make nothing a crime which will not be punished as a crime; and, conversely, when we find that certain acts cannot be punished, to repeal the laws that declare them crimes.

ADMINISTRATION BY CARD CATALOGUE.

The report of the Tenement House Department for 1902 and 1903, just published in two large volumes, is a solid contribution to the science of municipal government. It is the record of the organization of a new administrative service, having more than 400 employees, a budget of $500,000, and duties altogether unique and far-reaching. Not since Col. Waring cleaned the external city has anything been done comparable to the success of Mr. De Forest and Mr. Veiller in applying similar methods to its hidden recesses—the yards, the alleys, the cellars, the living-rooms of the poor.

In the organization of their department Mr. De Forest and Mr. Veiller applied a new theory of administration. In some branches of the city government too much is left to the individual. There is a conspicuous lack of method; the enforcement of the laws depending not so much upon rule or regulation as upon the efficiency of the staff in charge. The loosest systems of administration prevail. An extreme instance is the Building Department. The Building Code itself, permitting the head of the bureau to suspend practically all the building laws at will, centres upon him all the responsibility for honest work. To what lengths we go was illustrated in the ordinance recently passed authorizing the superintendent summarily to stop work on any building when, in his judgment, public safety requires. The Tenement Department, however, is conceived on precisely opposite lines. The tenement law is specific in all its details. It stipulates the exact width of fire-escape stairs; the area, to an inch, of light and air courts. Likewise, the duties of the Commissioner are laid down in unambiguous terms. In organizing the department Mr. De Forest and Mr. Veiller generally applied this same principle. The discretion the law denied to them, they denied to their associates. In their hands the 400 employees became simply intelligent machines. A most elaborate system of regulations was adopted intended to apply to every case; and, by a remarkable plan of checks and balances, the men were kept rigidly in line.

A striking instance is furnished in the general forms of orders issued to inspectors. The latter are required, after reporting violations, to frame recommendations for their correction, these recommendations being sent in the form of orders to offending owners. In the Health Department, in which the inspectors have similar duties, they are required, for the most part, to write these letters themselves. As a result, the phraseology varies according to the inspector's literary powers, and likewise to the demands made upon property owners. In the Tenement Department, however, the 180 inspectors all write as one man. Each receives a volume containing blank forms for nearly 500 violations. If he finds that the windows in a certain tenement are not readily opened, he has, all prepared, the precise notification to the derelict owner. If an airshaft needs whitewashing, the form of the needed warning is ready to his hand. All his comings and goings, as well as all the work of the Tenement Department, are recorded on the card-catalogue plan. Thus the closest supervision is kept over employees. Their personal history and characteristics are recorded on a white card. On a blue pasteboard are detailed all their lapses from discipline; on a yellow card their assignments; on a salmon card an accurate history of their attendance, tardiness, and so on; on a chocolate card a detailed notation of all their mistakes. A strict account of their wearing apparel, of their tools, of even their brass buttons, is duly kept on file.

In addition, a vast amount of invaluable sociological data is piling up in the Bureau of Records. Here a detailed history of every tenement house can be readily found. By an ingenious color scheme its character is instantly ascertained. If it is constantly neglected, its card is ornamented with a flaming red tag. And not only is the card system used for records, but for administrative work. The Department is organized in several bureaus, with the executive force at the head. All employees receive their assignments by card, and make their reports in the same way. If they are investigating fire escapes, they are given a list of questions. This is known as the "F" card. If they are looking into bakeries, a large number of printed questions is furnished on the "B. F." card. If cellars are under investigation, they make all returns on the "B" card. Nothing is left to the inspector except making observations. Every possible question he might ask is thought out for him and furnished in printed form. Every conceivable situation in which he might find himself has been provided for.

Whatever objections may be made to this system, it has at least worked admirably in the Tenement Department. Its advantages are obvious. It economizes time and saves the duplication of work. It fixes responsibility more effectually than methods of administration prevailing elsewhere. The Commissioner is frequently importuned to ignore the rules, but is able to escape by pointing out that the law leaves him absolutely without discretion. Likewise, in the case of the inspectors, it tends to eliminate corruption. In this elaborate card system the inspector's work is constantly checked, and his slightest lapses at once discovered. Several inspectors in Mr. De Forest's time went astray, and were dismissed on the basis of the evidence furnished by the card catalogue. Unquestionably, the Tenement Department is an effective administrative machine, and many of its features might with profit be applied elsewhere.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE MASK IN NAPLES.

NAPLES, May 5, 1904.

Of all the survivals in southern Europe of ancient and mediæval life none is more seductive or less well known to the foreign passer-by than the flourishing and hodiernal continuance of the mask in comedy at Naples. This province has played a highly important part in Italian dramatic history. The Atellan farces spring from a part of Campania only a score of miles remote from Naples. And, indeed, many who have enquired into the derivation of the mask to which I refer—namely, that of Pulcinella—believe that this Neapolitan tutelary of buffoonery can be traced back in a direct line to pre-Plautan days, when country festivals drew out the mimic eloquence of some comic rustic, who, mounted on an inverted wine keg, would harangue a gawky knot of tavern loafers with strings of Oscan doggerel, tagged with sallies too broad even for Carnival merriment nowadays. However, neat conceits like these are vague fancyings, too remote from sober fact to give them solid support in the face of an absolute lack of direct evidence.

Time was when Pulcinella was favored in circles of lofty rank. Naples has ever had an inordinate passion for the drama. The late sixteenth-century entertainments, on a scale so lavish as to recall the Saturnalian routs of Roman days, whetted the grandees to continually greater efforts; and the gorgeously costumed dandies who recited elegant translations of Plautus and Terence led to the manufacture of plays of spicy intrigue, which in their turn were pettishly tossed aside when captivating Pulcinella leaped upon the boards, winning all hearts alike of noble and bourgeois and lazzarone by the novelty of his broadly colloquial, wholly unstilted phrases epitomizing the mob. In those days of exaggerated lust for displays of all sorts, the people, jaded by pageantry of dramatic spectacles well-nigh Oriental in splendor, went wild over the scintillant Pulcinellesque farces which wittily though inelegantly portrayed the every-day life of the vulgar. In this connection one can cite almost as a typical example the Count of Monterey, viceroy at Naples, an enthusiast of whom it is related, in Von Reumont's account of the Carafas of Maddaloni, that at the Christmas of 1632 he stayed at a play till the last possible minute before he had to rush to communion. He it was who used to pleasure up and down in a felucca from Mergellina to Posilipo, actually taking with him a Pulcinella famous in those days; and, upon the occasion of his joining the campaign in Portugal against the Duke of Braganza, King John IV., he is reputed to have deprived his soldiers of their pay in order to pay his actors!

What is it in the character of Pulcinella that, when it is well played, elicits to-day an enthusiastic applause as it did two hundred years ago? What commingling of traits does he exhibit which can sustain popular interest over so long a period? In short, what makes him so immortal a character—for immortal he is, even though fallen from his once high fortune to the not inglorious estate of being the idol of the bourgeois and of the *popolo basso?* Surely it cannot be enough to entrance an audience merely to see a mummer in a black mask, a white felt hat peaked like an attenuated sugar loaf, baggy white trousers, and a flowing smock loosely girded in. To any one who has the patience to read over a sheaf of Pulcinellesque plays and farces which so often are mere skin and bones, no less certain is it that the text (usually mumbled out from the prompter's box in tones that jar upon the sensitive ear) by no means makes the play. Every little provincial town of Campania—almost every hamlet, I was about to say—has its Ciccio or Peppino or Torillo who, though he may not be able to read, much less to write, can render Pulcinella's part with surprising verve and originality.

To get at the answer to our question wherein consists Pulcinella's eternal charm, one need not fritter away his time on investigation into his genesis. It is idle to toss back and forth untenable theories, such, for example, as that which asserts that a buffoon, one Paolo Cinelli, deformed by a large port-wine-colored birth-stain, and distinguished by a remarkably hooked nose, masked the upper half of his face to conceal the disfigurement; or that delightfully vague derivation of the type from the Latin *pullicanus*, owing to Pulcinella's fowl's beak and the cackle of his call. According to Prof. B. Croce's authoritative opinion, the overwhelming weight of evidence makes for Pulcinella's having originated early in the seventeenth century in the fertile brain of the valiant comedian Silvio Fiorillo, better known as "Il Capitan Matamoros." From that day to this, though represented by scores of actors, "Policinella de Gamaro de Tamaro Coccumato de Napole, nasciuto a Ponteselece, figlio de Marco Sfila e de Madama Sbignapriesto" (to give his full name, the recorded spellings of which are legion as well as those of his additional appellative of Cetrulo) has shown pretty much the same nature. He elastically impersonates characters as diverse and slightly related as a necromancer, *podestà*, feigned statue, jouster, captain, feigned physician, gamester, jealous woman (in which connection is found the odd diminutive Pulecenellessa), painter, dupe, lover, and ever so many beside in as many different comedies, scores of which I have had occasion to run over in the large collections at Naples. Always duped and forever frustrated in love is the luckless wight whose vices never seem to lose him the complete sympathy of the audience, which may laugh at him when he is in trouble, but which is ready enough to laugh with him when occasion serves him and he routs his enemies.

For a figure to adopt such a variety of rôles shows a mobility of makeup which hints at the ample lines upon which it was created. He is a composite individual—that is to say, one Neapolitan type after another rolled and welded together. He is altogether the most paradoxical bundle of contradictions imaginable, far more so than, for instance, the quaintly humorous and wholly charming Stenterello of Florence, whose amiable harelip and stiff queue one sees so seldom any more, or the waggish Pantalone of Venice. Pulcinella's usual applauders see in him a kaleidoscopic likeness of themselves. He is never quite the same two minutes in succession. With whirling rapidity he changes from one situation to another, so that one's mental and physical vision becomes dazzled. Instantaneously you like, loathe, contemn, admire, despise again. But on the whole he forces your sympathies to jump with him. He is a compound of coarseness and good nature, ignorance and cunning, cowardice and chivalry, stupidity and shrewdness. He is a schemer, a gossip, not to say slanderer, egoist, boor—what you will. But, despite these traits, he has at bottom a kindly heart, and usually gets the better of the rascal in the play even though some one else may get the better of him, Pulcinella. He is forever falling into love and out; always on the verge of success in his amatory ventures, at the critical moment the cup is dashed from his lips. So true is this that there is an Italian proverb apposite to unhappy endings: "Come le nozze di Pulcinella, finiscono sempre in bastonate." Like his diminutive English descendant Punch, he is never far from a severe trouncing. But upon these, as upon all other occasions, even when in the midst of some stupid scrape, he never loses his ability to utter characteristic observations, pithy, spirited, and to the point. He is absolutely never at a loss for a ready retort. Even if he waits an instant in comic bewilderment before speaking with his black beak tilted in the air, and his pointed hat tweaked well forward, the effect thereby is only heightened; and then one expects a more dashing sally than ever. His unpuritanic language finds ample compensation in the longheaded apothegms in which he indulges.

Considerations of space forbid a category of classic Pulcinelli. More than fifty years ago there played at the very tiny but favorite San Carlino theatre at Naples one Petitot, who, with his family, created a tradition still fondly cherished by the older generation of bourgeois. San Carlino is now no more; but one of its products, Giuseppe De Martino, still nightly plays Pulcinella before enraptured audiences. However, De Martino is not the sole notable Pulcinella of Naples. There are a dozen resorts wherein Pulcinella figures. Indeed, a highly interesting account of the *teatrini* of Naples and the environs might be written; but as Pulcinella does not appear in all of them, they do not fall within the limits of this letter. However, it is worth noting that a *teatrino* which is falling behind in its box-office receipts often plays a winning card by importing for a night, or even for an engagement, an irresistible Pulcinella. I call to mind a relevant instance that came under my notice only a day or so ago, in the town of Pozzuoli, a compact little suburb of Naples. A circus with a pair of trick ponies has been quartered here nearly all winter. As the limited amusement it could offer began to pall, the so-called director found it expedient, at least once a week, to send a brass band (composed of four husky-throated horns and a huge bass drum) parading about town with elaborately bepostered sandwichmen heralding a stupendous Pulcinella for the evening.

The mask, then, practically extinct out of Naples, save for fluttering revivals at carnival time or on other rare occasions, would seem to survive only in the personage of Pulcinella, who yet holds his magnetic sway over Campanian audiences. That Pulcinella's greatest living representative is an actor of much ability is curiously proved by the fact that last year, during a sojourn in Naples of several weeks, the elder Salvini went nightly to the

Teatro Nuovo to applaud De Martino, at a season when the other theatres offered excellent plays both in Italian and in dialect. Let us hope that some worthy successor to the genial De Martino may come forward to continue the time-honored tradition of Pulcinella. THOMAS D. BERGEN.

A THEBAN ROCK TOMB.

CAIRO, April 26, 1904.

Mr. Robert Mond, M.A., of England, who has excavated more than forty tombs in the Theban district, has recently opened several to which the public was first admitted on March 26. One of these is of special incial interest to the traveller and general student, although the Egyptologist may find little in it that is absolutely new. In the style and character of its decorations it resembles the smaller and exquisite tomb of Nakht near by, and, like the latter, probably dates from the eighteenth dynasty, or the time of the enterprising Queen Makere, the explorer of Punt and builder of the terraced temple under the cliffs of Dêr el-bahri. If so, it is 3,000 years old.

The most interesting paintings in the vestibule of this new tomb are on the northeast wall to the left of the entrance. Beside the door, in the size of life, sit the deceased and his wife, before whom slaves and retainers have piled a rich funeral feast, the products of the fields and of the chase. From these proceed four partly double bands of figures, representing in panoramic succession that life and labor in the fields which contributed to the support of the deceased during life, supplying him with bread and meat and wine, and which, by the aid of prayer and magic, must continue to spread a banquet for both him and his guardian Ka, or double, after death. He sits on a folding stool, over which is thrown a leopard's skin, and is clad and girt in white. His right hand holds a fillet, his left a wooden wand, the emblem of sovereignty. The black ringlets of a dense wig fall loosely over his shoulders, while a brilliant necklace, in several concentric bands over the breast, is set off by the clear coffee color of his skin. The offerings embrace clusters of lotus lilies, a pigeon's nest with eggs, and still another nest full of naked but very lively squabs, the significance of which will be presently seen. There are, besides, plates of bread and cakes, bowls of grapes, and bottles of wine.

These bands of figures illustrate in exquisite detail the continuous life of the fields from seedtime to harvest during the dry season, the sources of the offerings made to the dead, and their production by nature and art, which is often expressed in many stages, and involves the help of many hands. Low down on the wall men are ploughing, each with a yoke of oxen; and each holds the familiar wooden plough, consisting of a bent narrow foot and two upright forks fastened to a long pole. Beside them walk the sowers, who carry the grain in bailed wooden pails of graceful design. Then come a squad of men tilling —or possibly covering seed—making use of a short-handled hoe or pick resembling a pair of partly opened dividers with crossbar, such as one sees in the hands of the Pharaoh on the walls of the temple at Edfu. Others are busy shelling the seeds of a plant by drawing it in bundles through the teeth of a comb, which is tilted on a wooden support. Here, again, a man has hurt his foot, while another is applying a bandage.

Passing a large figure, doubtless the superintendent of the fields, we notice a small peak-roof house, painted yellow, and finished neatly at angles and gable, possibly for the use of that official, and beside it a small, open shed. Between these diminutive structures rises a remarkable tree, in which are shown, in different although in superimposed planes, the foliage, the trunk with its system of branches, and a vine bearing large clusters of purple grapes. In the branches, moreover, we behold birds' nests containing eggs, while high up on the left is a larger nest, with four young birds nearly full fledged. This last is a spirited drawing, and shows the young at the critical moment of being fed. The parent, a wild pigeon, is represented in full flight, bearing food, while the young, with necks upstretched, mouths agape, and wings a-quiver, are calling eagerly. The conventional type of nest has been retained, and the eggs, two to three in number, are shown resting upon it, as upon a saucer. Three other birds and five other nests appear in this or in adjoining trees. Since pigeons lay but two eggs, the artist has overstepped the bounds of ornithological accuracy, but the picture is one of remarkable interest, especially to naturalists, and is the oldest carefully elaborated drawing of the home-life of wild birds which has come down to us, and probably the best to be seen on the Egyptian monuments. The conventional form of the birds' nest (a crescentic figure with rounded horns), which had been in use for nearly fifteen hundred years (as in the mastaba of Ti at Sakkara), is retained, but cross-hatching is added, while the drawing of both young and adult birds is taken directly from nature. This picture is thus seen to be the work of a man competent to observe and skilful with the brush, but without the motives of scientific accuracy, and hampered by those curious conventions of art which the Egyptians were never able to shake off. They were good observers of nature, but only in a casual way, and could not be depended on. Natural science seems not to have been truly born before the time of Aristotle.

The upper and middle bands of figures take us at once to the wheat fields, where we encounter slaves measuring the plots of waving grain with cords, on which the units are marked with disks or rings, and scribes with wooden tablets under arm or in hand ready to register the amounts told off. The common device of expressing the higher rank by the greater size of figure is here very marked, and slaves are further distinguished by yellow, possibly shaven, heads. Other slaves carry the writing tablets of the scribes, or are bearing food and drink to the workmen in the fields. One of these, a girl, might have just walked in from the Theban plain, but for the white apron held in place by a white band which passes over her right shoulder; in one hand she holds a dish of food, and with the other steadies a full basket borne on the head. Another slave, stretched on the ground, is being brutally flogged by a man armed with a stout stick, while a poor woman kneels beside him and with uplifted hands begs for mercy.

In the second band a number of priests, in white, short-sleeved shirts and aprons, and each with a large key of life around his neck, are presenting offerings to the deceased, while close by a slave has drawn up his master's two-wheeled carriage and spotted pair. Entering again the standing grain, we see the reapers bending to their tasks, as with short, sharp-curved sickles they cut the stalks midway to the ground. Others are carrying the wheat in great purse-shaped baskets, made of cord netted in coarse hammock-stitch, and suspended from their shoulders by means of long poles. We come then to the threshing-floor, where four patient oxen are treading out the grain, and where men standing on the piles of wheat, with three-tined, modern-looking forks, are handing it down to the cattle. Beyond are still others in white caps and aprons, and each with the winnowing fan in hand is tossing the grain to the breeze. Next to these are a number of slaves filling the measuring buckets—cylinders, probably of wood, with the circular ribs or divisions plainly marked on the outside. Clerks are busy taking down the numbers, while four additional scribes, kneeling on the ground, each with a sheet of paper, brush, and wooden palette in hand, check the results. Farther away a workman is drinking from a jug, which a girl has just handed to him, and in another place two men are chatting in the shade of a tamarisk tree, on which hangs a goatskin for water or wine.

As we enter the tomb-chamber, we are drawn at once to a pretty scene, what indeed looks like a festal procession of comely maids, who, clad in white, with long hair falling to their shoulders, are bearing in their hands jars of water and beautiful clusters of drooping lotus. The coloring on both walls is very rich and in perfect preservation. On the middle of the right wall is a remarkable representation of one of the oldest and most conventional pictures found in Egyptian tombs—the hunting scene in the marshes, supposed to represent one of the pastimes of the deceased, or, rather, to provide this sport as well as the food which it brings for the dead man and his Ka. In two small boats, on the right and left, stand the hunters, in colossal proportions, while the water all around swarms with wild ducks, some of which are pecking at the lotus blossoms, with fish of many kinds, besides a conspicuous crocodile. Between the boats the water seems to mount up in a fountain, carrying with it a miraculous draught of fishes, while over all rises a papyrus thicket, on which climb the mongoose and a diminutive jackal(?). Many birds nest in the reeds and fly excitedly over them, being struck in all directions by the curved bird sticks, one of which the hunter in the boat on the left is about to hurl, while he to the right has pierced two splendid fish with the barbed prong of his spear. This curious picture is readily interpreted with a very elementary knowledge of Egyptian mural designs, and the older tombs illustrate the gradual evolution of the motives involved.

The mastaba of Ti at Sakkara, dating from the fifth dynasty, has the largest and most celebrated of these hunting scenes. Ti is here being rowed through a papyrus thicket of gigantic proportions, on the flowers of which, four feet above his head, sit

birds of many kinds on their conventional saucer-shaped nests, while here and there a mongoose is climbing up a stem. Fish, hippopotami, and alligators are being slaughtered in the water below.

Between this simpler design and the more elaborate painting at Thebes, we find various transitional stages in certain tombs at Assuan and Sakkara, both of the sixth dynasty, and in one of the Benihasan tombs, which dates from the Middle Empire. What the artist intended to show was a pool, filled with fish, and *enclosed* on three sides by rushes, in which birds were nesting, and over the tops of which many were taking flight. The various elements are represented in different registers, and must be read beginning with the plane nearest the observer—that is nearest the floor of the chamber. The hunting scene, as finally developed in Egyptian art, is one of the most striking illustrations of the absurdity to which both convention and ignorance of the laws of perspective could lead an artist who had the ability to draw animals and plants almost to perfection.

On the opposite wall are men bearing beds, chairs, and other articles which the deceased is likely to need, while on the left the gods are inspecting and weighing his heart.

Some of the friezes in this tomb are in excellent taste, and could advantageously replace many of the better designs seen in modern wall papers. It is a strange fate to find the sands of the African desert concealing from view works of decorative art from three thousand to four thousand years old, but in some respects more beautiful than much of the ornament to be seen in the better houses of the twentieth century.

FRANCIS H. HERRICK.

Correspondence.

MILTON AND SHAKSPERE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the guarded acknowledgment paid to Shakspere by Milton, "L'Allegro," 134, it may be worth one's while to note the similarity, scarcely accidental, between

> "High on a throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."
> (Par. Lost, ii, 1-4).

and

> "Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
> That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
> At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
> Bows not his vassal head . . ."
> (L. L. L., iv, 3, 221-224).

Again:

> 'The *star* that bids the shepherd fold,
> Now the top of heaven doth hold"
> (Comus, 93-94)

is interpreted, by all editors known to me, to signify the "evening star," *i. e.*, Venus. To this interpretation there are two objections: first, Venus appears too seldom to be of use as a pastoral *horloge;* second, by no stretch of imagination can Venus be described as in "the top of heaven." I am indebted to one of my students for the information that there is a *fixed star*, of the first or second magnitude, which becomes visible near the zenith soon after sunset, and which is used by shepherds for marking the folding time. Can any of your readers supply the name of this star? A further question naturally suggests itself in connection with "Measure for Measure," iv., 2, 218: "Look, th' unfolding star calls up the shepherd." Can this be Venus as the morning star? If Venus is too infrequent to be relied upon for "folding," she is no less infrequent for "unfolding." J. M. HART.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, June 27, 1904.

Notes.

'Traffics and Discoveries,' a new volume of short stories by Rudyard Kipling, will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co. in the autumn.

The late Laurence Hutton was, at the time of his death, engaged upon the proofs of his 'Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities,' which Messrs. Putnam will publish in the autumn, along with a new illustrated series of "French Classics for English Readers," edited by Prof. Adolphe Cohn and Dr. Curtis Hidden Page. The authors first in line are Rabelais, Montaigne, Beaumarchais, George Sand (one volume each), and Molière (two volumes).

The University of Chicago Press has in preparation President Harper's sequel to his brother's text 'Code of Hammurabi,' being a comparison of that code with the more important laws and usages of the Hebrew codes.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, will make a limited edition, in the fall, of 'Upland Pastures,' out-door essays by Adeline Knapp.

The Anthropological and Geographical Society of Stockholm, of which Andrée was a member, has decided to publish, at its own expense, a biography of the lost aeronaut. The book will, in addition, contain the unpublished works of Andrée, and a description of the balloon in which he and his companions set out on their last journey.

The chief purpose of the eighty-page book on 'Koreans at Home' (Cassell & Co.), by Constance J. D. Tayler, besides giving "the impressions of a Scotswoman," seems to be to float the five plates in color and the score or more of the author's original drawings or reproductions of photographs taken by her. The priming for the text is from Dallet and from 'Corea, the Hermit Nation,' and, except a few experiences in the region of the old and the new capitals and a visit to Ping Yang, the Scots lady saw little of the country or its unbeaten tracks. Both the color plates and the drawings are spirited and very suggestive. Under this artist's pencil the native noses and mouths take on more character and variety than those in any pictures from Korean life that we know of. Of the language of hats, of the ways of the ginseng cultivators, of popular superstitions and customs, the author chats pleasantly. One of her not unalloyed pleasures was an introduction to the "Emperor," followed by a dinner in the palace. She saw few attractive faces among the women.

We have before us two volumes relating to Venice, each belonging to a series of illustrated monographs which have been already noticed in these pages. One is No. 8 of the series "Italia Artistica," 'Le Isole della Laguna Veneta,' by P. Molmenti and D. Mantovani (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche). The authors are both Venetians born, knowing and loving every nook and corner of the island city and the Lagoon, ardent students of Venetian art, Venetian history, Venetian life, and well known in the world of letters. To have them as ciceroni for that enchanting region which extends from Chioggia in the south to Torcello in the north, is an inestimable privilege. They are not mere guides; they are at home and do the honors of the house for you, chatting about the family patrimony past and present in a way that gives you cheering sense of first-hand information. The volume, like others of the series, is exceedingly well illustrated (though we could wish that it had also a map of the Lagoon), and may be recommended as a companion to the traveller who is not in a hurry.

The second work, 'Venice,' by Gustav Pauli, translated by P. G. Konody, is No. 2 of the series of "Famous Art Cities" (London: H. Grevel & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). As this is of the nature of an art guide, it has nothing to do with any Venetians later than Tiepolo and Canaletto, but is a good book in its way and well worth reading. After a brief summary of the history of Venice, it devotes itself to a description of the architecture, sculpture and painting of the city. Save for one or two slips (as where I Gesuati is mentioned as a church of the type of the Madonna dei Miracoli and San Michele di Murano), these three divisions are done with clearness, correctness, and judgment; less Delphic and more persuasive than art criticism is wont to be. It is matter for regret that the translation, which sometimes flows easily enough, is generally rather wooden; that the English is only too frequently "aftur the scole of Stratford atte Bowe"; and that the crop of misprints is an unusually rich one. The illustrations are generally excellent, and there is a good index.

Americans who have had commercial or intellectual dealings with Leipzig—the number is not small—will be pleased to have their attention called to 'Leipzig im Jahre 1904,' a stately volume published in connection with the city's exhibit at St. Louis. The publisher is J. J. Weber (*Illustrirte Zeitung*). Paper, type, and press-work are sumptuous; the illustrations, some in color, are numerous, and are intended chiefly to give one an idea of the city as it is now and of its representation at St. Louis. In music the busts of Bach, Schumann, Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner, are, of course, significant of Leipzig as a musical centre; the view of the interior of the Gewandhaus is very attractive. The same may be said of the Alte Börse, the New Theatre, Conservatory, and University. Less impressive is the new Rathhaus; the (projected) Battle Monument is ugly, expressive of the least pleasant side of German art. Altogether, the volume is an honor to the city.

The official 'Deutscher Universitätskalender' has made its appearance in its sixty-fifth semi-annual edition intended for the present summer semester, and with the name of a new editor on the title-page. The founder and long-time editor, Prof. Dr. F. Ascherson, died some months ago, and his work is continued by Dr. Scheffer of Leipzig, connected with the publishing firm of G. Th. Scheffer. The Kalender is still published with the financial and official assistance of the University authorities, and is without a rival.

The April-June number of the *American Journal of Archæology* (Macmillan) is, for the body of it, wholly given up to a lucid and highly interesting account (on behalf of the American School at Athens) of the study of Œniadæ in Acarnania, by Benjamin Powell and Joshua M. Sears, jr., with numerous illustrations, particularly of gateways, some true-arched. Mr. James M. Paton supplies the bibliography of archæological books for 1903.

Part 4 of volume iv. of Mr. Edward W. James's *Lower Norfolk County (Virginia) Antiquary*, among other soundly selected matter, continues its census lists of local slaveowners, one being as late as 1840 (Princess Anne Co.), and containing this footnote: "The wife owned the husband. It was not an uncommon thing in the Southern States for enterprising negro women to own their husbands." The editor adduces a case at the outbreak of the civil war, when an industrious huckstress in the Norfolk market not only owned her husband, but had in him an ardent secession sympathizer, imprudently maintaining this allegiance after Federal occupation of the city. "No slave trader was ever more fully convinced that the negroes were made for slavery." One wonders which of the pair repined at emancipation dissolving one of the ties of matrimony.

France adopted the Code Civil in 1804, and its centenary has been observed by the Société d'Economie Sociale, the proceedings being reported in the *Réforme Sociale* of June 1. All the speakers regarded any reconstruction of the Code as impracticable, but they specified certain reforms as not hopeless. The technicalities of the civil-marriage law were shown to promote illicit unions, and to prevent marriage altogether in some cases. The law of personal property needs revision, on account of the growth of that form of wealth. When the Code was adopted, real estate was of so much more importance as to cause personalty to be treated as insignificant. But the chief subject of criticism, as might have been expected, was the system of petty entails, which has torn to pieces so many homesteads. The hostility to everything called "feudal" was so bitter at the Revolution as to destroy the right of testamentary disposition. Under the influence of the dogma of equality, the framers of the Code went to the length of authorizing every co-heir to demand his share of the estate in kind. Where an exact division is not practicable, the property must be sold; and this is necessary in cases of infancy. But the taxes on sales are confiscatory when the properties are small, and the system is disastrous in its consequences. Nothing shows the political incapacity of the French people so strongly as the fact that they have endured this abuse for a hundred years, although the number of small proprietors is so great as to enable them to obtain, one would suppose, any reform which they united in demanding.

Of the "Cornell Studies in Philosophy" (The Macmillan Co.) five numbers have already appeared, the latest being on Maine de Biran's 'Philosophy of Will.' Those which are most likely to be of interest to the somewhat general reader are the one on "Nietzsche's Philosophy," by Miss Dolson, and that on the ethical aspect of Lotze's metaphysics, by Vida F. Moore. All are theses accepted for the doctor's degree, or more prolonged studies carried on by graduate students of the Sage School of Philosophy.

Mankind, in its present estate, finds it more admirable that Japan should outmatch Russia in the art of destruction than that her men of the closet and the laboratory should be joined on equal terms with Western science in the pursuit of truth. For our part, it gave us a peculiar pleasure, in reading Mr. Samuel Garman's monograph on the Chimæroids (Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, vol. xli., number 2), to come upon a reference to the first mention of the species *Rhinochimæra pacifica* by Prof. K. Mitsukuri in the Tokyo *Zoölogical Magazine*. This savant's description awaited to be checked by an examination of a specimen of the fish purchased in Tokyo by Dr. Alexander Agassiz, and thoroughly presented, with figures, in the publication named above. We cannot enter into particulars here. Mr. Garman is high authority for saying that few marine animals, "on account of structure and relationships to other forms living and extinct, have as great interest for zoologists and palæontologists as the Chimæroids."

The floods of the Mississippi and Missouri in the spring of 1903 are well described and illustrated by H. C. Frankenfield, in Bulletin M of the Weather Bureau. The flood of the Mississippi rose so nearly to the crown of the levees near Greenville that the river boats were required to run at reduced speed, so that the waves from their paddlewheels should not begin a dangerous overflow. Even after this precaution, Greenville was invaded by backwater spreading up the valley from a crevasse in the levee some miles to the south. The successful prediction of the flood by the Weather Bureau was truly remarkable. On March 9 it was announced that the flood, already within 1.4 feet of the highest water ever recorded, would continue to rise for three or four weeks, and that a stage of 21 feet at New Orleans should be prepared for. As a matter of fact, a stage of 20.4 feet was reached at New Orleans on April 6 and 7. Many of the full-page plates are of exceptional interest; notable among them are those of the Missouri Pacific Railroad bridge at Kansas City, loaded with locomotives, and the only one of seventeen bridges that was not carried away; a levee restraining the high flood waters from the lower plain; the rush of the waters through the Holly Bush crevasse. A remarkable instance of foresight is presented. The Fort Jackson and Grand Isle Railway follows the right bank of the Mississippi for a stretch below New Orleans, and a train loaded with repair materials was kept in the yard at one of the stations ready for prompt dispatch. A break occurred in the levee at Magnolia, thirty-six miles below New Orleans, on April 5, and the water was soon 60 feet deep where the levee had stood. The train was at once sent to the spot, and, after ten hours' of hard labor, the break was closed. "A further delay of one hour would have precluded any hope of closing this crevasse," according to one of the State engineers, and then some of the finest sugar plantations in Louisiana would have been flooded.

Among the many topographical maps issued by the United States Geological Survey, mention should be made of the Chief Mountain quadrangle, which shows the main range of the Rockies in Montana next south of the international boundary. The district is one of remarkable scenic interest, inasmuch as the mountain forms are unusually bold, and as a number of moderate-sized glaciers are to be found among them; it is, moreover, of special physiographic interest in possessing a large number of cirques and hanging valleys, which the topographers, Messrs. F. E. Matthes and R. H. Sargent, have portrayed with great skill, and which must be taken as among the best examples of glacial erosion recorded in this country. The contrast between the bulky forms of these mountains, as carved by clumsy, thick-bodied, slow-moving ice streams, and the delicate ravining of such ranges as those of southern California, where slender, nimble water-streams alone have worked, is most instructive.

At a largely attended meeting of teachers in London the other day, Mr. Mosely said that "the broad-minded way in which American engineers in South Africa tackled the propositions brought before them was what first excited his interest in the system of education in the United States." He believed that it was the fourth "R" which was at the bottom of education in this country. "Children were taught not only how to read, but how to reason." This was the spirit which permeated the whole nation and largely helped to build up its commercial success. Professor Armstrong deprecated the tendency here to make our manual-training schools into trade schools—"a magnificent metal workshop here and a magnificent wood workshop there." What would be more useful was a training for a variety of occupations with reference to local requirements.

France is beginning to imitate the German academic innovation of "Vacation Lectures," the purpose of which is to keep professional and educated men and women in general in touch with the latest investigations of scientific workers. The University of Dijon is the first in France to announce such lectures, to cover four whole months, from July 1 to October 31. The theoretical and practical lectures and courses cover virtually all branches of university instruction. The prices are thirty francs for a six weeks' course, and ten francs for every additional two weeks.

In Finland, coeducational secondary schools have taken deeper root and have been tried longer than in any other country in Europe. Accordingly, a carefully prepared article in the *Bien Public*, by Miss Hanna Andersin, herself a prominent teacher in a school of this kind in Helsingfors, possesses considerable interest. The writer declares that Finland is more than satisfied with the twenty-one years of trial it has given to these schools, and would not think of making any changes. Since the establishment of the first in 1883, in Helsingfors, fully fifty other like schools have been founded, the majority with courses covering eight or nine years, and all leading up to entrance to the University. Miss Andersin declares that these schools are the outgrowth of necessity in Finland, where the sparsely settled population and financial reasons would admit of no other ar-

rangement. Since then, necessity has become a virtue even in the larger villages. The writer declares that the coeducational system has had an excellent effect on both sexes, and that the girls have no more trouble in preparing for the University than the boys. The prejudices against the arrangement, which were originally strong, have practically disappeared altogether.

Swedish savants have effected the organization of an Archive Bureau in Stockholm which is managed by Dr. Rosman in connection with the Royal archives, and by G. Hedin, a recognized authority, Its purpose is very comprehensive—among other things, to furnish data from libraries and archives of all kinds, with historical and statistical résumés for scientific and practical purposes; to make genealogical, biographical, and heraldic researches, extracts from copies of old manuscripts, reproductions of charts, autographs, etc., etc. The association has already secured the coöperation of many of the ablest scholars in Sweden, and offers its help to the scholarship of the world. The cost is the subject of special agreement in each case.

The Swedish Government, in connection with Parliament, has undertaken a rather thorough revision of the course of studies in the secondary schools. The most notable feature of the new scheme is probably the substitution of German for French as the leading foreign modern language, the Parliamentary committee insisting upon the reform "because our relations with Germany are much more intimate and frequent than those with France."

—From the Clark University Press, Worcester, Mass., we have the first number of the *American Journal of Religious Psychology and Education*. There are to be three numbers a year, each containing about 100 pages, under the editorship of Dr. G. Stanlay Hall, President of the University. We must not, we are told, infer "that the opinions it contains represent that institution in any sense or degree, or that any of them are taught there." The first number is not well conceived, if it is meant to be conciliatory in its approach to the traditional religionists. The leading article, by the editor, has for its subject "The Jesus of History and the Passion *versus* the Jesus of the Resurrection," which is treated in a manner as much at variance with traditional opinion as with the optimistic rhetoric of the writer's forecast of the wonders that the psychological study of religion is to work. The article, though described by Dr. Hall as an "imperfect and sketchy conflation of psychological viewpoints," and though disfigured and obscured by a surplusage of technical expressions, is a very able and interesting study of the resurrection of Jesus and its various explanations. It exhibits at once a wide and yet imperfect acquaintance with New Testament criticism. The conclusion is, that "the resurrection cannot mean for us to-day the reversal of all the processes of physical death." What then? Ghost-seeing? No, but some purely subjective visionary appearance. Prof. Jean du Buy's "Stages of Religious Development" compares the leading ideas of five great religions, and, finding Mohammedanism to be the religion of childhood, Confucianism that of boyhood, and Christianity that of adolescence, advises the teaching of these religions respectively to children, boys, and youth and to races of corresponding development. We seem to have heard that a parent who tried this method found his son sticking fast in some provisional stage of the ideal development. There are twenty pages of book notices, of which the writings of Professor Leuba of Clark University have the lion's share. His, too, is the third of the three articles which exhaust the principal matter of this number—a discrimination of "Faith" from belief, and an attempt to fix its pyschological status.

—The *Atlantic* opens with a few pages from the journal of Emerson, recording with very little admixture of philosophic comment the incidents of a visit to Washington city early in 1862, whither he had been called to deliver a lecture before the Smithsonian Institution. It has been stated that the President and Cabinet heard his lecture, which contained an urgent plea for emancipation, but the editor, Edward W. Emerson, questions the accuracy of the statement, on the authority of Mr. Spofford, supported by both the President's secretaries and indirectly by the silence of the Washington newspapers. The third instalment of the Ruskin-Norton correspondence covers the period of the civil war. Ruskin's failure to get a proper point of view in respect to the war, together with his mental ill-adjustment in various other lines of thought, makes rather painful reading of these letters, in spite of their absorbing interest. John Burroughs contributes still another chapter to his endeavor to hold nature writers up to more scientific standards in their treatment of birds and animals. We should not find all our own complicated thoughts and emotions in these lower forms of life, but merely "a humbler manifestation of the same psychic power and intelligence that culminates and is conscious of itself in man." The true literary gift in this direction is that of Burns, for instance, whose mouse "at once strikes a sympathetic chord in us without ceasing to be a mouse." The approaching six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Petrarch suggests two articles, a sketch of his life, with some critical comment, by Henry D. Sedgwick, and a short paper on his Illustrators, by George Santayana. Herbert Spencer's Autobiography calls forth a discriminating essay by Prof. William James. We have not room here to outline his judgments upon the great philosopher, but we cannot resist the temptation to quote the closing words of the initial paragraph: "Greatness and smallness surely never lived so closely in one skin together."

—Thomas Nelson Page discusses the disfranchisement of the negro in the July *Scribner's*, exhibiting the common Southern tendency to discredit as doctrinaires those who disagree seriously with the Southern attitude. If the belief that an important political problem should be settled in harmony with the fundamental principles that shaped the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution stamps one as a doctrinaire, then there are a great many American citizens who will bear any reproach attaching to the term with entire equanimity. A little more of the doctrinaire's liking for logical consistency would have spared Mr. Page's argument the radical contradiction of maintaining at one point that the negroes should be treated as individuals, not as a class, while supporting vigorously at other points the recent changes in Southern constitutions, based squarely on class distinction along the line of color. One may readily agree with Mr. Page that the policy of the Reconstruction period proved disastrous to both races in its actual working. The fault, however, was not that of the "doctrinaires" who forced their ideas of liberty and political equality into the Reconstruction measures, but of the "practical politicians" who were allowed to warp those measures to personal and party ends. We grant Mr. Page's earnest desire to see the tangle straightened out, but the American people are not so constituted that a policy which demands for its success the silent sacrifice of principle on the part of a large portion of our citizens can permanently settle a Filipino problem, a negro problem, or any other problem which touches vitally the general interest. The "Field of Art" is devoted this month to a discussion of "criticism," by Harry W. Desmond, who pleads in the interest of art itself for a broad interpretation of the term, against the contention of Mr. Taft that it is "better business" to learn to appreciate an artist's sincere contribution than to point out features in which it may be considered defective.

—It is difficult to understand exactly what was proposed in 'Painters since Leonardo,' by William Pattison (Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.), or exactly what were the qualifications of the author for his task. The subject is a vast one, yet no general view of it is given. The arrangement is chronological, without regard to school or country—perhaps the worst and most confusing of possible arrangements; yet in the final chapter, on "Schools," the confusion is worse confounded when one finds Giorgione figuring in the "Early Florentine School" and Luini in the Venetian. The choice of painters for mention is sometimes inexplicable, as when, *e. g.*, Berghem, Wouvermans, and Netscher each have a paragraph, while the index does not contain the names of De Hooge or Ver Meer of Delft. It would appear from certain allusions that the author has been a practical student of painting, but he seldom gives us anything but the utter commonplaces of criticism, while he is conspicuously lacking in the virtues of the mere compiler, the lists of "principal works" being always inadequate and often wrong, as when, under Leonardo, "La Gioconda" and "Mona Lisa" are entered as separate pictures, and "La Belle Ferronnière" is given to the National Gallery. The illustrations are chosen apparently for their appeal to the popular taste, and are very carelessly catalogued, the full title or present place of the picture being seldom indicated. One of Tintoret's pictures in the Anticollegio of the Doge's palace—the only Tintoret reproduced in the volume—figures as "The Creation of Eve" by Michelangelo! Finally, Andrea del Sarto is indexed under neither A nor S, but under D, as similarly are Melozzo da Forlì and Antonello da Messina, in each case without cross-references. In fine, there are few faults which the book does not possess and fewer merits which it does.

—Mr. Mortimer Menpes begins his book on 'Whistler as I Knew Him' (London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Mac-

millan) with the statement that "the cry of Whistler's life was 'Save me from my friends!'" and it is evidently his intention to do some of the saving. He believes that these friends are harming Whistler's reputation now by foolish exaggerations, as in his lifetime they harmed his work by foolish adulation; and, as one of the friends who was made an enemy by the 'Gentle Art,' he is an expert on the subject. The picture he gives of his own relations with Whistler is extraordinary, and if "the Master" was really surrounded by such abject and grovelling adoration, it is a wonder he did not become entirely insane with megalomania. Mr. Menpes still professes great admiration for Whistler the artist and great love for Whistler the man, yet it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that there is a point of malice in his description; or is it only the little exaggeration that comes of the desire to be amusing and to tell a good story at any cost? Amusing the book certainly is, but its tendency is only to deepen the impression that the truest saying about Whistler is that attributed to Degas (whose name, by the way, Mr. Menpes persistently spells Digars). That artist, whose disposition is as retiring as his talent is great, is said to have remonstrated with Whistler in words to this effect: "My dear fellow, you act like a chap that couldn't paint." That there was a better side to Whistler's character than that of the self-advertising egotist here depicted is most probable, but we must wait for its revelation. There are in the book some reports of Whistler's opinions and of his methods of work which possess a more serious interest, but most interesting of all are the many reproductions, in black and white and in colors, of his work in several materials. These are unusually well executed, are, for the most part, of unhackneyed subjects, and give as good an idea of the merits, the limitations, and the weaknesses of the artist as could well be conveyed in reproduction, though the avoidance of the best-known works renders the selection a trifle unjust and makes his achievement seem slighter, if no less charming, than it really was. It is these illustrations that will give the volume a permanent value for those unable to acquire original works by Whistler.

—Neither men nor angels can make the annals of the House of Hanover as interesting to the public as those of the House of Stuart. We refer here to the biography of individual princes rather than to the development of Great Britain under the one dynasty or the other. But while Mr. Lang and a host of others continue to pour forth volumes on the Stuarts, Mr. W. H. Wilkins has taken it for his mission as an historian to prove that romance exists, if it does not flourish, among the archives of the Hanoverian line. By a series of works entitled 'The Love of an Uncrowned Queen,' 'Caroline the Illustrious,' and 'A Queen of Tears,' he has constituted himself a volunteer Historiographer Royal. These studies extend from the days when George I. was Elector of Hanover to the period of George III., and are so arranged that the one leads up to the other—the three covering four generations. We say nothing about 'The Love of an Uncrowned Queen,' which we have already noticed. The title 'Caroline the Illustrious' (Longmans) refers to Caroline of Anspach, Queen Consort of George II., and an able, upright woman, who lived without reproach in a society brutalized by coarse corruption. Mr. Wilkins's life of this princess is most exhaustive, and has reached a new edition wherein the original two volumes are published in one. Unfortunately the early Hanoverians were very plain-visaged people, who had no brilliant artists to idealize them. Moreover, the existing portraits are not well reproduced in Mr. Wilkins's books. Thus, 'Caroline the Illustrious' lacks the attractiveness supplied to many modern biographies by the illustrations. For the rest it is a long and somewhat over-appreciative account of a capable princess.

—A 'Queen of Tears' (Longmans) is the biography in two volumes of Caroline Matilda, posthumous daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, youngest sister of George III., and wife of Christian VII. of Denmark. In her case the elements of romance and tragedy are undeniably strong. Married at fifteen to a base and incapable profligate, she soon found herself entangled in a liaison with his physician, aided her lover to become all-powerful at court, provoked national hostility, and was eventually sent off to Celle in Hanover, where she died at the age of twenty-four. An emotional nature and freedom from restraint were the chief causes of her undoing, but the interest of her career centres in the political consequences of her relations with her lover, Struensee. This man was a German physician who had been engaged by Christian VII. as a professional attendant. He was possessed of great ambition and a certain amount of talent, but showed profound ignorance of human nature as represented by the Danish Church and aristocracy. Owing to the King's incapacity and the Queen's affection, Struensee had every opportunity to make his influence felt in the conduct of public affairs. As he was a foreigner of no social standing, elementary prudence should have shown him the necessity of keeping in the background, but, afflicted by incredible want of tact, he embarked on a course of radical legislation while at the same time permitting himself to assume the air of a dictator. After a brief period of triumph, in 1771, Struensee incensed the official classes of Denmark to such an extent that a coalition of overwhelming strength was formed against him. Having no party of personal adherents, and rendered vulnerable by the nature of his relations with the Queen, he fell the easy victim of a palace plot. It was of little avail that many of his administrative changes had been in the truest sense reforms. The result of his political aspirations, quite as much as of his intrigue with the Queen, was his trial and execution. Matilda was at once divorced and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. At this stage George III. interfered on his sister's behalf, and threatened war if the King of Denmark undertook to carry out the decree regarding imprisonment. Under such pressure the Queen's humiliation was lightened, though she was not permitted to return to England. Exiled to Hanover, her life closed before her character was fully developed or she had the chance of assuming a fresh rôle in the history of Denmark. It is a sad story, which Mr. Wilkins has told with much detail and considerable effect.

—Under the title 'The Middle Eastern Question, or Some Political Problems of Indian Defence,' the author of 'The Far Eastern Question,' Valentine Chirol, has published a work of five hundred pages (E. P. Dutton & Co.), which has grown out of a series of letters written for the London *Times*. As a special plea for the need of just such missions as that now occupying the mind of Col. Younghusband, this book is written for the times in both senses. But, though ephemeral in its nature, no work more strikingly shows in just what position England stands as regards Russian encroachment on British territory. Beginning with Persia, the author gives a detailed account of the stealthy but steady undermining of British influence, and the growth of Russian power which is inevitably taking its place. German aggressiveness also receives due attention at this point; but in the subsequent chapters Russia alone is considered, as Mr. Chirol depicts the encroachments of the Slav in Afghanistan and Turkestan; while Russia and France together from the point of view of Burmah are considered in the final chapters of the survey. The author does not wish to pose as an alarmist, but he sees clearly enough that the British *laissez-faire* doctrine and the serene hope that the *status quo* will remain unchanged are confronted with an untiring activity and ambition on the part of Russia. He deprecates the "wholesale and hasty surrender of legitimate interests" on the one hand and the mixture of "bragging and nagging" which in the past has taken the place of any well-defined English policy. Russia has practically ousted British trade from the whole of Central Asia by a policy of rigid exclusiveness; she has usurped England's place both commercially and politically in Persia; she has intrigued in Afghanistan, and it is an open question whether in the event of war the Amir would care to play the part of a buffer. Russia is also drawing Tibet within her "sphere of influence." In Chinese Turkestan, Russian competition is driving out English goods, and a foreign "and possibly hostile" Power is making itself appreciably felt "all along the northeastern border of India." There is certainly food for anxious thought in this volume for both the tradesman and imperialist politician of England, while the American reader will find in it a very clear statement of present conditions, marred by no display of temper, but capable of improvement in point of style.

LEWIS AND CLARK.

The Trail of Lewis and Clark. By Olin D. Wheeler. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 **vols., 8vo. 1904.**

Mr. Olin D. Wheeler of the Northern Pacific Railroad has for some years, as part of his duty, prepared "Wonderland," the interesting and beautifully illustrated annual relating to the region which that road traverses. In 1900 "Wonderland" was largely taken up with the expedition of Lewis and Clark. Many years before this, in his youth indeed, Mr. Wheeler had begun the studies and travels which make him at the present moment probably the most accomplished Lewis and Clark scholar living. The important book, the title of which is

given above, a development from the small nucleus in the "Wonderland" of 1900, makes it plain that Mr. Wheeler has read with care the literature of the subject, including the original journals of the captains and their men, which have remained in manuscript up to the present moment; and also that he has done much more than this. Trained as an explorer in his youth, in the seventies by Powell—in the expeditions that brought to light the wonders of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and its neighborhood—he is an accomplished frontiersman; and, with faculties quickened by much experience of the wilderness, he has passed over every mile of the Lewis and Clark trail, in some parts several times, identifying every mountain, stream, plain—indeed, every camping place—reproducing, meantime, to a large extent for himself the old conditions, hunting, canoeing, riding as they did. So far as the old tribes still exist, he has paid them visits, and sometimes lived among them. Once, in a remote desert, he talked with the squaw Petówya, more than one hundred years old, who distinctly remembered the coming among her tribe of Lewis and Clark. How a writer could investigate his field more thoroughly than Mr. Wheeler has done, it would be hard to say. What he has gathered is presented in these two handsome octavos, illustrated by many maps, and photographs of all the more noteworthy scenes. The style, as may be expected from one who has come up into active business from the frontier, is not always square with academic standards; it is, however, always frank, breezy, picturesque, an excellent medium for the presentment of his material. The amount of new information afforded is very considerable.

Faithful to our critical function, we shall specify some cases in which Mr. Wheeler comes short, premising that the cases are few and not of great importance. It was Fielding Lewis, *great*-uncle of Captain Lewis, not his uncle, who married the sister of Washington; at least, that is the statement of Jefferson. Sergeant Patrick Gass was not "wounded at Lundy's Lane." The story told by his biographer is that a ball passed through his hat, his shortness of stature standing him in good stead. That he was quite unharmed he gave proof only a few days later in the "Sortie from Fort Erie," a feat of arms once very famous. Personally directed by Gen. Jacob Brown, standing on a log, in the light of the cannon flashes, he spiked the British twenty-four-pounders, his pocket full of rat-tail files which he drove into the vents. We surmise, too, that Gass should rather be described as a Scotch-Irishman than as an Irishman, though here Mr. Wheeler has the support of authorities in general. Gass is a family name in Annandale, Scotland; and we believe that oatmeal must have had something to do with the doughty grit of Patrick's composition.

Rather more serious than these errors is the omission, in the account given of the rank and file of the party, of the neat story relating to Robert Frazier, told, we believe, for the first time in our own pages, a decade since, by Prof. J. D. Butler in his review of the 'Lewis and Clark' of Dr. Elliott Coues (*Nation*, 57: 312, 331). The story is good enough to be told again. Robert Frazier was a fencing master in Rutland, Vermont, who, obtaining a hat of Professor Butler's uncle, a trader in Rutland, ran away without paying for it,—this about the year 1803. Uncle Butler, soon after failing in business, too trustful perhaps to thrive in the Vermont of those days, went West and at last began tavern-keeping in St. Louis. September 23, 1806, who should walk into his doors but Robert Frazier, one of the men of Lewis and Clark, just arrived at the levee across the continent from the mouth of the Columbia. Uncle Butler recognized his debtor at once, tanned, moccasined, and befringed after the Indian fashion though he was, and straightway presented the unpaid bill for the hat. This the pioneer, now in funds from the sale of his land claim, straightway paid; on his part now presenting to Uncle Butler a neatly penned prospectus for the publication of a journal he had kept, a subscription for which might presumably be met out of the proceeds of the hat. Uncle Butler took the prospectus, but unloaded the matter of subscribing upon his brother in Vermont. Professor Butler in due time inherited the prospectus, and still retains it—the sole extant memorial of Robert Frazier, for his book never saw the light. He is one of that part of the band whom oblivion has utterly swallowed. His journal, could it be recovered, would easily bring its weight in gold.

Such errors and omissions, however, are of small account in the general excellence of the work. As to information afforded relating to the personnel of the party, good service is rendered by an elaborate discussion, based upon the testimony of descendants and of persons living on the ground, of the long unsolved question whether Meriwether Lewis came to his death by suicide in a wild spot in Tennessee in 1809. For the fairness of the explorer's fame the world will be glad to find that the theory of suicide is improbable, and that with scarcely a doubt Lewis was murdered at the lonely tavern where his body was found, and near which, in what is still a remote solitude, he lies buried.

Excepting as to the two captains, Dr. Coues was able to give, in 1893, only scanty details of the subsequent careers of the party. Sergeant Gass, indeed, has always stood in a clear historic light, a revised form of his journal having appeared a few months after the return, and the sergeant himself having been made the subject of a biography by an intelligent man. Dr. Coues of course knew his story. As to his fellow-sergeants, Pryor and Ordway, however, of the latter Coues knew nothing, and of the former scarcely more. As to the privates, excepting George Shannon and John Colter, he had no information. He greatly admired the fine fellows, picked men as they were at the outset, and justifying most amply their selection by constant faithfulness and courage. Coues's monotonous comment, "No more known of him," affixed to name after name as he goes down the list, comes to seem like a melancholy groan over the heedlessness of a world which will let the memory of such men die. But Mr. Wheeler shows that within a decade much additional knowledge has come to light. Sergeants Pryor and Ordway are now distinct in their after-careers. Mrs. Eva Emery Dye of Oregon, author of the 'Conquest,' and one of the most meritorious workers in this field, has rescued the important figure of Alexander H. Willard.

Mr. Wheeler himself has done a similar service for William Bratton, and has especial desert for what he has accomplished in behalf of the one woman in the enterprise and the "historic pappoose." The most picturesque and touching figure in the whole story of the undertaking is Sacágawea, the bird-woman. The expedition found her a Shoshone captive among the Minnetarees, a girl of sixteen, the slave and wife of a French interpreter. The man, Chaboneau, was engaged to go with the party; the Shoshone squaw, too, the captains thought might be useful among the mountains whence she had been taken; so, although she bore at her back her baby, born scarcely two months before, she had no choice but to follow with the white men. Handicapped with her motherhood, she underwent all that her companions did, rendering service indeed of the greatest value. Repeatedly, when the expedition was on the brink of disaster that might have frustrated it, she saved it, now by her quickness and presence of mind, now by conciliating the good will of the shy mountain-tribes, her kindred; horses, and guides from whom were indispensable to success. When all others were at fault, she proved a certain path-finder through the most tangled gorges; and through all her ministration showed herself sweetly amiable and patient. This real heroine had nearly sunk out of memory, and much credit is due to Dr. Coues, Mrs. Dye, and Mr. Wheeler for securing to her a recognition which, though late, seems likely to be hearty. The women of the great States of the Northwest into which Sacága-wea smoothed the way will, under the lead of Mrs. Dye, erect a proper memorial in her honor; and at the instance of Mr. Wheeler the Government has named a noble height overlooking the scene of her chief service, Sacága-wea Peak. He has also traced out the career of the Indian baby. The little brown waif got back safe and sound from its far journeying, grew to manhood, and became a stout hunter and pioneer. He was a character well known in Idaho in the thirties, and figures as the hero of an adventure the story of which Mr. Wheeler has recovered from the notes of a backwoodsman of that region.

Our debt to Mr. Wheeler for information as to tribes and localities is not less great than for information as to persons. Whenever a remnant has survived of tribes which the explorers met, he has made their acquaintance, and in some instances sojourned among them. Every noteworthy locality mentioned in the records is described as it appears to-day, and a clear sketch, based upon observation and a study of good authorities, furnished of such change as has come in. We remark as particularly interesting the account of the Mandans, and the tragedy of their extermination by the smallpox in 1837-8. The account of the development at the Great Falls of the Missouri is interesting; so, too, of the immense industries that have come to pass in the neighborhood of the Three Forks and the Gates of the Mountains, out of whose mines treasure many hundred millions in amount has been drawn and poured into the coffers of the world. The exact locating of the route of the expedition across the "continental divide," never until now satisfactorily ascertained, does much credit to Mr. Wheeler's sagacity and perseverance. In

great part the trail is scarcely less wild than it was in 1805-6; but our author, with the records in his hand, has traversed it foot by foot, charting it at last minutely. He must, indeed, have felt a sense of triumph when, in the spring of the present year, Dr. Thwaites, after comparing Mr. Wheeler's work with the lately discovered map of Clark, pronounced that the identification had been exact, a complete correspondence existing between the earliest and the latest maps. Nor is our author less at home in the valley of the Columbia than in the valley of the Missouri; his identifications there, too, are as painstaking, his sketches and summaries in like degree adequate.

This centennial year of the expedition of Lewis and Clark will be signalized by the publication of much important literature relating to that enterprise. First in importance, of course, must stand the seven monumental volumes of the "Original Records," which Reuben Gold Thwaites, the eminent secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, is on the point of issuing. A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago will reprint for the first time in nearly sixty years the Journal of Patrick Gass, the picturesque and venerable book which first gave authentic information of the undertaking, and remained for seven years the sole source of knowledge. Interest in the old pathfinders from Coronado down, indeed, is much quickened, and their stories are appearing in fresh presentments. In a high place among books of this class must stand the 'Trail of Lewis and Clark,' the work as it is of one who is at the same time a well-read scholar and a good frontiersman; and who devotes himself enthusiastically to supplementing the records of an achievement among the manliest and most beneficently fruitful in American history.

MR. HEWLETT'S LATEST STORY.

The Queen's Quair. By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

'The Queen's Quair' is the story of the six years intervening between the departure from France of Mary Stuart, Queen Dowager of France, Queen of Scotland, and heir apparent to the throne of England (ill-fitted both by temperament and education for such greatness), and the night when, broken in heart and spirit, accused of most of the crimes of the decalogue, she rode, a prisoner, from Holyrood to Lochleven. These were the years in which she really lived; all that followed was monotonous existence, varied only by perpetual, futile attempts of the caged bird to break the bars and take wing once more in the open. No short space of time has more deeply engaged the attention of historians, poets, and romance-writers; and, after all the research, controversy, and imaginative guesses, we are still in doubt, not only about many things that may or may not have happened, but, more still, about the character of the Queen and the degree of her responsibility for the most shocking of all the crimes attributed to her.

No matter, however, what view one may take of her, one thing is certain, that the history of those years is the history of Scotland's shame—shame of her lords as of her fishwives, shame above all of her preachers, so sure of the will of their compassionless Calvinistic God, and so hot to visit His wrath upon the woman whom they still recognized as their divinely appointed Queen. From the confused and contradictory records of abominable open crime and more abominable secret infamies one impression must be clearly received—that the thin, fair girl with the sidelong glance and pointed chin of the Stuarts was always, at the lowest estimate of her worth, better than the fierce, lying, pitiless men who held her crown, her honor, and her life in their hands. Some of these men she justly hated; some she as justly scorned; some she mistakenly loved, and one, Bothwell, she loved most, and feared. Always by all she was regarded as an instrument to advance or obstruct personal interests, used for selfish purposes, mostly base; insulted, betrayed, driven to do and be the worst that a wild girl who was also a royal Stuart could do or be. Never among them all was one man found to help her to the better way. In her own kingdom she stood alone, except for one or two faithful women and a few boys to serve her and die for her.

This view of the Queen's case, so clearly derivable from history, comes out finely in Mr. Hewlett's version—a version so discriminating as to matters of fact and so keen and deep in matters of inference that one feels it to be uncommonly like a direct inspiration. The narrative, following historical outline and sequence, presents a plot unrivalled by invention, and a series of dramatic situations pitiful, terrible, and not poor, in touches, of a high sort of satirical comedy. Through a labyrinth of conflicting statements Mr. Hewlett has found a way to conclusions generally consistent with the greatest probability. If he had done nothing more than construct a strong, straightforward story out of stuff that has been so often gathered and sifted, his book would be noticeable and valuable. But he has gone much farther. He has penetrated and exhibited the wild heart of the Queen and the black hearts of the miscreants who destroyed her. His vision of the Queen is wonderfully complete and vivid. He sees the intellectuality so often ascribed to her as nothing more impressive than a taste for poetry and intrigue and a wit ready in emergency. Her intellect, indeed, was never of any practical use, because its decisions could be reversed instantly by a gust of passion or even a caprice. Personal passion was the mainspring of action, the secret of her power as a woman and of her abysmal failure as a queen.

Mr. Hewlett's characterization is by no means a vindication. He has not wasted himself in vain labor to prove that she was either a virtuous woman or an exemplary sovereign, but he makes one feel unmistakably that, with a little encouragement, she would have seriously striven against the fatal faults of her blood, and, at least, not wandered so far from a desirable regard for a measure of good fame. His Mary Stuart is neither the pathetic, romantic figure born of Sir Walter Scott's chivalrous imagination, nor the cruel, corrupt wretch depicted by Swinburne. She is just a mixture of good and evil, frank and false, loving and revengeful, fascinating and repellent; every common natural quality exaggerated, almost distorted, by the great circumstance that she was a queen of the House of Stuart.

The principal figures of her wonderful entourage are similarly vivid, though not similarly enchanting. One sees them all, false counsellors, false friends, false lovers. A perfect rogues' gallery is open to inspection—tortuous, sleek Maitland of Lethington, pronounced by Mary's "good sister," Elizabeth, the finest wit in Scotland; profoundly hypocritical, canny Lord James Stuart, Earl of Moray; cynical Riccio, familiarly called "Davy"; vain, vicious Harry Darnley, King Consort, well dubbed the "Young Fool"; silly, singing, prancing Chastelard; and, killing here, betraying there, dominating everywhere, stalwart, red-headed James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, with his troop of black sheep, Hay of Tala, Hob Ormistoun, and the rest, ragged rascals, "Bothwell's Lambs." Most infamous of all, Bothwell; not because he broke the Queen's heart, which had a natural tendency to break and mend, but because he crushed her high spirit and destroyed forever her princely courage. Diplomatic Sir James Melville shows himself not devoid of sympathetic emotion, and George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, son of that Huntly harried and slain by Mary at the instigation of Lord James Stuart, who wanted an earldom, stands out conspicuously gallant and faithful. There is not much authority for this portrait of Huntly, and it is highly improbable that he managed to have Darnley murdered before the house of Kirk o'Field was blown up, out of love for the Queen and to save her from deadly sin. Darnley, of course, was murdered before the explosion, but his taking off was no expression of love for or by any one. Whether or not Huntly loved the Queen, his sister Jean, Bothwell's wife, divorced by him as soon as he was sure of royal favor, hated her steadfastly. Mr. Hewlett draws a terrible scene between the two women, after the divorce at the Castle of Crichton, where, says his page, Des Essars, who has a large part in the tale, his mistress showed "that old, sweet guile of hers, inveterate still and at work," but came away contrite and humble, stricken with the "most terrible secret sorrow, which broke her heart and ends my plea for pity upon her who loved so fondly."

The mere writing of the 'Queen's Quair' is a literary achievement of high order. The author has worked with brain and heart, and by a perfect sincerity his style has been strengthened and chastened. His language loses that conspicuousness as language which smothers the subject in some of his books. There is a pervading quaintness, an occasional preciosity, but no hesitation about plain speaking when the moment calls for it. The man who would tell such a tale aright must not be mealy-mouthed, and Mr. Hewlett was never that.

Before leaving the 'Queen's Quair' a word must be said about another book to which the author is deeply indebted. His dedication is a graceful acknowledgment of this debt to Mr. Andrew Lang, whose 'Mystery of Mary Stuart' contains the substance of his tale. Mr. Lang's book is hard to read, but every one who wishes fully to appreciate Mr. Hewlett's manipulation of evidence should read it.

TURNER'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

History of Philosophy. By William Turner, S.T.D. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. 674.

Some apology may be due to our readers for giving more than a line or two to a book which professes merely to be a one-volume text-book of the whole history of philosophy. But this is no ordinary third-hand compilation. The thorough reader of philosophy will find himself here confronted by a peer whose judgments are his own (barring in a sense those that touch dogma) in a larger proportion than is usual, the principal exceptions being that, in ancient and early mediæval history, imaginations of German higher critics are too easily assented to. As one goes through the volume, one becomes interested in considering the views of the author, and finds them mostly acceptable. Stöckl's various writings, the manuals that have emanated from Stonyhurst, and sundry other books and articles had already produced upon us the impression that Leonine Thomism was a decidedly favorable standpoint from which to survey the course of philosophy; and the present volume bears out that impression. There is a reason why it should be so: the adherent of any modern school is a nominalist—that is, he believes in only a single fundamental mode of being, and his power of conceiving other modes has become atrophied from disuse. But a true Aristotelian, of whatever stripe, must recognize a germinal mode of being, a positive, substantial possibility, or potentiality, over and above actual existence, or *exsistence.* He is thus in a condition to understand both nominalistic and realistic conceptions of the universe. The most favorable standpoint, on this principle, should be that of the Scotist, who is habituated to thinking of three modes of being—matter, or the positively possible; form, or that whose being consists in its general governing of what in any way is; and hecceities, or positive elements of individual existence. Unfortunately no considerable Scotistic school of thought is now extant. Only a pragmatist, here and there, has a sort of affinity to Scotus.

Apart from all this, it has long been coming home to the philosophical world that a more thorough appreciation of the realistic theory is one of the prerequisites to philosophy's ever developing into a stable science. It is a chief merit of this little book that it furnishes a more intelligible and truer account of the development of scholastic realism than can be found in many a more pretentious history of philosophy. The system of St. Thomas Aquinas, beyond dispute one of the greatest that have ever been formed, is here expounded with accuracy and in some detail. The modification of that doctrine by Scotus—departing from it, roughly speaking, about as much as Aristotelianism departs from Platonism—is less sympathetically treated. The reasons for the modification are not explained, nor is the essential characteristic of it clearly set forth. What is said of it, however, is true enough; and that is more than the Scotist is accustomed to find in compendiums or even in books devoted to explaining the doctrine he follows.

Father Turner's account of the rise of scholasticism is particularly comprehensible, and in the main points just. During the three centuries and more that elapsed between the 'De Divisione Naturæ' of Erigena and the granting of the first distinctly recorded privilege to the University of Paris by Philip Augustus, A. D. 1200, we hear of some sixty teachers of philosophy; and of most of them we barely learn their existence. About a third of them, including all the most important, receive separate treatment by Father Turner, thus affording a tolerably definite idea of one side—the internal side—of the line of generation of scholasticism proper, the scholasticism of the University of Paris. The account given of the philosophy of the fourteenth and two following centuries does not satisfy us nearly so well. It is difficult to conceive that a person who had ever made any serious study of Ockham could have given so colorless a portraiture of that strong and singular thinker, whose subsequent influence has been so mighty that a close examination of his thought was called for. The decay of scholasticism is largely attributed to nominalism; and no doubt there is some truth in that. For not only does nominalism render any religious philosophy impossible or absurd, but the empty formalism, oppressive triviality, and soporific verbosity of the mediæval nominalists—especially the later ones, though Ockham himself is hard to beat in the last particular—was calculated to disgust every lively mind. Yet, after all, the Scotists retained the upper hand in the most important centres to the last; it was not the Ockhams but the Dunses that most excited the resentment of the humanists; and it was, in part, because of this resentment that the modern world became nominalistic. Yet it should not be forgotten that the study of the Stoic and Epicurean philosophies was an important factor in this.

Besides nominalism, Father Turner holds the chief cause of the decay of scholasticism to have been Averroism, especially the proposition that what is true in philosophy may not be true in theology. Is it not singular how most men regard this proposition as simply abominable, while another proposition, differing from it chiefly in being more general, is by many if not most men considered as the capstone of good sense—we mean the proposition that what is true in theory may be false in practice? The meaning of this is, of course, that a correct deduction from a theory may, in consequence of the impossibility of any general theory taking into account all the factors which affect experience, be found quite contradicted by experiment. Nobody will be more alive to this than modern mathematicians. What, then, is it that Averroes adds to this that makes his proposition so abominable? It is that if a deductive conclusion is so abhorrent to one's most intimate conscience that to accept it would be to break up one's whole system of moral habitudes, it is better to adhere to natural or quasi-natural sentiment, and to suppose that some undetected error affects the philosopheme, although it appear evidently to follow from axioms. Averroes advanced his proposition on the occasion of such a contradiction presenting itself in his own experience. He was in a situation similar to that of one of those religious speculators whom we sometimes read of in the newspapers, who reason it out that it is their duty to burn their children alive or commit some other enormity. Is it really so abominable, in such a case, to do as Averroes did rather than to follow apparent reason to the destruction of all that one has been accustomed to hold sacred? Father Turner says that the proposition of Averroes is contrary to the basic principle of scholasticism. Undoubtedly it is so, in so far as the general proposition that what is true in theory may be false in practice is contrary to the basic principles of the theory. But that is not to say that the acceptance of the proposition is unfavorable to further and closer study of the theory. Would it not be a truer account of the decadence of scholasticism to say that any purely deductive theory, like those of scholasticism, must eventually exhaust its interest owing to all the important consequences having been already made out? Pure mathematics is saved from exhaustion only by starting new sets of hypotheses as the former ones become uninteresting.

However, there was an entirely different order of causes tending to disintegrate scholasticism which Father Turner perhaps considered beyond the scope of this manual. Namely, there are certain incongruities necessarily accompanying a priesthood, sacred things—such as masses and intentions of masses—being bought and sold like railway securities; a court, like profane courts, a hotbed of vice and iniquity, etc., etc., which seem natural enough to a barbarian like the European of the ninth or tenth century. Now scholasticism itself, together with other agencies, had cultivated men's minds up to the point where such sordid and vile things, interwoven with the most holy, inevitably produced upon the lay mind an intense disgust which, where there was a certain degree of intellectual strength, made a readiness for unbelief, if not unbelief itself. Then, just as we all know that crude forms of punishment may answer well for very young children, but would have disastrous effects at a later age, so the barbaric manner in which the Church always treated heresy prevented its expression, and so not only rendered unbelief invulnerable, but added to it a cynical hypocrisy which disinclined minds to any philosophy like scholastic realism. For this hypocrisy said to itself, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I believe what I see, and nothing else." There is enough of it eating the bread and butter of the Catholic Church to-day to illustrate what we mean (not without force) to anybody who is at all acquainted with that communion. Combine causes such as these, and the æsthetic fashion of mind that the Constantinopolitans imported into the West, with the inevitable exhaustion of a deductive treatment of theology, and causes for the dissolution of scholasticism seem only too abundant.

We regret that the limits of our columns forbid our considering Father Turner's interpretations and criticisms of modern philosophy, which are always interesting, and under a good teacher will prove stimulating to the thought of the student. This effect will only be heightened by there being occasional little exceptions to be taken. We will illustrate these by two instances, one of criticism and one of interpretation. Namely, Father Turner calls Locke "superficial." Now, it is hardly conceivable that anybody, in the light of modern psychology, should deny what Father Turner probably means. But how will the neophyte under-

stand the word "superficial"? Superficiality is the opposite of penetration. It is the effect of not having thought much about the propositions one enunciates. One of Locke's most remarkable traits, shown on every page of his masterpiece, is that every section brings the fruit of enough thought to furnish forth a considerable essay. Not defective penetration, but the failure to take into consideration other circumstances than those which he has studied—that is the characteristic fault of Locke.

The other instance to which we shall refer is that Father Taylor says that Descartes, in his reply to Gassendi, "protested that the [*Cogito*] *ergo sum* is not an inference." This was Dugald Stewart's notion; but it is not tenable. Descartes often said that the *Cogito ergo sum* was not a syllogism or an enthymeme, nor founded on the syllogistic theory of reasoning. Yet even that hardly gibes with his version of it in the 'Principia.' It is true that he calls it "tanquam rem per se notam simplici mentis intuitu." But what he means is that when one considers that one thinks, one at once perceives thereby that one exists. He thus makes the knowledge of one's existence an effect of the knowledge that one thinks. As Cousin said, "Le *donc je suis* n'indique-t-il pas un lien logique? Comme Descartes emploie toujours ce mot quand il raisonne, n'est-il pas naturel de croire que ce même mot a ici le même sens que partout ailleurs, et ce rapport des termes ne marque-t-il point celui des procédés intellectuels? Si le *donc* n'a pas ici un sens logique, pourquoi Descartes ne l'a-t-il pas dit?"

We have found so much fault with the book that our readers may not understand why we like it so much. It is because it is neither a machine-made compilation nor a vague essay, but is the work of a real student of the history of philosophy. We may add that its statements are formally distinct and explicit, as befits a book for beginners and a text-book. There is a thirteen-page index of proper names, and of such subjects as Absolutism, Academies, Accadian traditions, Æsthetics, Agnosticism, Air currents of the Stoics, Antinomies, Arabian philosophy, Arianism, Astronomy, Atomists.

The Tempest. Edited by Mark Harvey Liddell. (The Elizabethan Shakspere.) Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903.

From the printer's note at the end, it appears that this volume had been already several months in process of manufacture before "Macbeth," the first volume of the edition, was published in April, 1903. The adherence of the editor to every detail of the form and method of the previous volume is, then, not to be regarded as a wilful ignoring of the very considerable mass of criticism which greeted the result of the first stage of his labors. It is none the less to be regretted that the serious faults already pointed out should continue to mar one of the most costly and elaborate productions so far attempted by American scholarship. Some of these, of course, inhere in the very conception of the work. The distribution of the comment round three margins of the text, the failure to restrain it within the limits of the same page as the corresponding text, and the absence of paragraphing in the notes, continue to puzzle and bewilder the reader; and these cannot well be altered without changing the character of the edition. The absence of line-numbers, except at the top of the page, however, is a defect which could easily be remedied.

On the less mechanical side, the treatment of the text remains open to serious criticism. The arbitrary spelling of the First Folio is retained throughout, and the editor frequently implies that this has the authority of Shakspere himself. This, of course, is not certain or even probable; and a good defence for troubling the reader with the eccentricities of an unknown seventeenth-century type-setter exists only when an exact reprint of the Folio is being attempted. But no such attempt is here made. The stage directions, the arrangement of verses, the punctuation, the capitals and italics, and even the dialogue itself, are all tampered with; so that one has many of the disadvantages of a facsimile without its authority.

The material in the notes has the same merits and defects as were to be found in Mr. Liddell's "Macbeth." Learning and ingenuity are here in abundance, and the professed student of Elizabethan English grammar and idom will find much interesting material brought together; but he will constantly find himself wishing that Mr. Liddell had written a dictionary, and not buried his findings among masses of elementary and irrelevant comments on Shakspere.

In the more erudite parts of his work the editor is unduly dogmatic at times. Explanations which the scholar would gladly take as suggestions become annoying as absolute assertions. Thus, on the line, "What cares these roarers for the name of king?" the note says, "ROARERS, 'rioters,' for the boatswain's use of the word in this connection implies the EL. meaning 'riotous person,' cp. 'to roare, . . . to murmur, to show themselves discontented' Alvearie; 'roarer' is also a regular term for 'blustering fellow,' 'bully.'" This use of "roarer" is, of course, well known, but in the present passage it is quite as likely to mean just "roarer."

In the Introduction, Mr. Liddell's work is much more intelligent and better proportioned. The discussion of the sources of the play is clear and scholarly. In the matter of the date he accepts with a modification the view of Tieck and Garnett. These scholars have argued that "The Tempest" was written for the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine in February, 1613. Mr. Liddell, impressed by the autumnal spirit of the play and the masque of Ceres in the fourth act, and by the fact that Ferdinand and Miranda are betrothed but not married, concludes that Shakspere prepared it for the betrothal ceremonies planned for the previous autumn. Owing to the death of Prince Henry, the betrothal was postponed, and later performed without public festivities; so it is argued that Shakspere would merely hold over his betrothal play and touch it up for the wedding itself in the beginning of the following year. But neither these reasons nor Garnett's attempts to identify the characters of the play with personages at court seem sufficiently to discount the statement of the cautious and learned Malone, based upon documents now lost, that the comedy "had a being and a name in the autumn of 1611."

The more purely literary criticism contained in the Introduction and scattered through the notes is often interesting and suggestive. The weakness here, as in the "Macbeth," is in Mr. Liddell's persistent attempts to trace a parallelism in the motives of the greater plays. The following paragraph gives an instance, and not an extreme one, of the tendency.

"It was Macbeth's fervent wish to net up the train of consequence flowing from his act, and through this suspension of cause and effect gain at one stroke success. It seems as if this poetic thought, this intervention of the human will into the designs of God, had suggested itself to Shakspere as the theme for a play in which 'the trammelling up' would be to a nobler end. Unlike Macbeth, Prospero justifies his usurpation. The 'Tempest' is thus, though so brief and shadowy, one of the most suggestive of Shakspere's plays; and, being a comedy in the Elizabethan sense of a tale ending happily, it belongs with the great tragedies—'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Othello,' and 'Lear,' making for them a kind of complementing Epilogue in which the poet hints at the proper interpretation of his greatest work. For in it is answered the question which the tragedies put: Is life necessarily bound in shallows and in miseries, all cheerless, dark, and deadly? Will man, then, like the base Indian, throw his pearl away? Is it a question of to be or not to be, the latter alternative only prevented through respect of what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil? Is it a tale of sound and fury signifying nothing? Are we only such stuff as dreams are made of, our little life rounded with a sleep—a sleep and a forgetting?"

It is to be observed that it is here assumed that the great tragedies are questions, the answers to which are to be sought outside themselves. This is silently to impeach the conclusions of the great mass of critics, who have found in these dramas an attempt to solve as well as to raise profound problems as to the significance of life. Further, it is assumed that each tragedy is simply a different form of the same question. But an examination of the succession of statements of it will show that this identity can be made out only by an unwarrantable straining, and this straining is constantly evident in the further attempts to work out the idea stated in the passage which has been quoted. In the interpretation of individual plays a wise caution is called for in the attributing to Shakspere of conscious and deliberate metaphysical purpose in the choice and treatment of his subject. In dealing with groups of plays this necessity for caution is greatly increased. What Mr. Liddell has to contribute would be no less useful to the Shakspere student if it were given as suggestion rising out of the play, without dogmatic assertion about what the dramatist meant to put into it.

The Opening of the Mississippi: A Struggle for Supremacy in the American Interior. By Frederic Austin Ogg, Instructor in History in Indiana University. The Macmillan Co. 1904. Pp. xi., 670.

The title of Mr. Ogg's book is not altogether an accurate indication of its contents. That he realizes this is apparent from the explanation which he feels bound to offer in the preface, where he says: "This book is intended primarily to be a

history of the discovery, exploration, and contested rights of navigation of the Mississippi River" (p. vii.). Nor, it seems to us, does this tell precisely what is in the book, for, notwithstanding the author's disclaimer of any such purpose, his work really comes nearer to being simply a history of the Mississippi Valley down to the close of the War of 1812.

Mr. Ogg has unquestionably made careful preparations for his task. All, or nearly all, of the secondary works have been examined with great care, and, so far as we can judge, all the printed sources have been consulted. It does not appear that manuscript material has been used. In so extended a period, it was not to be expected that our knowledge of the subject should be enlarged; the author, in fact, makes no claim to have done that. What one might expect is a clearer and a fuller account of the whole subject than has hitherto been given. This the author has aimed at, and, in the main, we think he has succeeded. Nowhere else can one find so full an account of the whole period in a single work. The story is told clearly, dispassionately, with full knowledge of what has been done by others (with one notable exception), with reasonable knowledge of some of the sources, and with a good, though by no means a profound, grasp of the subject in its entirety.

The first eight chapters, which bring the narrative down to 1783, are better worked out than the last six. This seems to be due partly to the fact that the author has had more printed sources to work with, partly to the fact that he has taken more pains in elaborating them, partly, again, to the fact that the subject is less difficult and complicated. The first chapter, on the "Importance of the Mississippi Valley," seems conventional and perfunctory, written, if one may hazard a guess, with the feeling that an introduction of this sort would be looked for, rather than for any more vital reason. The two chapters on the explorations of the Spanish and of the French in the lower Mississippi region are very good presentations of the best knowledge we have with respect to these events. The story of La Salle and his work, in chapter four, is well enough, though it is naturally somewhat disappointing in comparison with the brilliant work of Parkman. The two chapters on "The Beginnings of Louisiana" and "English and French Neighbors after 1763" will prove, we think, the most useful parts of the book. In the latter chapter, however, the treatment of the diplomatic negotiations leading up to the treaty of 1783 is neither very full nor very clear.

Indeed, it is precisely at this point, where the author passes over into the period which above all others is full of diplomatic complications and treasonable intrigue, that the work becomes least satisfactory, when it might have proved most serviceable. For whatever reason, Mr. Ogg appears to have failed to take advantage of his opportunity. Not only has he given us no new information here, but he has failed in large measure to refashion what knowledge we have as carefully as in the earlier period. In at least one case Mr. Ogg has failed to examine, or at least to be at all guided by, the conclusions of recent investigations. We refer to the Burr conspiracy. Mr. McCaleb's 'Aaron Burr Conspiracy' appeared in May, 1903. Whether or not he succeeded in wholly disproving the conclusions of Henry Adams, he certainly made it seemingly impossible for any later writer to limit himself to a mere summary of these conclusions. As Mr. Ogg's preface bears date of September, 1903, he must have had ample time to make himself familiar with Mr. McCaleb's book. Indeed, at page 626 he includes it in a list of secondary works that "may be mentioned" as dealing with the Burr conspiracy. Yet he has made no use whatever of this scholarly work. If this is due to the assumption, which we can quite understand, that it is well nigh impossible to improve upon Adams, the result has been unfortunate in this case. We fear, however, that this method has been resorted to throughout the later chapters. In dealing with the Louisiana purchase, for instance, he might have found something to take from 'Lucien Bonaparte et ses Mémoires' not already "quoted in Adams." Likewise, in the chapter on "Establishing the American Régime," the references indicate very few if any excursions on the part of the author beyond the limits of Martin, Gayarré, and Grace King.

We have noticed but few errors of fact or questionable statements. At page 288 the author conveys the impression that the secret treaty by which the territory west of the Mississippi was conveyed to Spain, and the Treaty of Paris, bear the same date. The preliminaries of the Treaty of Paris and the secret treaty were both signed November 3, 1762; but the final treaty, known as the Treaty of Paris, bears date of February 10, 1763. That the possessions of England after the Treaty of Paris "included all the lands east of the Mississippi" is, of course an error (p. 294). The lists of works containing important documents, which the author gives in the footnotes, are ordinarily not complete. Generally, this is of no consequence, but certainly the 'Treaties and Conventions' should be mentioned in any bibliography of the Treaty of 1783 (p. 397). The statement (p. 548) that "the devotion of the Federalists to the theory of strong national powers precluded them from attacking the purchase at the point which Jefferson considered the most vulnerable—the constitutional—and threw them back upon arguments of expediency and national interests," is wholly misleading, since the change of front which both parties made on the constitutional question is precisely the most obvious, and one of the most significant, features of the whole Louisiana debate. This statement is the more extraordinary in view of Mr. Ogg's apparent devotion to Henry Adams, who, in this matter perhaps above all others, leaves nothing to be desired. Is it altogether fair to impute to Napoleon alone the fault of breaking the Peace of Amiens (p. 586)? Victor C. Coffin (p. 356) should be Victor Coffin. The index is unsatisfactory, and there is no systematic bibliography.

History of the United States of America. By Henry William Elson. Macmillan. 1904. Pp. xxxii., 911, xl.

It is unquestionably a difficult thing to write a good "popular" history. To begin with, your popular historian must have an unusually ample store of facts, sufficient in quantity and character to justify a much more pretentious work; for no one is fit to write an elementary book who could not, if he chose, write a more advanced one. Again, your popular historian needs altogether exceptional judgment and discrimination, a sure sense of the relative importance of things, a clear notion of what is essential for the reader who has not time to know a great deal. And, finally, the successful popular history will have distinct merits of style, for with the unlearned public it is manner as much as matter that counts. No audience is so hard to win and hold by legitimate effort as a popular audience, because a popular audience always assumes to pass a scholar's judgment without, of course, the scholar's knowledge. Moreover, a book which meets with wide acceptance in an historical field performs a distinct service, good or bad, for citizenship, sets many political ideals, fortifies many opinions, affects no small amount of conduct. It is not unfair, therefore, to judge with some strictness a book which professes to open to the masses a large and vital subject, and to offer within its covers all of the information on the subject which the public at large imperatively needs to know.

Mr. Elson has aimed at popularity. He has felt sympathy for the many who have no time to read the "large" and "comprehensive" histories of the United States, and has tried to give a well-written, clear, and justly proportioned account in a single volume. He has aimed to make an interesting book, too, one which shall eschew "dry details," and deal with incidents of general or permanent importance. In the treatment of controverted topics, such as the Revolution, slavery, and the civil war, he has earnestly sought impartiality. He modestly disclaims pretence of original scholarship, but has drawn freely on the best secondary material. The result of his labors is an attractively printed volume of over nine hundred pages, about equal in bulk of matter to Green's 'Short History of the English People,' the work in a related field with which it will most naturally be compared. Whatever its shortcomings, it is the most notable attempt yet made to tell in moderate compass the whole story of American history.

It would be gratifying indeed if Mr. Elson's book fulfilled without serious lapse the promise of its title and preface; for of a good popular history of America there has long been need. So far as information goes, the promise is fairly well kept. There is an abundance of data, and most of the leading events from the earliest times to the present are accurately and intelligently set down. One may learn a great deal from Mr. Elson's pages. In other respects, however, praise must be much qualified. To begin with, the book is ill written. Mr. Elson's style has fluency, but neither grace, dignity, nor good form. "Fine writing" and colloquialisms, trivialities and awkward phraseology jostle one another on the same page, and that repeatedly. Again and again a passage otherwise creditable is spoiled by some weak or graceless expression. There are, doubtless, proper differences of opinion as to the precise characteristics of a good historical style, but we fancy that all would agree that accuracy, clearness, balance, naturalness, and dignity are indispensable; and it is precisely these characteristics that Mr.

Elson has failed, on the whole, to attain. Where one would welcome lightness and grace, we find jauntiness; where the subject calls for dignity and breadth, there is too often exaggerated emphasis of phrase. It is difficult, accordingly, to read the book without weariness. "Popular" historical writing ought to be particularly good writing, and Mr. Elson's writing is not good.

Again, the general treatment of the subject shows nothing distinctive in the point of view, and no originality in method of presentation. At a number of important points the treatment is either conventional or else inadequate. The descriptions of colonial life, for example, emphasize the time-honored hardships and inconveniences of the people. There is no adequate account of the causes of the Revolution or of the popular feeling in regard to it, though we are glad to note in Chapter X. a commendable section on the Acts of Trade. The importance of Otis's speech on writs of assistance is, as usual, overestimated, and there is no hint that the writs were not a new thing. To say, as on page 348, that "to construe the Constitution loosely or broadly meant to give the general Government larger powers than the letter of that document would indicate; to construe it strictly meant to confine Congress to the strict letter, leaving all other powers to the States or to the people," is to give but a hazy notion of the grounds of a controversy on whose issue the structure of American constitutional law is mainly built. We are accordingly not surprised to find Mr. Elson's account of the Nullification movement slight. The same inadequacy appears in the references to the general social life of the people, the development of the West, the condition of the South during and after the civil war, the finances of the civil war, and the Reconstruction period. There are some idiosyncrasies of method, too. Thus, Chapter III., entitled "Explorations," is wholly given up to the exploits of De Soto; and as this comprises the larger part of what is said about the period before 1600, the reader gets no idea of the ceaseless effort during the sixteenth century to chart the Atlantic coast and bring the country under European control. Certain topics not deemed important enough for the text are discussed in notes at the end of the several chapters, and among these we find the Florida treaty of 1819 and the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

We point out these more striking defects of Mr. Elson's book, not because they are necessarily fatal in themselves, but rather because in place of them we are not offered any compensating advantages. An author who, in a much worked field, departs from accustomed lines, is bound, we think, to make clear his reasons; but in this case the reasons are not evident. We could spare the narratives of early voyages if in their place we could have an account of the Spanish system of colonial administration; but Mr. Elson gives us neither. We could welcome an abridged account of the attempted restriction of the slave trade if instead we could be told something about the economic aspects of domestic slavery; but on this latter subject, so urgently in need of exposition, Mr. Elson has nothing new to say. The work before us sheds no fresh light on any part of the field of American history, nor does it so group familiar material as to gain helpful interest or emphasis.

Mr. Elson has frankly relied for his facts mainly on secondary sources; and while his authorities, if we may judge from the footnote references, have usually been good ones, he has not wholly escaped error. A curious example of transformation of figure occurs on page 179, where Parkman's striking comparison of Braddock's army on the march to "a thin, long, particolored snake," becomes in Mr. Elson's hands the simile of "a gigantic centipede." The whole account of the taking of Quebec, for which Parkman is again the authority, is marred by numerous inaccuracies which a more careful use of Parkman's volumes would have prevented. A similar inattentiveness is doubtless the reason for bringing the Free Soil party into the field in 1840, and for speaking of the rejection by the Senate of Tyler's treaty for the annexation of Texas as though it followed promptly upon the submission of the treaty, instead of being delayed to await the result of the party conventions. At times the reader is left in doubt about the facts. In the first chapter, on Columbus and his age, several positive statements in the text are shown by footnotes to be of doubtful validity. In a note on page 39 the author virtually takes back—quite advisedly, we venture to think—much that he has just said about the incapacity of the Indian for civilization. At other points there is healthy outspokenness. We have firm reprobation of the policy which brought on the Mexican war, and of the course of the Republican party during Reconstruction. If the appreciation of Washington is disparaging, it is at least frank. There are sympathetic words for the abolitionists and John Brown, and uncommon attention to the workings of the Fugitive Slave law of 1850 in the North.

We anticipate a considerable sale for Mr. Elson's volume, and certainly few can read the book without profiting by it. If its language could have been carefully revised and its more glaring omissions and defects made good, its success would, we think, have been deservedly large. We cannot regard the work in its present form, however, as other than an ill-digested performance, and for that reason must withhold from it other than a qualified approbation.

Present-Day Japan. By Augusta M. C. Davidson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

This English lady's account of her travels in Japan, or more particularly what she felt and thought under the camellia and camphor trees, is perhaps all the more interesting because digested from letters which were not originally intended for publication. The book gives to a careful reader the impression of things seen and enjoyed, but with the inevitable illusions arising from first notions corrected by reflection and wider opportunities. It is indeed refreshing to find a tourist frankly acknowledging the necessity of previous study in order to appreciate. The vice of the average traveller in Japan is in vehemently insisting that the present is all, and that the surface of things is reality. Here is a woman who seriously attempts to understand the achievements of the Japanese in 1904 by considering them in the light of their past, and with reference to those ethical forces which have acted upon them for centuries. Having retained and amplified the notes gathered on the spot, she far outranks the bookmaker who travels by rail. Of the eight chapters, four treat of places each one of which represents a phase of national history and development—Yokohama, Kioto, Nikko, and Tokio.

In her travels, Miss Davidson sees with a woman's eye much that a man might not notice, for we hear not a little about sleeping arrangements, meals, ventilation, and the omnipresent rat, which over the thin boards of plasterless Japanese ceilings holds perpetual and noisy carnival. In picturing "the national faith," which is Shinto, she is struck with the sense of emptiness, with the absence of ornament and color in the shrines, and with the total lack of ethical sentiment, though not of moral responsibility to the incarnation of the nation's life, the Emperor, while she is surprised at the spectacular contrasts shown in the popular forms of lively processions and "the play which makes the gods laugh," the Kagura. "The shadow land of Shinto" seems to be as empty of dogma or fixed truth as is the shrine of idols, and only the popular demonstrations seem concrete. Nevertheless, on reading her chapters, one can understand how certain natives of Mikado-land, while holding Shinto as essentially a religion of the family and of the hearth, and of the nation at home, are yet almost fanatical in their determination not only to accept neither metaphysical nor alien theology, but to bear forward their creed of simple rationalism throughout Asia and the world. Yet the author mistakes, we think, in supposing that ancestor worship is a primordial and necessary part of Shinto. No scholar, native or alien, has yet proved that the worship of ancestors is a genuine product of Japanese soil, while some learned foreigners believe, and a few of the higher critics among the Japanese have, as we think, demonstrated, that worship of ancestors was not a part of primitive Shinto. Of course such teaching in Japan, being both a political offence and also schismatic, cannot as yet be tolerated, but secures at once for any one in Government pay, after what looks very much like a heresy trial, either retirement or official decapitation. In fact, in this procedure, the Japanese are quite equal to their ecclesiastical brethren in America.

Though the chapter on Buddhist rites and sects is readable and shows plenty of first-hand observation, Miss Davidson is less informing and interesting, for here she has borrowed too much from general writers, and moreover reveals not only her own but the poverty also of even the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan concerning the indigenous Buddhism and the tremendous transformation of the Aryan faith wrought in these islands. In fact, she is quite English in forgetting to name American authors from whom she borrows ideas and coloring. Nevertheless, she shows clearly the tendency of the Japanese Buddhist sects "to bring the goal of eternal hope ever nearer to the individual soul; in other words, to find a short cut to Nirvana, and to make Nirvana itself rather more interesting by substituting for its negative peace something more like positive hap-

piness." In her lively sketch of Kioto she mourns the effect of photography in making the work of Japanese artists and artisans less full of life and vividness, and more slavish in literal detail. Like other British corrupters of the Japanese and English languages, she uses freely the abomination "rickshaw." She went to hear a story-teller, not to be thrilled by the story, for she was deaf to the intricacies of the tale, but to see how the Japanese like to get their novel-reading done for them without the trouble of brain or eye-strain. She noticed that the hat went round at various crises of the story, when the expender of breath for the crowd would rest his lungs while the coins jingled.

Of Nikko we have heard before, but from none who has seemed so steeped in the memories and associations of the place which nature and art have made so beautiful. The chapter on the city of Tokio is one very nearly up to date, for it has pictures in word and engraving of the Emperor's review (on his birthday) of his imperial guards. There is also a chapter on the drama which sets the actors, acting and themes very creditably against the background of national history, ethics and taste. There is an index, and the mechanical outfit of print, paper, illustrations, and binding is excellent.

Old Time Aldwych, the Kingsway and Neighborhood. By Charles Gordon. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

London is the last of the great capitals of Europe to recognize the necessity of modernizing itself. What Paris, Berlin, and Rome have done, London is only at last commencing on a scale at all adequate. Till a time within the memory of old people central London stood almost exactly on the lines of the mediæval city. Unfortunately, a grand opportunity was missed when London was rebuilt after the great fire of 1666. Had Wren's plan of rebuilding been adopted, London would have been far in advance of all huge modern cities. But, from Wren's day till recently, nothing was done to improve communications within the largest city of Europe. Some of us recollect when the way from Newgate to Holborn ran down a steep decline to the valley of the Fleet, and when, further westwards, the road made a bend round by the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. The making of the viaduct, of Faringdon Road, of New Oxford Street, Cannon Street, and the Thames Embankment, are all more or less modern works. Still later came the driving of broad streets through Soho and the adjacent districts. Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road are two of the most recent improvements.

A still greater improvement than these last is one now in progress. Any one who will look at a map of London will note a very curious feature. While London was developing itself longitudinally from east to west, along the quasi-parallel lines of the Strand and Holborn, no care was taken to bring the two lines into communication by thoroughfares running north and south. Between the new Charing Cross Road and Holborn Circus there is not a single wide street from north to south. The London County Council is now supplying the want of such a street by the widening of Southampton Row on the north of Holborn, and by making a wide street on the south to the Strand. The latter part of the work will for the most part give us a new street, Kingsway, terminating in Aldwych. The latter name is justified by the fact that part of the new thoroughfare absorbs the vanished Wych Street. The name of Kingsway lacks such a justification, and is open to the objection that formerly it was the name of a street immediately to the north of the garden of Gray's Inn. But the old name had long ago disappeared, and the question is of interest to none but lovers of old London, future generations of whom will have to be on their guard against this appropriation of a lapsed name to a new street. The new streets traverse a region once fashionable, but the glory has long departed; the neighborhood was for the most part squalid and noisome, sadly needing light and air. The district is rich in historical memories, and, as it was untouched by the great fire, it contained some of the most picturesque relics of Old London. In particular Wych Street and Holywell Street—the latter a favorite haunt of the bookworm—had many houses with gables on the street, a mark of London architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

It is of this region that Mr. Gordon tells us in his book. He has not always had due regard to proportion. We could well have spared long extracts from the reports of deliberations of the London County Council. These have, indeed, relevance to the subject, but our patience is sorely tried by the reproduction of a tirade of eight pages taken from the *Daily Mail*, inveighing against the British workman in the style only too familiar. We almost rise in rebellion when we find this screed followed by three mortal pages extracted from the *Globe* newspaper. Mr. Gordon's weak point is his excessive fondness for quotation at most inordinate length. At one point we have over five pages from Hone's 'Every-Day Book,' elsewhere two pages from *Punch*; elsewhere, again, whole pages from Dickens. But Mr. Gordon has, after all, collected with great industry a vast number of anecdotes about a most interesting quarter of Old London. As he has allowed himself considerable space in which to tell the story of Temple Bar, he might have told us more about the heads which decorated it. A drawing made in 1772 for Noorthouck's 'London' shows two heads stuck above the Bar. One of these fell on March 31 of this year, 1772; so far as we know, the fall of the last is not recorded. No account of Temple Bar is complete without some reference to the famous burning of a Pope in November, 1679, when the popish plot of Titus Oates was at its height.

Mr. Gordon has given a map showing the line of the new streets. The book contains also many illustrations, the interest of which would have been even greater had their origin been more frequently stated.

Liberal Christianity: Its Origin, Nature, and Mission. By Jean Réville, professor in the Protestant Theological Faculty of the University of Paris. [Crown Theological Library.] London: Williams & Norgate; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The substance of these chapters was delivered by Professor Réville in 1902 in Geneva in a course of lectures under the auspices of the Swiss Liberal Christian Union. The lectures went by the title "Liberal Protestantism," but the broader title of the book is of the writer's own choosing. A colleague of the late Auguste Sabatier in the University of Paris, Professor Réville's line of thought will be found to run closely parallel with Sabatier's recent 'Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit,' but his book has the accent of a different personality, and his views are much more tersely expressed. In either work we feel the stress of those conditions of the religious world which are just now pressing so heavily on the French people, but in Professor Réville's we feel it much the more keenly. Like Newman in 1835, he is the champion of a *Via Media*, but in a very different fashion. What he pleads for is some middle course between the traditional orthodoxy, Romanist or Protestant, and the negation and destruction of the extreme secular party. This is the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

There are five chapters corresponding to the five lectures given in Geneva. The first, "Genesis of Liberal Protestantism," is an *argumentum ad Protestantem*, maintaining the thesis that Liberal Protestantism is "the modern expression of the principle of the Reformation," which was actually founded on freedom of inquiry and the religious supremacy of the individual conscience. Liberal Protestantism merely applies the principles of the Reformation with greater consistency than the first reformers. The contention that the Protestant Bible was nearly two centuries on its way to a position of infallible authority is in perfect keeping with the conclusions of the most careful scholarship. The infallibility of the Bible, as of the Pope, was developed by the logic of necessity, not by that of the pure intellect. There should be a lesson here for Mr. Balfour, who so hopelessly confounds the reasons why men *do* believe with the reasons why they *should* believe.

A second chapter argues that Liberal Protestantism is the modern expression of the Christian religion, as well as of the Protestant form of it. But, in furtherance of this claim, Christianity is reduced to its lowest terms—the spirit of its founder, whose theological equally with his scientific teachings are set aside as local and temporary forms of thought. The spirit of the founder was that of filial trust in God, fraternal love for all mankind. Professor Réville waxes eloquent in his insistence that we have not here "a reduced Christianity," but the most exalted. His appeal is wholly to religious experience. The third chapter amplifies this teaching, incidentally repudiating the doctrines of the Trinity, total depravity, and vicarious atonement. In the pages which reflect the personality of Jesus, we seem to have an advance upon Sabatier, for whom the dogma of the Trinitarian and the opinion of the Unitarian rationalist are alike fatal to the Religion of the Spirit. It is quite impossible to distinguish Réville's opinion from that of the Unitarian rationalist, but he is able to recognize the "fruits of the Spirit" on the same tree with the orthodox dogma.

The fourth chapter, having for its particular subject "The Church in the Modern World," confronts us with the religious situation in which the French people at present find themselves. At this point we should expect to find Professor Réville pleading

for disestablishment. the entire separation of Church and State; but, while he concedes that this is the ideal for new countries like our own, in France he would still have the Church fostered by the State. But the Church, as fostered by the State, he would have possess an exclusively religious and moral character. At this point his view lacks definition. Apparently his State Church would be exclusive of Roman Catholics—a position as doubtful as that of Gladstone when he wrote of the relations of State and Church in 1838. A final chapter deals with "The Ideal of Liberal Protestantism and its Mission in Modern Society." Its mission is to discredit external authority and supernaturalism, to harmonize religion and science. Professor Réville reserves his profoundest indignation for "those double-minded believers, those amphibians of the spiritual life," who, convinced of the irrationality of the traditional dogma and the ecclesiastical rite, still bring to these their public approval and support.

Professor Réville's book is significant preëminently because it is one of hundreds issuing from seats of theological learning in which the traditional scheme of Christianity has no part nor lot; and the wonder is how long we are to wait for some practical readjustment corresponding to this immense development of revolutionary ideas in the field of thought.

Scottish Reminiscences. By Sir Archibald Geikie. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 1904. Pp. xii., 448.

Not for a long time has Scotland, fertile mother of memories as she is, produced so many-colored, fresh, and rich a book of reminiscences as this. A lengthened life and a broad range of experience; familiarity with every class, and a literary instinct which has kept his descriptions and narratives alive and in tone with all situations and conditions; a tenacious memory and most varied sympathies, have all gone to make Sir Archibald Geikie no mere teller of good stories, or thin voice out of a past world, but a veritable picturer of that world—in great part, now, dead and gone—as it essentially lived and moved and had its being. North and south, east and west, into every parish his work on the Geological Survey led him, and gave him a right of way not simply over hills and fields, but into the most intimate life of the people. And in the period, too, which has fallen to him he has been happy. Born in an Edinburgh that was practically still the town of Scott, he has lived through the second great period of Scottish development and change which came in with the steam engine, and which seems to be gathering speed and moment with every year. It is characteristic of the geologist that he believes that this transformation is in great part external; that the land which has always made its people still abides and works; and that "the fundamental groundwork of national character and temperament continues to be but little affected." Those who knew the old Scotland and the old breed of men, of granite and hillside mist, must hope that this is true.

Travel, religion, law, medicine, professors and schoolmasters, lairds and farmers, crofters and shepherds, life in the Highlands, the Shetlands and the Lowlands, wayside life, town life, superstitions and survivals, the Sabbath and the devil, all go into this farrago and kaleidoscope. Of stories, in which Scottish literature is so rich—apparently because of the easy contact of all classes with equally easy independence—there are many here which are fairly new. Has this one appeared before?

"A country doctor, who was attending a laird, had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking his master's temperature with a thermometer. On repairing to the house one morning, he was met by the butler, to whom he said: 'Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day?' The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: 'Weel, I was just wonderin' that mysell. Ye see he deed at twal' o'clock.'"

Another goes back at least to Bunyan, but the close is the immortal, "Am I a goat?" of Ian Maclaren. "'My friends,' he said, 'look at the hens when they drink. There's not ane o' them but lifts its heid in thankfulness, even for the water that is sae common. O that we were a' hens.'" But will the following appeal equally to the American mind?

"A Fife shepherd who was in the Grass-market of Edinburgh on a week day, found that his dog had strayed to some distance and was making off in a wrong direction. He begged an acquaintance whom he met to whistle for the animal. 'Whustle on your ain dowg,' was the indignant reply. 'Na, na, man,' said the perturbed drover. 'I canna dae that, for you see it's our Fast Day in Kirkaldy.'"

Certainly, to some part of this last every heart will respond: "'This is no' a godly place at all, at all,' said a discontented laborer in the Perthshire Highlands. 'They dinna preach the gospel here—and they wahtter the whusky.'" The rest must be left untold—the tales of the "inferior clawret," "I wass not very fond of saalt," "Ye'll aiblins gang doun," of the catechizing, and many more. The wandering Scot whose stock is beginning to show threadbare will find a new and ample store here.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

As a Chinaman Saw Us. D. Appleton & Co.
Bérard, Victor. La Révolte de l'Asie. Paris: Armand Colin. 4 fr.
Boutmy, Emile. The English People: A Study of their Political Psychology. Translated from the French by E. English. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.
Castle, Agnes and Egerton. The Pride of Jennico. Popular edition. The Macmillan Co. 25 cents.
Clay, Albert T. Business Documents of Murashû Sons. (Babylonian Expedition of University of Penn. Series A: Cuneiform Texts. Vol X.) Published at the University of Pennsylvania.
Conley, John Wesley. The Bible in Modern Light. Philadelphia: The Baptist Publishing Society.
Graded City Speller, for second, third, fourth and fifth-year grades. Edited by William Estabrook Chancellor. The Macmillan Co. 56 cents.
Griffis, William Elliot. Dux Christus. An Outline Study of Japan. The Macmillan Co. 30 cents.
Hart, Horace. Rules for Compositors and Readers at the University Press, Oxford. 17th edition, revised and enlarged. Henry Frowde. 6d.
Jonathan Edwards's Sermons. Edited by H. Norman Gardiner. The Macmillan Co. 25 cents.
Kuhns, Oscar. Dante and the English Poets from Chaucer to Tennyson. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.
Myers, Philip Van Ness. Ancient History. Revised edition. Ginn & Co. $1.50; postage, 15c.
Piñeyro, Enrique. El Romanticismo en España. Paris: Garnier Frères.
Platner, Samuel Ball. The Topography and Monuments of Ancient Rome. (College Latin Series.) Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Putnam, Ruth. A Mediæval Princess (Fiction). G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25 net.
Schierbrand, Wolf von. America, Asia, and the Pacific. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.
Smith, David Eugene. Grammar School Arithmetic. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Tapp, Sidney C. The Story of Anglo-Saxon Institutions. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.
The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. VIII.—The French Revolution. The Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Von Ostini, Fritz. Böcklin (Künstler Monographien, LXX.) Bielefeld and Leipsig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 4m.
War Songs and Poems of the Southern Confederacy. Collected by H. M. Wharton. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $2 net.
Welsford, Enil (aged twelve). The Seagulls, and Other Poems. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 net.
Wheeler, Olin D. The Trail of Lewis and Clark. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6 net.
Wilson, Rufus Rockwell. New England in Letters. A. Wessels Co. $1.50 net.

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The Week.

In selecting ex-Senator Henry G. Davis for the Vice-Presidency the Democratic Convention chose a candidate who should not have been considered, because of his age—eighty-one years. This fact despite his being phenomenally vigorous and active, must overshadow his undoubted abilities and his very honorable career. Had the party insisted upon the use of Judson Harmon's name he must have listened to its call, and in him the country would have recognized a man of honor, integrity, and soundness of view, in every way fit to succeed to the Presidency in the event of the election of Judge Parker and himself. Were Mr. Davis twenty years younger, his selection would have been hailed as fresh proof of the complete convalescence of the Democrats. The campaign will, however, not hinge upon the question of his age, however much Republican newspapers and orators may harp upon it. It must not be overlooked that the existing law in regard to the succession to the Presidency makes such a mistake of judgment less serious than it would have been some years ago. In case of the death of both Mr. Parker and Mr. Davis while in office—a hitherto unheard-of contingency—the Presidency would be assumed by the Secretary of State, and this fact would doubtless be considered by Judge Parker if called upon to select a Cabinet. Looked at purely from the politician's point of view, there can be no doubt that the addition of this octogenarian railroad man to the ticket will insure the return of Maryland and West Virginia to the Democratic column.

Unquestionably the highest tribute to Judge Parker is that paid him by our old stalwart Republican neighbor, the New York *Tribune*. We do not refer to its spontaneous admiration of Sunday, when it declared that his stand did "signal credit to the firmness and courage of his public character," and stated that Judge Parker "is widely respected in this State for the conspicuous ability he has shown in politics and on the bench, and for the purity and integrity of his private life." These phrases, like its opinion that the St. Louis message could surprise no one familiar with the Judge's "honorable achievements and honorable record," were doubtless merely the unpremeditated compliments of the frank mind ever to be expected of the early-morning leader writer. But, after sleeping on the matter, the *Tribune's* sages arrived at a sober second thought. They declared on Monday that the Judge "played a shrewd game of politics" to win an "improbable if not impossible nomination," and "cannot concede that the final dramatic act in a skilful performance entitles him to be acclaimed as a man of heroic mould." If this is an excellent rebuke of its own previous enthusiasm, it is also the plainest possible proof of the stunning effects of the Parker bombshell upon the Republican camp. It will undoubtedly take some days for the party to realize that the foremost figure in American politics is to-day residing not at Oyster Bay, but at Esopus.

Let us see—did not the Republican Convention also receive a telegram from its candidate? Oh, yes; it was that heroic, that dazzling and sublime message: "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." Judge Parker, Judge Parker, how could you! You gave the real thing and left Roosevelt only the fustian. The telegram from Esopus killed more things than the silver issue. It did to death all the mock-heroics, all the clap-trap, all the loud boasting with which the only brave and truly terrible candidate was to split the ears of the groundlings. "Raisuli dead," indeed! Well, he is already the deadest thing the Republican campaigners have got in their extensive mortuary collection.

The real conviction of the Democrats was shown when John Sharp Williams asked the St. Louis Convention if there was a man there who believed that silver was a live issue. There was not one affirmative response. The delegates from the South might rage over the Parker telegram as an unprecedented proceeding, but over the subject-matter of the dispatch they could not get excited. The South has no desire for any standard but the present. Along with the rest of the country it was poor in 1896, and on the say-so of the Bryanites fancied that free silver would make it rich. The end, not the means, was what it cared for, and the end has been attained. What the South really wanted was a big bank account, and that it has acquired in the last few years, especially since last fall. Checks and drafts are now seen to be just as good and efficient as silver. Free silver could not have made that section any more prosperous than it is to-day, and in view of that fact the Democrats south of Mason and Dixon's line are not going to get excited over Judge Parker's gold-standard telegram. They are, in fact, hailing it as the utterance of a strong and brave man.

Mr. Williams, by the way, is historically accurate in saying that the price of wheat was the chief cause of McKinley's election in 1896. The average price of No. 2 red winter wheat in 1891 was $1.094, from which it declined to less than 51 cents on December 1, 1895. What more was needed to drive the farmers to Populism? Loaded with debt, and barely able, in cases without number, to provide their families with the mere necessaries, they were in a mood to welcome any kind of change. But in 1896 a remarkable transformation occurred in their condition. A great shortage developed in the wheat crop of Australia, Argentina, Russia, India, and other countries. In India there was an actual famine, and wheat had to be imported. Our crop of 1896 hit the market just at the right time. Long before election day the farmer began to see the end of the troubles which had been afflicting him for years, and also to discover that Bryan's "twin" theory for wheat and silver was nonsense. On December 1, 1896, wheat was worth 72.6 cents; a year later it was quoted at 80.8 cents. With half our population thrust suddenly into such prosperity, an industrial and speculative "boom" was inevitable. It is worth noting, however, that while in those days Providence was giving us prosperity, President McKinley was sending the Wolcott commission over Europe to see what could be done for silver.

Every one who remembers the keen political excitement over the wheat crop prospects in the autumn of 1896, and the rapid rise in price, will admit that harvest developments have some bearing on a Presidential contest. Their significance, however, is not always the same. In the majority of cases abundant crops are a help to the canvass of the party already in office—this on the general principle that all pleasant occurrences will be more or less blindly associated with the ruling powers. But the "wheat boom" of 1896 was not in this category; the Opposition claimed it as an argument for their campaign, and the erudite Mr. Bryan, it will be recalled, threw out dark hints that Wall Street was "putting up the price of wheat" in order to embarrass his plans. So far as indications go at this early date, there will be somewhat similar perplexity in reasoning from this year's crops to their political effect. The one salient fact in the harvest outlook is the extraordinary promise of the cotton crop.

Last week's monthly Government estimate of that crop, following June's estimate of a 10 per cent. larger acreage than last year's and a 9 per cent. better condition, showed the average condition to have further improved 5 per cent. If

this promise is made good by the season's later developments, a cotton crop larger by three-quarters of a million bales than any hitherto picked in the United States might be expected. To predict it thus early in the season would be rash, but it is still a chance to be reckoned with. Supposing a "bumper crop," however, at a time when the world's existing supplies are at a minimum, how should the outcome affect the political campaign? It will hardly be supposed that Texas, Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and the Carolinas will be swept from their Democratic moorings. Doubtless; resumption of work next autumn at mills which have shut down because of inadequate supplies would serve to help the Administration party; but here the resultant benefit falls chiefly to Massachusetts, to whose Presidential vote the Democrats have not yet aspired. There is one respect, however, in which the promised additional prosperity to the Southern planter will unquestionably affect the entire political situation, as it has been already affected by the prolonged prosperity of the grain belt. It will be the *coup de grâce* of the free-silver and cheap-money agitation.

From sources different as the independent Kansas City *Star* and the thick-and-thin Republican *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis, comes the warning that Mr. Folk is to become the victim of the ring of boodlers that has ruled Missouri for so many years. The *Star* has observed a movement on the part of the Butler organization to make terms with the Republican party and accomplish the defeat of Folk at the polls. The "great opportunity" of the Republicans, which has been the subject of party essays, is taken to mean simply that the minority may combine with the anti-Folk Democrats. Butler is reported to be willing to tolerate the devil of Republican rule rather than fall into the deep sea of Democratic oblivion in the event of Folk's victory. The *Globe-Democrat* does not hint that any combination is to be made to defeat Folk, but it points out that the machine will, in the event of Democratic success, either capture Folk or make his term in office one long and futile contest with a State organization controlled by the old gang. Two State conventions have been held for the nomination of judicial officers and the selection of delegates to the National Democratic Convention—and the ring has easily dominated them both. The third, to be held on July 19, when Folk's nomination for Governor will be made, is expected to follow in the track of the others in endorsing and praising the State Administrations during the last thirty years. It is evident that Folk's fight is only beginning.

That the courts below Mason and Dixon's line may in the long run be depended upon to do justice to the negro appears from a recent decision of Judge Emory Speer of the United States District Court of Georgia. A colored man accused of disorderly conduct was twice sentenced for the same offence, by a police justice in Macon, Georgia, to seven months on the chain gang. Judge Speer, while declaring that it was not a color-line case, ordered the man released because of his having been punished without due process of law. That a color question was injected appears from the contention of the city of Macon that, while the penalty would be an infamous one for a white man, it could not hurt a negro's standing! To this Judge Speer replied with spirit: "Such considerations do not appeal to a court charged with the equal enforcement of the law. Nor do I believe they meet the approbation of the best people of the Southern States. Nor are such sentiments conducive to our welfare or hopeful for our future." Another cheering sign is the address made at the recent Democratic Convention in North Carolina by the retiring Governor Aycock, which the Raleigh *Biblical Recorder* characterizes as the noblest of his fine life. In it he defends his incessant championship of the new educational movement for negroes as well as whites, for which he had been bitterly attacked. In speaking of the negro, the Governor reminded his audience that the white men had taken charge of him and his destinies, and therefore must deal justly by him and make the most of him. He declared that the Almighty will not tolerate a people who, having power over a weaker race, will not protect it.

The Manila *Times* has little patience with the American college professors who are asking for the independence of the Philippines. This demand, it says, is not based on knowledge, but is a "misguided sentiment." And yet the college professors are not so very different from the *Times*. The latter says: "If the petitioners would really serve the Filipino people, let them press the demand of the islands for laws that will give commercial autonomy, instead of permitting the islands to be held at arm's length and throttled by a prohibitive tariff." Indeed, our transpacific contemporary gets fairly hot in talking about the "serious disappointment to all true friends of the Philippines" which has resulted from our five years' rule. The last session of Congress, it declares, was one of temporizing toward the archipelago, President Roosevelt "leading the van in passive submission to a do-nothing policy." In the face of a "bluff and bluster" many had hoped for better results. When the Manila *Times* talks of "a law that has throttled the products of the island for five years, that has been pronounced to be vicious and unwise by the most competent authority," it comes pretty near furnishing the college professors all the facts they need for renewed efforts in behalf of Filipino independence. The people of the islands, it seems, have placed too much reliance on "honeyed words"; in this way they have been "lulled to sleep." But if they are intelligent enough for the difficult task of "commercial autonomy," should they not be able to take care of themselves politically?

Licensed to carry 1,800 passengers, with lifeboat and raft accommodations for 247—this is the condition of affairs revealed by the reëxamination of the excursion steamer *Cepheus*. So far as could be observed, the ship's equipment was in excellent condition, although the inspectors did not insist upon the actual lowering of the lifeboats. Nor can it be alleged that the owners of the *Cepheus* were violating existing law in having so few boats. Indeed, she has more than are required by the Treasury rules approved in February, 1903. The question which arises is not an easy one to settle. Shall excursion steamers and ocean liners be compelled to furnish a seat in a boat for every passenger? At present there is no steamer afloat which even pretends to do this. Take the case of the *Oregon*, for instance. She sank hours after being struck, in broad daylight. There was perfect order and discipline. Yet many of her passengers and crew must have drowned had not outside aid come in the nick of time. As it is, many officers of steamships declare that it is impossible for excursion boats or liners to give up the requisite space to carry sufficient boats and rafts for all, and that any law requiring this would be an unnecessary hardship.

Here is a matter of world-wide importance which should be settled as soon as possible in some authoritative way. Must a large part of those who go down to the sea in ships be prepared to drown in case of accident? If so, it should be known, and travellers should begin to imitate the Japanese disregard of death. If it is possible to carry a sufficient number of collapsible boats and rafts to accommodate the legal number of passengers and the crew, the public should know it, and our inspection laws be so amended as to require every boat to come up to the standard. There are, of course, certain kinds of casualties—like collision at sea, in a severe storm—where loss of life is inevitable. But, none the less, nothing should be left undone to prevent the repetition of such disasters as the recent ones and to reduce the loss of life to a minimum. It would seem as if this were a great chance for the United States to do a really humanitar-

ian work and to set an example to other nations. Why should not the Secretary of Commerce appoint a committee of naval officers and marine experts to consider the question? It must be remembered that all improvements in the treatment of crews and passengers have been brought about only by legislative action. The abuse of seamen, the overcrowding of vessels, and their overloading were all stopped by this or that Congress or Parliament. The next step would seem to be the rigid safeguarding of the lives of passengers.

The Canadian Finance Minister will have a better knowledge of Yankee ingenuity after he has experimented a while with his anti-dumping policy. He says he will not let our goods be sold across the border for less than their market price in this country, but the Canadian manufacturers have not in the least ceased worrying over the situation. They have got wind of the fact that American firms are preparing to send their surplus goods into the Dominion at regular market invoices, and to employ salaried dealers there to sell them at slaughter prices. An Ottawa wholesale merchant, for instance, has just received four circular letters from manufacturers in the United States, who intimate that they will invoice goods into Canada at our prices and pay him for handling them a salary equal to the return obtained by American dealers. If German or British manufacturers should attempt to get their goods into the United States in such ways as this, we should regard it as a dirty trick. But in the present case it is only an evidence of legitimate enterprise and national shrewdness.

The preliminary figures of the Canadian Finance Minister for the fiscal year just ended show how far the Dominion has lagged behind this country in entering hard times. The total revenue is estimated at about $71,000,000, and the expenditures at about $54,500,000, leaving a surplus of $16,500,000. This is the largest revenue ever shown, and gains are recorded in nearly every department. Since 1899, in fact, there has been an increase in receipts of nearly 55 per cent., with no set-backs. On the other hand, expenses show an advance of only 30 per cent. Contrast this with our ups and downs. Since 1899, both in receipts and expenditures, Canada has had a boom, but, notwithstanding certain speculative collapses, her industrial situation is still an active one. Can it be that a lower tariff has had a healthier effect on Canadian finance than that produced by the Dingley law?

Mr. Balfour is not the only Premier who has been "booed" in the Commons; Mr. Gladstone occasionally had that misfortune. But Mr. Balfour can very ill afford to be shouted down; it is the sign of his waning popularity. Mr. Gladstone was frankly detested by the Tories; Mr. Balfour has enjoyed a singular personal popularity among the Liberals. Sacrificing that, not very much is left of him. It was the application of closure to the Licensing Bill which brought on the uproar on July 6. Undoubtedly there is a real feeling of outrage among the Opposition. Mr. Balfour has introduced a very radical and highly contentious matter, and declines to allow it to be properly debated. People see that, except for the need of placating "the trade" before the elections, there is no reason why the Licensing Bill should be made an urgent measure. In forcing it down the throat of Parliament, Mr. Balfour has done much to diminish that personal respect which has carried him over many rough places. Politically, he has fallen very low, lacking even the loyalty of his reluctant majority. His brave words that he will live out the year unless beaten earlier, seem the expression of a man who has made officeholding his highest good. It was some such sense that the politician had superseded the delightful gentleman and philosopher which provoked if it did not wholly justify the recent tumult.

The original surmise as to why the British expedition went to Tibet receives confirmation from the reply to the courteously apprehensive questions addressed by our State Department to the British Foreign Office. It was not a veiled attempt at land-grabbing, strategically begun when Russia's hands were full, but simply a display of force to save the pride of Viceroy Curzon, who thought his deputations to the Tibetans had not been welcomed with appropriate consideration. It is doubtless difficult for the Western mind to appreciate duly the importance of impressing with a show of force the imagination of Orientals, if they are to be kept in due subjection. But while allowance must be made for "ways that are not as our ways," the "fuss and feathers" part of governing alien races might be confined to territory which these races actually inhabit. The Tibetans, with their passion for isolation, might remain as unknown and as blameless as the Homeric Ethiopians, if the Viceroy's officials on the Indian frontier would only let them alone. If they must be objectively impressed with the worshipful character of Lord Curzon, the old-fashioned plan of Gessler in the Swiss cantons would seem to be a much more humane device than slaughtering a few thousand ill-armed peasants and razing a jong. The disclaimer by Downing Street of anything that savors of impairing the integrity of China is followed by the somewhat naïve statement that, provided the Tibetans comply with their invaders' demands, the British will be only too ready to retire, since they are now satisfied from their own experience that the topography of the country amply protects it against Russian encroachments.

The process of benevolent assimilation goes bravely on in the Dutch East India possessions. The official record of Atcheenese "assimilated" in the last two battles is as follows:

Women killed	310
Children killed	218
Men killed	558
Wounded (not classified)	103
Captured (not classified)	45
Total	1,234

Details of this kind that may serve to encourage the patriotic love of war ought to be rigorously exacted of colonial governors. Since Dean Swift published his satire entitled "A Modest Proposal" for alleviating the woes of Ireland, nothing more brutal and gruesome than this laconic dispatch has ever been given publicity. It is also worthy of remark that this recent horror is not merely one of the inevitable but regrettable incidents of initiating a policy of colonial conquest. For three-quarters of a century has this guerrilla warfare in the Dutch colonial empire been in progress. It demonstrates sufficiently that the purpose of the Dutch is a war of extermination, and that they are willing in a brazen-faced way to make frank avowal of their intentions.

Through the taking of Kaiping (Kaichow) is minimized in the Russian dispatches, it is probable that there has been considerable fighting at that point, with serious losses on either side. Even a "strategic retreat" of 30,000 troops hard pressed by 60,000 can hardly have been conducted during three days with a mere handful of casualties. The possession of Kaiping leaves the Japanese free to move along the Liao-tung Gulf towards Yinkow—a movement that has already begun. Nodzu, on the road from Siuyen to Ta-che-kiao, is in a position to strike the retreating Russian columns, and to support Oku's further advance. Indeed, there are unconfirmed rumors that fighting has taken place near Ta-che-kiao. In any case, the Russians plainly must withdraw to Haicheng, where, in view of Kuroki's flanking positions on the Liaoyang road, they will be none too safe. Very soon one may expect to hear of transports off Yinkow. The landing of a strong force there would assure complete control of the coast and an admirable base. It would round out the most important operations of the war since the first attack on the Russian fleet. From Port Arthur comes only doubtful news—enough, however, to show that the Japanese are steadily driving the garrison in upon the city.

A MAN AT LAST.

A real man appeared above the American horizon on Sunday. Judge Parker had been represented as a veiled candidate; but at an intensely dramatic moment the curtain was dropped, and he was revealed as a figure of heroic proportions. Bryan had jeered at him as an interrogation-point, but it was another sort of point—the very tip of Ithuriel's spear—which pierced Bryanism to the heart when the Judge wrote his astounding, his exhilarating, his conquering telegram. Such clear and shining courage has not been seen in a Presidential candidate since Charles Francis Adams wrote, "Take me out of that crowd." In Judge Parker's person the man who would rather be right than President exists anew. Taking his political life in his hands, Alton B. Parker put away the Presidency unless it were offered to him on terms squaring with his own convictions. No wonder the country was thrilled. No wonder that Europe rubbed its eyes. A man had risen, towering above the puny politicians.

With no armor but his honest thought, no skill but simple faith, Parker quietly acted as an honorable gentleman. But what amaze he struck into the hearts of all the professional politicians! A plain citizen saying in plain language that he declined a Presidential nomination already made, unless his convictions and his honor were cleared—incredible! The telegram must be a forgery. Even the Associated Press questioned it. Nobody at St. Louis would believe it genuine till verified. Hill's first cry was, "Suppress it." As well try to suppress Pike's Peak. A man had stood forth. A "mystery," Senator Beveridge had sneeringly called him; the real mystery is why the expert and tortuous politicians do not yet, any more than in Burke's day, know their own trade. They plot and burrow and crawl and sneak and compromise, when along comes an unknown man with a clear gray eye and a square jaw, and, by one honest word, shatters their machinations, and leaves them covered with mortification and ridicule. It is bravery's simple gravitation drawing the whole world again.

Judge Parker's calmly heroic act burst so startlingly upon the country, was so bold in conception and so triumphant in execution, and was such an overpowering revelation of character, that we may not perceive at first how great a public benefit it wrought. It drove the last nail into the coffin of free silver. Better than an act of Congress does it establish the gold standard beyond cavil or dispute. The business world at last emerges from its long dread. Let the campaign run its course; let the tariff and taxation and Imperialism be discussed—in no event does the stability of our financial system hang upon the event. Judge Parker has removed the last doubt. Try as the Republicans may, they cannot flog that dead issue along the road.

One courageous utterance has instantaneously and magically changed the whole aspect of the campaign. It has transformed dejection into the highest hopes. To-day, it is the Republican party that is thrown into confusion. It sees its guns spiked and its ammunition hurled into Esopus Creek. The plan of campaign over which it was gloating, it already has to abandon. To talk one word more about danger to the gold standard would be to excite derision. And how about that other fond charge that Parker is "Hill's man"? Who could breathe that in the future? Look at Hill, rolled in the dust at St. Louis, and ask if that Liliputian will ever undertake to bind the mighty thews of the man who openly discomfited him. Let no Republican orator who does not wish to get himself hooted dare henceforth revive the slander that Judge Parker will be dominated by Hill. And note, too, the splendid guarantee we have that the man who, while only a candidate, could so nobly defy "pressure," would stand immovably for his convictions once elected President.

We suspect that the Republicans will not hereafter be so eager to challenge comparison of personalities. It appears that your charging colonels are not the only ones in whom civic courage may be bred. That product seems to thrive even better on the banks of the Hudson than on San Juan Hill. Woe to the Republican orator who ventures a rhetorical question—"Who is the candidate who thinks with lightning swiftness in an emergency, who takes counsel only of his own courage, who puts his political life at hazard, and does big things which set the country ringing?" The answer would come back like the sound of many waters, "Parker!" Honor bright, you lauders of Theodore Roosevelt, can you point to an act in his public career which shows anything approximating the moral courage displayed by Judge Parker on Saturday?

Such an exhibition of sheer manhood makes all parties kin. Republicans know a man when they see him, and thousands of them are to-day applauding the Democrat of whom they were preparing to speak slightingly. Judge Parker has inspired multitudes who had thought that nothing in politics could ever cause them to become enthusiastic again. Everywhere one encounters the thrill. "We have a man. We have a leader." Already it is plain that the kindling hope and zeal put into the hearts of young men by Grover Cleveland are to be renewed under the inspiration of Judge Parker's leadership. At the first flash of his sword his party is marvellously heartened, the Republicans correspondingly dismayed. But it is, after all, the personal more than the political aspect of Judge Parker's magnificent act that we wish most to emphasize to-day. He has given fresh hope to America. Democratic government wears a fairer face for the discovery of such civic virtue as his held in reserve for the day of great need. Judge Parker has removed a reproach not only from his party, but from his country. Too many were saying of the United States, as Disraeli did of France, that it had its chassepot and its mitrailleuse, but "of that third engine, called a man, it did not possess a single specimen." To-day we can point to the man, so towering that England sees and salutes him, so modest and unpretentious and simply courageous that his fellow-countrymen are rejoicing in him as in a new national possession.

> "Brave men are born into the land,
> And whence, the foolish do not know."

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

Ineptitude is the word that best characterizes the St. Louis convention. The continual uproar over a comparatively unknown candidate, the combination of senseless din in debate with sheer timidity in the votes—all these features of the gathering show the ineffectiveness of national conventions as at present organized. To-day we face this dilemma—a convention absolutely boss-ridden and farcical, or one delivered to the mercy of the galleries, the sharp practice of the wire-pullers, and the caprice of the rank and file of delegates. In either case the result expresses anything but the will of the party, and to-day the Democratic platform represents fairly neither branch of the Democracy. The trouble is that the attempt to float a candidate on sheer shouting affects all the deliberations of a national convention. The delegates are subject to irrational panic and to equally irrational enthusiasms. Disorder is infectious, and no other sort of deliberative body would so much as attempt to do business under the conditions of pandemonium such as prevailed at St. Louis. The situation calls loudly for reform. Conventions should be restricted to their own members, which would permit at least a semblance of debate and respect for parliamentary procedure. As things stand, it is difficult to say which is the more astounding spectacle—the emptiness of the cut-and-dried proceedings at Chicago or the bedlam at St. Louis.

Hill's crass mismanagement of the situation at St. Louis was only what might have been expected. To entrust to him any cause in which principles or morals are involved, is to invite betrayal. He was the last man to send into conference over the money plank with Mr. Bryan. That bold and fertile Robe-

spierre of the party was sure to daunt and defeat its most arrant truckler and coward. The result gives the country the full measure of Hill as a man and a professed leader. With more than two-thirds of the Convention ready to support him, he allowed himself to be frightened into surrender to less than one-third. The blunder of putting him on the Committee on Resolutions to stand for the gold plank was fatal. A real man in his clothes would have stood till doomsday before yielding to the impudent and destructive demands of a confessed minority, and suffering the platform to be silent on the currency.

Amid all the sound and fury of the Convention, one fact stands out clear: a convulsed party is casting out Bryanism. Mr. Bryan chose his battleground most adroitly. He had a much stronger case in contesting the Illinois delegation than he could have upon any financial issue. There seems to be no question that the Hopkins machine in Illinois had been brutally high-handed in its manipulation of delegates. Mr. Bryan was able to secure support, in his contention, from several States whose votes were pledged to Parker. Yet, even so, he could not muster one-third of the Convention. In other words, on a test vote shrewdly forced by him, he simply demonstrated that his power even as an obstructionist is gone. More than two-thirds of the Convention was against the Bryan-Hearst alliance.

Chairman Williams's "keynote" speech at the opening had some highly effective passages. Being in the nature of a rejoinder to Mr. Root and a dissection of the Republican platform, it necessarily lacked a continuity of rhetorical sweep. In this respect it suffers by comparison with Mr. Root's speech. Mr. Williams is too much subdued to the manner of the House of Representatives to omit personal retorts or to cultivate a concise style. Still, on the main questions at issue between the two parties, he was acute, able, and convincing. He had this great advantage over Mr. Root, in the controverted positions about the tariff and finance, that the truth of history was on his side. Mr. Williams could afford to concede the rhetoric if granted the facts.

In his lancing of Republican tergiversations about the tariff, Mr. Williams showed how completely the party is at the mercy of private interests. But in what he had to say on the subject of negro disfranchisement, he went even further in taunting it with being hopelessly commercialized. He asserted that the plank in the Republican platform calling upon Congress to inquire into the conditions of the suffrage in the South was the emptiest sham, and that the Republicans would dare do nothing effective in behalf of the political rights of the negro. Why? Because "business" is everything. The South would make the "mercantile class" of the North suffer; therefore the Republicans will not stir in the negro's cause. In saying this, Mr. Williams is only echoing what the Southern press is filled with. The same arguments are employed that Northern doughfaces used to be plied with in slavery days. "The South is the best customer of Northern factories," and so on. And who is the Republican to resent the imputation and take up the challenge? Not Secretary Hay. He has just said at Jackson that the Republican party in its beginnings was willing to put "questions of finance, of political economy, out of sight for the moment," in order to devote itself to the great cause of human rights; but he ventures no hint that the party is ready to do that to-day.

The platform, as adopted, is, like most human things—and nothing is more "human" than a party platform—a mixed product, often admirable, frequently timid, in spots strong, in places weak. Its general doctrine of government is unexceptionable. "Local self-government" is insisted upon as the distinctive feature and great strength of the American system. The demand of the platform for strict economy and for retrenchment in governmental expenditures, to the end of lightening taxes, goes well with its promise of removing tariff burdens in order to aid industry and prevent the oppression of the consumer. In regard to tariff revision and Trusts, the platform roars gently. Greater energy and explicitness would have carried more conviction, and we should have hailed a determined and definite pledge to repeal specified duties that bear with gross injustice upon the people. Naming schedules and promising repeal would not have been out of place, though, we admit, most unusual, in a platform. Still, there is the precise undertaking to do away with all tariff bulwarks behind which hide monopoly and discrimination against American purchasers, and the avowal of the general principle that the only warrant for laying tariff taxes, as all others, is the need of raising revenue to carry on the government.

The deliverances on the civil service are more emphatic and satisfactory than we have had from the Democratic party in recent years. It declares itself committed to "the principles of civil-service reform," and calls for their "honest, just, and impartial enforcement." And the Philippine Independence Committee, turned away empty-handed by the Republican Convention, had its petition granted at St. Louis. The platform proposes to "set the Filipino people upon their feet, free and independent, to work out their own destiny." According to Secretary Taft, that will give joy to "agitators" in the Philippines; but will it not also give joy to the 10,000 petitioners, including the most distinguished names in America, who asked that such a promise might be made? The "party of intelligence" rejected this appeal of American intelligence. The Democrats did not think so meanly of the lights in our universities, nor of our judges and clergymen and philanthropists.

As an extract from a stump speech, the reference to the race question in the Democratic platform would read very well. As a plank, it is feeble enough. Although the Southerners had more influence in this convention than in any held for years past, the party did not dare come out openly for the repression and disfranchisement of the negro. Knowing that any other course would put the strongest kind of weapon into the hands of their opponents, they confined themselves to vague generalities which may mean anything or nothing, and expressed their deprecating views in the language of a village orator. We doubt very much whether the Southern press will like this appeal to the country to share the burden of this problem fraternally, for Southern editors have generally insisted upon being allowed to settle the "peculiar" question for themselves, without interference from North, East, or West. For this recognition that the issue is a national one we should be duly thankful, as well as for the dropping of the plank suggested by Chairman Williams, which would have been a far greater menace to national concord than the utterance of the Republican platform upon this question.

ARMY PROMOTIONS ONCE MORE.

The retirement last week of Brig.-Gen. Peter C. Hains has given the Administration another opportunity to promote and retire as brigadier-generals officers whom it deems worthy of this honor. It has therefore selected for advancement one colonel, four lieutenant-colonels and a major—the latter of only twenty-five years' service. Their claims for this distinction vary from injuries received in the line of duty in the case of the major, to long service in the case of the colonel. Not one of the officers chosen has done anything more than the duties required of him by the various positions he has had to fill. But the object of the Administration has been to transfer to the retired list as many of the older officers as possible in order to infuse new blood into the higher grades. It has, moreover, had the sanction of Congress in this procedure, despite the fact that, previous to 1898, no one ever dreamed of using one vacancy for the advancement of many officers, in order to give them a larger pension on retirement and a higher title. But it is a noteworthy fact that President Roosevelt is now going further than ever before, two of the newest generals having entered the army a decade after the

close of the civil war. Where is this business to stop?

Unquestionably, the motive which induced Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt to resort to this method of promoting officers was a creditable one. They desired to reward a few worthy officers of long service for their gallantry in Cuba and the Philippines, and with this intention Congress sympathized from the first. Later on, Senators and Representatives were quick to see the political advantages resulting from the bestowal of such favors. Whether the responsibility rests with them or with the executive branch of the Government, the original motive has been entirely lost sight of, and many officers have been retired as generals who in no way merited the distinction save on the ground of length of service. This in itself does not entitle a servant of the Government to special consideration, particularly if the service has been inefficient or of that unintelligent and routine character to be found in so many of the branches of the Government.

Soon after Mr. Roosevelt began the policy of retiring large batches of civil-war veterans as generals, there was a loud outcry from those who had been retired with lower rank since 1898, but whose services were of the same general character. The demand for recognition and equal treatment became so great that the War Department fell back upon Congress, which responded by passing, on April 23 last, a law giving the President the right to advance by one grade every officer of civil-war service on the retired list who had not already been promoted for retirement purposes. As a result 90 colonels have become generals, and 42 lieutenant-colonels full colonels, while 49 majors, 136 captains, and 45 lieutenants have each been advanced one grade.

The large increase in salaries which this law necessitates is obvious. But this is not the most important consideration. As in every case where promotions are made *en masse*, so many black sheep have been advanced with the deserving officers as to nullify the purpose of the act—to reward worthy public servants who had been discriminated against by an abuse of the appointing power. For instance, among the officers favored are several forcibly retired by the President for the good of the service, others who retired voluntarily in order to escape courts-martial, and still others who have been punished for offences committed since retirement. In addition, there are a number of officers on the list whose previous rank was more than sufficient reward for their undistinguished service.

Far from being a stimulus to worthy officers, the latest action of President and Congress must be characterized as against the true interests of the army. Together with the advancement of such Presidential or political favorites as Grant, Funston, Wood, and Mills, it must be looked upon as certain to inculcate false ideals. Frederick the Great once utterly exposed the fallacy that merit consists in field service alone. Being urged to appoint a certain general to an exalted and much coveted post, he was told that the general in question had seen much active service. "Pooh," replied the King; "that is no recommendation. The mule that carries my baggage has gone through a dozen campaigns." Moreover, no one can maintain that all of the hundreds of officers specially advanced since 1898 actually saw field service. Many of them may have been miles from the front because their duty was elsewhere, like one of the latest batch of generals—an officer whose sole merit lay in being an efficient superintendent of transports in 1898 and 1899, in New York or San Francisco.

Not only has this wholesale promotion made every officer insist that he be retired as a general, but it has put a wholly false emphasis on length of service. This alone places the drone on the same footing with the worthy and able and scholarly officer. Upon pure merit almost no stress has been laid, or so little that the lesson has not been borne in upon the army as a whole, while many of the older generals, of the type of Gen. Schofield, feel that their rank has been so cheapened by its widespread and often unmerited bestowal as to have lost its value in a large degree. How great the loading up of the retired list with high-titled officers has been appears from the following figures: On January 1, 1898, there were 661 retired officers, of whom one was a lieutenant-general, seven were major-generals, and thirty-four brigadier-generals. By the middle of this week there will be 901 retired officers, of whom three are lieutenant-generals, eighteen major-generals, and no less than 248 brigadier-generals. Thus there have been created fully 221 generals in six years in an army ranging in size from 28,000 to 112,000 men, and now numbering less than 70,000. When the mortality of the same period is considered, the number seems even larger and in still more striking contrast with the handful of distinguished generals of the civil war who spent their last days on the retired list with titles corresponding to those they bore in the volunteer armies of the North.

TOLSTOY ON THE WAR.

Count Tolstoy's ten-column article in the London *Times* on the war between Russia and Japan is extraordinary in many aspects. As a mere literary production it is impressive. The analytic skill, the perfect command of material, the intellect, like Burke's, winding itself into its subject like a serpent, the realistic grasp upon the elusive phenomena of national passion and, rising above all, the magnificent idealism of this great writer, were never more wonderfully displayed. In 'War and Peace' Tolstoy gave us an unrivalled account of the psychology of an army in battle. In this article, he lays bare the complex motives, the mingled brutalities and mistaken aspirations, which drive a people into setting an army in battle array. The whole is so remarkable that one is not surprised at the glowing tribute from a brother in letters, Mr. Thomas Hardy. He writes that, making every allowance for Count Tolstoy's "extravagance of detail" and occasional "incoherence," "surely all objectors should be hushed by his great argument, and every defect in his particular reasonings hidden by the blaze of glory that shines from his masterly general indictment of war as a modern principle, with all its senseless and illogical crimes."

To say that Tolstoy is exceeding bold in lifting his single voice against a war to which 130,000,000 of his countrymen are madly committed, might seem exaggerated. He is perfectly safe. No Russian official would dare lay a hand on him. That is testimony to his moral elevation, now so great that it is a possession of the whole world; but a part of it lies in the transparent sincerity of the man, and his willingness to suffer for the truth. He would go without a murmur from Yasnaya Polyana to Siberia. Nor could exile dim his light. In any case, the courage to face a huge and unreasoning unpopularity is greater than is required to storm entrenchments, and that serene courage Tolstoy has. He knew well what it would mean to speak of the Czar as he does, at a moment when that monarch is the object of frantic adoration. "The unfortunate, entangled young man" Tolstoy calls him; and elsewhere speaks with indignation of "Nicholas Romanoff and Alexis Kuropatkin" deciding to kill thousands of "deluded Russian peasants . . . in support of those stupidities, robberies, and every kind of abomination which were accomplished in China and Korea by immoral, ambitious men now sitting peacefully in their palaces."

Tolstoy is especially severe upon the diplomatists who by their blunders and their lies brought on the war. He is merciless in his references to those journalists who first deceived the people, then wickedly excited them to fury and urged them on to death, at the same time that they themselves stay securely at home to coin money out of the blood of their fellows. So, too, the great nobles and the Korean concessionnaires come in for castigation; while especial scorn is reserved for the type of military man who hails war, as Roosevelt did, as a "crowded hour"—meaning thereby the glutting of savage instincts; with hope, all the while, of rewards and

promotions through the death of superior officers.

It is, however, in his depiction of the onset and sweep of the war mania that this master of realism writes with a pen which pierces through the current pretences on that subject. First among the horrors of war he places, for enlightened men, "the consciousness of the impotency of human reason." All that raises us above the beasts is thrown away in red fury. In a moment of national obsession, the whole work of civilization, the progress of science, the teachings of religion, are suddenly declared to be not merely useless, but pernicious, simply impeding action, "like a bridle fallen from a horse's head and entangled in his legs and only irritating him." The cumulative stupefaction and brutalizing of the national mind by war madness are described with appalling power:

"The Assyrians, Romans, or Greeks might be persuaded that in fighting they were not only acting according to their conscience, but even fulfilling a righteous deed. But we are Christians; and however Christianity may have been distorted, its general spirit cannot but lift us to that higher plane of reason whence we can no longer refrain from feeling with our whole being not only the senselessness and the cruelty of war, but its complete opposition to all that we regard as good and right. Therefore, we cannot do as they did, with assurance, firmness, and peace, and without a consciousness of our criminality, without the desperate feeling of a murderer who, having begun to kill his victim, and feeling in the depths of his soul the guilt of his act, proceeds to try to stupefy or infuriate himself, to be able the better to complete his dreadful deed. All the unnatural, feverish, hotheaded, insane excitement which has now seized the idle upper ranks of Russian society is merely the symptom of their recognation of the criminality of the work which is being done."

One must read the whole of Tolstoy's blasting arraignment of the war spirit to appreciate its withering effect. Of course, his own position is the same as that of the 'Biglow Papers'—"As fer war, I call it murder"; but he brings out with terrific force its senselessness, its gross futility, its tendency to cause society and nations practically to commit suicide, and to reduce men at last to the condition of "spiders in a jar," destroying each other. Upon the folly of hoping to prevent war by heaping up the implements of war, he pours out his sarcasm. That way, at best, universal bankruptcy lies.

Powerful in diagnosis, Tolstoy seems to offer a weak remedy. He bids men do away with war by becoming mystics. Let them reflect on the meaning of life, on the love of God, on the brotherhood of man; then they will fight no more. This is, undoubtedly, in line with the exhortations of the sublime Galilean mystic; but as they have gone unheeded for 1,900 years, it is not probable that Tolstoy's echo of them will produce any immediate effect. From the Christianity of the churches he draws back, everybody knows, as from a hateful superstition. This naturally diminishes by so much his chance of a hearing. But, however far the world may be from accepting his doctrines, it cannot deny the justice and frightful veracity of his account of that national madness which we call war. He lights up its murky horrors with startling flashes of description. He shows it to be so bestial, so anti-social, so destructive of civilization, that he makes his breathless readers willing to agree with him in thinking it the sum of all villanies.

ACTIVE LIBERALISM IN RUSSIA.

One of the most interesting questions raised by the war in the East is the effect it may have on the internal organization of Russia. An ultimate success would reëstablish, and even enhance, the prestige of Russian arms within the Empire, as well as before the rest of the world, and would thus lend the Government further strength in suppressing all opposition. On the contrary, serious military reverses might easily provoke grave popular upheavals. Whether such disturbances would have permanent effects, would depend mainly on the extent to which moral opposition to the autocracy has now spread in the practical middle class.

Any independent concerted action on the part of the illiterate lower classes is out of the question; the muzhiks, and even the factory workmen, can be flogged into submission one by one. Furthermore, the young revolutionists, with their desire to transform Holy Russia at one stroke into a kingdom of heaven on earth, are probably too emotional to be capable of acting as efficient organizers and leaders of a large popular movement. Beyond the occasional assassination of a reactionary official, the Government has little to fear from them. But the moderate, level-headed men of the active middle class, with their fund of experience in the affairs of practical life and consequently their influence on other classes of the population, would, if thoroughly aroused to opposition, constitute a formidable enemy of the autocracy. What then, is the present political attitude of Russia's middle class? Numerous occurrences of the past few years indicate that, while the principles of constitutional monarchy have all but universal acceptance, a large majority have arrived at the conviction that the arbitrary autocracy of the Czar hampers the healthy progress of national life, and in one form or another thwarts the public or private career of practically every Russian.

This year's "Third Congress of Technical Educators," convened by the Minister of Public Instruction, was attended by over 3,000 persons from all parts of Russia. The dominant feeling of the congress is described by one of its members as "the high-strung, nervous, joyous feeling of men who had suddenly been thrown into contact with a mass of others sharing their own views, and had learned that the pulse of public indignation is beating high all over the country, that the present political régime has reached a state of profound decay everywhere, and that the scattered malcontents are, not companionless units, but soldiers of a whole army ready to fight the autocracy." As soon as this spirit had become evident, the Government authorities decided to adjourn the congress at the earliest possible opportunity. A pretext was presently found in the expulsion, by the congress, of two of the most conspicuous instigators of the Kishineff massacres—whereby the congress intended to show that Russia proper had been appalled by the infamous brutalities no less than the rest of the civilized world. At the final meeting of the executive committee, composed largely of Government officials, M. Zernoff, president of the St. Petersburg Institute of Technology, proposed to file a formal protest with the Minister of Public Instruction against the interference of the police and the adjournment of the congress. Another member of the committee stated the true reason of the adjournment frankly: "We all know," he said, "that there is throughout Russia a growing dissatisfaction with the existing order, and that this dissatisfaction is manifesting itself in a very broad social movement. The congress was adjourned because it reflected, as it inevitably must, the extraordinary elevation of public temperature which has now spread all over our country."

The Ninth Congress of Physicians and Surgeons, held shortly after the congress of educators, showed a similar "elevation of temperature." Thus, the sections for public medicine, mental and nervous diseases, internal diseases, and bacteriology, adopted the following joint resolution: "A systematic and rational struggle with infant mortality, alcoholism, tuberculosis, syphilis, and other widespread diseases, which form in Russia a public evil of enormous extent, is possible only under conditions enabling a broad dissemination of enlightenment concerning the true causes of their development and the methods of combating them, the necessary conditions being complete freedom of the individual, of speech, of the press, and of assembly." The members of the sections for medical statistics, hygiene, and children's diseases had similarly come to the conclusion that the public practitioner as such can, under the present Russian régime, accomplish very little toward the alleviation of physical suffering among the people. Here is one of their resolutions: "Believing that the extraordinarily high infant mortality of Russia is due mainly to the poverty and ignorance of her population, the congress expresses the profound conviction that a successful struggle with this evil is possible only by way

of broad social reforms." Another section of the congress resolved that "corporal punishment should not exist in Russia; and the assistance of a physician, in the capacity of witness or expert, in the administration of such punishment, is inadmissible." These resolutions were naturally distasteful to the reigning bureaucracy, and at the instance of the St. Petersburg municipal authorities the presiding officer of the congress refused to read them publicly at the last general session. The members protested vehemently, flung chairs among the orchestra which endeavored to drown out the demonstration, and after an hour of indescribable confusion were dispersed by the police.

We have, finally, before us a copy of a recent confidential circular from the Minister of the Interior to several district governors. The zemstvos of their districts had agreed to take joint action in the matter of sending sanitary aid to the wounded and sick at the front. The members of the zemstvos, which represent what little local self-government there is in Russia, come from a naturally conservative class of the population, their eligibility being based on the ownership of considerable property. But the Government evidently realizes clearly how little conservatism there remains anywhere outside of its own bureaucracy. The circular in question expresses the fear that similar joint action might some time be taken by the zemstvos "in certain other cases," and directs the governors to prevent any future agreement whatsoever between the zemstvos of different districts.

Plainly, the Government is losing support among the most influential and responsible classes, and has learned to fear them. Friends of the country of Tolstoy and Turgeneff can only hope that its rulers, instead of inventing further measures of repression, will yield to the needs and reasonable demands of the people before the reverses in the war, or some other spark, may set off an explosion of incalculable magnitude.

THE GEORGE SAND CENTENARY.

Literary commemorations are often of the frigid order. Concerning our own Emerson and Hawthorne, for example, it is amazing how little centenary critics have found to say. Vividly remembered these great authors are not, and their celebration passes with perfunctory respect. In France, on the contrary, the one-hundredth anniversary of George Sand's birth has been an event of passionate interest. One may doubt the taste of the mass of reminiscence and comment that has filled the Parisian reviews; one cannot doubt the sincerity of the writers. George Sand is quite as vivid to-day as she was when, to Robert Browning's chagrin, Mrs. Browning did obeisance to a sibyl who flaunted lovers and by no means scorned cigars. To-day France takes sides eagerly in her love affairs; and if no duels have come off in the Bois de Vincennes, it is because the frankest criticism of this inconstant genius has been tempered with affection. To find a parallel for the cult of George Sand one must go to Dr. Johnson. In either case the persons have attained a kind of individual immortality, though time has largely corroded their works.

Why George Sand should haunt the world when her greater contemporaries are paling, is not immediately apparent. One ingenious critic has explained that she had a masculine mind and heart; but the charm of so sincere a person can hardly have been that of masquerade. Nor is it at all likely that her memory rests on a continuous *succès de scandale*. There was, in fact, in her adaptability to varying sentimental temperatures nothing which might not be illustrated a hundred times in fairer women now clean forgotten. We doubt, also, if she is remembered by her books. 'Consuelo,' 'The Duchess of Rudolstadt'—what are they? "Are they mine?" she once asked. Where her memory failed, that of her latter-day readers will scarcely burden itself. She lives unquestionably not in literary, but in personal tradition. She is the most interesting woman of to-day because she was the most interesting woman of her time. Something bold and expansive in her condoned the dubious chapter of her loves; an instinctive wisdom makes her to all literary people what she was to Flaubert, the counsellor and patron saint—the St. George of letters.

Her expansiveness, her absence of pose or self-consciousness of any kind, are perhaps the commonest virtues, as they are the most agreeable social qualities. They are virtues rare in her class. One of her lovers, Musset, represented perfectly the artist's character. Complexity, irritability, self-consciousness, fear of life, scorn of the commonplace—these were his traits. His experience of the disease of the century has become so typical that serious observers have regarded the artistic temperament as a neurosis, and have virtually revived the ancient belief that inspiration is perilously akin to insanity or diabolical possession. Against such a theory George Sand's life makes strikingly. Her dominant note was courage and simplicity; her sins were of the downright, uncomplicated kind, and from them she emerged into practical, almost *bourgeois*, beneficence. She had no sense of isolation as an artist, no fear that any contact with life was beneath her dignity as a genius. Utterly lacking the vanities of her craft, she is in many respects the consummate example of the expansive temperament, and she represents on an imposing scale the qualities that win affection among ordinary people. Examples of her gallant attitude towards life could be multiplied indefinitely from her correspondence. We content ourselves with characteristic extracts from letters newly published by M. Doumic in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Thus, she writes to her daughter Solange encouraging her to undertake the literary career:

> "With or without talent, with or without profit, with or without reputation, is not this an immense result—to gain the victory over the boredoms, the deceptions, the wearinesses, and the chagrins of life? Life cannot change about us for our sake. We are all condemned to suffer more or less, but we can influence ourselves, we belong to ourselves, we can transform and fortify ourselves, making of work and reflection our sword or our breastplate."

Again writing to her daughter, George Sand urges as the only resource against the sadness of life allegiance to duty—a difficult word she says, but resumed in the maxims "to be generous and good, to do nothing for love of self, fear of suffering or desire of happiness, but to do everything in justice, kindness, and greatness of soul." A life conceived on these lines would naturally escape those poignant tragedies which result from the egotism of the artist, and it was without doubt such simple maxims, coupled with George Sand's patent errors, that led an ovver-subtle critic to maintain that she was at bottom an *honnête homme*, and only by chance a woman to boot, and a genius.

As to that, the will to live is probably stronger among women than among men, and the tragedy of a broken life correspondingly greater. George Sand never appears more feminine than when she bids a weakling like Musset or a hypochondriac like Flaubert look at life unterrified. That is woman's habitual ministry to men perplexed by the will to feel, or over-burdened by the will to do. George Sand's distinction is probably that she brought this passionate faith in life into a literature clouded by the peculiar melancholy of the artist and chilled by the pessimism of the rationalist. Her case reminds us how completely artistic effect is a matter of emphasis. Her expansiveness is, one might say, only the normal fervor of the average woman raised to the altitude of genius. So what was mere Toryism in a generation of county squires became Dr. Johnson's best gage of immortality. George Sand's ultimate literary position may still be more or less in doubt; her preëminent distinction as a brave champion of the worth of life seems established for all time.

LORD GOSCHEN AT THE OXFORD ENCÆNIA.

OXFORD, June 22, 1904.

Within the last forty years we have had the 700th anniversary of Bologna University, the 600th anniversary of the founding at Oxford of Merton College, the 300th of Sir

Thomas Bodley's Library, the 250th celebration of John Harvard's foundation, the 200th anniversary at New Haven, and the 150th at Princeton. Decimal notation, older itself than any foundation, learned or unlearned, seems unlikely to yield us further occasions for academic festivity in the near future; but meanwhile a very impressive mediæval ceremonial, annually observed except in times of tribulation, has just been illustrated and enhanced at Oxford by the first official appearance in Convocation of the new Chancellor, Lord Goschen, inaugurated not long since at Seacox Heath, Hawkhurst, from which place derives his full title, Viscount Goschen of Hawkhurst.

The powers of the Chancellor are presumably too vast to allow of their frequent exercise by him in his own person. Normally he acts by his deputy, the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, and the most indispensable of his duties would seem to be the annual delegation of his powers. A Chancellor's personal attendance to preside over the Encænia—*i. e.*, that meeting of Convocation annually held late in the month of June by way of commemorating founders and benefactors, and giving the University a new start on the way in which it should go—involves among other things the creation of many honorary doctors, many more than are created when the Vice-Chancellor presides as usual. This is but logical, since the Chancellor, academically speaking, is the very fountain of honor. When personally presiding in Convocation, indeed, he is like the King in Council, or the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*. Hence there is no ground for surprise that when Lord Goschen's predecessor, the late Lord Salisbury, was first in this case, such floods of greatness fell from him that sixty honorary doctors were created, including the then Speaker of the House of Commons, who had to ask for a special vote of the House in order to absent himself. To fulfil ceremonial requirements on that occasion two meetings of Convocation were of course required, and were held on two successive days. Lord Goschen, on the other hand, contenting himself with one meeting of Convocation, has created 37 doctors; 16 in Civil Law (D. C. L.), 13 in Science (D. Sc.), and 8 in Letters (D. Litt.). In these creations the Chancellor acts as the chosen exponent of the mind of the University, which consists technically of 13,000-odd matriculated members, whose prerogatives are lodged with the members of Convocation—*i. e.*, 6,000 Doctors and Masters. These are in turn chiefly made visible by the 500 more or less from among their number who reside in Oxford and not only are qualified members of Convocation, but also constitute the smaller body called Congregation. It is therefore interesting to note that, before presiding at Convocation, the new Chancellor held a levee in Oriel College to which all members of Congregation were invited.

At Oriel College, the academic home alike of the Chancellor and of the present Vice-Chancellor, was formed the procession. After the bedells walked the Chancellor, in the singularly majestic robes of his office, made resplendent with gold embroidery, and in themselves so weighty that the office of two train-bearing pages, Lord Goschen's grandsons, was no sinecure. Next came a long line of doctors and heads of colleges, with the proctors, senior and junior. Then followed those who were to receive honorary degrees. These last halted in the Divinity School under that part of the Bodleian known as Duke Humphrey's Library, while the first part of the procession moved on into the Sheldonian Theatre, and, once within it, proceeded through the assemblage of masters of arts to the raised seat of the Chancellor. He, having enthroned himself with his two pages near at hand, the two proctors on either side of him, opened Convocation as soon as the rest of his company had disposed themselves in the doctors' places, close by. He began by enumerating with a word or two of graceful comment the names of those to be honored and their several proposed degrees. Convocation having audibly assented to the proposed honors, the bedells sallied forth and led in first the procession of sixteen doctors of civil law. Professor Goudy introduced each one of them with a brief eulogium, and the Chancellor hailed each in order with a well-turned vocative salutation, into which was distilled the wit and wisdom of his mature appreciation. After a hand-shake he then invited each to an appointed seat in the rows of the doctors. The Professor of Natural Philosophy, Dr. Love, similarly introduced each of the thirteen doctors of science, who appeared next, and Dr. Bywater, Regius Professor of Greek, performed the same office for the doctors of letters, who were introduced last. The genuine mediæval character of the whole ceremonial and stage-setting appeared best when most of the recipients of degrees had been eulogized and taken their appointed places. The ocular effect of the whole assemblage, with its varied reds and grays and blacks, each accentuated by the appointed combination required by the regulations as to academic costume, was irresistibly suggestive of well-known mediæval pictures of the Court of Heaven with its rows of prophets, saints and doctors rising rank upon rank on either side of the throne of grace. Nor was the brilliant assemblage, chiefly of ladies, which surrounded the Chancellor, the proctors and the doctors, without its analogue in those familiar Old World representations. They recalled the hosts of the blessed—and blessed they may well have accounted themselves on this much frequented occasion in securing cards of admission.

Professor Goudy introduced the French ambassador, M. Cambon, with feeling allusions to the *entente cordiale* and praises of the ambassador's Greek scholarship, and the Chancellor hailed him as "amicitiæ interpres." The Vice-Chancellor, who has hitherto successfully eluded all attempts to illustrate the Oxford Doctorate by persuading him to accept it, was eulogized for devotion to the University and preëminent Greek learning, and then saluted by the Chancellor as Provost of Oriel, "collegii mei inter præpositos." The Archbishop of Canterbury was eulogized as his father-in-law's (Archbishop Tait's) worthy successor, ruling the Church with firmness and benignity, and then saluted as "grandissime." Professor Goudy and the Chancellor both made happy allusion to the 'Lux Mundi' of the Bishop of Worcester (Gore). Lord Balfour of Burleigh's services to Scotch education were enlarged upon. Lord Tennyson was addressed by the Chancellor as "poetæ præstantissimi fili," and Lord Curzon as "illustrissimus," with a reference to the "lustrum" just spent by him in India "non sine gloria." The Speaker of the House of Commons was amusingly introduced with fear and trembling by Professor Goudy, who felt nervous lest he should "name" some member of Convocation, and took refuge in a happy quotation from Horace, while Lord Goschen, less overawed, hailed him as "senatus orator sapientissime." Horace again supplied a happy turn in Professor Goudy's description of the Admiral of the fleet, whom he characterized as "tenacem propositi virum," while the Chancellor greeted him as "patriæ amantissime." Gen. French's greeting as "vir fortissime" was followed by a splendid recognition of his relief of Kimberley in the words "urbium in Africa obsessarum servator et vindex." Mr. John Sargent, already described before his entrance as "Apellem nostrum" (the possessive implying that Mr. Sargent was the common possession of England and America), was wittily apostrophized as "vir spectatissime, splendide audax." Last, but by by no means least, among the sixteen doctors of civil law, came Mr. Charles Booth, formerly President of the Royal Statistical Society, whose unprecedented labors for the poor of London were acclaimed alike by his most enthusiastic reception, by the eulogium of Professor Goudy, and by the feeling tribute of the Chancellor's discriminating superlative, "probissime."

Among the thirteen doctors of science introduced by Professor Love were Signor Marconi, Sir William Crookes, Sir David Gill, Astronomer Royal of the Cape of Good Hope; Sir John Murray, a Canadian famous in connection with the *Challenger* reports; Mr. Alfred Marshall, and Mr. James Dewar. Among the eight doctors of letters presented by Professor Bywater, Mr. W. D. Howells came third, after Lord Reay and Sir Spencer Walpole. Professor Bywater introduced Mr. Howells as a representative of America, the people united to England by ties of blood-relationship, which it was England's desire to draw even closer. He then described him as "literatissimus," dwelt upon the graces of his diction and the quiet glow of his style, particularizing his faithful portrayal of character, and finally adducing his pictures of Italian manners and monuments drawn in the spirit of genuine love and contagious appreciation. The Chancellor hailed him as a poet and welcomed him as an American. Prof. Lewis Campbell was eulogized as the learned interpreter alike of Sophocles and of Plato, Mr. W. L. Newman as a memorable lecturer at Oxford on ancient history, and as a translator of Aristotle. Mr. Andrew Lang's versatility was playfully insisted upon, and he was welcomed as "eximium doctrinæ cum humanitate, sale, lepore conjunctæ specimen." Finally, Mr. Walter Leaf, already a Litt.D. of Cambridge, was saluted as an Oxford D.Litt. and described as a distinguished citizen of London and one of the ornaments of Cambridge learning. His edition of the Iliad was most happily pronounced an "opus magnum ac non uno nomine memorabile."

One noteworthy feature of this year's Encænia has been the almost entire disappearance of that traditional horseplay from undergraduates in the galleries, so dear to old-time frequenters of commemoration at Oxford. No doubt this relic of the pranks performed anciently by the *terræ*

filius, the chartered academic libertine of the Middle Age, has in its day served to relieve the Encænia from dulness, but the wit so plentifully lavished this year upon the stately Latin speeches of introduction, and even more plentifully present in the Chancellor's welcoming words to each honored guest, made the unfledged essays of undergraduate raillery so obviously superfluous that the galleries were practically silent. No doubt respect for Lord Goschen also played its part here, for he has been fittingly described as "one who was a typical embodiment of all that was most enlightened and progressive in the Oxford of his youth, and whose subsequent career has shown that political and economic thinking of a high order is not incompatible with statesmanship of the most severely practical kind." At all events, the Creweian oration delivered by the public orator (Dr. Merry, rector of Lincoln) was a very eloquent tribute alike to the present Chancellor and to his lamented predecessor. Convocation thoroughly enjoyed the Creweian oration, and even had attention left for the double prize man, Mr. C. C. Martindale of Pope's Hall—a flourishing institution ruled by one who is a native of the United States and a member of the Society of Jesus. Mr. Martindale gave portions of his Gaisford prize version from Virgil into Greek, and of his Chancellor's prize poem in Latin upon Sertorius. Mr. Roome of Merton also read from his Stanhope prize essay on "James Edward, the Old Pretender." Finally, Mr. Bell of Christ Church recited portions of his Newdigate prize poem on Delphi, a production so finished and felicitous that it deserved a less exhausted audience than the one which listened to it as the closing feature in proceedings which had already lasted two hours and a half. It is a noteworthy fact that from this year onward the conditions of Sir Roger Newdigate's prize revert to what they were not very many years ago, and no longer strictly confine those competing to the use of the rhymed couplet

LOUIS DYER.

BONAPARTE AND ENGLAND, 1803-1813.

PARIS, June 24, 1904.

Another volume has recently been added to the Napoleonic literature of our time. It is of a purely historical character, and has been written from inedited documents in the Archives of our Foreign Affairs Office, the National Archives, and the papers of the English Foreign Office. The author, M. P. Coquelle, has entitled his work 'Napoléon et l'Angleterre, 1803-1813.'

"It seems," he says in his preface, "as if everything had been said concerning Napoleon's relations and difficulties with England. One point, however, has never been thoroughly made clear; viz., the history of the diplomatic relations between the Emperor and the British Cabinet from the rupture of the Peace of Amiens in 1803 to the first abdication in 1814. Notwithstanding the constant state of war, there were always relations between the two Cabinets, which had in view a *rapprochement*, either direct or indirect. The principal historians of Napoleon gave a few pages to these, but put them in the background, as military events efface all others in the career of Napoleon. Even the writers at Saint-Helena and the Emperor himself made but few allusions to these diplomatic relations."

M. Coquelle will have it that these relations are important, first, as revealing a side of Napoleon still imperfectly known, and, secondly, as showing how a *rapprochement* became gradually quite impossible. Most French historians have held England responsible for the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. Among them we may cite Thiers, Bignon, and more recently M. Albert Sorel, in his book on Europe and the French Revolution. M. Coquelle is not quite so positive: he considers Holland the true cause of the war. In continuing to occupy Flushing and Utrecht, contrary to the formal engagements entered into under the Treaty of Lunéville and the convention of The Hague, he maintains that Bonaparte gave to England the right to keep Malta as an equivalent. "In vain," he says, "was an arrangement proposed to him; he never consented to evacuate Holland, notwithstanding the just reclamations of the British Cabinet, and thus forced it to recall Lord Whitworth."

The articles of the Peace of Amiens had been fixed by Lord Addington and by M. Otto, who, though he was born in the Duchy of Baden, had been employed in the French Foreign Office before the Revolution, and had been chargé d'affaires in Berlin in 1799, and sent to London in 1800 to negotiate a convention relative to prisoners of war. Otto was replaced by Gen. Andreossy in 1802. Born of an old Italian family, Count Andreossy had participated in the wars of the Revolution; in Italy he became a friend of Bonaparte, and he took an active part in the eighteenth Brumaire. Andreossy's letters to his Government treat chiefly of the occupation of Switzerland, of Piedmont, of Holland by France, of Alexandria and Malta by England. We find here and there passages concerning the French *émigrés* and the French princes living in England. Bonaparte desired that the French bishops who had left France, and the Chouans, should be expelled; that the *émigrés* should not be allowed to wear the old French decorations. "It would be fitting," Talleyrand wrote to Andreossy on December 2, 1802, "that the Bourbons should be sent away, or at least that they should not be allowed to wear decorations which show a perpetual want of consideration for the Republic." Agents were sent to Edinburgh to watch the Count of Artois, who was living in Holyrood Palace. Military honors were paid to him.

"Bonaparte," says M. Coquelle, "did not understand the laws of hospitality towards important personages; his pretensions on this point were absurd; he covered himself with ridicule in the eyes of the courts, for have not people always the right to wear a decoration regularly given, even when the Government which gave it has ceased to exist?"

Bonaparte had a conversation with the English ambassador on the 18th of February, 1803. He made violent reproaches on the subject of the occupation of Malta and the conspiracies of the *émigrés;* Lord Whitworth spoke in his turn of the annexation of Switzerland and Piedmont and the non-evacuation of Holland. The First Consul used expressions so trivial and vulgar that they could not be repeated in a dispatch. Napoleon ended by threatening England with invasion. "Instead," says M. Coquelle, "of entering into a discussion, to which Lord Addington invited him, on the subject of the acquisition of Piedmont and the conservation of Holland by France in exchange for the occupation of Malta, Bonaparte sent a sort of ultimatum, in which he increased his exactions." This ultimatum was formulated by Talleyrand in a dispatch written the day after the Emperor's conversation with Whitworth. Talleyrand wrote to Gen. Andreossy and ordered him to ask verbally, but positively, (1) that Alexandria and Malta should be evacuated; (2) that Georges and his Chouan friends should be expelled from British territory; (3) that the English papers should not be allowed to indulge in outrages, repugnant to public decency, to the law of nations, and to the state of peace, against France and the First Consul.

It is clear that Bonaparte's policy was to drift into war. It is not surprising that he should have felt war necessary to the accomplishing of his projects. He had done much to pacify revolutionary France after her long agitations; nothing can be more interesting than to read the successive numbers of the official paper following the *coup d'état* of Brumaire—it seemed as if a new world was in creation. The Concordat; the reconciliation of France with the old Church; the Code Civil; the organization of the departments—all these measures were, so to speak, the consummation of the work begun in 1789, and so unfortunately interrupted by the drama of the Revolution; but Napoleon felt that the revolutionary party could not be thoroughly vanquished if he did not occupy France with great enterprises. He felt, also, that he owed everything to war; that if he was to create a new dynasty he must be a new Cæsar. War was to him a necessity, the instinctive need of his nature.

We cannot overlook this psychological aspect of Napoleon's nature. Individuals obey a sort of law of development; Napoleon was bound to continue as he had begun. The negotiations with England were a mere veil, and could end only in war. When Napoleon had resolved to make war on England, though the British Cabinet had finally offered to evacuate Malta after ten years, he made a scene with Lord Whitworth before the whole diplomatic corps. (His nephew, Napoleon III., in imitation of him, made an apostrophe to Baron Hübner at the reception of the diplomatic body on the eve of the Italian war.)

"So," said Napoleon to Lord Whitworth, "you are determined to make war?"

"No, First Consul," calmly answered the ambassador; "we know too well the advantages of peace. We have already been at war for fifteen years. It is something too much."

"But," said Bonaparte, "you wish to be at it fourteen years longer, and you force me to it." Then, speaking to the diplomatic body, he added: "The English want war; but if they are the first to draw the sword, I shall be the last to put it in the scabbard. They do not respect treaties. We must cover them therefore with a black veil."

He went on in this way, in a great state of agitation. The English Ambassador preserved his calm. Napoleon's last word before leaving the room was: "Woe to those who do not respect treaties."

The inedited letters of Andreossy to Bonaparte at that period are given by M. Coquelle, and are a valuable addition to history. Andreossy says that the English viewed with great jealousy the recovery of France after the Revolution, and her economical development; still, he believed that they did not desire war, and a system

of mutual compensations might be found and ought to be adopted. He speaks of Hanover as furnishing a ground for such compensations. Meanwhile England was making preparations, enlisting seamen. France had five hundred thousand men under arms. Andreossy went to Talleyrand: "The second thought of the Britannic Government is not to keep Malta. Lord Hawkesbury said to an acquaintance of mine, in these words: 'We cannot evacuate Malta before we can assure Parliament and the nation that the discussions have taken a pacific turn; but we do not say "Malta or war."' " Andreossy made a supreme appeal to Bonaparte in a private letter. "Everybody here wants peace; by keeping Europe at peace you will crush this country." In another letter Andreossy writes: "Never, in any circumstances, has there been a more general desire for the maintenance of peace, and you will find yourself placed in the most advantageous position for fixing invariably the destiny of the world."

These letters, which have never been published, seem to throw on Bonaparte the entire responsibility for the rupture of the Peace of Amiens.

"It is impossible," says M. Coquelle, "to have any doubt as to the experience or the character of Andreossy. Having numerous relations in the aristocratic spheres of London, a friend of Addington and Hawkesbury, he was not ignorant of the aspirations of England for peace, nor the desire of the Cabinet to preserve it. Napoleon, if he neglected his warnings, rendered justice to him afterwards, by confiding to him the important diplomatic posts of Vienna and of Constantinople."

It seems quite clear that Bonaparte wished for war; it is not so clear to us, notwithstanding what M. Coquelle says, that England desired peace. She was, whatever may have been said in diplomatic conversations or written in diplomatic dispatches, determined to keep Malta. The veil of negotiation covered on both sides preparations for war. The *Times* is now giving us daily extracts of what was written for the English public a hundred years ago; they show clearly the deep hostility of the English Government to an upstart régime in France, which was threatening to become the arbiter of Europe.

Correspondence.

THE MINING LABOR UNION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If no press statute of limitations applies, a word may be in order touching a remark made editorially in your issue of June 16, on the labor situation in Colorado. You there say (p. 462), concerning the President's intervention in the Pennsylvania coal strike, "But, in the first place, that was not strictly a local disorder. It threatened misery to the people of a score of States."

I call attention to this because, to one having to help fight the battles for law and order and respect for right in the Far West, your words have almost the sound of a foreigner's criticism—well-meaning and sincere, but none the less the result of observations made through glasses of insufficient focal distance. It is not that those facing the struggle in the West desire interference on the part of the Federal Executive, but that they deem it important that all our people should know that the Western Federation of Miners controls the acts and opinions of the great bulk of the miners from Colorado to the Pacific, and that every advantage gained by the Federation in Colorado but strengthens and emboldens the men in every camp in the West; that every "martyr," so-called, made by mistaken policies in Colorado, only adds fuel to the flames, and increases the burdens of every mine manager, and endangers the property of every mining company, in at least ten States. It is as far as possible from being a local disorder; and to one in constant touch with the situation through the control of large bodies of men feverish with excitement over what they call the crime against labor in Colorado, openly accusing the good people of Cripple Creek of dynamiting the ill-fated train and station in order to make it seem an act of the Miners' Union, so as to cast reproach upon them, and earnestly preaching the later Socialistic doctrines as enunciated by Eugene V. Debs and that incendiary paper, the *Appeal to Reason*—to one living in such an atmosphere, fifteen hundred miles from Cripple Creek, it seems a very general disorder indeed, meriting the inauguration of effective policies sustained and encouraged by all lovers of freedom and of republican institutions in America to preserve from destruction the right to labor and to enjoy the fruits of labor without let or hindrance from one's fellows.

Although for the most part the Western Federation of Miners presents the same aspects as trade unionism in the East, there is this difference: it is perhaps the most generously comprehensive of all labor organizations, embracing miners and all collateral help, including surface shovellers, millmen, carpenters, machinists, engineers, even to teamsters. The merchants and saloonkeepers, of course, who desire to "stand in" with the union, have to take out their "union cards." Reaching thus into every detail connected directly or remotely with mining, this organization is in a position to powerfully affect the political complexion of the large district it has covered, and it has officially declared for Socialism and the Socialist party's nominees, the campaign being marked by a most energetic propaganda of Socialistic doctrine.

I have chosen your remarks merely as a text to accentuate the fact, too generally overlooked in the East, that Gov. Peabody is not engaged in adjusting a mere family jar, but is actually by his procedure shaping events for good or ill over an immense portion of these United States. I am not guilty of any suspicion of intentional misrepresentation by the *Nation*, which no one could entertain who has watched the bold championship of the rights of free labor for which your editorial pages have been conspicuous.

In conclusion, I may venture the opinion that there was fully as much justification for interference by the President in Colorado as there was in Pennsylvania; but the wisdom of such interference would have been questionable. The hope of the Socialist miners is that President Roosevelt may lift his hand against labor as represented by the Western Federation, and that the Democrats may nominate a man distinctly of the conservative, capitalistic class, so that both parties may be held up as evils and monsters, seeking the life-blood of the laboring people. C.

San Francisco, Cal., July 4, 1904.

THE AYER COLLECTION OF PHILIPPINA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of May 26 your reviewer of the Philippine bibliography recently published by the Library of Congress says: "He [*i. e.*, Dr. T. H. Pardo de Tavera] possesses in Manila what is undoubtedly the largest library of Philippina in existence, with the exception of that of Señor Retana, which numbers, or once numbered, 2,697 titles, including manuscripts."

The following facts in regard to Philippina in our own country are interesting and gratifying. First, however, in regard to the magnificent collection laboriously and enthusiastically amassed by W. E. Retana of Madrid: that collection is no longer intact, having been sold several years since, far below its present value, to the Compañía de Tabacos de Filipinas of Barcelona, whose director, Señor Don Clemente Miralles de Imperial, is also an enthusiastic collector of Philippina, and whose collection, so far as printed books are concerned, is the largest in existence, although it is poor in original manuscripts. By the acquisition of the Retana collection the above library numbered many duplicates, most of which have been sold.

There are two other notable collections in Spain, namely, that of Rev. Eduardo Navarro, O. S. A., of Valladolid, which includes a number of rare books and several precious manuscripts, among the latter being San Agustin's 'Conquistas,' Zúñiga's 'Estadismo' (a more complete copy than the one used by Retana in his edition), and Ortiz's 'Practica,' which has never been published in full; and the collection of the Rev. Pablo Pastells, S. J., of Barcelona, which contains but few rare books, but a number of fine original manuscripts, among them an unpublished history by Chirino, and thousands of copies of valuable manuscripts from Madrid, Seville, and other points. A fine collection is said also to exist in St. Petersburg, Russia.

But, coming to the Philippina of our own country, besides the excellent collection in the Library of Congress, which is steadily growing, and those at Lenox, Harvard, and Boston Public libraries, it is gratifying to know that we have one private collection, that of Mr. Edward E. Ayer of Chicago, the well-known collector of Americana, which bids fair to rival the largest of those mentioned above, both in the number and the rarity of its titles. The writer has recently had an opportunity to examine thoroughly this collection, which includes both books and manuscripts.

In his acquisition of printed books, Mr. Ayer has been singularly fortunate, and his shelves show such rare titles as the following: Gonzales de Mendoza's 'Historia . . . del gran reyno de la China' (several early editions in Spanish and Latin, among them a 1586 edition); Vaez's 'Litteræ Annuæ Insularum Philippinarum' (in Hay's 'De rebus Japonicis,' Antwerp, 1605); Chirino's 'Relacion de las islas Filipinas' (Rome,

1604); Morga's 'Sucesos de las islas Philipinas' (Mexico, 1609), also, the only copy ever bound of the Zaragoza reprint (Madrid, 1887), the rest of the edition unfortunately having been sold as waste paper because of the above editor's death before completing his preface and annotations; Leonardo de Argensola's 'Conquista de las islas Malucas' (Madrid, 1609); three of the series of four volumes of the Dominican Chronicles, 'Historia de la provincia del Sancto Rosario,' namely, the volumes by Diego Aduarte (Manila, 1640; and the second edition, Saragossa, 1693), Baltasar de Santa Cruz (Saragossa, 1693), Vicente Salazar (Manila, 1742) —the fourth volume, by Domingo Collantes (Manila, 1783), is exceedingly rare; Colin's 'Labor evangélica' (Madrid, 1663); two of the series of four volumes of the Recollect or discalced Augustinian chronicles, 'Historia de los religiosos descalzos,' namely, the volumes by Andres de San Nicolas (Madrid, 1664), and Luis de Jesus (Madrid, 1681); Garcia's 'Vida y martyrio de . . . Diego Luis de Sanvitores' (Madrid, 1683); San Agustin's 'Conquista de las islas Philipinas' (Madrid, 1698); 'Extracto Historial' (Madrid, 1736; one of a hundred copies printed); San Antonio's 'Chronicas de la . . . provincia de San Gregorio' (Sampaloc, 1738-44); Mozo's 'Noticia historica' (Madrid, 1763); Concepcion's 'Historia general' (1778-92); Malo de Luque's (pseud. of the Duke of Almodovar) 'Historia política' (Madrid, 1784-95); Martinez de Zúñiga's 'Historia de las islas Philipinas' (Sampaloc, 1803); besides many printed ordinances, decrees, *informes*, pamphlet relations, etc. One of the chief features of the collection is the linguistic department, which contains about 350 distinct titles of the various languages and dialects of the different peoples and tribes of the archipelago.

The manuscript division is one in which the owner can justly take pride, for Philippina manuscripts are offered for sale much less frequently than printed books. The greater part of the manuscript material relating to the Philippines is conserved in the archives of Spain, mainly in Seville; the various religious orders still own a number; as also do Dr. T. H. Pardo de Tavera and Señor Zulueta of Manila, the latter of whom was recently commissioned by the Philippine Government to collect copies of valuable manuscripts in Spain and other countries. The Ayer collection of manuscripts contains various originals and some valuable copies. The originals consist of reports, *informes*, letters, etc., some of them written on the perishable rice paper. Among the most important may be mentioned the following: 'Relacion del viaje e jornata que larmada de su mag. hizo del descubrimiento de las islas del poniente' (1565), one of the original duplicates sent to Spain and printed in 'Documentos inéditos relativos al descubrimiento' (Madrid, 1886), second series, ii. pp. 217-351; 'Cedulas reales dirigidas à estas yslas Filipinas' (containing decrees and instructions from the time of Legazpi to 1603); a series of letters officially copied from the Seville archives for Señor Zaragoza, which give important details of the life of Dr. Morga; documents regarding the English invasion of Manila in 1762; 'Demonstracion del misero deplorable estado de las Islas Philipinas . . . por Don Francisco de Viana' (Manila, 1765), originally of the Retana collection, and a very important social and economic document; and 'Documentos, datos y relaciones para la historia de Filipinas' (copied from originals in Spanish archives by Ventura del Arco, a Spanish Government official, in 1859, in five volumes, octavo).

Thus, as is seen, this collection forms a good working library of original sources, which offers many rich nuggets to the student; and students in general may well take pride that America has citizens of sufficient public spirit to amass such collections.

JAMES ALEXANDER ROBERTSON,
Co-editor 'The Philippine Islands: 1493-1898.'

MADISON, WIS.

"BALLOT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is with hesitation and trembling that I intrude into these affairs of high statecraft with an inquiry on a mere matter of linguistic usage, but can you tell me by what authority the word "ballot" is used of a vote shouted in the ears of several thousand people? H. W. H.

NEW YORK, July 9, 1904

[May not a "ballot" be what is "bawled"?—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

That excellent manual of reference, William F. H. King's 'Classical and Foreign Quotations,' has long been at our elbow, and we are glad to learn that it is again to be revised and improved, in large measure by the diligence of the scholarly Ferdinand Hoffmann of Stockbridge, Mass. The new edition will be published by J. Whitaker & Sons, London.

Forthcoming from Macmillan Co. are 'The Alps,' by Sir W. M. Conway, with 75 plates in color after paintings by A. B. McCormick; 'The Burns Country,' by Charles S. Dougall, with 50 full-page photographic illustrations; 'Edinburgh and its Story,' by Oliphant Smeaton, with numerous illustrations, a part in color; 'The Diversions of a Music-Lover,' by C. L. Graves; 'Methods and Aims in Archæology,' by Prof. Flinders-Petrie; 'Shakspere Documents,' a chronological catalogue of extant evidence relating to the poet's life and works, by D. H. Lambert; and 'The Mother of Washington and her Times,' by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.

The fourth volume of Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites's reprints of "Early Western Travels, 1748-1846" (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.) consists of Fortescue Cuming's 'Sketches of a Tour to the Western Country,' 1807-1809. Cuming was a cultivated and travelled Englishman, able to cheer an elderly couple from Dijon by speaking French to them, and to inspirit a shoemaker by playing the fiddle during his mendings. He was a good and a friendly observer of nature and manners and customs from Philadelphia to New Orleans, and his journal has a decided historical value. The thunderstorms of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys outcrashed all the naval broadsides in his experience. He has pictures of Indian life, of white drunken battles royal in which the man whose nose had been bitten off solaced himself with the gouged-out eye of his antagonist; of barrack-like inn bedrooms in which married couples and single men slept without scruple, and of much else of curious and permanent interest. How forcibly Western disillusion is conveyed in the outburst of a British seaman in a Mississippi bayou, stagnant, gloomy, airless, infested with mosquitoes: "And is it here you stop, and is this the country to which so many poor ignorant devils remove to make their fortunes?—D—n my precious eyes if I would not rather," etc.

The story of the trial of John Peter Zenger has never been so fully told as in Livingston Rutherfurd's volume on Zenger (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The arbitrary acts of Gov. Cosby and the attempt to plunder Rip van Dam led up to the persecution and trial of the poor New York printer, whose crime was a somewhat free expression of opinion on the conduct of the King's representative. Similar examples of attempts to muzzle the press may be found in the history of any of the colonies of North America, but the Zenger incident will always possess a special interest by reason of the ability of the defendant's attorney, Andrew Hamilton, and the general interest in the trial, which found expression in a fairly extensive "literature" of the subject. Hamilton's speech may still be read with pleasure for its quaint expression and good legal substance, and Mr. Rutherfurd's clear summary of the events and arguments is a telling restatement of this local contest, which aided freedom of speech and developed the law of libel in the direction of a freer press. A full reprint of the first edition of the 'Brief Narrative,' a bibliography of the issues of Zenger's press, including the New York *Weekly Journal*, and seventeen reproductions of portraits, manuscripts, broadsides, and title-pages, make a very attractive volume, worthy to rank with the same publishers' 'Hugh Gaine.'

'The Watchers of the Trails' (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.) is a series of entertaining animal sketches by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts. The stories are full of action, the brute heroes have a vivid personality, and the style is graceful and convincing. The author says of the book: "The stories of which this volume is made up are avowedly fiction. They are at the same time true, in that the material of which they are moulded consists of facts." One may wonder whether this statement wholly fits the story of a bear cub, captured during its very first stroll with its mother out from the den where it was born. It becomes a trick bear in a circus, and five years later, while travelling through the region where it was captured, it escapes, recognizes the lay of the land, and, with a tenacity of memory surpassing that of man, makes its way back to the old den. The author is evidently interested in the relation between the instincts bred by domestication and those native to the wild, and several of the most striking stories turn on that idea.

Mr. Clifton Johnson's art of pictorial bookmaking, hitherto employed in illustrating contemporary customs in many countries, has been used to good effect in the magazine articles now gathered together under the title 'Old-Time Schools and School Books' (Macmillan). Hundreds of facsimiles pertinent to the subject accompany a text not exactly read-

able, but crammed with curious information about school buildings and appliances, and above all about text-books in our American experience. Massachusetts is Mr. Johnson's principal quarry, and he has had access to the most extensive text-book collections extant. He discourses on colonial schools of the eighteenth century, on district schools, grammar schools and academies, the New England Primer, Noah Webster's and other spelling-books, readers, arithmetics, geographies, and grammars. Numerous examples of the contents of these books are given. The survey is full enough to demand an index, but none is furnished. A line of inquiry not suggested here is the provenance of the designs in vogue. The peacock on page 369 is after Thomas Bewick (it appeared in the year following his death); so, probably, are the frog on page 228, and the mad bull on page 224.

Mr. Horace Hart's 'Rules for Compositors and Readers at the University Press, Oxford' (New York: H. Frowde), a little sixpenny manual for the leading English printing-house, has just reached its seventeenth edition (its third for public sale). Any house or person wishing to follow a first-rate authority in matters never wholly settled or to be settled, should possess themselves of this guide. Dr. Murray and Mr. Bradley of the Oxford English Dictionary have revised the list of spellings, and H. Stuart Jones and Robinson Ellis have supplied the rules for dividing Greek and Latin words. (Mr. Ellis's occasional doubts seem to indicate that he has made no extensive study of early printed Latin texts.) Dr. Murray is now and again at variance with the usage of the Press, as in spelling "Shakspere," and in writing "4 July, 1904," preferring *ax* to *axe*, etc. We ourselves forbear to italicise mêlée, naïveté, plébiscite, résumé, and some others in the list recommended on page 21; hyphenate fellow-men; make one word of headquarters; and are at no pains to "avoid such divisions as" star-vation, exaltation, etc. But one may safely err with Mr. Hart.

Much has been written concerning New Zealand; perhaps as much as the world requires. No single book, however, contains so complete an account of the country and its people as that of M. André Siegfried, entitled 'La Démocratie en Nouvelle-Zélande' (Paris: Armand Colin). M. Siegfried writes admirably; his style is charming, and he is dispassionate without being unsympathetic. Of course his account of the political experiments that the New Zealanders are trying is of most interest; but what he has to say of the land and the manners of its inhabitants deserves attention. So far, according to M. Siegfried, socialism answers well. The few rich do not like to be deprived of their possessions, but the people find it pleasant to participate in them. If there is no increase in population and no corruption in the government, the present system may endure indefinitely.

The discussion as to the comparative childlessness of college educated women receives a new turn in the current *Popular Science Monthly*. A graduate of only a few years' standing writes that of her classmates none who has married has failed to become the mother of a healthy child within two years of marriage. Her thesis is that the type of the average college girl has undergone an important change within a very few years, and that this change warrants a very much brighter outlook for the future. The college girl of the older days was usually one whom some exceptional stress of circumstances forced to make the intellectual side of life predominant, to the sacrifice of other interests, from the grammar school up. This abnormal development of course tended to produce physical ill health and consequent unfitness for motherhood, even if it did not result in actual sterility. But with the rapidly increasing tendency of the sex to seek the higher education apart from any special stress of circumstances, the type of the college girl is ceasing to be abnormal, and in marriage and motherhood as in other things we may expect in the future to see the average college alumna just an ordinary woman, plus somewhat more than the ordinary amount of formal education. It is announced editorially that the *Monthly* has merged with itself the *Sanitarian*, which has done such good service in the prevention of disease, as the organ of its founder and editor, Dr. A. N. Bell, now in his eighty-fourth year, and anxious for rest.

In the latest issue of the *Nuova Antologia* Giovanni Livi publishes two entirely new documents which he declares contain the earliest mention of the 'Divine Comedy' of Dante. These documents were found among the writings of the old Memorial Institute of Bologna, in which all the contracts that were concluded in Bologna and its neighborhood are faithfully recorded. In a list of contracts made in the year 1325, a certain Antonio, son of Liculf of Padua, declares that he has received from Carlo, son of the Florentine Lapi, as the sixth in a series of articles, Dante's "Inferno," the entry reading: "A book which is called the Hell of Dante." Doubtless the "Purgatory" was included in this; the "Paradise" was published later.

Pius X. recently received in special audience the forty-two members of the Historical Institutes of Prussia, Austria-Hungary, France, England, and Belgium, and of the learned Catholic Goerres Society. The address to the Pope was delivered by Monsignor Dr. Fruknoi, of the Hungarian Institute, and consisted chiefly of thanks for his purpose to continue the liberal policy of his predecessor in opening the archives of the Vatican to the scholars of the world, which was done as early as 1880. The Pope replied that he had already at that date approved the policy of Leo XIII., and that this regulation was to become the fixed policy of the present reign.

Prof. Dr. von Grützner of the University of Tübingen, a vigorous protagonist of the temperance cause, recently addressed to all the academic societies of that university the question whether they would receive total abstainers as members. Of the thirty-two societies, with a total membership of 1,037, six, with a membership of 212, answered in the affirmative; eight, with a membership of 333, made the reception of such candidates dependent on certain conditions; nine, with 201 members, declared they would blackball such applicants; three societies, with 83 members, refused to commit themselves; and six societies, with 141 members, sent no reply. Professor Grützner concludes that the abstinence movement is making headway in university circles.

The revolution in education in China is still progressing. Within a few months the Government has established at Wuchang a school for the training of women as teachers. There are now eighty students in it. Of equal significance is the first annual report of the Imperial University of Shansi, a summary of which is given in the March-April number of the *South China Collegian*, published at Macao. This institution is, as it were, a memorial of the Boxer rebellion, for, instead of paying indemnities for the lives of the martyred missionaries, the Province has agreed to contribute 50,000 taels annually for ten years to its support, in order that the literati may secure a liberal education on modern lines. It consists of three departments—preparatory, Chinese, and Western. In this last the course is three years, during which the students give their whole attention to one subject, such as Law, Science, Medicine, Language, and Literature, or Engineering. Only the Chinese language is used, though there are six foreign professors, and tuition is free.

Moved by the letter recently published in these columns recommending the Italian time-table employment of the 24 hours, to the abolition of A. M. and P. M. and of consequent confusion, a Canadian correspondent sends us time-tables of the Canadian Pacific and Intercolonial Railways, exhibiting the Italian system in force there. The usage is fifteen years old, he informs us.

"Port Arthur-Mukden," on the whole the best war map we have seen, comes to us from Dietrich Reimer, Berlin (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). It includes, on a scale of about 20 kilometres to the inch, the whole of the Liaotung peninsula and Mantchuria to a point well north of Mukden. Passes are plainly marked, names of towns abound, but not at the cost of clearness. It exacts considerable ingenuity on the part of the English reader to turn over the German orthography into the current forms; witness Hsiu-jan (Siu-yen) and Wi-Dschu (Wi-ju), and we miss in it the variant Telissu for Wafanku. It is thoroughly up to date, and is based apparently on a new Russian service map.

—Prof. John Bassett Moore describes in *Harper's* the various steps by which modern commerce on the seas has been freed, first from the depredations of piracy, and then from such trammels as the assumed rights of impressment and search. Henry Loomis Nelson contributes another paper on the West, not confining himself to the middle section, as in the June number. The optimism of the Westerner, his enthusiastic way of pushing his dreams into the realm of reality, is the quality which he finds most noteworthy. "There is no wool in the Western mind, and there is no decadence in the Western conscience." Brander Matthews discusses American satires in verse, giving first place, of course, to Lowell. As to the treatment of Bryant in the 'Fable for Critics,' we prefer Lowell's own later judgment to that of Professor Matthews, who pronounces the passage a true portrait, in spite of its artificial rhymes and ingenious puns. The editor discusses optimistically the possibilities and actual achievement of short-story writing under present conditions. There has been a great advance, he thinks, over the stories

of a generation ago, nor has there been any real loss due to the unwritten laws which place a ban upon stories likely to offend religious, partisan, or moral sensibilities. The short story has not reached its best possibilities, has rarely met to the full the demands of the most cultivated readers, or rivalled successfully the greatest novels; but it has entered upon its highest estate, and attracted to itself an interest not yet wholly satisfied.

—'The Spanish Colonial System,' by Wilhelm Roscher (Henry Holt & Co.), a fifty-page pamphlet, is a translation into English of the chapter on this subject in Roscher's 'Kolonien, Kolonialpolitik und Auswanderung,' from the third Leipzig edition (1885). The publication is due to Prof. Edward G. Bourne of Yale, who has edited the translation and added some notes of a bibliographical character calculated to aid students dependent upon the English language. Professor Bourne states that this chapter, as "a broad historical and comparative treatment of the subject," has been of great aid to him, and he desired to make it available for class use and for collateral reading. He says, only too truly: "The treatments of [Spanish colonial history] in our ordinary text-books and in the popular narrative histories are at best inadequate and too often misleading, through the prejudice or lack of knowledge of their readers." Professor Bourne himself lately emphasized this fact in his introduction to Blair and Robertson's 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898.' If scant justice has been done by English and American writers to Spain and her generally humane aims (speaking of her *official* aims) in her early attempts at colonization, there is none the less a danger of going to the other extreme in judging too exclusively by the *letter* of the Spanish laws regarding treatment of the Indians, etc. It is precisely this danger which Roscher's pamphlet illustrates, and Professor Bourne himself has not escaped it. The chapter in question reeks of the library. Its author has drawn his data mainly from the Laws of the Indies (which are really less significant as illustrating the aims of the Spanish kings and of the ecclesiastics than as showing the multiplicity of abuses which had sprung up from the first, and which it was sought to remedy by high-sounding decrees from a distance) and from other expressions of official purpose. Moreover, not only do Roscher's researches among the sources need broadening by reference to the Spanish archives, which reveal more nearly what was the actual state of affairs in the colonies, but his authorities are also musty, and many of them discredited. The chapter is especially valuable in its paragraphs upon the economic policy of Spain, but it is by no means an adequate treatment of this subject, even for a monograph. Here, too, the bookishness of the German savant is very much in evidence; a little investigation would have shown Herr Roscher that the *situado* (appropriation, he translates it) annually sent to the Philippine Islands from Mexico was not a free subsidy granted to support the former colony, but the return to Manila of the share of her citizens in the Chinese goods shipped to Acapulco and of the duties collected at the latter port. This little pamphlet was well worth translating, and is especially valuable at this time, but it hardly deserves Professor Bourne's characterization of it.

—Gen. Herman Haupt, whose 'Reminiscences,' privately printed, are now given to the public (New York: John R. Anderson Co.), has been a striking figure in the history of railroad engineering in the United States. He had a strong belief in himself, a power of impressing his ideas on other people, and an ability to secure quick results. His rough and ready genius found its best opportunity in the days of the civil war, when for nearly a year and a half he had charge of the military railroads of the Government. Characteristic of this work was his feat of constructing in nine working days a bridge four hundred feet long and eighty feet above the bed of Potomac Creek. Lincoln described the structure as having "nothing in it but beanpoles and cornstalks." Numerous reproductions of photographs illustrate Haupt's devices for rendering useless the rails of a railroad, and the "blanket boats"—box frames covered with India rubber—used to ferry troops across streams. Gen. Haupt's narrative, which is made up largely of official correspondence, covers only the period of his military service. In the introductory biographical account by Frank A. Foster, the chief matter of importance is the explanation of Haupt's connection with the Hoosac Tunnel enterprise. His relations to this work, which were of many curiously different sorts, were terminated by the action of Gov. Andrew in 1861, and, in spite of the vigorous lobbying which Haupt carried on—an art in which he was past master—he never regained control of the work. Mr. Foster, of course, tells only one side of the story; even thus his narrative not only contains obvious self-contradictions, but is at variance with the facts as presented in Haupt's own memorial to the Massachusetts Legislature of 1863. Haupt's scheme was to get some sort of hole through the mountain, big enough for a single line of track, and he strove for speed rather than thoroughness. Work done on such terms, however, Massachusetts could hardly be justified in backing; and one need not go beyond this fact into investigations of Haupt's financial methods and the intrigues of the rival line of railroad, afterwards part of the Boston and Albany system, to decide that the State did well in refusing to allow him to continue the work.

—Prior to the publication in an English dress of Brandes's 'Romantic School in France' (Macmillan), the principal English aid to a study of French romanticism has been the translation of Pellissier's 'Le Mouvement Littéraire au XIXe Siècle.' But this excellent book, dealing with the realistic school as well, was confined in its view to France, while Omond's 'Romantic Triumph,' attempting to embrace romanticism in general, merely sketched the French school in one chapter. The work of Brandes is therefore welcome, as considering its subject first at adequate length, and second in relation to the European movement. Moreover, of the six volumes comprising the author's "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature," this is by far the most sympathetic. It is written *con amore*. It is itself romantic in the French fashion. In sentences, in groupings of men, ideas, chapters, it has caught the antithesis so dear to the heart of Hugo. Beyle is contrasted with Sand, and Sand with Balzac, and Mérimée with Beyle. Of George Sand we are told, "Her page is always much superior to her word; Beyle's word is far better than his page"; or again, contrasting her with De Musset, "She 'knitted' her novels; he wrote his works in a brief, burning ecstasy." In its moral conceptions this book presents extreme romanticist views, unaffected by the erotic aberrations of every one of the group. It accepts Gautier's "l'art pour l'art," frankly declaring, "Life and art stand in entirely different relations to morality." It even compares poetry with physiology, "which certainly does not confine itself to subjects that are considered fit topics of conversation in polite society." From Brandes we get a vivid picture of personalities and productions, but no systematic account of ideas or their evolution. Something of the sort was tried in the volume dealing with the 'Romantic School in Germany'; here it is confined to a few remarks on changes in social and political notions. And in the larger work, as in this unit, there prevails the unwarrantable assumption that the terms "Romantic School" and "Romanticism" are interchangeable. Hence, perhaps, the failure to offer any comprehensive explanation of Romanticism itself, such, for example, as Herford has given by way of background in his admirable preface to 'The Age of Wordsworth.'

—Dr. D. Joseph, professor in the new University of Brussels, has published a history of architectural art in all ages in two octavo volumes with 773 illustrations—'Geschichte der Baukunst vom Altertum bis zur Neuzeit' (Berlin and New York: Bruno Hessling). Its characteristic is description, partly by printed text, partly in illustrations especially selected to give the reader a full sense of what the buildings discussed in the text are, and their scale is made very great that this kind of explanation may be more nearly perfect. If we should say that the proportion of text to pictures is about as one to one, we should not be far astray. No great attention is paid to plans and other measured or mechanical reproductions (sections and the like), and in this lies the chief objection to the book considered as a volume for serious study. In the early pages there are a few ground plans and plans of parts of buildings, the old-fashioned small-scale plans which are credited freely to different well-known books on architectural art; but when the subject is connected with the buildings that still exist nearly complete, nearly uninjured, good material for photography, plans and geometrical drawings disappear almost wholly in the crowd of half-tone prints as large as the page allows. Thus it happens that in volume ii., at the period of the Florentine Renaissance, there is a view of the Santo Spirito, one of the Pazzi Chapel, one of the Innocenti, one of the Palazzo Pitti, and a dozen more, all without any plan or section at all. It is not till we come to the very curious little church at Prato, whose plan elucidates also the better known churches at Montepulciano and at Cortona, that the plan and also a cross section taken from Laspeyres's book are called on to help out the photographic views. What little critical treatment is indulged in serves the purpose of tying together similar manifestations of art in dif-

ferent countries, for Dr. Joseph's attention is fixed rather strongly upon the relation between contemporary work in adjoining and more distant lands. In this comparative study it has been necessary to call upon little-known lands and towns, so that even students who have a good collection of pictures will find much here that is new. The inquiry stops, however, with the Neoclassic of the eighteenth century—with the "Barock, Rokoko und Klassizismus"; under which head buildings are given which even a considerable experience may still have left unfamiliar to the reader.

HERBERT SPENCER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

An Autobiography. By Herbert Spencer. Illustrated. In two volumes. D. Appleton & Co. 1904.

On page 423 of the first volume of this book Mr. Spencer observes:

"Most people frame very untrue, and often very absurd, conceptions of those who write books. They expect to find them differ from average persons in conspicuous ways. One may say that as a rule no man is equal to his book, though there are, I believe, exceptions. All the best products of his mental activity he puts into his book, where they are separated from the mass of inferior products with which they are mingled in his daily talk. And yet the usual supposition is that the unselected thoughts will be as good as the selected thoughts. It would be about as reasonable to suppose that the fermented wort of the distiller will be found of like quality with the spirit distilled from it. Nor is it only in respect of intellectual manifestations that too much is looked for from authors. There are also looked for, especially from authors of philosophical books, traits of character greatly transcending ordinary ones. The common anticipation is that they are likely to display contempt for things which please the majority of people."

He then proceeds to illustrate this doctrine by anecdotes of a Frenchman who was astonished to see him playing billiards at the Athenæum Club, and of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who expressed surprise on board an Atlantic steamer at his telling a waiter that he had asked not for Cheshire cheese, but for Cheddar.

In this passage there is a moral for the Autobiography itself which doubtless escaped its author. Mr. Spencer tells us more about himself in its pages, more about his personal habits and ways and the daily course of his ordinary thoughts, than any one meeting him in society could have gathered from many interviews. The author, and indeed the philosophical author, is brought down to the level of common humanity with unsparing and unceasing frankness. It is an old remark, that not only the author, but the preacher also, ought not to be seen close at hand, because it becomes hard to idealize them, hard not to feel the contrast which exists more or less in all men between preaching on the one hand and practice on the other. Oliver Goldsmith and Bishop Wilberforce are familiar English examples of the rule; to be with them brought them sadly down from the poem and the pulpit. Yet it is a rule not without exceptions, for Dr. Johnson, uncouth and rude as he was, impressed people quite as much by his talk as by his writings, and Dr. Phillips Brooks never sank, in the eyes of those who knew him well, an inch below the ideal they had formed of him from his sermons. Does, then, Herbert Spencer suffer from the wonderful piece of self-disclosure contained in these 1,200 pages? That in some measure depends on the conception of him which the readers of the Autobiography have brought to it. His special disciples and admirers, together with that large public which, without knowing much about him, has taken him, on the faith of his admirers, to be a profound thinker and a constructive moralist, will be mortified to find this eminent person so full of vanity and self-consciousness, so intensely and perpetually occupied with himself, so ignorant of a hundred things which an educated man ought to know, so wanting in respect for great thinkers in the past, so devoid of humor and of that sort of common sense which social tact gives, so incapable of distinguishing between the commonplaces which every fairly intelligent man can pour forth, and truths that lie below the surface. But those, on the other hand, who, well knowing beforehand his intellectual deficiencies, have been driven, by the undue claims made for him, into a sort of opposition and disparagement, will be led by the extraordinary candor and naïveté of these confessions to take a lenient view of, and even to cherish a certain tenderness for, a man so simple, so direct, so obviously anxious to say the truth —and neither more nor less than the truth— about himself.

Amiable, Mr. Spencer is not; at least he does not so paint himself. He dwells over and over again upon his neglect and disregard of other people's feelings. Here are some of his judgments on his own character. Discussing his inferiority to his father in the sentiment and habit of active beneficence, and attributing this to his greater inertia—for he always describes himself as naturally indolent—

"The infliction of pain or the witnessing of pain inflicted," he says, "has ever been repugnant to me—save, indeed, under the excitement of argument, when I have usually shown but little regard for the feelings of opponents" (vol. ii., p. 501).

"No one will deny that I am much given to criticism. And if this is a trait in my writing, still more is it a trait in my conversation. The tendency to fault-finding is dominant — disagreeably dominant. The indicating of errors in thought and speech made by those around, has all through life been an incurable habit—a habit for which I have often reproached myself—to no purpose" (p. 512).

"This abnormal tendency to criticise has been a chief factor in the continuance of my celibate life. Readiness to see inferiorities rather than superiorities must have impeded the finding of one who attracted me in adequate degree. But it is far from the fact that I have a deficient appreciation of physical beauty. Physical beauty is a *sine qua non* with me; as was once unhappily proved where the intellectual traits and the emotional traits were of the highest" (p. 520).

"Frequently, when prospects are promising, dissatisfaction follows marriage rather than satisfaction; and in my own case the prospects would not have been promising. I am not by nature adapted to a relation in which perpetual compromise and great forbearance are needful. That extreme critical tendency which I have above described, joined with a lack of reticence no less pronounced, would, I fear, have caused perpetual domestic differences. After all, my celibate life has probably been the best for me, as well as the best for some unknown other" (p. 540).

This pathetic passage is a good instance of the way in which a philosopher who seeks to investigate or pronounce upon social phenomena, may omit the most vital and decisive factor in the whole problem. He assumes that "perpetual compromise and great forbearance" are essential to a peaceful conjugal life, ignoring the influence of love, or forgetting that, where it is present in sufficient force, there are no occasions for compromise and no need for forbearance. (As he was never himself in love, his ignorance was natural. But where he was ignorant, he had no right to speak so positively.)

A reader who should take these and other passages literally might form a wrong impression of Mr. Spencer's character. Though incessantly occupied with himself, down to the recording of all those instances in which some passing ailment or some over-exertion weakened his powers of work, he was very far from being an unkindly man, or a selfish one in the common sense of the word. There is, indeed, in the book abundant evidence of his attachment to his friends. He was full of courage, a disinterested and pertinacious champion of the causes (usually unpopular causes) which he felt it his duty to advocate. He was not jealous of other reputations. He was entirely superior to the love of money or of public distinctions, and not more elated than even a philosopher is permitted to be, at the recognitions which came to him from his numerous admirers. He had a strong sense of justice and was perfectly loyal to truth. With all his vanity he could see the faults even in that point about which authors are usually most sensitive—his literary style. He writes:

"In so far as giving coherence and completeness [to my arguments] is concerned, I have generally satisfied my literary ambition; but I have fallen short of it in respect of literary form. The æsthetic sense has in this always kept before me an ideal which I could never reach. Though my style is lucid, it has, as compared with some styles, a monotony that displeases me. There is a lack of variety in its verbal forms and in its larger components, and there is a lack of vigor in its phrases. But the desire for perfection has in this, as in the building up of arguments, prompted unceasing efforts to remove defects" (vol. ii., p. 527-8).

After reading this, one is inclined to forgive Mr. Spencer not only for the dismal dulness of his way of writing, which has made so many people abandon the attempt to read any one of his books right through to the end, but even his extraordinarily assured judgments on the work of others, as when, after describing the failure of his efforts to read Plato, because he was "impatient with the indefiniteness of the thinking and the mistaking of words for things, being repelled also by the rambling form of the arguments," he adds: "Still, quotations from time to time met with lead me to think that there are in Plato detached thoughts from which I might benefit had I the patience to seek them out. The like is probably true of other ancient writings"(!!) (vol. ii., p. 517).

Nearly the whole of these bulky volumes is occupied either with the details, often very trivial, of Mr. Spencer's daily life, or with an account of the genesis of his principal books. Those who attach great importance to the so-called "Synthetic Philosophy" will, of course, value this account, and even for others it is not without interest. There are also three things less in

quantity, but better in literary quality, which deserve to be noted. One consists of the opinions he expresses on some of his eminent contemporaries. These opinions are but few, and we wish they had been more numerous, for they are written with vigor, and they throw a curious reflected light back upon Mr. Spencer himself. Of John Stuart Mill he writes with real appreciation of the elevation and generosity of soul which belonged to that excellent man; and he speaks in a warm and friendly strain of G. H. Lewes also, though in neither case does he give a finished portrait, nor show any special power of penetration. For Ruskin's writings he had, as might be expected, outspoken contempt.

"On opening Mr. Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' I found myself called upon to admire a piece of work which seemed to me sheer barbarism. My faith in his judgment was at once destroyed, and thereafter I paid no further attention to his writings than was implied by reading portions quoted in reviews or elsewhere. These, joined with current statements about his sayings and doings, sufficiently justified the opinion I had formed. Doubtless he has a fine style, writes passages of great eloquence, and here and there expresses truths; but that one who has written and uttered such multitudinous absurdities should have acquired so great an influence, is to me both surprising and disheartening" (vol. i., p. 403).

But his severest denunciations are reserved for Thomas Carlyle, whom, after having been taken to pay three or four visits, he found it best to see no more, because "I must either listen to his absurd dogmas in silence, which it was not in my nature to do, or get into fierce argument with him, which ended in our glaring at one another."

The second thing is his elaborate study of his various ancestors and relatives in the ascending line—a study conducted for the sake of showing what were the hereditary influences at work upon him. Among these are descriptions of his father, George Spencer, and his uncle, Thomas Spencer, which bring both men before us very clearly and vividly. They are as good as anything in the book, except perhaps the last part of it (the third of the noteworthy things above referred to). This part was written four years after the rest as a sort of postscript, and contains, under the title "Reflections," thoughts upon the relations of bodily constitution to mental phenomena, which pass into an analysis of his own intellectual and moral qualities, and end with a statement of the changes which his views on politics and religion underwent in later years. The last few pages are striking, and even rise into a sort of eloquence.

The book, taken all in all, will not raise its author's fame as an original thinker. There is, indeed, a curious want of fertility about it. He has, for instance, very little to say about America which is either novel or instructive, though he paid a tolerably long visit and saw people well worth seeing. But it gives the impression both of an extremely active mind, always searching for causes, and of an upright and firm character; and the very simplicity at which we smile leaves us in a frame of kindliness to one who was too serious to be ever cynical, and too bent on truth to be ever worldly. Even the composition of the book was not more due to the interest he felt in himself than to the belief he held that it is every man's duty to supply to science as many data for inquiry into psychological phenomena as his own experience can furnish. This he has certainly done; seldom has an autobiography better deserved to be called by the now popular name of a "human document," the complete unveiling of the things which most men conceal.

Manchuria: Its People, Resources, and Recent History. By Alexander Hosie, M. A., F. R. G. S., author of 'Three Years in Western China.' With map, diagram, and illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904. Pp. xii., 293.

The preface to this volume is dated December, 1900, but it deals so carefully and minutely with the conditions existing in Mantchuria that it is of great service in helping to an understanding of the questions at issue in the Russo-Japanese war, and of the probable progress of the campaign now going on. The volume is accompanied by a map which is a partial reproduction of the one prepared by the Chinese Eastern Railroad Company, substituting English transliterations for Russian. There are also thirty excellent photogravures, giving a vivid picture of many of the most interesting scenes and objects of the country. Though written by an Englishman, the volume bears no traces of antagonism to Russia, but seemingly treats all questions in an impartial manner. The chief value of the book consists in the fact that it is a detailed and painstaking account of the physical features of the country, of the agricultural and mineral products, and of the people themselves, with their special industries. The author also gives a detailed account of a journey from Newchwang to Kirin in the winter of 1895, as well as of his journey home through Siberia in 1900. In the volume will be found almost everything which the ordinary reader will wish to know concerning the region.

Mr. Hosie estimates the population to be about 17,000,000, nine-tenths of whom, however, are Chinese rather than Mantchus; and it is mostly confined to the southern province now occupied by the contending armies. As is often the case with other nations, so with the Mantchus—their success in war was the beginning of their decline. Following the conquest of China in the middle of the seventeenth century, the Mantchus remained in the conquered territory in large numbers to become a military caste. There, ever since, their descendants, in reward for slight military service rendered, are pensioned, as are also the majority of the Mantchus of mature age in their home country. This pension, while not sufficient to give them adequate support, is enough to take away from them that stimulus to earn a livelihood and to better their condition which, as the author says, "goes to make men and nations." The difficulty of drawing the Government pension while away from home prevents the pensioner from venturing out, as the Chinese do, to engage in enterprises of profit that might open to them elsewhere.

The area of Mantchuria is nearly 400,000 square miles, or about as large as the portion of the United States lying east of the Mississippi River and north of the Ohio, excluding New England. The country is full of undeveloped resources, since the Chinese Government has never established an orderly government over the northern provinces, and has, indeed, discouraged immigration into them. The result is that at the present time Russian settlers, to the number of nearly 2,000,000, are surrounding the northern half of Mantchuria upon three sides, and are led to cast wistful eyes upon its unoccupied land and upon the short lines of communication afforded by crossing this alien territory. The temptation is not unlike that which urges to unlawful aggression on the part of our own Western pioneers upon the Indian reservations. All these things should be taken into account in criticising the efforts of the Russian Government to open lines of communication across the country, and to secure such an orderly government that property could be protected and the regular settlement of the country encouraged.

For some years past, Niu-Chwang has been almost the only port open to commerce, and this because, before the construction of the railroad, there was no other port to which the produce of the country could be brought. The description given by the author of the traffic between Niu-Chwang and the interior is very interesting. During the spring, summer, and autumn the roads are so poor and the mud is so deep that extensive traffic by land is impossible. During that period, therefore, resort is had to boats of every sort, such as can descend the Liao River and its branches. Mr. Hosie estimates that 20,000 come down the river in a single season; but in the winters, which are very cold, the thermometer frequently falling below —30 degrees Fahrenheit, there is a constant stream of carts laden with the produce of the interior, bound for Niu-Chwang, where it will await the opening of navigation and the transfer to other countries by Chinese junks.

The unsettled condition of the territory is vividly described in the account which the author gives of the robber bands, of which such frequent mention is made in connection with the present war. These bands, well mounted and armed,

"swoop down on the villages, caravans of goods and travellers, and plunder and rob without mercy. Even the great trade highways of the province are infested with them. . . . Officials are sometimes carried off and held to ransom. There can be little doubt that these brigands have agents in the principal towns who keep them informed regarding the movement of treasure and valuables. . . . Indeed, brigandage in Mantchuria has given rise to the establishment of private insurance offices throughout the country. These undertake for a commission the safe conduct of goods and treasure from one place to another. Each office supplies the trader with its own distinctive triangular scalloped flag, which is planted on each cart in the caravan, and a few armed men are sent as a nominal guard. It is generally understood that the insurance offices have to pay blackmail to the brigands to insure respect for their flags, as the insurance guards are too weak to resist any determined attack. . . . Brigandage has practically become a profession in the central province; and even in the southern province, where it is less rampant, parents have been overheard discussing the advisability of fitting out their sons as highwaymen when everything else failed, and even a ragged mendicant bewailing his luck has been known to express the opinion that it would be far more profitable for him to be a brigand than a beggar, and that he only lacked the funds to secure an outfit" (pp. 169, 170).

It will be interesting to the critics of the present military situation who have ex-

patiated so much upon the inadequacy of the single-track Trans-Siberian Railroad to furnish supplies to a large Russian army in Mantchuria, to learn that 500,000 tons of beans are annually exported from the region—that is, a ton of beans for every Russian soldier if the army should be increased to half a million. The most important crop, however, is the tall millet (*Holcus sorghum*, L.), which furnishes food for both man and beast, and at the same time provides fuel and material for covering houses. But this is nearly all consumed in the country. Mantchuria is also an ideal wheat field, especially the northern provinces, so that flour is cheaper in Harbin than it is in Minneapolis. Indian corn, buckwheat, and barley are also raised in great quantities. The Russian army, therefore, is not likely to perish of starvation. Indeed, it is in an ideal situation for carrying on a prolonged contest with a Power advancing from the sea.

Encyclopædia Medica: Edited by Chalmers Watson, M. D., etc. Longmans, Green & Co. Vols. 7 to 13 inclusive. 1904.

The first six volumes of this important work have already been noticed in these columns, and the additional seven volumes to which we now call attention make the set complete. The whole may be taken as one of the fullest expressions of English thought on the nature, prevention, and cure of disease, and its contents are presented in such an excellent typographical form that the reading is easy and pleasant. If we might judge the Encyclopædia by its best articles, we could give it almost unqualified praise, and indeed it is well known that when a cultivated Englishman delivers himself upon a topic which he has really mastered, his exposition is certain to deserve attention both for its matter and for its style. Each one of the seven volumes contains papers which are of much importance and are likewise of interest to the general reader.

The reports of the Lunacy Commissioners of Scotland have always been regarded as authoritative, and the article by one of them, J. F. Sutherland, M.B., on the subject of "Lunacy" is therefore welcome. After a careful discussion of the question as to whether insanity is increasing, this writer says; "A full and fair consideration of the data available [for Great Britain] warrants the conclusion that the liability to insanity is not greater in the community now than formerly." He admits that the figures seem to tell another story, but gives four reasons to account for this: First, that the patients with relatively slight mental derangements are now classified in the official registers as insane; second, that aged persons are oftener treated in institutions and in private dwellings now than formerly; third, that well-to-do families are more ready than they used to be to hand over their insane members to the care of others; and, fourth, that the poorer portion of the community is more and more inclined to demand public aid. It is well known that the practice of boarding out the insane has obtained more fully in Scotland than in any other country, and in view of that fact the following statement is also noteworthy.

"From what has been written it will be apparent that the 'boarding-out' system of Scotland has had a long and successful history during the past forty-four years, and that such a system, *mutatis mutandis*, should have a distinct place in the lunacy administration of every country in which the individual treatment of the insane or the nearest possible approach to it, in which a normal existence as opposed to a conventional one, and in which the happiness and greater freedom of the patient among those of his own class, are aimed at. The present position of the system, as well as its extension, is also amply justified on economic grounds as well as by the singular immunity to the insane themselves from those accidents incidental to the general and to asylum populations, and from special accidents of the sexual, suicidal, and homicidal order, and by a remarkable immunity from similar accidents to the communities in which they reside, whose amenities and safety cannot really be said to have suffered during the forty-four years of its history."

"Malaria" is admirably dealt with by Dr. D. C. Rees of the London School of Tropical Medicine, in the light of the newer views respecting transmission of the disease by mosquitoes. This article is fifty pages in length, is excellently illustrated, and inspires the reader with a sense of entire satisfaction. "Maternal Impressions" are deposed from their pedestal as causes of mischief in an interesting paper by J. W. Ballantine. In spite of much popular belief to the contrary, it may be safely said that definite impressions have no power to perpetuate themselves as such. This has been the question really at stake, and since it is clearly shown that it can be answered in the negative, the scientific reasoner may be ready to admit in his turn that the state of the mind during pregnancy may in a very general sense affect the condition of the child. The article on the "History of Medicine," by E. F. Willoughby, is also one which the general reader as well as the practitioner can turn to with interest and profit. Francis Warner, well known for good work upon the diseases of school children, contributes an interesting paper of ten pages on the subject of "Physiognomy and Expression," and the statement which he makes fully justifies his claim that the facts here presented suggest principles by which we may be guided in making inferences as to mode of brain action in various mental states, as well as to the condition of brain disturbances. The descriptions and directions for examination which are here given should be familiar to every student of school hygiene. The important subject of "Tuberculosis" is also thoroughly discussed in an article of forty-five pages by Theodore Shennan, pathologist of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, which seems to contain everything of fundamental importance relating to the scientific and clinical aspects of the problem. Especially timely is the full treatment of the subject of tuberculosis of animals as compared with men. This has been a topic of acute interest ever since Koch's pronouncement of two years ago denying the possibility of contagion through cow's milk. This opinion is not sustained by the evidence which Dr. Shennan has collected.

On the other hand, the standard of excellence represented by these articles is not maintained as uniformly as one might expect, and some of the papers are marked by a certain crudeness in both conception and execution and are occasionally lacking in accuracy. An illustration of this last criticism is afforded by a statement in the article, otherwise excellent in many respects, upon "normal and morbid sleep." The writer discusses a theory of sleep which is based on the assumption that the nerve cells have a certain power of expanding and retracting their processes and thus altering their anatomical relations to each other; but instead of attributing this power to the nerve cell, he gives it to the "neuroglia," and says, "It is supposed that the pseudopods of the neuroglia are possessed with the properties of extending and contracting. When extension or relaxation occurs, the pseudopods intervene between the cells and their protoplasmic processes and the nerve branches, so that the passage of nerve current is either entirely stopped or considerably impeded, the amœboid movement of the neuroglia thus acting as the isolation of the nerve current." The writer seems, here, to have confounded a theory once offered by Cajal with the amœboid nerve-cell theory of Rückhardt and Duval. We are surprised, in looking over the article on "Typhoid Fever," to see how inadequate is the discussion of the theory and mode of administration of the cold-bath treatment. It has long been apparent that the subject of hydrotherapeutics has hitherto been neglected in England, and we have here an illustration of the fact. The cold bath is, to be sure, favored, but its mode of action is assumed to be that of an antipyretic only, and practically nothing is said about the significance of the "reaction," as indicating a tonic improvement in the circulation and the metabolism, which the best authorities consider as the important element in the treatment.

The American publication which stands nearest to the Encyclopædia is the 'Reference Hand-Book of the Medical Sciences,' now in process of publication. The latter will occupy a somewhat smaller number of volumes than the former, but, as it is printed in smaller type and double columns and on thinner paper, it will contain considerably more material, and the topics which are made the subject of brief statement or cross-reference are very much more numerous than in the English work. This, as it seems to us, is a distinct advantage. One wishes an Encyclopædia to have, in some measure, the qualities of a dictionary—that is, to be a book where it is possible to find, in alphabetical order, at least a guiding word on a great variety of topics. For example, volume eight of the Encyclopædia contains the subjects between Liver and Menopause, and it happens that the number of words given to the subjects within this range is not very different from the number employed for the same purpose in the 'Hand-Book of the Medical Sciences'; yet in the latter work more than twice as many minor topics are dealt with, either by a few words or by reference to headings under which they are to be found treated of at greater length.

As regards the arrangement of the different articles, we feel inclined to repeat a criticism which was brought forward in our review of the first six volumes, namely, that sub-topics are too often, and, as it seems to us, unnecessarily, divorced from the main subject to which they are naturally related. Thus "Refraction" and "Retina and Optic Nerve" are made the subjects of good articles standing quite apart from the other

papers on diseases of the eye. So, too, "Sciatica" is rather scantily treated of in two pages, with little reference to other forms of neuritis, and much the same may be said of a paper on the "Lumbar Region." To sum up, in this large work we have a collection of articles which, in the main, are excellent and valuable, but which do not cover the whole subject of medicine quite as completely as one might wish, and are not always arranged in the manner best calculated to afford instruction.

New Hampshire: An Epitome of Popular Government. By Frank B. Sanborn. (American Commonwealths.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904. Pp. 354.

The late Mr. Justice Strong, after his retirement from the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, being one day questioned as to a certain passage in one of his opinions, took shelter in the response: "Well, a judge, you know, always writes his opinion in a strait-jacket." In like vein we might speak of any one who has engaged to add a volume to this excellent American Commonwealths series. Material is so abundant that an author must possess, in addition to historical instinct, a fine sense of proportion, as well as the faculty of concise narration. Mr. Sanborn has achieved a literary success. He is the master of a style so charming, if not without its lapses,* that the reader who takes up this book will keep on reading until he finds that he is acquiring (if he had it not before) a personal liking for the author himself. In a frank and sweet-tempered tone the writer tells the story of the settlement, growth, and prosperity of his native State.

Mr. Sanborn is a man of letters, for when he would have you know that there are twenty mountains in the State that exceed 4,000 feet in height, he adds, "higher, that is, than Cithæron in Attica." But he is more: he has enjoyed an experience in the administration of public charities, has known intimately public men and measures. He has improved these opportunities to observe how far current history is shaped by leaders; and when he takes up the pen to write of the past, he sketches this or that public man and fixes his rank with a fair estimate of his influence. When Mr. Sanborn writes of institutions, such as hospitals, prisons, and the like, it is as one having authority; and he points to statistics which seem to settle the question—if there be a question.

New Hampshire has suffered from the fact that hitherto her history has been written chiefly from the Puritan standpoint. Dr. Jeremy Belknap's work is a classic, but the author was of Massachusetts birth and a clergyman, and was in some directions deprived of original material long since accessible to us. Half a century ago a new school of investigators, natives of New Hampshire, began to bring to light facts proving that much already written about the early settlement of the State needed to be corrected. Mr. Sanborn has judiciously availed himself of the labors of these local historians.

Having spoken of merits, we shall proceed to point out a few instances in which the writer has fallen into error, in the hope that in a second edition all such blemishes will have disappeared. At page 2 we read: "Captain Mason must be called the founder of New Hampshire, which it is doubtful if he ever saw, though he gave the Colony its name, and furnished a name for its first city, Portsmouth—deriving both from southern England, where for years he was governor of Portsmouth." Mason did *not* give the name to what is now Portsmouth, formerly Strawberry Banke. That name originated in a petition—the same that is referred to by Mr. Sanborn at page 44—from Puritan inhabitants of the settlement in 1653, addressed to the General Court at Boston. They asked to have the bounds of the place laid out, and gave reasons why it should be called Portsmouth. To honor Mason was farthest from their minds. Portsmouth is *not*, nor has it ever been, the "first city" of New Hampshire, either in point of population or date of charter. Capt. Mason certainly was not Governor of Portsmouth "for years." He was made Captain of Southsea Castle, a fortress at the entrance of the harbor of Portsmouth, in 1634, and he died in 1635. It is more than doubtful whether Mason was ever "Governor" at all. The records show that Sir Edward Cecil, Viscount Wimbledon, was Governor of Portsmouth from 1630 to 1638 (Robert East, 1891, p. 637). Spight prints a copy of an order by Wimbledon as Governor, dated October, 1635, and Mason did not die until November (or, some say, December) of that year. Besides, upon the tablet set up in the Garrison Chapel of Domus Dei by New Hampshire contributors (some of them heirs of Mason) the inscription recites that Mason was Captain of Southsea Castle. No mention is made of his having been Governor. In fine, we may say that all the evidence points to the conclusion that Mason never reached this greater distinction. It is fair to say that Mr. Sanborn here only follows Belknap and other writers.

Mr. Sanborn says that Mason or his friends sent over several persons who fell within the description of "a loyal clergy selected by careful English bishops, who should preach passive obedience" (p. 9). It would be difficult, we fancy, to name even three or four of these "several" clergymen so "sent over."

In his earliest mention of Webster, our author remarks: "His manly eloquence was first exhibited at Washington in opposing the administration of Madison and the war with England; his antagonists being Calhoun and Clay, with whom for more than thirty years afterward he was either in conjunction or opposition—seldom carrying his measures, but always superior in oratory" (p. 247). The allusion is to the speech delivered in January, 1814. Mr. Clay took no part in the debate. He was Speaker, but he resigned that office on the day Webster first spoke, and soon afterwards went on a diplomatic mission to Europe.

Of New Hampshire's conduct in the war for the Union we read:

"Among those who raised and commanded regiments of volunteers for the war were a nephew of President Pierce, two of the Congressmen, Gilman Marston and Mason Weare Tappan, T. J. Whipple, an eccentric officer of the regular army, and others who distinguished themselves in battle or siege. In the navy, conspicuous commanders were Admiral Winslow of the *Kearsarge*, which sunk the corsair *Alabama*; his lieutenant, Thornton, descended from Matthew Thornton; Admiral Belknap, and others" (pp. 310-11).

Marston was a Congressman, and he commanded, but he did not raise, a regiment. Tappan raised and commanded a regiment, but he was not a Congressman, his term having expired before the war began. Whipple was not an officer of the regular army. He was a brilliant ("eccentric" is an epithet that may or may not apply) lawyer, who had been a lieutenant in the Mexican war, but he resigned in 1848 and returned to the practice of his profession. Captain (not Admiral) Winslow commanded the *Kearsarge*. He was born in North Carolina and appointed from that State, and had no connection with New Hampshire. Thornton, the executive, was a lieutenant-commander, who deserves unstinted praise for fighting the ship. The fact should have been stated that nearly the entire crew were New Hampshire men, enlisted from Portsmouth and its neighborhood. Belknap was a lieutenant-commander during the war. Fully as conspicuous was John Grimes Walker, also a lieutenant-commander, now a rear-admiral on the retired list and the head of the Panama Commission. Not a word is said of Dix or Butler, both of New Hampshire birth.

Mr. Sanborn seems determined to keep John P. Hale out of the Senate during the war. At page 298 and again at page 311 he sends Hale to Spain in 1861. Of course, it should be 1865. Hale served a full term as Senator from New Hampshire, until March 4 of the latter year.

When our author touches upon the subject of public libraries, he omits to tell us that to his native State belongs the honor of being the first in the Union to pass a law authorizing towns to grant money to establish and maintain a free library.

The volume is handsomely printed and has a good index.

The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland, or the Story of the Land League Revolution. By Michael Davitt. Harper & Bros.

Mr. Davitt's name is pretty familiar all over the world. He was a principal actor in the events related in this book, and had exceptional opportunities of knowing the undercurrents of the movement he describes. Convicted of Fenianism at the age of twenty, he spent eight years in penal servitude. Released on ticket of leave, he devoted himself to the service of the Irish people, and took a leading part in the Land League revolution, which, he says, "sprang without leaders from the peasantry." Under the coercion régime with which the British Government sought in vain to repress the new spirit, Davitt served several short terms in prison for speeches in support of a constitutionally organized resistance against the Irish land system. He entered Parliament, and resigned after a few years as a protest against the South African war.

As far as possible for one who was a leader in the movement, Mr. Davitt sinks his own personality, and, though the story is told with intense bitterness, the bitterness is against the system, not against persons. The movement which commenced in 1879 by the establishment of the Land League of Mayo was

*Thus, at page 299 we read: "It is noteworthy that for a brief period in 1851-52, six of the most active statesmen and publicists of the nation, Webster, Cass, Greeley, Hale, Chase, and Pierce, were all born in the small State," etc.

the first organized resistance to "landlordism" in Ireland. The crash in agricultural prices in 1878-9 had left the rackrented peasantry at the mercy of the landowners and their agents. In former periods of distress, in the great famine of 1847, the people paid their rents, suffering starvation, or left their homes and died on the roads and in the ditches. With a few exceptions it had been the teaching of the clergy and the popular leaders that it was preferable to die rather than "defraud the landlord of his rent." Another gospel had been preached by a few. Archbishop Hughes in New York said: "There is no law of heaven, no law of nature, that forbids a starving man to seize on bread wherever he can find it, even though it should be the loaves of propitiation on the altar of God's temple." As a curate, Archbishop Croke had preached the same gospel, and, in spite of the unmeasured condemnation of the League by other Irish bishops, he was a stout upholder of Land League principles in 1880.

The Land League was inaugurated at a meeting held to protest against evictions threatened by a Catholic priest, acting as executor of his brother, who had raised the rents to an impossible figure. Archbishop McHall denounced those who held the meeting. In the House of Commons the chief secretary described the leaders as "a clerk in a commercial house, a discharged schoolmaster, and a convict on ticket of leave," and the meeting as of no importance. This was received with loud laughter and cheers, but "behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." From the despised meeting sprang the Irish Land League, the National League, the National Federation, and the United Irish League. Each of these has in its turn been suppressed or "proclaimed." Special coercion acts administered by subservient "removable" magistrates were passed; thousands of citizens were imprisoned on suspicion, or for offences which were crimes only in Ireland; the guarantees of personal liberty under the British Constitution were suspended; juries were shamelessly packed; spies and *agents provocateurs* were employed by the Government; men and women were shot or bayoneted by the police in suppressing or dispersing otherwise peaceful meetings. For whistling popular tunes or singing Land League ballads, men, women, and children were arrested. By such means the Government kept the agitation alive, and occasionally revived it when almost dead. Such is the story told by Mr. Davitt with many graphic incidents, tragic, and sometimes humorous.

The cost of the struggle was heavy. The national organizations received not less than $6,000,000 at home and from abroad. It was spent in relief of distress, in supporting evicted tenants and their families, in Parliamentary and election expenses, on lawyers in state trials, in payment of organizers and publishing Land League literature. What the Government spent in combating the movement is beyond computation. Besides extra police, additional magistrates, heavy fees to lawyers in the state trials, and spies, there were many military expeditions, most of which were ludicrous fiascos. Towns and villages were often surrounded with police and soldiers, and every house searched, usually in vain, for arms. Two thousand soldiers were sent to Mayo to protect fifty emergency men sent down to save Capt. Boycott's harvest. This was one of the few sucessful military operations of the campaign. The career of Parnell, the conspiracy of the London *Times*, abetted by the Government; the trial of the Land Leaguers, at which the forgeries of Pigott were so dramatically exposed—are a political romance; a true story, stranger than any fiction, told by the person who best knew the plots and counterplots of the case, the chief actors, and spies so lavishly paid.

Much, but not all that was aimed at, has been won. The bonds of landlordism have been broken, and its political power crushed. The last chapter, "A Future Racial Programme," contains a fair statement of the present political and financial relations between Ireland and England, and points out in moderate language what Irish reformers still desire to accomplish, and the lessons that may be learned from what has been done in the last quarter of a century. The leaders in this prolonged and partially successful movement were poor, some very poor men. The offences for which they were prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned were committed not for private profit, but from a sense of public duty. Were they wrong? "Go into the length and breadth of the world," said Mr. Gladstone, "ransack the literature of all countries, find if you can a single voice, a single book, in which the conduct of England toward Ireland is anywhere treated except with profound and bitter condemnation."

Mr. Davitt's book will interest others besides Irish readers. Cobden's prophecy that the crash of feudalism would be first heard in Ireland has been fulfilled, and the lessons taught by the Irish movement are likely to bear fruit in England. Mr. Davitt's concluding chapter is an earnest appeal for home rule in the interests of the British as well as of the Irish people.

Letters and Social Aims.—Poems. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

These are volumes viii. and ix. of the centenary edition of Emerson's Works. The notes in no way fall short of the standard of excellence set by the first volume of the set. There are about ninety pages of these in the prose volume, and about 115 in the 'Poems,' the difference being less than we expected. The filial editor avails himself of a preface to 'Letters and Social Aims' to pay a handsome tribute to Mr. J. E. Cabot, Emerson's biographer *par excellence*, and in a very special manner Emerson's assistant in the preparation of this volume for the press at the time of its first publication in 1874. So liberal was his help in the choice and arrangement of the matter that Emerson disclaimed all credit for the good fortune of the book—in speaking of it to Mr. Cabot always calling it "your book." An interesting feature of this volume, as of those preceding it, is the identification of persons left by Emerson within the veil of anonymity. The identifications are not always flattering—that of Thoreau, in one place, for example: "I have seen a man of genius who made me think that if other men were like him, coöperation would be impossible. Must we always talk for victory and never once for truth, for comfort or for joy?" Very different is "an American to be proud of," who is identified with John M. Forbes. To the splendid pages accorded him in the essay "Social Aims," we have an addition of two pages in the notes taken from Emerson's journal. Sometimes the identification mars the original effect, as where Lewis Cass proves to have been one of the interlocutors in a very impressive story which finds its place in the essay on "Immortality." The folly of arguing from this essay to Emerson's latest opinion on the subject is evident when we are told that parts of the essay are divided by a width of fifty years. Many of the essays in this and other volumes are subject to the stress of this bewildering circumstance. Mr. M. D. Conway would fain persuade himself and us that Emerson was Darwinian (not merely evolutionist) five years before the appearance of the 'Origin of Species.' But the editor informs us that Mr. Conway's conclusive paragraph is missing in the lecture of 1854, and believes that Emerson inserted it much later. Darwin is mentioned in the paragraph, but Mr. Conway thought Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather (the editor writes "the father") of Charles Darwin, was intended.

The changes in this edition of the 'Poems' from the Riverside edition, the fullest heretofore, are considerable in number and importance. "The Sphinx" no longer confronts us on the threshold; in its place we have the earlier "Good-bye, proud world!" With Emerson's poems addressed to Ellen Tucker, his first wife, are placed two of her poems, not undeserving the juxtaposition. Nearly all the poems printed in the Riverside appendix are retained, and a few are added. A few others have been transposed from the appendix to a series of some twenty early poems which have much interest of an autobiographical character, and a good deal beside. If the lyrical is the subjective, these poems are intensely lyrical. Their form is better than that of the poems written in Emerson's next and most fruitful period, but much more conventional. The son remarks the more musical form of the poems gathered in 'May Day and Other Pieces' (1867), but there was no return to the earliest form; the new music was his own. A good many variants from the published lines are given in the notes; also many "rhapsodies," as the editor calls the germinal forms in which the poems were first entertained. Some of these have a keener verve than the completer forms. The original prose forms of many pieces are also given. Those of "Seashore" and "Two Rivers" are extremely interesting. The prose form of "Seashore" is too dithyrambic to be good prose, while still it falls far short of the poem it foretold. It is a strange thing that the prose anticipation of "Days" is not given, for it was hardly less magical than the final achievement, which Emerson conceived to be his best in poetry. A year after writing it (1852) he could not remember how or when he wrote it and had a feeling about it similar to Dr. Holmes's about "The Chambered Nautilus"; "When I wrote that, I did better than I could." Of "The Problem" we are told that it came to him, like the Divinity School Address, without the usual experiments and delays. "No fragments, no trials remain; much fewer verbal changes than is usual appear in the manuscript book of poetry, and not one since the poem saw light in the first number of the *Dial* in July, 1840."

The note on "Uriel" confirms the faith of many persons that the poem is a daring allegory of Emerson's personal experience; the "young deities" figuring the Cambridge divinity students, the "stern old war-gods" Prof. Andrews Norton; Uriel, Emerson himself. "The poem, when read with the Divinity School Address, and its consequences, in mind, is seen to be an account of that event generalized and sublimed—the announcement of an advance in truth, won not without pain and struggle, to hearers not yet ready, resulting in banishment to the prophet, yet the spoken word sticks like a barbed arrow, or works like a leaven." An interesting particular is the changing of the date of the "Concord Hymn," the one poem of Emerson's to which Matthew Arnold conceded "wholeness of tissue" (sure proof he had not read them all) from 1836 to 1837. Of the "Threnody" we are told the first part, lamenting the lost child, was written soon after his death, and the consolatory part some time later. Beautiful passages are given from letters and journals prefiguring the Ode, but the terrible coldness of the passage in the "Experience" essay on the transiency of the father's sorrow has barred it out. There is evidence that Emerson did himself great injustice in that passage.

The photogravure accompanying the 'Poems' is the most pleasing, though not the most significant presentment we have ever had of Emerson's face. It is now published for the first time, except that it was used upon the programme of the Concord celebration of Emerson's birthday May 25, 1903, It was better printed there than here.

The Golden Trade; or, A Discovery of the River Gambra and the Golden Trade of the Æthiopians. By Richard Jobson, 1623. Now reprinted for the first time. Teignmouth (Eng.): E. E. Speight and R. H. Walpole.

The new series of the "Saracen's Head Library," entitled "The Mary Kingsley Travel Books," opens auspiciously with a reprint of the above rare tract. The author was the commander of an expedition sent out by the "Governour of the Countries of Ginney and Binney," and other adventurers, to explore the River Gambia and to discover, if possible, the source of the gold brought to the west coast of Africa by the "Moores of Barbary." Jobson succeeded in ascending the river several hundred miles, and established friendly relations with the natives, but he learned nothing new about the gold country, except that farther in the interior was a "great Towne, the houses whereof are covered onely with gold." Evidently an intelligent man and a keen observer, he kept a journal which Samuel Purchas read with such interest that he laid "as it were a commande upon" Jobson to write a full account of his travels, "which by publishing may first tend, unto the advancement of God's glory, and next undoubtedly the honor, wealth, and preferment of our owne nation." Purchas himself printed in his "Pilgrims" the main facts of the voyage.

Jobson wrote in such an involved style that he is at times difficult reading, but his purely narrative passages are graphic and apparently truthful. There are few examples of the credulity which characterized many of the early explorers. An exception may possibly be found in his account of the "Babownes" and the

"kind of common wealth that is amongst them. . . . Wee have seene in the desert places they use, trees and plants, wound and made up together in that artificiall manner, and wrought together with that thicknes over head, to keepe away the sun, and shade the ground, which hath bin beaten, & smoothed under neath, and all things in the manner and shape of an excellent arbour, which place they have only used, and kept for their dancing and recreation."

He evidently inclines to "the opinion the Spaniard holds of them, and doth not sticke to write it, that they are absolutely a race and kind of people, who in regard they will not bee brought to worke, and live under subjection, refuse to speake." This explanation of the dumbness of apes appears to be the origin of the following passage in one of Rousseau's letters (to Hume, March 29, 1766). The recluse of Wootton tells of his refraining from speaking English in his new surroundings: "C'est à peu près la ruse," he says; "des singes, qui, disent les Nègres, ne veulent pas parler quoiqu' ils le puissent, de peur qu' on ne les fasse travailler." The Abbé Raynal's voluminous redactions might, if one had the patience, prove to be the medium through which Rousseau came in touch with Jobson. A variant, ascribed to the Philippines, is, that the apes are silent in order to escape taxation.

Jobson describes by hearsay a tribe who will not suffer themselves to be seen by the traders because their lower lip is "of that greatnesse, it turnes againe, and covers the greater part of their bosome." Hence the salt and beads they desire are left by the merchant, who on his return finds gold laid by them which, if it is a satisfactory amount, he takes and leaves the goods. Comparatively little space is given to the author's personal experiences, but the larger part of his narrative is concerned with the country, its strange fauna and flora, the various races of people, their manner of living, and religious rites. The most interesting people were the Marybucks or priests of the country, who "acknowledge Mahomet" and are noted for their temperance and truthfulness.

The reprint is edited, without notes, by Charles G. Kingsley, and has woodcut ornamentation (based on West African designs) by R. M. Nance.

Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit. By Auguste Sabatier, Late Dean of the Protestant Faculty of Theology in the University of Paris. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

M. Sabatier was already a sick man when he finished this book in December, 1900. He would first rest himself with a journey to Palestine, then spend three months revising what he had written. The journey did not come off, nor the revision. In February, 1901, he was taken fatally ill and died the following April. But his orders were peremptory: whatever happened, his book must appear, his colleagues, Ménégoz and Roberty, doing the revision. They have done their work with perhaps too much of pious respect for the mere form in which M. Sabatier left his matter. This is exceedingly diffuse and redundant, especially in Book III. It is certain that, if M. Sabatier had done the revision, it would have been much more thorough. At the best he had a loose and flowing style, but as a piece of writing the present work is far below the level of his 'Outlines of Religion Based on Psychology and History,' the book which secured for its author a sudden reputation in the religious world, and especially among those who, so long as they can retain something of "the form of sound doctrine," do not care much if the substance is a minus quantity.

It is not easy to conceive why M. Sabatier should have been so anxious for the publication of the later book. Presented as a sequel to the former, it adds nothing to the line of thought which ran through that. What was most significant in that has here a weaker presentation. On the other hand, this gains by concreteness and explicitness in the parts assigned to the Religions of Authority. "We do not confute the old theologies," said Renan; "we explain them." So M. Sabatier: "The history of a dogma is its inevitable criticism." "Every system has its immanent logic which impels it toward its point of perfection, and, thus revealing its internal inconsistencies or insufficiencies, impels it no less to dissolution and ruin." An application of this principle to the Roman Catholic and Protestant dogmas of authority covers 250 pages of M. Sabatier's book, and just half as many are devoted to Book III., "The Religion of the Spirit." Hardly could anything be better than the temper in which the Roman Catholic and the Protestant dogmas are treated in the two earlier parts. The doctrine of evolution, in its diffusion through contemporary thought, has done no better service than inheres in the complacency with which historical forms of religion are regarded as inevitable steps in a progress of limitless perdurance. The treatment, here, is not formal or exact, except relatively to M. Sabatier's most characteristic style, but we have everywhere the impression of a man saturated with knowledge of the history which he details.

We have in Book I. first a definition of the dogma of authority and then successive chapters on the Church, Tradition, the Episcopate, the Papacy—never, anywhere, anything given outright, but everywhere that "development" which, confessed by Cardinal Newman, anxious to find some buffer that would soften the jolt of his transition from the Anglican to the Roman Church, has brought upon him the curses of his co-religionists over a wide area, with here and there the blessing of an Abbé Loisy or some kindred spirit. M. Sabatier's tribute to the grandeur of the Papacy at the height of its development does not stint admiration, nor does his appreciation of its salutary functions in the earlier stages of its course. A chapter of searching analysis is devoted to the Infallible Pope, arriving at the conclusion that in resting the dogma of infallibility on the Pope's *ipse dixit* the Papacy discredits him, itself, and the Church together. In a chapter, "The Future of the Papacy," a brilliant forecast of the inevitable conflict between infallibility and science, no sufficient account is taken of the differences of interpretation to which the dogma has already been subjected. Powerful organizations have an instinct of self-preservation that makes short work of formulas at any critical moment, and the

dogma of infallibility will as surely be a nose of wax in the hands of the papal politicians as our written Constitution is when a new chapter of "destiny" is to be written.

The argument of Book II. is that the infallible authority of the Bible has had as logical a progress to completion and dissolution as the Roman dogma. Necessity was the mother of its invention in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the Roman claim to infallibility inspired the Protestants to produce "something equally good." M. Sabatier is not superior to that manner of authority which leans assuringly on great names and high examples, and it is possible that he exaggerates the amount of free intellect involved in the beginnings of the Protestant Reformation.

As the positive part of M. Sabatier's exposition, his Book III., "The Religion of the Spirit," should be the most important, but it is actually the least important, because it reproduces his 'Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion' in a less admirable form. For lovers of clear thinking it will be disappointing, since it is extremely vague. Readers of scientific inclination, who have found their account readily enough in the preceding books, will imagine that in this, like foolish Ixion, they have embraced a cloud. The principal weakness is the apparently arbitrary identification of the Religion of the Spirit with Christianity. There is no satisfactory answer to Strauss's objection, "The Absolute does not descend into history; it is against all analogy that the fulness of perfection should be met with at the outset of any evolution whatsoever." It must be confessed that M. Sabatier hastens to denude the founder of Christianity of everything adventitious. His theological, equally with his scientific, opinons were, we are told, the children of his time. Indeed, the attenuation is too absolute. Even the contemporaries of Jesus must have apprehended his spirit through the form of his teachings and his life. We have only the teachings; and the earthen vessels (gospels and epistles) in which the treasure is contained have suffered grievously from the shocks of critical investigation, and much of their contents is dissipated. There does not seem to be enough left (M. Sabatier *judice*) to assure for Jesus that isolated dominance which M Sabatier ascribes to him. But what most disfigures his concluding rhapsody is the contemptuousness of his rejection of orthodox and rationalist alike as having no vital relationship with Christianity whatsoever. It is not easy to distinguish the temper here from that of the traditional dogmatist.

Marks on Old Pewter and Sheffield Plate. By William Redman F.R.G.S. Bradford, Eng. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This little handbook of seventy-six pages, with its somewhat disjointed collection of information, some fair illustrations of groups of vessels and indifferent ones of marks, may be of use to the collectors of pewter who have not access to Massé's valuable work on 'Pewter Plate,' lately reviewed in these columns; and to collectors of Sheffield plate for the information as to its mode of manufacture, taken from a paper read before a Sheffield society, in 1889, by its President, A. T. Watson, who was also Assay Master to the Sheffield Hall.

As the author truly says, in his preface, "While much has been written concerning Gold and Silver Plate, China, etc., Pewter has been almost altogether neglected. There is good reason why, we have no doubt. There are no hall marks and date letters on Pewter, such as we find on Silver Plate." Beginning with a chapter of "General Remarks" on the trade in England and Scotland, the cause of the almost total extinction of the manufacture of pewter is traced to the fact that

"since 1844, among the ordinary better-class people, pewter has been replaced by earthenware, china, glass, enamelled and japanned iron, block (blocked) tin, and other cheap and handy utensils. Then came the discovery of more suitable silver and other alloys, such as white metal, Britannia metal, nickel silver, German silver, and electro-plated wares which are in appearance equal to silver. These causes together sufficed to banish pewter from our households, except in a few instances, and, until lately, few ventured to let them see the light of day, while the majority had long since sent them to the melting-pot as useless lumber."

Extracts from the History of the Pewterers' Company, by Charles Welch, are followed by a "Description of the Illustrations," "Odd Bits about Pewter," "Hints to Collectors," "Prices," "How to Clean," "Dating Pewter Ware," and a reference, with some of the illustrations, to J. Starkie Gardiner's interesting paper read before the Society of Arts, London, and published in full in the *Journal*, June 1, 1894. The particulars relating to the five remaining touch-plates of the Pewterers' Company are unreliable. Few would recognize the makers, John Baskerville, Thomas Scattergood, and Richard Dyer, in "John Baskerusle," 'Thomas Attergood," and "Richard Due." An abridged Summary of Pewter Pieces, taken from Trollope's 'Church Plate in Leicestershire,' is very misleading. In the original, where the vessels are dated they are noted as "inscribed"; the majority, however, are referred to as "*circa*" such a date. Mr. Redman has omitted these important points: the dates are given as fixed. The remainder of the book is devoted to Old Sheffield Plate, an account of the trade in which is extracted from Hunter's 'History of Hallamshire.' A directory of the manufacturers of the latter half of the eighteenth century, with a list of their wares, is followed by paragraphs on counterfeiting, testing, etc., with illustrations of a few plate-marks.

One hint to collectors is of value. For the first sixty years after the discovery of the process (1742-1802), the copper was plated on one side only. In later years (1803-1850, when, on the introduction of electro-plating, the trade became almost extinct), it was found possible to coat the copper on both sides. From this it will be seen that most of the Sheffield Plate was made during fifty years. There is an inadequate general index.

Mediæval England. By Mary Bateson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

This work differs from most of its companions in the "Story of the Nations" series by excluding the element of political narrative. A chronological table of more than twenty pages in length is published at the close of the volume, but the text itself is wholly unmarked by anything which can be called annals. "My object," says the author, "has been to keep social rather than political facts in view, and throughout to supply by illustration from contemporary accounts some of the characteristic detail which is apt to be crowded out in political histories." The fulfilment of this idea gives us a most instructive and entertaining book on the life of England during the feudal period—a book wherein the results of erudition are brought together with great skill for the benefit of those who cannot pretend to study the subject at first hand.

Miss Bateson begins with the Norman conquest and ends with the Black Death. Her first subdivision of this period closes at the death of Stephen, and her third opens at the middle of the thirteenth century. The first part she styles "Norman Feudalism"; the second, "The Lawyers' Feudalism"; and the third, "Decadent Feudalism." But if throughout she makes the social activities of mediæval England centre in feudal institutions, she does not narrow feudalism to the relations of lord and vassal. Those who have read her excellent articles and notes in the *English Historical Review* need not have their attention called to her interest in municipal history. The development of town life is firmly outlined here, and the fortunes of the villein class are also described at length. Miss Bateson, like all who are not blinded by ignorance or prejudice, insists upon the fact of mediæval civilization, and, better than mere generalization, she illustrates it by examples of the most tangible kind. The chapters on the Church are particularly good, and there are separate studies of the part which was taken by the clergy in education.

During recent years our knowledge of mediæval life in England has been increased much more by the examination of legal and official documents, pay rolls, account books, etc., than by the study of more purely literary materials. Miss Bateson is conversant with the best technical literature of our day in so far as it touches upon her main subject, or indeed upon the minor subjects which she is led to consider. In a larger work we might have desired a more exhaustive treatment of difficult questions, like that of population, but we have observed no essential topic which fails to receive its proper share of attention. The best feature of the work is its control of striking and appropriate detail. Each chapter is a finished essay, which will be read with genuine pleasure by those who have mastered the elementary facts of English history. For beginners this book may possibly be too advanced; but for all who are not beginners or specialists, it possesses uncommon uses and attractions. The illustrations have been chosen with much judgment and are well reproduced.

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Davenport, Willard G. The Bible and the Church. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. 50 cents net.

English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Edited from Professor Child's collection by Helen Child Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge. (Cambridge edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.

Flanders, Henry. An Exposition of the Constitution of the United States. Fifth ed., revised and enlarged. Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co.

Gibb, E. J. W. A History of Ottoman Poetry. Vol. III. London: Luzac & Co.

Horton, Robert F. St. John. (Verse.) E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents net.

Jackson, E. L. St. Helena. London and New York: Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd.

Münsterberg, Hugo. Die Amerikaner. Vol 2. Berlin: E. S. Mittler & Sohn; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1904.

The Week.

For the second time in two years, the public has been threatened with an arbitrary deprivation, through a great strike, of a necessary of life. There was plenty of coal in 1902, and there is enough meat now, but the comfort of the 80,000,000 people is a thing of minor importance when labor and capital are settling "a little matter." Frequent and arbitrary and wholesale cut-offs of the food and fuel supply of mankind are a new factor in modern industrial life. The world has to be continually on its guard against floods and crop failures, and in many places against earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. To these contingencies must there now be added the danger of an abrupt denial of food and fire? The butchers' strike brings out clearly the difference in tactics between organized labor and organized capital. Capital may be, and no doubt is, as greedy and as unscrupulous as labor, but it has a better knowledge how far it is safe to proceed. It knows that there is a point beyond which it cannot go. A Trust is always on the lookout not to tax the community more than it will bear. Sometimes it errs, but is generally quick to retrace its steps. Unlike labor, capital hesitates to throw itself out of employment. Money must earn money. As a rule, and in the end, economic law will undo the evil wrought by greedy and scheming capitalists. They inflated speculation tremendously in the last six years, but now are submitting gracefully to the consequences. Unprecedented losses are being written off without a murmur. But labor has also been playing an audacious game. It has said, and is saying with redoubled emphasis to-day, "If you won't buy goods with the union label and made at union prices, you shall starve." Starve we shall not, but we may be put to a vast amount of inconvenience, and shall perhaps ask ourselves if unionism is not quite as much in need of restraint as capital.

"The wicked partner" who used to serve as the scapegoat for embarrassed gentlemen with reputations to lose, is now superseded by the "erring secretary." It appears that the failure of Burke and Herskovitz, the delegates of the United Mine Workers, to see the President on their first visit to Oyster Bay was due to a stupid blunder of the arrogant Mr. Loeb. "Clothed with a little brief authority," he sent the delegates packing while Mr. Roosevelt was closeted with some of the regular politicians. But the delegates of the United Mine Workers command votes, and, returning to Wilkes-Barre, telegraphed back to the effect that they must see "the Secretary dead or the President alive." The reply came from the President himself. "Might they see him? Why, dee-lighted! Credentials not required: come any time: Friday or Saturday, just as they chose." Where was the valorous Rough Rider, the strenuous upholder of the dignity of the first citizen of the republic? Manifestly, it is one thing to become interested in a coal strike when the Presidential election is far in the future, but quite another to listen to the woes of Colorado miners when the Treasurer of the Republican National Committee is about to visit Wall Street.

Delaware Republicans who have fought Addicks and all his works for so many years at such fearful odds, are justly indignant at the President's reward of the man who turned his coat in order to become Addicks's henchman, W. M. Byrne. "Is the President mad?" asks the Wilmington *Every Evening*. It goes on to recite the scandalous facts connected with the original appointment of Byrne, and the refusal of the Senate to confirm him, and asks whether Mr. Roosevelt is "bent upon carrying out the terms of his alliance with the corrupt influences of Addicks Republicanism," or "merely providing a living for William Michael Byrne at the expense of the Government." This indignant Delaware editor is evidently in need of a private lecture on "the larger good." Addicks is a threatening monster, of course, and Byrne is one of his most discredited tools; but if they can aid in bringing about the larger good of Mr. Roosevelt's election, it would have been a failure in his highest duty if he had hesitated a moment in striking hands with the man who is doing his best to disgrace and debauch Delaware.

Mr. Paul Morton intends to be every inch a Secretary of the Navy. What his predecessors have done he will do, and more—vastly more. All they could cry was, "We need a larger navy"; but how much larger, and for what specific purpose, they were unable to say. But our new Secretary knows exactly what he wants and why he wants it. In a few terse words he has stated his conception of the American fleet. The navy, he asserts, is "the watchdog of American commerce everywhere on the high seas." And he adds that it should be "the most formidable in existence." But does American commerce need a watchdog just yet? Most of it is carried on in foreign bottoms, and neutral ships make neutral goods. Certainly, we do not need the most formidable fleet in existence to protect the comparatively few ocean steamers that now fly the American flag. We are spending over $100,000,000 a year at present on our navy, but if Secretary Morton starts right in on the policy that is credited to him, we shall mount up to $200,000,000 in no time. England has appropriated about $184,500,000 for the present year, but when we have caught up with that figure we shall have to begin all over again, since she will at once go us several better.

The outcome of the fight for the control of the great railroads of the Northwest is as uncertain to-day as before the fatal May 9, 1901. The United States Circuit Court at Trenton has granted a preliminary injunction against the proposed pro-rata distribution of the assets of the Northern Securities Company. This is a victory for the Harriman or Union Pacific faction. The decision does not go into the merits of the question whether the Union Pacific people are entitled to receive back the identical Northern Pacific stock deposited by them when the Northern Securities Company was formed. It merely prohibits the last-mentioned from disposing of its Northern Pacific or Great Northern holdings, or from drawing dividends on them, until a decision of the case on a full and final hearing can be reached. It keeps the Northern Pacific stock from getting beyond the recovery of the Harriman interest in case the court decides in their favor in the end. The real outcome must, of course, remain in doubt. The Union Pacific people have an obvious stake at issue. Northern Pacific stock has gone up since the merger of 1901, and Great Northern down, which naturally makes them opposed to a pro-rata distribution of the Northern Securities Company's assets. Besides, a victory on the final issue would keep them from losing their hold on the Burlington road. The fight, however, is hardly likely to reach the acute stage of the early days of 1901. Neither Wall Street nor the railroad world has the inclination or the means for such a conflict. The real importance of the present injunction is that it makes a compromise seem more likely than before.

Are the Massachusetts Republicans after Lodge's scalp? His term expires next March, and his return to the Senate will depend upon the favor of the Legislature to be elected in November. But the spirit of Lexington and Bunker Hill is abroad in the Bay State. The movement for Canadian reciprocity, we

read, has developed into "one of the most widespread and spontaneous outbursts ever seen in New England." A committee of one hundred business men of the highest standing has been appointed to take charge of the campaign. It is openly declared that "Massachusetts has been misrepresented." The sentiment of the State is asserted to be "overwhelmingly" in favor of reciprocity, and of a kind "not confined to non-competitive products." The committee has issued an appeal to voters, irrespective of party, and is also circulating a petition for Republican voters to sign. The latter has an ominous ring. "We promise," it runs, "to attend the caucuses, and also to urge Republican voters not to nominate any person as a candidate for the State or *national* Legislature who is unwilling to commit himself clearly in favor of such reciprocal trade relations." As a result of only a slight effort, 15,000 Republican names have already been obtained, and signatures continue to come in at the rate of nearly a thousand a day. The fight is not against Roosevelt; but Massachusetts seems determined to have it cut with Lodge. Of course, it well knows that it has only to show a majority for reciprocity to convert him into its most ardent advocate.

Another Southern judge has come out against the "false standard of honor" which has led to so much needless blood-letting in the South. In charging the July Grand Jury at Montgomery, Ala., Judge W. H. Thomas of the City Court declared that he would continue to speak his mind upon this question of wholesale manslaughter until he convinced his juries of his earnestness in the matter. He had previously prepared tables showing that the rate of homicide is not due to questions of density of population, or race, or climate, or illiteracy, but to misguided public opinion. The judge then expressed the following admirable sentiments:

> "We all must condemn and punish the silly sentiment that avenges wounded honor or fancied insult with the life of its victim; to condone it is to place a premium on brute courage and to cheapen human life. . . . I, therefore, urge that you honestly investigate such offences presented, and base your findings alone upon the evidence, regardless of what any former grand jury has failed or refused to do, regardless of the findings of any coroner's inquest or of the opinion of committing magistrates; and without regard to the color or standing of the unfortunate victim. Let it ring in your ears and burn in your hearts that the blood of the slain cries out to you that the crime be avenged."

Had there been a few similar utterances from the bench of South Carolina in the last few years, such a shocking betrayal of justice as the acquittal of James H. Tillman for the murder of the editor of the Columbia *State* could never have come to pass. Judge Thomas deserves a place in the front rank of the distinguished Southerners who, like Bishop Galloway, Judge Emory Speer, Judge Jones, and others, are striving for the enforcement of the laws, the suppression of crimes of violence and of prejudice.

In the swift trial, conviction, and imprisonment of the three colored assailants of Mrs. Biddle, Jersey justice has been true to its traditions. The management of the whole affair by the authorities cannot be too highly commended. There was every circumstance to inflame public opinion against the miscreants, and the precautions taken by the civil and military officers to avoid mob violence were apparently fully justified. The cumulative sentences imposed upon each of the prisoners amount to forty-nine years each. Even the allowance granted for good behavior will not reduce this time to less than forty years and ten months each, so that the sentence in all human probability is imprisonment for life. Viewed from the legal aspect, it will be seen that the maximum punishment in New Jersey for criminal assault, to wit, fifteen years, is incommensurate with the gravity of the crime. In this case, it was possible to supplement the penalty for criminal assault with the maximum penalties for robbery and for an attack upon an officer of the law. But the Legislature of New Jersey will do well to increase the penalty for criminal assault. This case was determined by confession, without the testimony in open court of the victim, who was, indeed, too ill to appear. Such might often be the case in the South if the defenders of mob violence could rid their minds of the belief that terror is a necessary deterrent, or could forego the excitement of a man-hunt.

From Mr. Arnold-Forster's long-promised statement of his proposed reforms for the English army, it appears that England is to escape some of the lasting consequences of the Boer war, which threatened a year or so ago to add to her burdens. Immediately after that struggle her Imperialists would have it that she must place a much larger number of men in arms or else resort to universal compulsory military service. Only the other day a commission reported in favor of conscription for the militia. Fortunately, sufficient time has elapsed for the sting of England's humiliation to pass away. The militia report was promptly pigeonholed for all time, and now Mr. Arnold-Forster comes forward with a proposition to reduce the army by fourteen battalions of infantry. The Volunteer forces are to be reduced to 180,000 men, but these Mr. Arnold-Forster means to change from play soldiers into effective men of arms. The militia the War Secretary will not touch at present, "because public opinion is not ripe" for any changes. Yet the militia is the great feeder of the regular army. The shortening of the term of service to two years in the case of four out of five men in order to increase the reserve is in line with military progress in this and other countries, and is Mr. Arnold-Forster's really important reform. With England reducing her army, France her navy, and the Democrats proposing to cut down the United States army, it appears as if the recent alarming craze for militarism and war were beginning to subside.

Having settled the question of Asiatic coolies, the Transvaal is now deeply pondering the question of Asiatic traders. The coolies are a blessing to the country because they can be herded together in a compound and made to cheapen the cost of production of gold. Cheap gold is a good thing, but the South Africans believe with Secretary Shaw that cheap goods are a curse. Asia produces, however, able merchants as well as hard-working day laborers, and some of them have fixed their eyes on the Transvaal. They have rashly concluded that where there is plenty of gold there ought to be a chance to do some business. But the Government has been requested to take measures to prevent a further influx of Asiatics, "except Chinese laborers." The situation, indeed, is one that should call for the attention of Mr. Chamberlain himself. As a matter of fact, the Asiatics against whom legislative action is desired are not Chinese merchants, but his Majesty's own subjects from British India, whose frugality enables them to undersell the white traders. True, India is not a self-governing colony, but only a dependency. Still, as the King does not hesitate to employ her sons to fight his battles in Tibet, China, and Africa, it is hard to see how he can graciously refuse to let them sell small wares in the country towns of the Transvaal.

President Kruger's death in exile after the gradual failure of his mental powers, marks the end of an era. He was the ideal chieftain of the Protestant Burghers of South Africa—their Moses and their Joshua. He represented personally their unyielding, well-calculated courage, as well as their fanatical piety and their excessive love of a hard bargain. The strange mixture of sordidness and valor in his nature was typical of his generation of Boers. They feared God, brutalized the Kaffirs, and bled the British settlers—not a very amiable character, yet it gave the world a classic example of military heroism. A statesman Kruger never was. Indeed, it would have been idle to expect so much in one whom training had made a shrewd politician, after Nature had cut him out

for an unbending leader of a chosen people.

The French Parliament has adjourned with a considerable record of achievement. At the last moment Premier Combes was cleared of all suspicion in connection with the Chartreuse bribery scandal, but stood a little discredited for bringing formal accusations which he could not prove. Previously a commission had thoroughly whitewashed M. Pelletan, Minister of the Navy, whose incompetence seems morally demonstrated. Personally, then, the Ministry goes into vacation with some loss of prestige. Politically, however, M. Combes's expectation of life seems good. The prohibition of teaching by the religious orders—the chief measure effected by the present Parliament—is very popular, although it involves the subversion of religious liberty and enormous expense. Popular also is the quarrel with the Vatican, now prolonged by the failure to provide a salary for the French Ambassador. Apart from these contentious matters, the Combes Ministry has deserved well of the Republic and of civilization by reducing the naval programme and by relieving in many ways the hardship of compulsory military service. France alone of all the nations which give lip service to peace, has handled her armaments as if she took her own professions seriously. Here M. Combes's neo-Voltairism has produced good fruits.

If Pius X. has decided to discipline the Bishop of Laval, the Concordat will hardly survive the resulting quarrel. Bishop Geay himself is in the awkward dilemma that if he goes to Rome the Government will certainly dismiss him, while if he refuses to go, he may even suffer excommunication; whereas Pius X. can hardly ignore Bishop Geay's apparent insubordination without sacrificing the discipline of the Church, or punish the recalcitrant without depriving the Church of its historic privileges in France. That the Pope will proceed regardless of consequences may fairly be assumed. Yet any composition of the quarrel seems preferable. Unwittingly the head of the Church is making the Church seem the enemy of the State, and on a clear issue of Church against State, the Anti-clericals can undoubtedly sweep the country at the approaching elections. Of the religious warrant for the Pope's inflexibility we do not presume to judge; politically it is an act of high folly for the Church to let the issue be sharply raised in the present state of public opinion.

The recent elections in Holland strengthened the position of Premier Kuyper. The majority is composed of elements which have absolutely nothing in common except hatred of liberalism. It makes no distinction between the most moderate doctrinaire and the rabid Socialist. Dr. Kuyper certainly is a unique personality. He is a man of infinite tact, a great organizer and skilful debater, and also an uncompromising Calvinist, for whom the world has not moved since the sixteenth century. A Prime Minister and head of the Department of the Interior, who writes, at the same time that he is busily engaged in preparing legislation, a voluminous book "on the nature and appearance of angels," is certainly a remarkable anomaly in this century. Yet it is this union of practical sense with intense religious feeling which gives him his strongest hold on the lower strata of the people, who by recent legislation have received the electoral franchise.

The defeat of the Russians at Motien Pass is of interest chiefly as showing their growing tendency to assume the offensive, in which they are doubtless encouraged by the steady arrival of reinforcements. It implies, too, how little there was in those brave stories from St. Petersburg that the passes were abandoned with little or no resistance because this retrograde movement was in keeping with Kuropatkin's carefully made plan of campaign. It is now apparent that the passes were given up because the Russians could not hold them, and their importance is evidenced by this attempt to regain them as soon as the necessary forces for an attack were at hand. But, like most of the other Russian aggressive movements, it failed egregiously.

Germany has protested vigorously against the seizure of Japanese mails carried in a German merchantman. The case raises two interesting points in international law: First, what is the status of the Russian volunteer cruisers plying in the Red Sea? Second, what right of search or interception of mails may a belligerent exercise upon the high seas? It would seem that the Russian auxiliary cruisers are war vessels with all the rights of such. The fact that they passed the Dardanelles in the guise of merchantmen should not affect their belligerent status. It merely raises the question whether Turkey exercised a proper vigilance and faithfully observed her treaty obligations to the European Concert. The Russian cruisers, if they slipped through with their armament on board, were already war vessels, and may be thought of as having run successfully a diplomatic blockade. If, on the contrary, they fitted out at a foreign port, their condition is that of the famous Confederate cruiser *Alabama*. In any case, they are officered from the Russian navy, and rank as second-class cruisers. They can fairly be challenged only if they exceed the admitted rights of belligerents. The question whether they got out of the Black Sea legally is apart from the main issue.

Mails to a country at war are not contraband as such, and it seems certain that by sequestering all the Japanese mailbags for a day or two the Russian captain committed an offence for which his Government must apologize. Letters and dispatches relative to military operations are, however, contraband; on this point there is no difference of opinion. But here arises the very delicate question, Who is the judge? The French Foreign Office has attempted to place the whole responsibility upon the captain of the mail-carrying vessel. Germany apparently takes the view that Russia might properly have exercised a discretionary right of search on board the neutral vessel. Should the case come before an international tribunal, a very important item might be added to the law of nations.

A report of the American consul at Bremen, just submitted to the State Department, shows that there has been a relative decrease in the number of American students registered at the German universities. During the first semester of the current university year in Germany, there were in attendance but 317 students from the United States, as against 310 in 1900. The slight absolute increase contrasts with the marked growth of numbers in our colleges at home, and with the continued influx of students of other nationalities, especially the Russian, to the German seats of learning. The explanation is probably twofold. Our Mecca of learning has become cosmopolitan, and our home provision for advanced study has grown more inviting. Prof. J. M. Hart's little book upon 'German Universities,' published more than thirty years ago, had a surprising influence in turning many of our ambitious students to German institutions. But of late years France, Austria, and even England have awakened to the presence of the American student, and now vie with each other in proffering him privileges of study and investigation. Doubtless there has conspired with the causes already cited a growing distrust of the Ph.D. "made in Germany." It may mean much and it may mean little. Even when deservedly conferred, it is no complete evidence of the bearer's fitness to teach in an American college. The story is told of some English Premier who explained that in appointing judges he always chose a gentleman, and added, "if he knows a little law, so much the better." This may be a poor rule by which to choose judges, but something may be said for it as a recipe for selecting college instructors.

POINTS IN THE STRIKE.

In striving to think straight about the great strike in the packing industry, a preliminary warning should be given against falling into the fallacy of magnitude. The extent of a labor trouble of this kind does not alter the principle in issue. Whether it be a butcher's assistant who throws up his job in a retail shop in a country village, or 50,000 employees of millionaire packers who quit work, the economic and social and moral laws involved are essentially the same. This is not to say that the consequences in the latter case may not be enormously more disastrous than in the former. When organized capital on a large scale engages in a conflict with workingmen's unions whose membership runs into the thousands, the effect cannot but be far-reaching, and somebody is bound to get hurt. But the essence of the problem remains the same. The real questions, in one instance as in the other, are these: Was the demand for higher wages justified by the state of the industry and of the labor market? Were the further stipulations of employees such as their employers could not admit without surrendering control of their own business?

Those are the strictly relevant considerations. The threat of serious inconvenience to the public, large immediate money losses, and the certainty that the strike will, if persisted in, plunge many into misery, are all painful things to reflect upon, but do not touch the vital points at issue. Justice is justice, and social morals are the same, whether two persons or two millions are affected. Yet merely because the meat strike is of colossal size and bids fair to interfere with the comfort of half a nation, some people speak as though we were to abandon all our settled notions of the rights and wrongs of labor conflicts. But this is to let bigness count more than clearness.

On the first point—the demand for higher wages—the labor leaders have already confessed that they blundered badly. They misread the labor market. It became at once evident that plenty of men stood ready to take the places of the strikers. It was an ill-timed strike. Possibly the men had been misled by Republican panegryics on our unparalleled state of prosperity, in which employment was everywhere seeking the man; but anyhow they speedily found out their mistake. This is a period of falling wages, in spite of Dingleyism, and to strike for a higher rate of pay is folly. So the union immediately discovered; and, accordingly, on Saturday it abruptly withdrew its demand for an increase in wages.

In fact, it withdrew all its original demands, thereby confessing that the strike was not justified in the beginning. Still, though thus speedily driven to admit their gross error of judgment, the labor chiefs say they will not let the men return to work unless all are taken back in a body and the establishments of the packers are completely unionized. This the employers refuse to concede—in our opinion, properly. To discharge incontinently, at the option of organized labor, men who have come forward to prove in their own persons that no such thing as a labor monopoly exists, would be not only a grave injustice to them, but a knuckling under to a beaten union. What the strikers practically said was: "Increase our wages, for if you do not we will strike, and you cannot get men to do the work." Thereupon the employers set about getting new hands, and were successful. Then the strikers returned to say, in effect, "Well, we see now that we were wrong, so just discharge those non-union men and put us again in charge of your business."

Right there, it seems to us, the packers have a public duty to perform, and we hope they will not falter in it. It is high time that labor leaders were taught an emphatic lesson in as impressive a way as is now possible in the packing trade. They should have it borne in upon them that positions are not to be played fast and loose with. A man's job is no longer "his" if he throws it up without warning. When he "walks out" of the shop, he walks out of any fancied lien he may have had upon the right to work in that shop. This is the correct attitude now maintained by the packers. They agree to take back men as the latter may apply and may be needed; but they decline to displace the new workmen they have taken on, or to put their works again at the mercy of union dictation. If they are firm in their stand, as we sincerely trust they will be, they will do the labor unions and the whole country a good turn. Nothing is more important than to beat it into the minds of all concerned that the rules of the game must be observed; that if you take the risk of striking, you must abide by the penalties of failure; and that a labor monopoly, or an attempt to erect one, is as hateful as any other kind.

Apparently, all that is now left of the strike is the insistence of a blundering union that it be "recognized" and taken back to the work which it so foolishly abandoned. There can be but one end to this. The kind of "recognition" of which organized labor is in greatest need is recognition that its leadership is too often stupid and selfish; that its extreme pretensions are such as cannot be admitted for an hour; and that, in its policy of restricted output, in its willingness to make the consumer pay the enhanced cost due to its demands—as John Mitchell complacently proposed that the public should pay the increase in wages in the shape of higher-priced coal—and in its proneness to resort to violence, already in evidence in the meat strike, it makes itself an intolerable nuisance and a public danger.

THE LAW OF THE "CLOSED SHOP."

As the law now stands in Illinois, and a Wisconsin judge also so held last week, every agreement for the exclusive employment of members of a trade union is void. A strike for the purpose of having such an agreement made or carried out is not only illegal, but criminal. These principles were laid down by the Appellate Court of the First District of Illinois, the decision being subject to review by the Supreme Court. The text of the decision has now been published, and the importance of the issue should cause it to be subjected to the scrutiny of the whole country.

However mean and selfish the policy of the trade unions may be, we doubt very much if their agreements for the "closed shop" either are illegal or ought to be made so. The sole principle which the law ought to maintain is the right of free contract. Every man should be protected in his bargaining for work, and in carrying out his bargain. To prevent him by violence, or by the threat of violence, is everywhere illegal; and if the law were enforced, it is probable that very few strikes would succeed, except those which ought to succeed. To prevent a man from making a bargain by any means not involving force is a different matter. It is not wrong to dissuade a man from doing what we think will injure us, or injure others, or injure himself. It may be morally, although not legally, wrong to tell a man that if he makes a certain bargain we will have nothing to do with him, and will persuade others to have nothing to do with him. But when we agree with others to apply the boycott, the character of the act is materially changed and the law of conspiracy may apply. This law is far from settled; but it is not commonly understood to be what it has been declared to be in Illinois.

The statute relied on by the court declares that "if two or more persons shall combine for the purpose of depriving the owner or possessor of property of its lawful use and management, or of preventing, by threats, suggestions of danger, or by any unlawful means, any person from being employed by, or obtaining employment"—such persons shall be fined or imprisoned. It is further provided that if "any person shall, by threat, intimidation, or unlawful interference, seek to prevent any other person from working or from obtaining work," the offender may be fined. In the case just decided, there was a strike for the purpose of making an employer agree to employ only union men. The court declares that this was an unlawful purpose. The men conspired to injure the business of the employer, and a business is property.

This, however, is the crucial point. It cannot be maintained that every strike is unlawful; yet every strike must injure the property of the employer. This indicates that the statute was too broadly construed by the court. Freedom of contract means freedom not to contract, and freedom to agree with others not to contract. In a large sense, the men in this case did combine for the purpose of preventing the owners of property from making a lawful use of it. But a penal statute is to be construed strictly; and when the quality of an act depends on its purpose, we must judge of purpose, or intent, by the consequences which naturally follow an act. Now, a strike like this, although temporarily injurious, does not necessarily deprive the owner of the lawful use of his property. To hold otherwise is to forbid workmen to leave their employer when it causes him damage. For all that appears, the employer in this case might have at once filled his shop with non-union laborers. The question is whether a combination of workmen for the purpose of getting work from an employer to the exclusion of other workmen has for its purpose to deprive the employer of the lawful use and management of his property. To hold that it is, would be to lay down a principle that would have dangerous consequences.

The Illinois court declares that the attempt to make the employer sign an agreement to employ only union men constituted such duress as would have made the agreement void. Duress exists when one "is constrained, under circumstances which deprive him of the exercise of free-will, to agree," etc. It seems impossible to maintain that an employer can be deprived of the exercise of free-will by anything short of violence or the fear of violence. It may be very alarming to have to face a strike or a boycott; but determined men do not yield their independence whenever they are threatened with pecuniary loss. Nor does the assertion of the court that the agreement in question tends to create a monopoly in favor of the members of trade unions seem to be very conclusive. Many things "tend" to create other things, without actually creating them. There are not many monopolies, in the strict sense of the word. The strike was to secure employment for union men at a particular shop; there may have been employment for non-union men elsewhere. If every contract which "tends" in any degree to create monopoly is void, half the business of the world is unlawful.

We have little doubt that if the Supreme Court of Illinois sustains the decision just made, it will be solely on the ground that a criminal conspiracy existed. If that is held, the right of workmen to agree to cease working for an employer, that is, to "strike work," is denied. Individuals may withdraw, but they must do so without combination. This would put an end to "collective bargaining," which is the cornerstone of trade unionism. It is abundantly asserted that the cause of "labor" has been mightily advanced by such bargaining; but, be that as it may, no doubt exists that a large number of citizens outside the laboring class would be exasperated if striking were made a crime. It is folly to call any act a crime that is not condemned by all, or nearly all, the members of a community. It means another statute that cannot be enforced, and a further obstruction to the administration of justice. The all-important thing, we repeat, is to enforce the law against violence so vigorously that any man may apply for work wherever he pleases, without fear of bodily harm. Until this clear right is protected, it is no gain to have the law recognize other dubious rights; and, when it shall be protected, strikes and boycotts will become insignificant.

THE NEW INDIAN.

When Senator Dawes, nearly twenty years ago, carried through Congress a law securing for the Indian a home which he could possess and improve exclusively in his own right, he foresaw all too clearly the perils to which a red man would be exposed as soon as the whites around him realized that he had something more of which he could be stripped. Hence was inserted in the act a provision that the land allotted to an Indian should be inalienable for twenty-five years, and free of taxes during the same period. But the white frontiersman was not frightened by that. There was no law to prevent an Indian's leasing his allotment to a white man; and the exemption of his acres from taxation did not involve the exemption of the personal property which the Indian might acquire in making his acres habitable. So in due course the bulk of the Indian allotments, and no small share of what they produced, found their way by one device or another into the control of the white man. In order to prevent the complete denudation of the Indian, the Government insisted upon the approval of every lease by the authorities at Washington, and of late has even designated sundry district attorneys to appear for Indians who are unrighteously taxed.

Again the frontiersman proves equal to the emergency. He taunts the Indian with letting the Government treat him like a child, and tells him that he ought to assert his manhood, shake himself free of such leading-strings, and strike out for himself. A red man who has acquired the dangerous little of learning, who can speak broken English and write his own name, falls a ready victim to that sort of flattery. The result has been the rise of the "new Indian," who insists that he has a right to lease his lands to whom and at what rental he pleases, independent of any outside interference, and who retains private counsel at fat fees to do for him in the courts what the Government's lawyer is willing to do without compensation. With the invasion of his landholdings by railroads, the Indian finds a further reason for insisting upon his independence. The Government, anxious to protect him, employs agents to assess the value of so much of his land as a road takes for its right of way, and to fight for a proper compensation; but the frontiersman whispers in his ear: "These Government fellows are all in collusion with the railroads. They accept a small price for you, when, if you did business for yourself like a white man, you could get a big price just as well."

So, step by step, the new Indian has been egged on to strike for his emancipation. The Government still holds fast to the principal of the trust funds on deposit in the Treasury for the account of the several tribes, paying the tribesmen only the interest. The new Indian now wishes the Government to do with the money on deposit what it has done with the land in many of the reservations—divide it up, and give to each individual his share. His dream is of the time when every red man can wave a last farewell to his Federal guardian and live his own life as the white man does.

Let it be noted that all Indians are not new Indians. There is still a large remnant of the race who believe generally in the beneficence of the Great Father and his Council at Washington, and refuse to be drawn into any scheme looking toward separation. They frankly say that they cannot cope wth the white man in doing business in the white man's way. Hitherto, all Indians have been grouped together in the laws. The Dawes act, for example, authorizes the President, in his discretion, to allot the land of any tribe in severalty, not to those members of the tribe who wish allotments, but to all alike. No recognition of the individual traits, wishes, interests, or advancement of any Indian appears in the act except in prescribing the privileges of one who has cut loose from his tribal entanglements and taken up land like an ordinary homesteader.

The opening of the Indian Territory, where all the most powerful elements of the population belong to the "educated" class, has been seized upon by the advocates of individualism as the opportune time for making a change in the practice of generations. The latest Indian budget bill authorized the removal of all restrictions upon the alienation of their lands by any of the members of the Five Civilized Tribes who desired it, and who could satisfy the Secretary of the Interior of their ability to care for their own affairs. This is but the entering wedge.

From now on we may expect, at frequent intervals, the release of one tribe after another from its unqualified tutelage. The Secretary of the Interior has laid down a code of rules for judging of the fitness of an Indian applying for emancipation. The present Secretary is paternal and conservative in spirit; his successor may be an easy-going man or a radical. The regulations prescribed by one Secretary are amendable at will by another, and the trend of events is toward the extinction of differences of status between the two races. What else is to be looked for, then, than the gradual merger of the guarded Indian system of landholding into the free tenure of the white man?

The generation of Indians now passing away remains distrustful of its powers, while the one coming on is, as a rule, either indifferent or independent. At the instigation of their white neighbors, and able to make a brave show of their smattering from the schools, they will soon be rid of all obstacles to the disposal of their land as they choose. Does any one suppose that the money in the Treasury will be long in following the land? It will not do to say that the great change which is impending will be wholly bad for the Indian. A percentage of the race will survive the upheaval the rest bring on; and they will be a contingent worth saving. Perhaps, as to those who fall by the wayside, it may be consoling to reflect that to have retained them longer under the pauperizing influences of the system on which they have been reared, would have been merely to postpone the evil day, not to avert it.

THE BRITISH SITUATION.

Lord Tennyson exercised a hereditary poetic license on Thursday, at the Liberal Unionist Council, when he moved a vote of confidence in the Government's fiscal policy. The Government, it need hardly be insisted, has no fiscal policy. Mr. Balfour, in the famous Sheffield speech, made, to be sure, a profession of partial conversion to Mr. Chamberlain's Imperial Reciprocity creed; but Mr. Balfour has scuttled every time an attempt has been made to put the gist of the Sheffield speech into a Parliamentary motion of confidence. His free-trade Unionists he knew well would vote against him because he went too far; his Chamberlainite members, because he did not go far enough. So, deducting from the Government total of 383 votes about 80 free traders and 200 fiscal reformers, Mr. Balfour's personal following would appear as 103 in a house of 674. Naturally, then, he has been unwilling to divide on the fiscal issue, and very clearly Lord Tennyson's vote of confidence was not directed to Mr. Balfour at all, but to the President of the Liberal Unionists, Mr. Chamberlain.

To graft upon so obsolescent an organization as the Liberal Unionist League Mr. Chamberlain's Imperial Reciprocity plan required no extraordinary legerdemain. The presence of two members of the Cabinet, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Selborne, did, however, emphasize the fact that Mr. Balfour's Ministers avowedly owe their real allegiance to Mr. Chamberlain, with whom the immediate future of Unionism lies. The true question is this: Is Mr. Chamberlain increasing politically in the same measure that Mr. Balfour is decreasing? Even Mr. Chamberlain does not claim as much. He assumes that Mr. Balfour will be beaten soon, and has, as La Rochefoucauld says we all have, "sufficient fortitude to bear another's misfortune." Mr. Balfour, with an unparalleled magnanimity, accepts the situation cheerfully, and leaves nothing undone to magnify his office as a vessel of dishonor. He courts humiliation and beckons unpopularity from afar. Such at least is the kindest view to take of his closuring the Licensing Bill.

This measure is highly contentious and political. Its object, despite high asseverations of desire to do justice and restrain liquor selling, is to bind "the trade" firmly to the Government. Paradoxically, the Government, which last year handsomely overrode fee simple in Ireland, now proposes to extend a perpetual franchise to the retail liquor trade. The licensing act transfers the right to grant licenses from the local magistrates to Quarter Sessions, and provides that every publican to whom license is refused shall receive a cash indemnity for the loss of his livelihood. The argument for this radical proposal is that a license to sell liquor is precisely like any other valuable property. Death duties are charged upon it; so the State indemnity is made equal to the assessment for the death duties. The practical result of the act will be that renewals of license will be carried from the local justices, who are familiar with the needs of the community, to a remote jurisdiction, while licenses, unless forfeited by bad conduct, will become perpetual grants.

Waiving the discussion of the merits of the bill, it evidently is revolutionary in character, has no popular mandate, and requires the fullest debate in Parliament. Even the majority chafe under the principle of unrestricted compensation, and already there are scores of friendly amendments on the docket, most of them imposing a time limit upon the act. In the face of all this, Mr. Balfour has forced through a vote of "closure by compartments" which allows just fifty minutes for each clause. Answering Mr. Bryce's question, Mr. Balfour admitted that there had been no obstruction in the early stages of the debate; hence the usual reason for closure did not exist. To Mr. Lloyd George's direct challenge, "Do you think the clauses can be properly debated in fifty minutes?" Mr. Balfour refused to reply categorically. Why, in Heaven's name, it may be asked, should a veteran parliamentarian with a majority of 95 and the assurance of fair play from the Opposition, feel compelled practically to suppress debate on a crucial measure?

Mr. Balfour gives the answer to our question with considerable frankness. Parliament has shilly-shallied away too much time. He wants to adjourn early in August (the opening of the shooting), but does not want to adjourn with such important matter as the Licensing Bill hung up. Now, these are in themselves good reasons. Parliament has wasted its time; a measure like the Licensing Bill, if introduced at all, should be carried to a vote; it is a bore to hold Parliament in August. But all these considerations are so many indictments of the Government. It is not the Liberals who have played ducks and drakes with the calendar. The session has been one story of points of order on unfair "blocking" motions, of dilatory speeches by the Government to tide over the dinner hour, of adjournments over Ascot week. Mr. Balfour, then, is disciplining not the Liberals, but the Unionists, and we have the extraordinary spectacle of a Government which has virtually to closure itself to get any work done.

How long Mr. Balfour can retain the Premiership under these preposterous conditions depends simply on how badly he is willing to be beaten in the next general election. In Parliament the Liberals are not anxious to press their advantage. Indeed, they seem quite content to let those of the "Fourth Party," Mr. Bowles, Sir John Gorst, and Mr. Winston Churchill, bear the brunt of the Parliamentary battle. As yet no commanding leader has appeared to unseat Mr. Balfour. Should the Liberals through any chance be returned this summer, it is only too likely that they would, justifying Mr. Chamberlain's taunt, play a very short and disorderly comedy, and leave an empty stage.

That Mr. Chamberlain could then make his bow as the accepted *jeune premier* of Imperial federation seems most unlikely. The bye-elections show that the country is against him to-day. His two hundred members of Parliament will many of them never see St. Stephen's again. Finally, the colonies give him only empty applause. For what does it profit at Birmingham to peruse press clippings on Imperial unity when Canada is raising the duty on British woollens, and both the Dominion and the Australian Commonwealth are planning completely to dissociate their military establishments from the Empire?

THE RELIGION OF THE SCHOOLBOY.

Two controversial articles have recently made their appearance in the *Contemporary Review* upon the religion of the schoolboy. It must be remembered that the schoolboy in England is a student at old foundations like Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, called "public schools" despite the fact that they are neither supported by the public purse nor attended by the masses. The American congener to the English public school, therefore, is found in our secondary schools and colleges. While it is proverbially difficult "to canvass with official breath" such "viewless things" as the religious life of either adults or the young, it may be of profit to compare the religious situation in English and American schools of this type.

The gravamen of the charge which Mr. Weisse brings against the religious life of the English public schools is that among the boys there are widespread inattention at religious exercises, general indifference to religious truths, and a total absence of any impress of religious teaching upon their community life. It is alleged that "schoolboy honor" takes the place of the Decalogue as a moral guide, and sanctions many a custom "morally uncivilized."

The anonymous rejoinder to Mr. Weisse's attack is most unsatisfactory. It purports to come from a schoolboy, but this is a flimsy pretence, for he is evidently a very *old* boy, since his caution betrays him at every step. He acknowledges first of all that very scanty provision is made for rendering the religious services at the English public schools attractive or interesting. The sermons are generally homœopathic homilies prepared and read by the Masters in orders. He cites also the habitual reserve of the English schoolboy as evidence that it is difficult to generalize from surface indications as to the undercurrent of religious feeling. He comforts himself that he has heard among schoolboys heated debates upon such topics as Apostolic Succession, and, after devoting "schoolboy honor" to the infernal gods, concludes that there is very little in the situation "to justify . . . extreme pessimism."

The situation disclosed by the controversy brings into sharp relief the general aspects of the religious life of our school and college boys. Of no fairly respectable American college is "Schoolboy's" confession true, that "they seem rarely to solicit the aid of such artificial stimulants of religion" as effective sermonizing or good music. On the contrary, college students in this country are exceptionally favored in hearing the *élite* of the pulpiteers of all denominations. Moreover, the voluntary religious associations in our schools and colleges play a rôle almost unknown in the English public schools. It may be surmised that the very common plan of organizing separate societies for the younger members of our churches is not without distinct drawbacks. It may easily habituate many of the young people to an edifying interchange of conventional symbols of religious experience which dulls their sense of the deeper aspects of the life of the spirit. Many of the most thoughtful of our young boys doubtless feel that a verbal disclosure of their inmost hearts is a duty laid upon them, and are taught that this laceration of soul is obedience to God. Those of coarser fibre harden under this process, and the result is the "religious hustler" who, with a light heart and a heavy touch, lays his hands on sacred things. He is merely the counterpart of the blatant young skeptic who officiously assailed with his doubts the late Master of Balliol, until Jowett, sizing up the young braggart's intellectual calibre, told him "to find God within twenty-four hours" or pack his things and leave college.

Another point of contrast between the religious life of the American and the English schoolboy is the nature of the issues that interest them. The most powerful shaping influence exerted upon the character of a boy's religious beliefs must be traced, of course, to his home training. The new environments, social and mental, which school and college afford, modify but do not, as a general thing, mould his religious beliefs. A *Sturm und Drang* period generally, it is not dissimilar as regards religion. The uniformity of natural law and the process of natural selection of which he learns in the lecture-room, he cannot keep in a water-tight compartment of his brain. He must somehow adjust his mental horizon and his religious perspective. It is in these secret wrestlings of heart, and not in the more dramatic functions of "corybantic Christianity," that the *vie intime* of the American school and college boy is really to be found.

A last point of contact between English and American school usages connects itself with the honor of the schoolboy. Both Mr. Weisse and his antagonist agree that this honor is an "almost iniquitous virtue." But this can by no means be said of our own academic code. Schoolboy honor the world over may probably be summed up in the two commandments, "Thou shalt not blab," and "Thou shalt not cheat for grade." But the first finds justification in experience. The *delator* has always been mistrusted with good reason, and, so far as cheating goes, it must be remembered that espionage tempts to it by assuming it to be probable. Putting college boys on their honor has in more than one instance proved the most effective remedy for cheating at lessons or examination. With external restraints removed,

"When duty whispers low, 'Thou must';
The youth replies, 'I can.' "

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE HELLENIC SOCIETY.

LONDON, July 5, 1904.

Few recent events in the world of scholarship have excited more interest than the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, celebrated this afternoon by a much frequented meeting at Burlington House. Greek archæology receives now, and has received during the last twenty years, so large a share of public attention that not only the man in the street, but even younger scholars, are apt to forget how small was its place in the world of thirty years ago, and how recent an institution is the Hellenic Society, which, despite its broad range of interests, has achieved its present importance largely through association with discoveries made in Hellenic lands during the closing quarter of the nineteenth century. These and other facts were made clear at the anniversary meeting (1) in the outline of the Society's history (1879-1904) printed by order of the Council and prepared by its Hon. Secretary, G. A. Macmillan, Litt.D., who was also its projector and practically its founder; (2) in the addresses of its President, Prof. Sir Richard Jebb, M.P., of three of its honorary members, Mr. Gennadius, and Professors Gildersleeve and J. W. White, and of two of its vice-presidents, Prof. Percy Gardner, under whose editorship the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* achieved the reputation so well maintained by his successors, and Mr. Cecil Smith, formerly director of the British School at Athens, and now Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum in succession to the late lamented Mr. A. S. Murray. Among the many American members of the Society, some few, being in London, were in attendance, notably Prof. Allan Marquand and Mr. Rowland Hazard of Peacedale.

Some hint of the contents of the Honorary Secretary's historical sketch may well be given here, since it was distributed before the anniversary meeting was called to order. First be it noted that the Hellenic Society took shape in the years 1877-79, when Mr. George Macmillan, not long after his Eton days, returned from a trip to Greece, and evolved from discussions with Mr. Gennadius, Sir Charles Newton, Professor Sayce and others the idea of an association which should (1) publish Greek inscriptions and monuments, as well as memoirs on Greek topics, ancient and modern; (2) promote Greek studies in language and literature and cultivate intimacy with similar societies outside of England; and (3) establish at Athens an agency to supply its members with information and guidance when they visited Greece, as well as with photographs of sites and monuments of interest. The inaugural meeting took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on June 16, 1879, when 112 members were enrolled. At first confined to those who had visited Greece, membership was soon put on a broader base, and in 1880 the first volume of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* was issued. The rule has been ever since to publish two parts every year, and with two exceptions it has been adhered to. Sir Charles Newton, in his opening address, printed in the first volume, urged that the *Journal* be not allowed to "dwindle away into atrophy, as has been the fate of so many learned periodicals in this country." The means for making this organ what it

has just been pronounced to be, "the model of what an archæological journal should be," have been supplied by the large number of subscribing members, now 850, besides the 150 libraries which take the *Journal*.

The publication of the *Journal* has always been and still is the central and peculiar concern of the Society, which has wisely refrained from initiating excavations on its own account. This self-denying ordinance has not only enabled the Hellenic Society to avoid exclusive devotion to archæology, and to keep its *Journal* open to literary and historical topics, but has also facilitated the establishment under its auspices of various institutions more or less confined to the work of the spade. Moreover, the certainty afforded by the well-attended meetings of the Society and by its well-supported *Journal* that any and every important discovery could be immediately proclaimed before a competent and interested audience, has done and still is doing even more to promote archæological discoveries in Greece than the substantial money contributions which the Hellenic Society has always been ready to make. Without its aid, given in all these ways, the British School at Athens could hardly have come into existence, and the like is true of the Cyprus Exploration Fund, the Asia Minor Exploration Fund, and, last but not least, the Cretan Exploration Fund, by which various Cretan explorations, but more particularly those of Mr. Arthur Evans, have been made possible. To all these enterprises the Hellenic Society has contributed not money only, but men, since its Honorary Secretary and leading members of its Council have organized and promoted them all. Indeed, the pages of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* contain interesting records of all the explorations to which grants have been given, and these include more than are enumerated above. A contribution was made to the excavations of the Egypt Exploration Fund at Naucratis (1885), another was made to help the late Theodore Bent's Thasian investigations (1886); in 1892, the late Mr. Penrose's study of Greek temples was assisted by a grant; the same thing was done in 1894 for Mr. Paton's Corian explorations, and in 1896 a grant was voted for the illustration of Mr. Woodhouse's 'Aetolia.' Finally, an annual grant to the newly founded School at Rome has been made by the Society.

The interest attaching to the general meeting of the Hellenic Society, at which explorers have announced their discoveries, has often been noted in your columns. The papers read upon these occasions have, as a rule, been published in the *Journal*, so that they have reached the eyes of the many country and foreign members unable to attend. Sometimes, however, discussions on burning questions of the day have taken the place of original contributions. Among these last was the debate at a special meeting to which Dr. Schliemann and Dr. Dörpfeld were invited. Mr. Penrose undertook on that occasion the delicate task of presenting Mr. W. J. Stillman's thesis that the Tirynthian fortress and palace walls were not prehistoric, but either Byzantine or mediæval, and at the close declared that he had found the debate a most instructive one, which moved him to gratitude and admiration for the interesting discoveries of his opponents in the discussion. Dr. Dörpfeld, on his side, was confident that he could convince Mr. Penrose or any doubter who would visit Tiryns in his company. Prof. Percy Gardner's tribute to Dr. Schliemann in 1891; Mr. Arthur Evans's paper on "A Mycenæan Treasure from Ægina" in 1893, and his account of Cretan pictographs in 1894; a discussion on the Homeric house, and Mr. Evans's account of Knossos in 1900, may serve as further examples of what topics have occupied the general meetings of the Society, which have also been constantly illustrated by addresses from Sir Richard Jebb, the president.

Of these, by no means the least interesting has been the lucid and comprehensive account of the Society given at the anniversary meeting just held. After a tribute to Mr. George Macmillan and those who had labored with him to plan and launch the Society, Sir Richard dwelt feelingly upon the merits of Sir Charles Newton, Bishop Lightfoot, who was his only predecessor in the presidential office, and the late Mr. A. S. Murray, Newton's successor at the British Museum. He pointed out the benefits to scholarship incident upon the close intimacy between scholars at Oxford and Cambridge and those in charge of the British Museum. This intimacy, he said, had been made possible by the Hellenic Society. Then followed a masterly account of the educational function performed by the Museum and its staff —men who had been among the most efficient and active promoters of the Society and had thus "raised the conception of advanced study in England." A lucid account of the merits and defects of specialization was succeeded by mention of various publications, notably that of Sophoclean and Aristophanic codices. To give point to the habitual announcement of new discoveries at the Society's general meetings, Sir Richard then expounded the ritual hymn of the Dictæan Zeus just discovered at Palaiocastro in Crete, and sent him by Mr. Macmillan only three or four days before the meeting. He closed with graceful words of welcome to Mr. Gennadius and Professors Gildersleeve and White.

Professor Gildersleeve was then called upon, and in a brief but telling speech, abounding in characteristic sallies, first of all paid a tribute to his great German teachers, notably to Boeckh, and then, after a hopeful account of the present condition of Greek scholarship in America, deprecated a certain aloofness from English operations traceable among American scholars, some of whom were estranged from what was really valuable in English methods by foreign training. He spoke further of archæology as a common meeting ground, and of the Hellenic Society as one continuously active in the promotion of more intimate relations between the scholars of the United States and those of Great Britain. "Yesterday," he exclaimed in conclusion, "was Independence Day, but to-day let us think of Interdependence."

M. Gennadius's speech began with an allusion to the first idea of the Society, which arose in the course of conversations between him and Mr. George Macmillan at the Greek Legation in Pall Mall, twenty-five years ago. Touching discreetly upon the encouragement of the Society by the Greek Government, and recognizing the generous support given by the English public, M. Gennadius praised the "truly Hellenic enthusiasm of the Hon. Secretary," and closed with an exceedingly suggestive criticism of the late Herbert Spencer's "strange observations upon Homer," and a warm appreciation of the "noble traditions of British scholarship" so effectively kept alive by the Hellenic Society. Prof. J. W. White congratulated the Society on the fact that no region of literature or archæology had been neglected by its catholic activities, which had faithfully followed the broad lines laid down in Sir Charles Newton's first address. He alluded to the Society's collection of photographs and slides, larger than any existing elsewhere, and dwelt upon the utility of photographic facsimiles of MSS. Having conveyed the heartiest greetings of the American Archæological Institute and a Latin address of congratulation indited by that Society, Professor White also expressed his thanks for his own enrolment among the "forty immortals" of the Hellenic Society. Mr. Cecil Smith, successor at the British Museum of the late Mr. A. S. Murray, declared that the cordial relations between the British Museum authorities and the Hellenic Society were mainly due to Mr. George Macmillan, and then enlarged upon the obligations under which, by discoveries made and publications promoted, as well as by many other services, the Hellenic Society had put the British Museum. In Britain, where the Government was penurious as compared with those of foreign nations, the Hellenic Society had constantly rendered assistance not to be obtained from Parliamentary grants. The last to address the meeting was Prof. Percy Gardner, who spoke from a full heart in eulogizing the providential influence of Sir Charles Newton, without whose wise influence in promoting and guiding the early essays of the Hellenic Society the lamp of archæology might have burned low or even have been extinguished. Happily, the Society's labors had never let that light grow dim.

So ended, after a renewed expression from the chair of thanks to the distinguished scholars from oversea who had honored the anniversary meeting with their presence, and a vote of thanks to the President, one of the most interesting general meetings ever held by the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies. LOUIS DYER.

DINO MANTOVANI.

ITALY, June 16, 1904.

"Il n'est pas le premier venu," wrote Ferdinand Brunetière of Émile Faguet, then just beginning his career as critic. The praise seems modest enough in the light of what M. Faguet has since achieved, and I feel it equally insufficient when I apply it to Prof. Dino Mantovani of the University of Turin, who is by no means at his first essays. It is merely in despair of finding a phrase which will characterize a talent so just, so delicate, so generous, and nourished by such solid studies, that I have adopted the words of M. Brunetière; if they do not tell the whole story, they are at least true as far as they go.

Of what Professor Mantovani has written in the past I will concern myself only with one volume, published in

1891, but of which a new edition, perhaps revised, has recently appeared. 'Lettere Provinciali' is a series of ten discursive essays in the form of letters, and dated one for each month from October to July. These months compose a scholastic year, which the writer spent as master of a school in a little city of the Adriatic coast. The weather, its gloom or its glory, often suggests the topic with which the letter opens. Apropos of a cold snap we are assured beyond doubt that Italians suffer cruelly in support of the fiction that their houses are not cold in the winter; in the spring we get some delightful passages on the love of nature in Latin folk—passages instructive for the many who believe that a feeling for landscape exists only among northern races. With the changes of the months we get an infinity of sentiments and opinions that are very pleasant in the reading: on the value of the old Italian *commedia dell' arte*, for instance; on the writers of monographs who have not sufficiently wide culture to understand the place of their subject in universal history, and who distort the perspective of an entire epoch in magnifying beyond measure some insignificant object; on the attitude toward religion of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, scarce of science and deficient in all that modern learning brings to bear upon Biblical exegesis, with plenty of biting sarcasm for those who think that pose good enough for to-day; and an uncomfortable quarter of an hour for the large class of Italians who have no better reason for their hatred of the Church than the rhymester had for not liking Dr. Fell. In short, we find everywhere in the volume the mark of a man of generous culture, open-minded, refined, sensitive, and quick in sympathy, and hating only ignorance, shallowness, stupidity, and pretence. I may exaggerate in saying that he *hates* these infirmities; they certainly try his patience beyond endurance, but I am inclined to believe that the liveliness of his invective is of the nature of a *boutade*, and that, after his wrath has exploded, his sentiment towards the offenders is rather of pity than of hatred—a pity that soon dissolves any leaven of contempt that may have been in it at the beginning.

The style of course also reflects the man. The Italian language abounds in words current in two or even more forms. Of these, at any rate in the 'Lettere Provinciali,' Professor Mantovani is apt to employ that which is less, or least, common. There is also a good sprinkling of words that are recognizably poetical, as well as those which the dictionaries mark as belonging to the *nobile parlare*. With all this there is no obscurity, though the author's passion for thoroughness occasionally leads him to exhaust all the varied aspects of premises and conclusion in a sentence that fills the greater part of a page. In this respect, as well as in all that makes for simplicity and compactness, a decided improvement is visible in 'Letteratura Contemporanea' (Turin and Rome: Roux & Viarengo). This is probably partly due to the difference between a volume of letters, in which the writer's personality must more or less intervene, and one of objective criticism, but it comes in greater measure from the fact that the author is twelve years older, that his knowledge is wider, and that in all these years a process of solidification, of crystallization, of ripening—call it what you will—has been going on in his mind. In the preface to the republished 'Lettere Provinciali' he speaks of the work as done

"Quand' era in parte altr' uom da quel ch'i' sono."

I cannot resist the temptation to give an example of the way the old man has survived in the new. As a critic he has to treat a subject treated twelve years before in the letter for June, and, looking back at his early work, he finds a quotation from Machiavelli with commentary of his own that, it seems, will serve admirably for the essay in hand. The passage is therefore transferred bodily; but when he comes to the early application of it to the subject, he seems to have found *that*, with his present light, youthful and diffuse. At any rate, though the opinions expressed are essentially the same, the form of presentation is more mature and closely knit. Indeed, this riper work is everywhere of an admirable firmness and lucidity.

The 'Letteratura Contemporanea,' composed of articles that have appeared during the last five years in the *Nuova Antologia*, or, by far the greater part, in the *Stampa* of Turin, is sufficient, to my mind, to place the writer in the foremost rank of Italian critics. Others may equal, or even excel, him in depth, variety or exactness of culture, but in the union of these with two other qualities he can scarcely have a rival, and these qualities are a light, graceful, and persuasive form, and the faculty of expressing the opinion that seems the *fine fleur* of cultivated, refined common sense. In other words, he has a pleasant way of taking the right view or of saying the right thing. He has not, indeed, the gift of Faguet of occasionally coining expressions that sum up a whole line of argument. Faguet once, in an essay on Voltaire, expressed opinions as to his influence on certain shallow thinkers of to-day similar to those we have remarked in Professor Mantovani, and he threw a flood of light on the question by calling the great scoffer, "Dieu des imbéciles." Professor Mantovani says much the same thing with less economy of language, though he says it characteristically enough in his own way; he does not throw light in flashes, but his reader's path is evenly and clearly illuminated for all that. He is Italian, not French; a difference that it is easier to perceive than to define. For one thing (and this has no reference whatever to M. Faguet), Gascony is not in Italy; everybody knows that it is in France. The Italian rejoices in his "Latin sangue gentile," but he is uneasily conscious of little deficiencies at home, and—at least so long as you don't agree with him—is a merciless critic of them. Professor Mantovani is thoroughly Italian in this respect. So he is in the *facondia* which we northerners wonder at in the race, and which in Italy is perfectly respectable and even admirable, while in France *faconde* is rather disreputable, and is the head of a family that ends in *bagou*.

Still, even *facondia* cannot always escape from its besetting peril, and Professor Mantovani, in whom the quality is at its best, is once or twice—*only* once or twice—betrayed by it. For instance, in writing about a novel of Sienkiewicz, an epic of fire and blood, he says that in the Pole it may awake an echo of the heroic voices of the now dismembered and subjugated country, but that to the Italian it "appears a series of colossal decorative compositions, pictures of Siemiradzki, of Makart, of"—you would never guess—"Corot"! I will not give the other instance, as in a notice brief as this is it would falsify all perspective to bring into prominence so small a point. I have attained my end in showing that a quality, which we Anglo-Saxons as a rule lack, is not without its dangers for those who are fortunate enough to possess it.

The volume 'Letteratura Contemporanea' contains notices of some thirty-five or forty works published within the last five years in Italy, in France, Poland, Russia, and England. It must, however, be noted that the literature of the last three countries is represented by Italian translations. There is also a compact review of Italian literature in the nineteenth century, and an essay, the longest in the book, on "The Sadness in Modern Art." At first one is tempted to wish that our critic had reviewed the entire production of each author considered, but one finds in reading, not only that one must have missed in that case many of the present judgments (which would have been matter for regret), but that, notwithstanding the brevity of these papers, and that each is consecrated to a single work, they are always contrived so as to give the relation of that work to the others of its author, and that the volume is not unworthy of its title. Perhaps had it been called 'Alcuni Autori d'oggi' or 'Saggi di Critica' it would have answered more exactly to its name, but a still looser one would have passed unchallenged so long as it introduced us to such a feast of good things.

Seven of the essays in the volume are prompted by as many works of Gabriele D'Annunzio, of all Italian writers of to-day the one who gives most frequent occupation to the reviewer. It would be hard to say where one may look for another judgment so just, so full, so complete, of an author whom certainly it is not easy to treat adequately. On the whole, it is a severe judgment. It recognizes the exquisite form into which D'Annunzio moulds every matter that he touches; his love of nature, his wonderful powers of evocation and of description—in fact, all the charms that conspire to blind many to his equally obvious defects, and that have blunted the edge of many a condemnation. Professor Mantovani ends by reproaching him with his vocabulary, "laboriously drawn from classic springs"; with his inspiration too exclusively literary, in which the real and human interest is easily lost sight of; and finally with the hedonism, overweeningly sensual or erotic, that is the chief part of his philosophy of life. This bald statement does not, I trust, positively misrepresent the substance of Professor Mantovani's criticism. My few lines have vainly tried to give something of the essence of more than forty pages rich with varied matter; but it is to be hoped they may tempt some reader to go to the proper place for supplementing them.

There are treated in this book other poets, whose names will probably be new to most American readers, to say nothing of the rest. The curious may be thankful for having their attention called to Giovanni Marradi and Giovanni Pascoli, the two who, with D'Annunzio, "to-day awaken in

Italy the greatest admiration and expectation."

The triple essay on Anatole France is especially charming, and how could it be otherwise and be, as it is, in thorough sympathy with its subject? So, the succeeding articles, prompted by two books of Octave Mirbeau, are interesting as showing the fascination that the sharp, subtle observation of that writer may exercise—indeed, is most likely to exercise—upon a sane mind, and the revulsion of feeling that is equally likely to accompany the attempt to admire the same qualities in a second novel of the author. Indeed, there is no article of the forty-one that fill this volume that cannot be read with pleasure as well as profit, though for most American readers the chapters devoted to current Italian literature will probably prove most valuable. I am confident that for such readers the strongest impression on closing the book will be that they have found not only a competent guide to the study of Italian letters, but also that they have come in contact with an unusually attractive personality, whom they will wish to meet again. Thus far, Professor Mantovani has talked to us only about poets and novelists; the last essay in the volume, however, on "The Sadness in Modern Art," shows what absorbing interest he can communicate to the general considerations he draws from all these special studies, and gives a notion of what one may rightfully expect from him in the future. S. K.

Correspondence.

LECKY MEMORIAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you allow me to call the attention of the readers of the *Nation* to a memorial which the friends and admirers of the late W. E. H. Lecky propose to erect in his honor? It is designed that this shall be a statue, for which a site has been selected within the precincts of Trinity College, Dublin, the institution which he so long represented in Parliament.

Among the numerous readers in the United States who have benefited by his luminous and impartial expositions of history, there must be many who will desire to contribute to such a memorial. Their subscriptions can be sent to "the Honorary Treasurer, Lecky Memorial Fund," No. 36 Molesworth Street, Dublin; or, if addressed to the undersigned, they will be duly transmitted. Henry C. Lea.

2000 Walnut St., Philadelphia,
July 16, 1904.

THE IRISHMAN'S "BROGUE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The tedious task of examining newspapers of the colonial period is relieved, one might almost say enlivened, by the descriptions of those servants, slaves, soldiers, criminals, debtors, or others, who had either run away or broken out of jail. Minute and often amusing details are given of feature, manner, dress, speech, mental and moral characteristics, and peculiar idiosyncrasies. In 1754 a servant who ran away with a fiddle, on which he played very well, was thus described: "He is very antick, he crows like a Cock, and barks like a Dog, and he is very apt to act so." These accomplishments proved his undoing, for six months later he was "discover'd by his barking like a dog and crowing like a cock."

From the frequency with which peculiarities of speech are dwelt on, it may be inferred that these were an important means of identification. We learn that "a West-Country Man, speaks by Clusters, hard to understand"; that an Irishman "does not speak plain"; that an Englishman "speaks West-Country"; that a Dutchman is "prodigal in his Walk, and much so in his Speech"; that a negro "laughs much"; that an Irishman "speaks tolerable good English, but a little on the Scotch"; that a North Briton "speaks broad Scotch"; that an Irishman is "apt to laugh at his own expressions"; that an "Englishman "speaks broad English"; that an Irishman "talks broken"; that a man from the west of England "talks upon that dialect." It is even possible that these descriptions will enable us to solve a problem which has thus far puzzled lexicographers.

Under the word *brogue*, two nouns are recorded in the Oxford Dictionary. One means (1) a rude kind of leather shoe (wrongly defined in eighteenth-century dictionaries as wooden); (2) hose, trousers; and examples are given as early as 1586. In 1624 Gov. E. Winslow, speaking of the Indians, said: "As for their apparel, they wear breeches and stockings in one, like some Irish; which is made of deer skins"; and in 1734 a runaway Welshman had on "a Pair of New Brogues ty'd with Leather Strings"; consequently brogues of both sorts were well known in this country. The other word is thus defined: "A strongly-marked dialectal pronunciation or accent; now particularly used of the peculiarities that generally mark the English speech of Ireland, which is treated *spec.* as *the brogue.*" Two examples only before 1775 are given: one from the London *Gazette* (1705), where we read that C. Morgan has "much of the Irish Brogue in his Speech"; the other from Defoe (1727), who writes: "When I see young shopkeepers keep horses, ride a hunting, learn dog-language, and keep the sportmen's brogue upon their tongues, I am always afraid for them." On this word, Dr. Murray makes the following comment:

> "Deriv. unknown: from the frequent mention of 'Irish brogue,' it has been conjectured that this may be the same word as the prec., as if 'the speech of those who wear brogues,' or 'who call their shoes *brogues*'; but of this there is no evidence."

This notion was apparently first broached in 1755 in Scott's edition of Bailey.

Irishmen figure in the plays of Shakspere and his contemporaries, and these contain many allusions to the Irish (especially to Irish footmen) and to things Irish. In a play by Dekker (1630), *Lodovico*, in reference to *Bryan*, the footman, says: "Is't not strange that a fellow of his starre should bee seene here so long in Italy, yet speake so from a Christian?" In Shirley's 'Hyde Park' (1632), the word "Teague" occurs, and in a song called "A Medley of the Nations," one stanza is as follows (*Rump*, 1662, i. 257):

> "O hone, O hone, poor Teg and shone,
> O hone may howl and cry,
> St. *Patrick* help dy Country men,
> Or fait and trot we dye;
> De *English* steal our hoart of *Vsquebagh*,
> Dey put us to de sword all in *Dewguedagh*:
> Help us, St. *Patrick*, we ha no Saint at all but dee,
> O let us cry no more, *O hone, a cram, a cree!*"

In 1665 the Irishman in Sir R. Howard's 'Committee' was called "Teague," and this was the common nickname for an Irishman until displaced by "Paddy" late in the eighteenth century. The Irish characters of the seventeenth century speak a dialect which differs much from the modern Irish dialect; but throughout that century there was apparently no mention of the Irish *brogue.* Soon, however, as the following extracts show, the word became common:

"Tho' this Fellow [*Teague*, an Irish footman] travell'd the World over, he would never lose his Brogue nor his Stomach." 1702, G. Farquhar, *Twin-Rivals*, Act iii. Sc. ii. (1772), p. 40.

"*Foigard.* Upon my Shoul, noble Friend, dis is strange News you tell me, Fader *Foigard* a Subject of England! de Son of a *Burgo-master* of *Brussels* a Subject of *England!* Ubooboo—

"*Aimwell.* The Son of a Bog-trotter in *Ireland;* Sir, your Tongue will condemn you before any Bench in the Kingdom.

"*Foig.* And is my Tongue all your Evidensh, Joy?

"*Aim.* That's enough.

"*Foig.* No, no, Joy, for I will never spake *English* no more.

"*Aim.* Sir, I have other Evidence—Here, *Martin*, you know this Fellow.

"*Enter* Archer.

"*Arch.* [*In a Brogue*] Saave you my dear Cussen, how does your Health?

"*Foig.* Ah! Upon my Shoul dere is my Countryman, and his Brogue will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynhere, Ick wet neat watt hey zacht, Ick Universton ewe neat, sacrament.*

"*Aim.* Altering your Language won't do, Sir, this Fellow knows your Person, and will swear to your Face.

"*Foig.* Faash! Fey, is dere Brogue upon my Faash too?" 1707, Farquhar, *Beaux' Stratagem*, Act iv., Sc. ii. (1772), pp. 60, 61.

"There is an odd provincial cant in most counties in England, sometimes not very pleasing to the ear; and the Scotch cadence, as well as expression, are offensive enough But none of these defects derive contempt to the speaker: whereas, what we call the *Irish brogue* is no sooner discovered, than it makes the deliverer in the last degree ridiculous and despised." J. Swift, *On Barbarous Denominations in Ireland*, *Works* (1824), vii. 148, (Partly quoted in Richardson.)

"Broke out of the Goal of *Burlington*, . . . an *Irishman*, has the Broage on his Tongue." 1729, Dec. 23, *New Jersey Archives*, xi. 200.

"Absented on Thursday . . . Richard White, an Irishman, with somewhat of the Brogue on his Tongue. . . . He took away with him a Servant Man . . . an Irishman, and has the Brogue on his Tongue." 1742, July 8, ibid., xii. 134.

"RUN away . . . one Michael Collins, a native Irishman, and has the Brogue much on his Tongue. . . . From David Wheeler, . . . Patrick Kelly, a native Irishman, and has the Brogue on his Tongue." 1743, March 24, *ibid.*, xii. 174, 175.

"Run away . . . an Irish Servant Man, with a little of the Brogue on his Tongue." 1743, May 26, *ibid.*, xii. 180.

"Run away . . . James Downy, . . . can neither read nor write, has the Brogue." 1744, May 17, *Ibid.*, xii. 220.

"Run away . . . Michael Clarke, . . . He has much of the brogue on his tongue." 1746, Nov. 27, *ibid.*, xii. 329.

"Run away . . . a native Irish servant man, . . . talks very thick, has much of the brogue." 1752, July 30, *ibid.*, xix. 173.

"Run away . . . an Irish servant man, . . . talks much upon the brogue." 1752, Aug. 13, *ibid.*, xix. 177.

Run away . . . an Irish Servant Man . . . pretends he was born in England, but has the Brogue on his Tongue." 1752, Dec. 18 *ibid*, xix. 227

"Run away . . . an Irish servant man, . . . talks very thick, with the brogue on his tongue." 1753, Aug. 23, *ibid.*, xix. 290.

"Last night broke out and made his escape from the goal . . . an Irishman, . . . has the brogue on his tongue." 1753, Nov 28, *ibid.*, xix. 321.

"Run away . . . an Irish Servant Man, . . . has much of the Brogue upon his Tongue." 1754, May 6, *ibid.*, xix. 358.

"Run away . . . An Irish servant man, . . . speaks thick, and has much of the brogue." 1755, Dec. 18, *ibid.*, xix. 566.

"Run away . . . A . . . native of Ireland, and has something of the brogue on his tongue." 1756, March 4, *ibid.*, xx. 8.

"Run away . . . an Irish servant man, . . . very talkative, speaks very much with the brogue." 1756, April 22, *ibid.*, xx. 26.

"Run away . . . James M'Daniel, . . . speaks much on the brogue." 1760, Nov. 27, *ibid.*, xx. 507.

Though the phrase "to speak with the brogue on the tongue" does not occur until 1729, yet this phrase is implied in the 1707 extract from Farquhar. It will be observed, too, that an Irishman seems to an Englishman to speak "thick." Is it unreasonable to conclude that "speaking with the brogue on the tongue" is equivalent to "speaking with an Irish shoe on the tongue," that is, "speaking thick, as Irishmen do"? Then *brogue* comes to mean the accent in question. Professor Kittredge informs me that nowadays one sometimes hears "flannel-mouthed" and "flannel-tongued" applied to Irishmen.

Even if this conclusion is not accepted, the above evidence at least shows that from the very beginning the word *brogue* was peculiarly associated with Irishmen. Throughout the eighteenth century the Irish, and the Irish only, were said to speak with a brogue. Hence Dr. Murray's statement would seem to need qualification.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, June 26, 1904.

Notes.

Dr. Ellis P. Oberholtzer has arranged with George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, to publish an edition of the Diary and Writings of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution. The collection will include the important papers in the John Meredith Read "letter-books" lately acquired by the Library of Congress, together with letters preserved in other libraries, both public and private. Few of Morris's writings have ever been published. Several volumes will be necessary to this scheme, which will form a memorial of the hundredth anniversary of Morris's death (1806-1906). The editor desires the loan for copying of letters and papers of Morris in private hands. They may be sent to the publishers at No. 1216 Walnut Street, and will be promptly returned.

J. B. Lippincott Co. will shortly issue 'True Republicanism,' by Frank P. Stearns.

St. Clair Baddeley's 'Recent Discoveries in the Roman Forum' will be published by Macmillan in September.

Harper & Bros. have nearly ready 'The Pan-Germanic Doctrine,' by an Englishman.

Lemcke & Buechner send us the prospectus of a sumptuous folio edition of the 'Nibelungenlied,' following Karl Lachmann's text, by the house of Stargardt in Berlin. The form will be folio, and there will be three degrees of quality in the paper and as many in the binding, making a range of cost from 450 to 645 marks. Only two hundred copies will be printed. The decoration has been entrusted to Joseph Sattler, an artist versed in the culture of the Middle Ages.

Nearly half a century ago, in 1855, Mr. Henry Flanders issued the first volume of his 'Lives and Times of the Chief Justices'; in 1875, the second, including John Marshall. The work being out of print, it has seemed advisable to extract the sketch of Marshall, and it is now put forth in a volume of 278 pages, with a good photogravure after Inman's portrait belonging to the Law Association of Philadelphia, by the house of T. & J. W. Johnson & Co. of that city. This is an old-fashioned biography, and needed to have its chronology made manifest on every page by a running date-line. The index, of names only, is both meagre and unanalytic.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's little book 'G. F. Watts' (Duckworth-Dutton) should go far to reassure those who fear that the author loves antithesis better than truth. The essay—it is scarcely more—is important inversely to its bulk. Mr. Chesterton maintains that Watts is the consummate type of the Victorian era (giving his reasons, which are excellent), and the most significant figure in modern painting, which is not so certain. In his characterization of the passionate skepticism which is the Victorian hall mark, and which makes "In Memoriam," for all its lame philosophy, the central monument of the period, Mr. Chesterton is at his best. More attractive, however, to the lover of art is the account of Mr. Watts's lifelong quest of a universal symbolism, the object of which is "that the pictures may be intelligible if they survived the whole modern order. Its object is, that is to say, that if some savage in a dim futurity dug up one of these dark designs on a lonely mountain, though he worshipped strange gods and served laws yet unwritten, it might strike the same message to his soul that it strikes upon clerks and navvies from the walls of the Tate Gallery." Even Mr. Watts's aldermen, protests the critic, are thus painted in their eternal aspect, and all the portraits are allegories of the forcefulness, sensitiveness, doubt, and devotion that lay in the great doers and thinkers of Victoria's reign. All this is so well said that it seems ungracious to press the truism, ignored by Mr. Chesterton, that the painter of ideas never came to the full birthright of the master. With a productiveness that put to shame an anæmic age of art, Mr. Watts never achieved unconscious control of the grammar of his art.

The International Copyright Bureau at Berne has rendered a timely and valuable service by publishing, in a stout octavo of excellent typography, a collection of copyright treaties under the title 'Recueil des Conventions et Traités concernant la Propriété Littéraire et Artistique.' The volume contains the copyright agreements entered into between individual countries, and the texts of such paragraphs of commercial and other treaties as relate to the protection of literary and artistic property; together with the texts of the general conventions established between various countries to secure reciprocal copyright protection. In the last class belong the Convention of Berne of September 9, 1886, with the "Additional Act" and "Declaration of Interpretation" signed at Paris on May 4, 1896—these various texts being in French, Danish, English, German, Italian, Norwegian, and Spanish, followed by the texts of the various laws and administrative ordinances, orders in council, etc., which put in force the provisions of the general convention; the Convention of Montevideo, in French, Italian, and Spanish texts; the Pan-American Convention, signed at Mexico, January 27, 1902, in French, English, and Spanish texts; and the Central American Convention of June 17, 1897, with the supplementary agreement of February 12, 1901, in French and Spanish texts. The special copyright conventions between individual States, occupying the greater part of the volume, are also printed not only in French, but in the languages of the countries concerned as well. The work has been edited by Prof. Ernst Röthlisberger, the enthusiastic and indefatigable secretary of the International Copyright Bureau, whose intelligent industry is evidenced in the general introduction, the elaborate prefatory explanations in the case of each country, detailed footnotes, a selected bibliography, and an index—valuable matter extending to more than two hundred pages of fine print. This excellent book usefully supplements the compilation of copyright legislation by MM. Lyon-Caen and Delalain; or Professor Röthlisberger's own more recently edited German texts of copyright laws now in force.

The "Programme des travaux" for the twenty-sixth Congress of the International Copyright Association (Association Littéraire et Artistique Internationale) announces that it will be held at Marseilles from September 24 to 29 inclusive, this being the first time a provincial city has been chosen. Heretofore the reunions in France have taken place at Paris, with the exception of a meeting at Monaco in 1897. As usual, the discussion of several topics will be carried over from last year's Congress, such as the further revision of the Berne Convention, the protection of engineering works, and the copyright of historical publications and criticism. The protection of architectural works will be further dealt with by M. Georges Harmand and the architect Charles Lucas, while the latter will also, in a separate paper, discuss the nice questions arising in the case of public monuments as to the moral control of their works by the artists, and the rights of the public. M. André Taillefer and Alphonse Davanne, president of the Society of French photographers, will discuss the proposed new legislation in France relative to photographs; MM. Jean Lobel and Paul Wauwermans of Brussels the protection of musical works; Albert Vaunois, copyright and the sale of artistic productions; and the Secretary of the Association, M. Jules Lermina, the right of translation in countries where several languages are spoken, while reports are expected from different authors on movements for new copyright legislation in various countries. For rest and recreation, in addition to "promenades en mer et fêtes diverses," excursions are planned to Arles, Aix, and the very curious rock-hewn ruins of Les Baux.

Although the second centennial of the birth of Linné does not occur until May 13, 1907, the learned world of Sweden is al-

ready at work preparing to celebrate the event, especially by the establishment of a Linné Museum in Stockholm. The rector of the University of Upsala, Dr. Olof Hammerstedt, has published an appeal asking for documents of importance bearing on the life and work of the father of botany. It is thought that a great deal of the correspondence of Linné with his hundreds of pupils throughout the educated world must still be extant, especially from his Leyden and Amsterdam times, and perhaps also some of his own writings in those years when he was unable to print on account of his poverty. It is known, too, that a number of portraits were made of the naturalist which have never been published. It is proposed to collect all these and similar material for the museum, although, of course, the instruments he used in his daily work, his library, and his herbarium are known to have been sold by greedy heirs to the British Museum. In addition, the present incumbent of Linné's chair at Upsala, Professor Fries, is preparing a comprehensive biography which, together with a new edition of all the unpublished writings of Linné, is to be issued by the authority of the University Senate.

The city of Arezzo has prepared a five-days' programme of festivities to celebrate the six-hundredth anniversary of Petrarch, its most distinguished son. Yesterday the municipality held a reception of delegates and visitors, dedicated a tablet in Via dell' Orto, where Petrarch was born July 20, 1304, listened to an oration by Sig. Orlando, the Minister of Public Instruction, gave a banquet, and, for the evening, provided an illumination, a concert and an opera. To-day, the National Petrarch Congress opens its two-days' session. To-morrow evening there is an historical fête in the amphitheatre del Prato, representing in the fourteenth-century costume the coming of Petrarch to Arezzo in 1350. For Saturday an excursion to the Casentino is planned, and it will include a visit to the Convent della Verna, famous for its association with St. Francis. On Sunday there are final festivities at Arezzo—the dedication of a memorial to King Humbert, a reception by the patronesses, a fantastic illumination in Piazza Vasari, and an opera in the theatre. How Petrarch himself would have enjoyed the celebration! One permanent result of the Congress will be the publication of the long-desired edition of his complete works.

An unusually delightful feature in this year's Commemoration festivities at Oxford was the performance of Milton's "Comus," with John Law's original music, on the lawn at the edge of the picturesque lakelet in Worcester College Gardens, well known for their fine trees and for the spacious effects of genuinely sylvan scenery given partly by clever landscape gardening, partly by the picturesque remains of Benedictine buildings belonging to the most ancient period of what, in its present form of incorporation, is a comparatively modern institution. Supported by encouragement from the provost of Worcester College, the Mermaid Society began each of its two performances in the twilight at about half-past eight. The audience was so placed on a slightly raised platform that the actors in the "Masque" stood out against the background afforded by the waters of the lake. The moon shone out as the actors progressed, and was aided by unobtrusively simple contrivances which flashed electric rays upon the half-dozen leading actors where they stood under the trees. Large audiences maintained on both occasions their interest in the play in spite of the length of the speeches, more than made up for by the magical charm of Milton's diction and the melody of his verse. Variety was ensured by the songs, the incidental music, the gambols and antics of the revelling attendants upon Comus, and above all by the fairy-like effect of Sabrina's approach in a boat across the lake from Wonderland. "The Masque of Comus," together with the wayward and stately *pavane* which was danced at its close, occupied about an hour. "Comus" was first performed when Milton was twenty-five years old (in 1634), at Ludlow Castle, the leading performers being Lord Brackly, Mr. Thomas Edgerton, and Lady Alice Edgerton.

This year's performances (during the latter part of June) at Bradfield College, England, of the "Alcestis" of Euripides seem to have been quite up to the level reached there on previous occasions. Indeed, the texture of the play, with its sudden alternations from mourning to revelry and its cheerful dénouement, makes it one particularly well adapted to performance by youths of the age of English public-school boys. On this occasion all the parts were taken by boys of the school, who also prepared the very creditable verse-translation placed at their guests' disposal as a book of the play.

Medicine in ancient Egypt was the subject of Dr. R. Caton's Harveian oration before the Royal College of Physicians, which contained many facts of general interest. The most remarkable of the early physicians was a priest named I-em-hotep, who lived during the third dynasty, nearly 6,000 years ago. Judging from the references to him in the temple inscriptions and the papyri, he was a man of extraordinary genius and versatility. In addition to his professional work, which apparently included lectures on medicine, he was an architect, the first (according to Manetho) who built with hewn stone, a writer of divine books, an astronomer, alchemist, magician and king's counsellor. Later he became in popular esteem a demigod, and temples for his worship, which were also hospitals for the sick, were built, first at Memphis and then in other parts of the land. Here the priest-physicians not only treated the sick, but also embalmed the bodies of men and the sacred animals. In this process the heart and viscera were removed, and they had thus an opportunity of learning something of anatomy and of the changes produced by disease, being probably the first to acquire a rudimentary knowledge of the circulation of the blood. The medical papyri contain references to the heart, the blood-vessels, the pulse, and the changes which took place in disease. In one, distention of the heart and shortness of breath are attributed to the fact that the blood had stagnated and did not circulate properly. Among the prescriptions for various maladies was one advising rest in certain forms of heart disease, and Dr. Caton concluded his lecture by strongly recommending the method prescribed by Egyptian priest-physicians 4,000 years ago.

The largest collection of Japanese books in Europe is declared to be in Sweden. It was originally made by the great polar explorer, Nordenskjöld. When returning on the *Vega*, he spent several months in Japan, during which, with the assistance of a young Japanese savant, he collected some six or seven thousand volumes of native books, many of them rare. While the published works date mostly from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, the manuscripts go back to the oldest periods of the Shogunate. The Swedish Government, several years ago, appointed a committee of foreign specialists to catalogue the collection, but the task has not yet been entirely finished.

—The first number of the *Revue Économique Internationale* appeared in March of this year. The task it proposes to itself is the presentation of the most important industrial problems of to-day, unbiassed by the tenets of any particular school of economic thought. The international character of this new monthly is evidenced by its corps of contributors; English, French and German economists being represented in the first issue. To avoid compromising the cosmopolitan character of the new journal, the main office has been established in Brussels, although Félix Alcan has taken the Paris agency, and P. S. King & Co. that at London. The articles appear printed in French, but—presumably as a concession to the Teutonic participants in the project—a summary in indifferent English precedes each leading article. With whatever acclaim a new economic journal may possibly be greeted by the general public, the serious students of economic science will welcome such a new serial as this with more than chastened joy. This surfeit of economic magazines is one form of "dumping" to which the great majority of them are emphatically opposed. The number of periodicals devoted to scientific economics and allied disciplines such as charities, corrections, finance, sociology and various branches of technology, is now so great that nobody can pretend to read them all, if perchance he is to read anything else, even in his own subject. In the United States, for example, where there are, at an outside estimate, a thousand advanced students of scientific economics, there are six journals purveying the requisite pabulum quarterly or oftener. More irritating than the mere number of such journals is their "expectation of life." If they were subject to the law of survival, one might for a time tolerate their numbers, but the truth is that they are wholly exempt from the process of selective slaughter, being backed by personal or by university patronage.

—Despite the excellence of two of the four leading articles in the first number of this particular review, a careful inspection of the number as a whole fails to establish its *raison d'être*. The introductory article is by Émile Levasseur, who opens the World's Parliament of Political Economics by describing the various schools of economics, which he classifies mainly on the basis of their public policy. He is at pains to emphasize the somewhat trite fact that economic ideas and industrial conditions have mutually influenced each other. He concludes with the reassuring thought that there is some merit in all schools of economics, and that

their divergences are not altogether insurmountable. Sir Vincent Caillard next rushes into the lists, and in the second article breaks a lance for Chamberlain's proposed fiscal policy. A spirited rejoinder is made jointly by Winston S. Churchill, M. P., and Armitage Smith of the University of Oxford, and these two articles on Chamberlain's policy are the best things in the introductory number of the *Revue*, and afford a very good résumé of the counter contentions of the combatants. The last of the four leading articles is by Prof. Gustav Schmoller of the University of Berlin on "the typical phases of economic crises and their history"; but everything that he says with reference to the cyclic character of crises has been said before and better said. The *Revue* concludes with a number of departments containing shorter articles.

—The 'Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada' (Toronto: Morang), which is edited by Prof. G. M. Wrong and Mr. H. H. Langton, reaches its eighth volume with the issue of 1903. No year of the past decade has been more prolific in literature about Canada than that which is covered by the present survey. The relations of the Dominion to the Empire have always been represented by a separate heading, but, thanks to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, there is much more material than usual to digest under this rubric. The number of good monographs is also unusually large. 'Lord Elgin,' by the late Sir John Bourinot, 'Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party,' by Mr. J. S. Willison, and 'Canada in the Twentieth Century,' by Mr. A. G. Bradley, are but a few of the books which rise above the average level of writing on Canadian subjects. The section devoted to provincial and local history seems particularly strong this year, while notable contributions have been made to geographical exploration in the Rocky Mountains. Owing to the collapse of the gold boom, one picturesque feature of earlier volumes is wanting, but, economically speaking, the development of ranching and agriculture in Alberta furnishes an ample equivalent. As we have pointed out on previous occasions, the number of signed reviews is small, a fact which may be accounted for by the large and generous contribution of the editors themselves. At the same time, a large proportion of the most competent reviewers in Canada are known to write for this publication, and, whether they sign their names or not, the authority of the work stands high.

—Where such a diversity of subject is presented, it may seem futile to fasten upon any one topic for particular notice. However, some of our readers may be interested to see the reasons which are advanced to account for Canada's allegiance to the British connection. They occur at the close of the long article on "Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals." The writer, whose name is withheld, indicates that business instincts might well draw Canada towards the United States. The deterrent is not merely the sentiment of union with Great Britain, but belief in British methods of government and British administration of law. "The average man is at least as deeply concerned in these matters as in a more or less rapid increase of national wealth which may not affect his personal prosperity at all, and he sees that Great Britain and her colonies present many points of contrast in these important respects with the United States. There are no desperadoes in the Canadian West who successfully defy the law, there are no lynchings in Canada, there is no apathy on the part of the constituted authorities in suppressing outbreaks of mob violence. The same characteristics of respect for law and a speedy suppression of disorder are found in the annals of Australian development. The British traditions which have set the standard in these matters are not lightly to be parted with."

—One not unnatural and not unpromising result of a widespread alarm in England lest the discussion of "compulsory Greek" at Oxford and Cambridge should loosen the hold of Greek studies, has been the formation of the Classical Association of England and Wales. At the meeting, held early last spring at University College, Gower Street, to organize this association, those interested in Greek studies took part, irrespective of their opinions as to the desirability of maintaining Greek by compulsion. The first session of the new organization began at Oxford on May 26, and was characterized inevitably by some little discussion of the burning topic of the hour, in spite of the witty avoidance of it by Mr. Mackail (the secretary) in his finished address on the place of Greek in university study. Professor Ramsay of Glasgow University spoke at this meeting as the representative of a similar association which has for some time been organized in Scotland. The general advantages which it is hoped may be gained by the new society are to be found in the free interchange between its members of ideas as to the improvements necessary and possible in the teaching of Greek, more especially in the teaching of the rudiments of Greek. Accordingly, it is interesting to note that at the evening session of the Association at Oxford, a conversazione in the Oxford Examination Schools, members were chiefly occupied in examining drawings and photographs exhibited by the Hellenic Society and by Professor Gardner. The higher reaches of Hellenic scholarship were also represented by an interesting exhibition of Oxyrhynchus and other papyri. These were offered for inspection and explained by Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, their fortunate discoverers and most competent editors.

—In order to make room for this first session of the Classical Association a most important exhibition of portraits was closed. It consisted of a loan collection of portraits of English historical personages who died prior to the year 1625. This loan collection was made under the auspices of a committee of the Oxford Historical Society, and occupied the Schola Borealis of the University during the months of April and May. Towards its close Mr. Lionel Cust, M.V.O., director of the National Portrait Gallery, who contributed the very interesting introduction to the catalogue put forth by the committee, delivered a lecture on the collection before the Oxford Architectural Society. He astonished his hearers by declaring that an extremely brilliant and well-preserved portrait of Queen Elizabeth, belonging, with others of the same royal lady, to Jesus College, Oxford (the only Oxonian foundation of her reign), was the portrait not of Elizabeth at all, but of Anne of Denmark. Not all, perhaps, of Mr. Cust's hearers were convinced by his account of this matter, but it is likely that every one was convinced by his protest against the attribution to Zucchero (Zuccaro?) of another portrait admittedly of Elizabeth belonging also to Jesus College. Apart from portraits of Elizabeth; from one of Archbishop Warham, in which Holbein had a hand, if it be not wholly his; from one of Anne of Cleves, not by Holbein, like the one in the Louvre, but certainly by a skilful hand either Flemish or English; from one of Sir William Cordell by a master revealed in his newly discovered signature on this panel as Cornelius de Zeew; from one of a nurse and child; and, above all, from one of Sir Henry Lee, by "Sir Anthonis Mor," which is a masterpiece, these 137 portraits are not especially interesting as works of art. Very many of them, however, assert themselves as faithful likenesses.

—One has heard a great deal, in the last few years, of the work of Arnold Böcklin, but in this country we have had little opportunity to see it; therefore the monograph, in the Knackfuss series, devoted to him (Bielefeld and Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) is especially welcome. The more than one hundred illustrations, most of them dated and arranged in chronological order, give a good notion of the development of his extraordinary genius, and of the manner of his work in everything but color and technical handling. From them it becomes evident that Böcklin was primarily a landscape painter, of a classic-romantic sort, his earliest pictures containing no figures. First the small incidental figure is introduced; then the figures become larger and larger and occupy more space on the canvas, until we have figure-pictures with little or no landscape. To the end, however, he returns from time to time to the landscape with small figures, and it is doubtful if some of the pictures of this class are not the most unquestionably successful things he ever produced. It is evident that he never really learned to draw, or, in the modern sense, to paint. The impression he leaves is of technical weakness combined with a remarkable sharpness and validity of imagination, as if he had seen with his bodily eyes the strange places and creatures he paints. He has actually voyaged to the "Island of the Dead," and the inhabitants of the sea and the forest have shown themselves to him. He has drawn them feebly and painted them badly, but this is what a mermaid or a sea centaur is like, and it is so that a faun totters on his goat-legs. Even the most grotesque of his visions, like "the sirens"—hideous plucked fowls with the tail feathers left clinging to the fat croup—have a horrible veracity, and one says: "I did not think they were like that!" Nothing could be further from classic dignity or beauty than the "Susanna"—but this was intentional, for the face is a portrait, and the picture a coarse retaliation. On the other hand, there is a real beauty, though seldom without some touch of stiffness or awkwardness, in certain of Böcklin's works. Some of his nymphs are noble animals, though they

have not learned how to pose, and his landscapes often have charm as well as majesty. One would judge that a life-time of self-centred dreaming and of scant encouragement from the world tended to weaken his grasp of the technical part of painting and to exasperate the eccentricity of his mind. His latest work is the feeblest in execution, while it pushes strangeness to, or beyond, the verge of caricature; but his best work will surely live, for nothing more vital was created by the art of the nineteenth century.

—Otto Kahn calls attention in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* to the striking coincidence that the Simplon tunnel is to be completed in April, 1905, precisely a hundred years after the completion by Napoleon of his road over the Simplon pass, which involved the building of 613 bridges and 8 short tunnels. That road served military purposes, whereas the new railway tunnel is being built in the interest of peaceful pursuits; not exclusively, however, since Italy will have three forts near the south end, while Switzerland will have mines within the tunnel, which will enable the Government to close it in case of war. The use of this tunnel, in connection with some short cuts projected north of it, will reduce the time for express trains between Paris and Milan from eighteen hours to fifteen. The total cost of the Simplon tunnel will be 78,000,000 francs; its length is 19,803 metres, as against St. Gothard's 14,984 and the 12,849 metres of the Mont Cenis. It might have been shortened considerably but for the determination to have it as low as possible all the way, so as to avoid inconvenient and expensive grades. Its highest point consequently is but 704 metres above sea level, whereas the highest point of the Mont Cenis tunnel is 1,295 and of the St. Gothard 1,155 metres. The first plan was to build a rack-and-pinion railway crossing the mountain at an altitude of 2,010 metres without a tunnel. This would have been much cheaper, but such a road would have served merely for local tourist traffic in summer. The principal structural novelty in the Simplon tunnel is that it is double, although only one of the tunnels is being entirely completed at present; the other will be used as soon as the first yields $10,000 a year per kilometre. Many advantages have already accrued from the use of the double system. The two tunnels being separated by 17 metres, accidents are less likely to happen through pressure from above; the ventilation problem has been greatly facilitated, as has the task of getting rid of troublesome water. It may not be practicable to open the Simplon tunnel on the projected date, April 30, 1905, but extraordinary efforts are being made. Nearly 3,000 laborers, all Italians, are at work, and are being stimulated to do their best by offers of prizes. The time required to build the tunnel will have been six and one-half years, which, despite its greater length, is less by about three years than that required for the St. Gothard, and nearly eight years less than that required for the Mont Cenis.

— The King of Italy is considering his award in the question between Brazil and England submitted to him for arbitration. This question interlocks with that decided between Venezuela and England touching Guiana's proper boundaries, and our old friend Schomburgk looms up once more as a disturber in the cartographic controversy. The territory in question embraces the head waters of the Tacutú, an affluent of the Rio Branco, as it in turn of the Rio Negro, and it again of the Amazon; but Brazil claims further a narrow strip, one-sixth of the whole, beyond the divide, along the left bank of the Rupununi, which flows into the Essequibo. The greatest extent north and south is about 150 miles; the greatest width a third as much. Massachusetts would offer a more considerable area for an international dispute in the old or in the modern fashion. When England, under our impulse, finally agreed with Venezuela, she held to her Brazilian line, but with express recognition of Brazil's right to set up a counter claim. The strife is somewhat mixed, as Brazil for five-sixths invokes the watershed principle—not solely, however—while relying for the one-sixth on the "sphere of influence" (namely, from an outlying fort), which is England's strongest hereditary argument (via Holland). What sort of a country, in the bad old Cleveland-Olney days, one might expect civilized nations to fly at each other's throats for, is shown in the Brazilian Memoir submitted to the King of Italy by a map sweeping a radius from Fort S. Joaquim. In a zone of 450 kilometres eastward to the very head of the estuary of the Essequibo there is no European centre.

— The Brazilian Memoir forms eighteen quarto volumes, including an atlas, and is a monument to the industry of the Brazilian minister to St. James, Sr. Joaquim Nabuco, whose anti-slavery labors are not forgotten in the republic. Thanks to him and his former coadjutors, there is in the present dispute no element of free vs. slave soil. But this also is England's honor as the first European Power to abolish slavery in our hemisphere. A supplementary note to volume three of the Second Memoir pertains to the Swiss cartographer Von Henemann (Van Heneman), and is taken from Prof. George Lincoln Burr's "Report on Maps from Official Sources" accompanying the report of President Cleveland's extraordinary commission for establishing the true Anglo-Venezuelan boundary line. It is not for us to express an opinion in a case of which we have only one side. We are content to reflect on the enormous economic saving which the costly Memoirs pro and contra effect over a barbarous settlement by force of arms, even were an El Dorado at stake. Our apostles of strenuosity would surely shrink from a task like that performed by Sr. Nabuco, in which something other than verbosity and bluster was required. His patriotic service lacks the soldier's name, but may well have the happy warrior's reward.

A STRENUOUS LIFE.

William Pepper, M.D., LL.D. By Francis Newton Thorpe. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904. Pp. 555.

William Pepper was born in Philadelphia in 1843. By descent he was German. His first known ancestor came to this country from the neighborhood of Strasbourg, in 1769. His grandfather, George Pepper, was one of the wealthiest merchants of Philadelphia in the first half of the nineteenth century. His father, of the same name as himself, was a distinguished physician and a professor in the University of Pennsylvania. Blessed with ample means and the inheritance of his father's reputation, he entered upon the same career, in which he early achieved success.

The first part of Professor Thorpe's book is devoted to Dr. Pepper's career as physician and medical writer; but, distinguished as that was, it is not that which really made his reputation. Characteristic of Dr. Pepper from the outset was an aggressive and ambitious spirit of unrest, which impelled him to seek for large results, to make himself felt in the world, to overthrow old and cumbering traditions, to organize new and ever greater institutions. He was early appointed lecturer in the medical faculty of his alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania. At that time the University of Pennsylvania was just about to remove from its old downtown site to West Philadelphia. It was evident that if this were done and the Medical School went with it, a question of the gravest importance would at once arise, inasmuch as there were no hospital facilities in West Philadelphia, and, indeed, the city of Philadelphia was, in comparison with New York, singularly lacking in hospitals at that time. Dr. Pepper, then but twenty-seven years of age, set himself the task of establishing a University Hospital. For this purpose he not only levied upon private individuals, but also organized a campaign to secure from the City Council and the State Legislature grants of land and money. It was the beginning of his lifelong work of organization, and the methods he then developed he pursued to the end. He entered politics at that time, and ever after remained in politics, not as a reformer, but as one who sought to achieve through political agencies, city, State, and national, certain important results—the endowment of benevolent and educational institutions, the promotion of archæological research, the improvement and development of educational methods and materials, the betterment of water supply and almshouse management, and much more of the same sort.

His energy and success in raising funds and equipping the University Hospital led to his appointment to the position of Medical Director of the Centennial Exposition of 1876, when he was only thirty-three years of age, a position which brought him into the eye of a world larger than that of Philadelphia. The next step in his administrative career was his selection as Provost of the University of Pennsylvania in January, 1881, at the age of thirty-seven. At that date, outside of its Medical School, which was famous and important, the University of Pennsylvania was little more than a high school. Other institutions no more ancient and originally occupying an educational grade no higher than itself had passed it and left it far behind in the march of development. The sons of the best citizens of Philadelphia went to it to get their education. It was the same education which their fathers had received, and they conceived of nothing better to pass on to their children. One who has not encountered it can scarcely appreciate the conservative opposition which Dr. Pepper met in his effort to make of the University an institu-

tion worthy of the name of the great State which it bore, and abreast of the leading universities of the country. Writing of those struggles in 1893, after victory had been achieved, he says: "No one then believed in the future of the University. Men smiled maliciously to my face and insulted me behind my back. I lost most of the friends of my youth—true, loyal, sincere men, united to me by youthful vows to devote our lives to lift science and education and the level of municipal life here. One after another they left me by the way, overwhelmed by weariness, contempt, or weakness" (p. 460). Here is Professor Thorpe's summary of the results of his provostship (1881-1894): "He found the University a respectable school; he transformed it into a real university—created thirteen departments, erected above twenty costly and appropriate buildings for its use, increased the faculty from a corps of ninety to one of nearly three hundred, and the attendance from eight hundred to above twenty-eight hundred. For the endowment and use of the institution he raised over four million dollars, and added more than forty acres in the heart of the city to its campus" (p. 458).

In doing this work he found himself obliged to bring the University into the life of the people. He coördinated the public-school system of the city with the courses of the University. He perceived the possibilities of University Extension, as a means both of extending educational facilities, and also of bringing the University in touch with new classes in the community and advertising it to the public. Accordingly he put himself and the University at the head of this movement in America to bring the University before the world. He made a similar, but much more daring use of archæological expeditions and collections. As his work went on, his vision expanded. He planned a great system of museums, illustrative of commerce, art, science, history, anthropology, centring about the University, and free to the people. He meant to coördinate the educational opportunities of the city and State with the University as a centre. His work often seemed visionary, his methods dangerous and speculative. After he ceased to be Provost, severe judgments were passed upon his administration of that office—the manner in which he involved the University in financial responsibilities, his spectacular and sometimes sensational methods of bringing the University before the public, and his selection of work and men because of telling rather than solid qualities. These and other charges, which Professor Thorpe has not mentioned, were brought against his administration. It must be said that probably at the time when he laid down the office of Provost, he had achieved all that he could achieve in that position; that there was need of another and a very different management; that a prolongation of his administration would have been injurious, if not disastrous, to the interests of the University. But, on the other hand, it will be recognized by those who knew and followed his career, that it was precisely the methods which he used that were needed to lift the University from its condition of insignificance, and to stir the people of Philadelphia to contribute to its work as they never contributed to anything before.

To Dr. Pepper's career as Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Thorpe devotes the second part of his volume, entitled "The Educator." His resignation from that office seemed to him at the time the end of his career. He supposed that his retirement, under the conditions of that retirement, would seriously affect his standing in the world. He seems also, and naturally, in view of what he had done, to have supposed that the University could not be carried on without him. But he was of a temperament that could not rest, and soon he had plunged into a new scheme, the creation of a great system of free museums and libraries, to which he devoted the last five years of his life—a work which will constitute, if possible, an even greater and more enduring monument than the University itself. It is fitting that Carl Bitter's bronze statue, erected after his death, should stand by the side of the Free Museum of Science and Art, which houses the treasures of the archæological expeditions that Dr. Pepper fostered and fathered, and by means of which he had interested the citizens of Philadelphia both in the University and in the Museum.

This statue stands not far, on the other side, from the University Hospital, the first creation of his organizing genius. It was in a room in this latter building that the proposition to start a very modest exploring expedition under the auspices of the University, on condition that the latter furnished a museum, was presented to Dr. Pepper with many misgivings by its originators. He lay on a sofa, his eyes closed, seemingly too exhausted by the lecture he had just delivered to pay heed to anything. But no sooner had the plan been stated than he was on his feet, beholding and expounding the vision of a scheme to make Philadelphia the centre of a great art and archæological movement, by the originality and the success of which he meant to raise the University of Pennsylvania to a high place in the world. This seeing of visions and leaping to conclusions was characteristic of the man in every part of his career. It was well brought out in a comparison of Dr. Pepper and his father made in a memorial address by Dr. Tyson, in 1898:

"The elder Pepper's method of diagnosis was to make a patient and exhaustive examination of the case, weighing each symptom and physical sign, and, after careful reflection, cautiously to draw conclusions. These were always well founded, and rarely changed. The younger Pepper's diagnosis was more rapid, more brilliant, and was usually sustained by the autopsy, though sometimes corrected by it. His quickness in recognizing a morbid condition and its causes was surprising, and he rarely erred in his diagnosis of the consequences which were likely to follow" (p. 147).

He displayed the same power of diagnosing individuals in other relations, and the same quickness to perceive and to utilize morbid as well as natural conditions to achieve results. Society and its foibles were made subservient to his ends. He instituted the Charity Ball, and probably no other man would have conceived or could have achieved such a social union of Philadelphia north and Philadelphia south of Market Street. He was continually seeking methods of reaching new groups of wealthy or influential men for the furtherance of his great educational and civic schemes, and the utilization of social ambitions was one of his methods. His constant preoccupation with great schemes and the methods of promoting them led him to regard all men, apparently, with a view to their usefulness, present or potential, in the furtherance of those schemes. One is impressed with the lack of the element of personal affection in his relations to the men about him, even those who seemed to stand the closest. Attractive in his manners, a witty, pleasant companion, abounding in gracious and kindly words and deeds, he yet seemed to have no deep and intimate friendships. If a man or woman were not useful for his purpose, they were cast aside. He exercised a remarkable influence, transforming into valuable agents much material which others would have regarded as hopeless; like a certain young man of great wealth, who spent his time "in sleep, tennis and dancing, but no work," until Dr. Pepper persuaded him "to abandon coffee, tobacco, and wine, and literally made a new man of him" (p. 465). On the other hand, this attitude of personal detachment aroused in others opposition and distrust. They regarded him as heartless and designing, and although it was clear that the object of his designs was always the promotion of good works, they yet failed to give him the confidence and support which the objects aimed at merited. Professor Thorpe says of him somewhere that he believed every man had his price, not in the sense that every man could be bought with a bribe, but that there was some motive in each man which, if he could but find it, would enable him to use that man for the furtherance of his plans. Generally he was successful. Sometimes he blundered, and the methods which he used even seemed to those whom he sought to influence unscrupulous, rousing in them a bitter opposition. Professor Thorpe does not make clear in his book the reason, outside of sheer conservatism, of the opposition which Dr. Pepper encountered to some of his great plans, an opposition which came often from men of character in the community. The reader is told that there was opposition, and that is all. The book is a chronological eulogy rather than a record merely of virtues and activities. We see and hear nothing of the mistakes and faults. It would be a better picture if it were not all done in so high a light, for the real portrait of a man cannot be painted without shadows.

Perhaps that which will most impress the reader of this book is the tremendous activity and energy that characterized Dr. Pepper, an activity and energy so extreme that one finds oneself doubting whether there were any depths of reflection and feeling beneath, whether the whole being of the man did not express itself in his activities. It must be remembered that while engaged in great educational and civic enterprises, he was all the time an active physician, with an enormous and constantly increasing practice; and not only this, he was a voluminous writer. He published medical text-books, systems, encyclopædias, and articles innumerable, showing in his literary activities the same remarkable powers of organization and coördination which he developed in all his other work. He was constantly called upon, also, to prepare and deliver addresses on a great variety of themes. In the preparation of these occasional papers he showed extraordinary versatility combined with an astonishing power of literary expression. His address before the Pan-American Medical Congress in 1893

produced a great impression on the delegates from Canada and Spanish America, and this, in connection with his statesmanlike handling of the Congress in general and the delegates in particular, procured him a fame in the sister republic probably exceeding that which he enjoyed in his own country. When, in 1896, he visited Mexico, as president of the Pan-American Medical Congress, he was received with an ovation which could scarcely have been greater had he been President of the United States; and after his death a memorial service was held in the legislative hall of the capitol, equal to that which might have been held in memory of a friendly potentate.

The secret of the immense amount of work which Dr. Pepper was able to accomplish lay largely in his great diligence and his careful utilization of every moment of time. The schedule of a normal day's work was somewhat as follows: Rose at 6:45. In office at 7:15, dictating letters and opinions until 8:15. From 8:15 to 11:30 office hours (he ate his breakfast in his office while seeing patients), interspersed with the transaction of all sorts of business pertaining to his many schemes. Twice a week at twelve or one he lectured at the University, to which he drove from his house, frequently carrying some one with him, with whom he transacted business, or to whom he gave medical advice on the way. (His visits to his patients were made in the same way, and he has been known to carry a professor of the University with whom he wished to transact special business to three consultations, going over the business with him in his carriage in the intervals.) Otherwise, the hours from 11:30 until 2:30 were devoted to consultations. He lunched incidentally, usually in his office, often transacting business or dictating at the same time. From 2:30 until 4:00 were office hours. From 4:00 until 7:15, with the exception of the time given to lectures, usually from 5:30 to 6:30 four times a week, he was again in consultation. Dinner he seemed to regard as a social function peculiarly adapted to the promotion of schemes and plans of work. From 8:30 to 10:00 he was usually once more in consultation, interspersing with singular dexterity fragments of social functions, committee meetings, and the like. From that time until after midnight, frequently until half-past two in the morning, he was dictating to one of his stenographers or working in his study. (At 12:30 the postman tapped on the window of his study, which was on the ground floor, to receive his mail.) Under great pressure he occasionally worked thirty-six or even forty-eight hours without interruption, except for a bite of food. On the other hand, he had the capacity of taking a nap at any time and at any place. When visiting a patient's house he would sometimes ask for a room and a bed, to lie down and take a brief nap. Sometimes in the midst of business he would say: "Let me sleep five minutes, then waken me, and we will talk it over," and fall asleep at once, freshly to resume the business or conversation at the end of that time.

Some notes for a never delivered "Address on Great Men from a Physician's Standpoint" throw light on his treatment of himself. Discussing the question of sleep, he says (p. 456):

"Many can do with less than eight or even seven [hours] while working hard, provided they recognize the increased risk; that while running their engine they take more scrupulous care with every part of the machinery. Machine must be perfect, fuel ditto; everything must be sacrificed to the one point of keeping the machinery running thus: Subjection of carnal, emotional excesses; certainty that no weak spots exist; diet, especially too much eating, too fast eating; stimulants, tobacco, open-air exercise; cool-headed, almost callous, critical analysis of one's self, one's sensations and effect of work on the system; clear knowledge of danger lines; result, avoidance of transgressing and immediate summons at right time. This involves a clear conscience or a callous one.

"Ability to sleep at will, which no one ever could do with certainty, except on the recognition of a certain stage of mental and bodily fatigue, which gets to be well known, and the result an unvarying obedience to the call of these sensations, almost with no regard to time, place, or circumstances."

He seemed to believe that he was so regulating his life and so thoroughly understood his system as to accomplish this immense amount of work without ultimate injurious results. As a consequence of incessant and intense overwork, he wore himself out early. At fifty he began to break down, and the last few years of his life were years of sleeplessness and pain. He had by this time become so addicted to work that he could not give it up even for a few days at a time. Such a place of recreation as Northeast Harbor palled upon him. He writes (p. 467): "It is a tiresome place and too far away, and the telegraph people can neither read nor write." With the failing of his health came a feverish, unhealthy sense of the need of working harder. "The days are few, and the crush of work makes them short. So little accomplished: 'The petty done, the undone vast.' I must work harder. The very rich people are nearly all a little trying" (p. 464).

He was aware, during these last years, that organic troubles had developed which rendered death an event possible at any moment; and that the only hope of prolonging his life was to drop work and rest. This he either could not or would not do. His whole interest in life was in the prosecution of his great schemes. He died at the age of fifty-five at the home of Mrs. Hearst in California, whither he had gone nominally to seek the rest which his restless energy rendered impossible, with his hand, as it were, on the telegraph wire, worrying about the "Loan Bill" which would provide the funds to carry out his museum projects.

RAMSAY'S TACITUS.

The Annals of Tacitus, Books I.-VI.: An English Translation by Geo. Gilbert Ramsay, Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

The present season appears to be unusually prolific in translations of classic authors, made as much for those who read the originals also as for those who do not. The latter class is usually inclined to take a strictly utilitarian view of such labors. Said Emerson, "I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals when I have them rendered for me in my mother-tongue." That was a safe thing for Emerson to say, for he was competent to take the barest, and even the distorted, skeleton of another man's thought, and clothe it from the rich wisdom of his own treasure-house. The result might not be recognizable by the original proprietor, but it was sure to be a beautiful thing in itself. Lælius Decumus could not do that. His Charles River bridge would be a mere *pons asinorum*.

To the thorough classicist a translation is a very different thing. It is a work of art. As the Chinese say that nature first possesses the artist and then works itself into an outward expression through his fingers and his soul, so the classicist brings to birth a translation. It is a possession that seizes upon him at least once in his life. He can no more resist it than the youngling can the tendency to Spring poetry, or the mountaineer the glittering charm of the virgin peak, or the woodsman the call of the wild. However impossible it is to render perfectly, or even adequately, into one language the literary forms and imaginative conceptions of another, it is a task that will always be attempted, and, if at all well done, will demand attention as a literary creation, and not simply as a piece of hack work.

There is no historical writing in the world's literature so full of permanent and manifold interest as the account of the reign of Tiberius by Tacitus. Tacitus was indubitably quite as much a rhetorician as he was an historian. Hence modern historians who would not write well if they could, shake their heads at him, as they do at Macaulay and Froude. But the world still prefers wine to sawdust, even if the sawdust be made out of vine-stocks, and the English-speaking world ought to welcome such a rendering of Tacitus as Mr. Ramsay gives us. It is not only the most recent of the translations from classical authors that have come to our table; it is also by all odds the best. The author's purpose was

"to give a version of the first six books of the Annals which shall be close and faithful to the original, and yet shall not read as a translation; which shall satisfy the strict demands of modern scholarship, and yet give to the English reader some idea of the power, the dignity, the greatness, of the great historian of Rome."

This purpose he certainly appears to have achieved, and he is the first English translator who has done so. His footnotes are also such as the reader will need for his full understanding of the text, and the handsome and stately volume in which his work is issued renders due honor to the dignity of the subject. We trust the single star on the back indicates that we may hope for the rest of the Annals in a second volume.

Prefixed to the translation is an extremely interesting and well-written essay of sixty-six pages, in which the translator discusses the merits and the failings of earlier translations, including those into French and Italian, and passing very lightly over the later English versions. In the course of his discussion he points out, with illuminating examples, the difficulties that confront the translator, especially the translator into English, and the way in which these difficulties should be dealt with. The translator, according to Mr. Ramsay, must strive, though with the inferior resources of the English tongue, to emulate the liveliness, richness, variety, and conciseness that mark the style of Tacitus. He must perforce avoid the periodic structure, which is clumsy in English, and make up for it in some measure by the careful

structure of the paragraph. He should not imitate the poetic and archaic diction of Tacitus, but he must, for example, describe military matters in terms that would not bring a smile to a modern soldier's lips; social and economic facts as our own economists would describe them; and in the record of debates in the Senate use only such expressions "as might fall from the lips of a British statesman in our own houses of Parliament." He must perforce expand some phrases, but no addition of idea should be tolerated. Some omission, on the other hand, may be pardoned, for

"to give a little less than the meaning of an author so charged with meaning, so subtle in suggestion, as Tacitus, is less misleading than to give more; and a translator may be forgiven if he fail to squeeze out to the last drop all the meaning of a Tacitean sentence."

He must labor after a "harmonious whole," asking himself constantly, as did M. de la Bléterie, "If Tacitus had lived in my day, how would he have expressed himself?"

With this conception in general we certainly can take no issue, but we might find possibilities for disagreement in certain practical details. These are a part of the fascination of the study of a first-rate translation. For example, must a translation, to be satisfactory and effective, always sound as if it were not a translation? Is such a thing, indeed, actually possible? Could any one make Isaiah sound like John Ruskin? Again, one might describe a certain military movement across the Rhine as a reconnaissance in force, but should we use that phrase, which appears to have no brief parallel in Latin, as the translation of the much longer Latin description of the movement? Furthermore, if the Latin of Tacitus shows in any place a ruggedness or awkwardness, why should the translator feel bound to apply the file? If Tacitus uses words or expressions from poetry that set his style apart from the prevailing style of his day, and give it a certain distinction, why should the translator hesitate to do the same, in so far as our English speech is not distorted by it? Would Tacitus, were he living now, surely talk like Macaulay rather than like Carlyle?

Even within the limits that Mr. Ramsay sets for himself he is not always impeccable. In three places (iii. 14. 6; v. 9. 3; vi. 25. 4) Tacitus speaks of the wonted exposure of the bodies of executed criminals (in one case only the portrait statue) upon the Gemonian Stairs, using in each case the customary phrase *in Gemonias*. In the first instance the translator renders the preposition by "to," in the second by "down," and in the third by "on to." Of these three renderings the third (though doubtless not elegant) is the only one that adequately represents the fact, while the second is actually misleading. Did the translator misunderstand *abiecta?* The Stairs were no Tarpeian Rock. He certainly misunderstood both Juvenal and Roman customs in his note on iii. 14. 6. The passage in Juvenal, 10. 58, means simply that the statues were pulled down by ropes from their pedestals, not that they were dragged *in Gemonias;* nor is it true that this fate was commonly visited upon the statues of the fallen. The case of Piso's statues is the only one we now recall of this sort. In vii. 27. 5 *inlustri fortuna egere* does not mean, as Mr. Ramsay expresses it, "were persons of distinction," but "achieved worldly success." Tacitus should therefore be acquitted of the charge made against him in the translator's note on the passage, that he "regards high birth as to some extent a set-off against bad character." In iv. 34.8 is one of the *sententiæ* of which Mr. Ramsay gives the translation by various of his predecessors (*Spreta exolescunt; si irascare, agnita uidentur*). But his own rendering ("The insult which goes unnoticed dies; to resent it is to accord to it recognition"), though otherwise excellent, does not accurately represent the original; for accusations rather than insults are in question, as *agnita* points to more than "recognition." The rendering might run, "Contempt withers calumny; anger implies confession." In vi. 14. 2 the translator again misunderstood Tacitus, and represents an unintelligible or impossible occurrence. Celsus did not "loosen the chain which bound him, and put his head through the loop." He looped around his neck the chain that attached him to the wall. Nor did he "break his neck"; he merely strangled himself, *ceruicem perfregit*, meaning that and nothing more, as elsewhere in Latin. Again, in iv. 70.2, the muffled noble, dragged to execution, cried indeed, "See how the New Year comes in," but not, as Mr. Ramsay goes on, "behold the victims of Sejanus." The reference is rather a bitter sarcasm on the customary sacrifices on New Year's Day for prosperity during the year to come, especially on behalf of the Emperor—"These are the sacrifices paid Sejanus."

Mr. Ramsay holds that the translator may omit some part of the writer's thought. But he certainly should not do this unless such omission is unavoidable through the exigencies of our English speech. When the mob dragged the statues of Piso to the Gemonian Stairs (iii. 14. 6), it is perhaps necessary to render the imperfect indicative (*diuellebant*) as if it were a pluperfect subjunctive ("they would have broken them in pieces"); but is it necessary so to cut down the vigor of the historian's expression when he uses of marble the word that would properly fit Piso's own flesh ("rend into fragments"), for which the savage crowd found a poor substitute in the senseless stone? Again, in vi. 27. 1, Tacitus says that Julia (Drusus's daughter, Nero's widow) married beneath her station in wedding Rubellius Blandus (*denupsit in domum Rubellii Blandi*). The translator is content to say, "married into the family of Rubellius Blandus," and furthermore passes over entirely the words *Drusi filia.* But both elements of the description are in point, reminding one of "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." In another vigorous passage (iv. 35. 4), the various renderings of which by other translators are discussed by Mr. Ramsay, Tacitus says of the two combatants, *clamore telis equis concurrunt.* Mr. Ramsay thinks it enough to say, "with a shout they pushed their horses to the charge." That is finely said, but is it necessary to omit *telis?* Could not "lance in rest" find a proper place in the English narrative as in the Latin?

We turned with interest to a number of the brief, pregnant phrases of Tacitus, to see whether the translator had been able to make his rendering as lightning-like as the original. In every instance the translation is into smooth and courteous English, quite different in tone from Tacitus, or, we venture to believe, from what Tacitus would write it if he were writing in English. The shuddering vividness, for example, of *laqueum iuxta* is, perhaps unavoidably, quite lost in "before being strangled," and "men fled and left a solitude" lacks much of the picturesque energy in the two lone words *fuga, uastitas.*

We repeat heartily our earnest commendation of the translation as a whole, though we find it more satisfactory in the dignity of its general harmony than in the accuracy of its details or its effective transference of local color. Only collaboration by means of successive revisions by competent scholars and writers of the work of others can result in giving us the best possible translation of any great work of literature. Mr. Ramsay's version, because it lacks so little of superlative excellence, would be the ideal starting point for Tacitus. Why should not a translator, as well as any other interpreter, build professedly on the foundation that others have laid?

New Sayings of Jesus, and Fragment of a Lost Gospel from Oxyrhynchus. By Bernard P. Grenfell, D.Litt., M.A., Lucy Wharton Drexel and Arthur S. Hunt, D.Litt., M.A. Oxford University Press; New York: H. Frowde. Pp. 47.

This booklet contains five new Sayings of Jesus, and the fragment of a lost Gospel discovered in 1903, reprinted with slight alterations from 'Oxyrhynchus Papyri,' Part IV., together with the Sayings discovered in 1897 and published in 'Oxyrhyncus Papyri,' Part 1. The new Sayings contain forty-two incomplete lines, and are written on the back of a survey list of various pieces of land. They are supposed by the editors to belong to the same work as the eight Sayings discovered in 1897. As these latter, however, constituted the eleventh page of a "handsomely written book," it is clear that both are not parts of the same copy. On epigraphical grounds, the editors assign both texts to the middle of the third century A. D. The original work of which they are copies goes back, they suppose, to the end of the first or the beginning of the second century A. D. The newly discovered fragment commences at the very beginning of the work, with the introduction—"The . . . words which Jesus, the living Lord, spake to . . . and Thomas." The first Saying in this fragment was already known from Clement of Alexandria, who quotes it from the Gospel according to the Hebrews. In our text it reads: "Jesus saith: let not him who seeks . . . cease until he finds, and when he finds he shall wonder, and, wondering, he shall reach the kingdom, and, having reached the kingdom, he shall rest."

As in the case of the Logia found in 1897, there is a striking resemblance between these Sayings and passages in the various canonical gospels, the resemblance being sometimes with one gospel, sometimes with another; but there is also an element quite distinct from anything with which we are familiar in those gospels. This foreign element is well illustrated in the second Saying. According to the restoration of the editors, Jesus is asked: "Who are those that draw us into the kingdom if the kingdom is in heaven?" To which He answers: "The fowls of the

heaven, and, of the beasts, whatsoever is under the earth or on the earth, and the fishes of the sea—these are they which draw you, and the kingdom of heaven is within you, and whosoever knoweth himself shall find it."

The editors state that their reconstruction of this Saying is altogether conjectural, because, with the exception of the few words about the kingdom of God within the man, they have been unable to find any parallel passage. In a letter recently printed in the *Athenæum*, Dr. William Hayes Ward points out that there is a parallel which the editors have overlooked in Job xii. 7-9 (which bears, also, a certain resemblance to Ezekiel xxxviii. 20). The preceding Saying, quoted above, deals with the manner of entering into the kingdom. The succeeding Saying, properly understood, deals with the place of the kingdom. Our Saying, between these two, deals partly with the finding, partly with the place of the kingdom. It uses the phraseology and, to some extent, the thought of Job xii. 7-9 and Job xi. 7-9, and from those passages we may perhaps restore it somewhat as follows: "Jesus says: Ask now the cattle (quadrupeds), and they that draw you shall say to you, The Kingdom is in heaven. Ask the fowls of the heaven, and they will say that it is under the earth. Go down into the deep, and the fishes of the sea will tell you it is not there. Verily the kingdom of heaven is within you, and whosoever knoweth himself shall find it." In this, as in other Sayings, the mystic thought of the inner life is expressed with an emphasis which seems only from its continued repetition in excess of the emphasis in our canonical gospels. Unfortunately, all of the Sayings are fragmentary, approximately the first half of each line being preserved, and in the last Saying even less.

The editors conclude that, while akin to the Gospel according to the Hebrews, these Sayings are not extracted from that source, neither are they extracts from either of the apocryphal gospels of St. Thomas, although "a connexion between the earlier gospel of St. Thomas and the Sayings is extremely likely," but that they are part of a collection of sayings "obviously intended to stand as an independent literary work."

The portion of a lost gospel contained in this little book consists of eight fragments of a papyrus in roll form, "comprising parts of the middles of two narrow columns." The handwriting is a small uncial of third-century type. The gospel itself was similar in point of form to the synoptical gospels. In the fragments preserved we have a part of the material grouped by St. Matthew and St. Luke under the Sermon on the Mount, handled with a freedom which is extremely interesting. The editors opine that this gospel was probably composed in Egypt before 150 A. D., and that it "stood in intimate relation to the Gospel according to the Egyptians."

Their conclusions with regard to the origin and the date of these various fragments will not be accepted by all scholars, any more than were their conclusions with regard to the first Sayings. To the present reviewer there seems to be a slight difference in both form and thought between the two fragments of Sayings, suggesting a derivation from kindred rather than identical collections. But such a difference might exist between different parts of the same work, provided the work itself were of a composite character, as such collections are apt to be, different parts being drawn from different sources. It is to be hoped that the further excavation of the ruin mounds of Oxyrhynchus, which are more than a mile in length, and of which only a portion has yet been explored, will result in the discovery of further fragments which may throw light on the disputed points. Biblical scholars will welcome this little book, which brings together in a small compass the material that must otherwise be sought in two large volumes of the publications of the Græco-Roman Branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund.

English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Edited, from the collection of Francis James Child, by Helen Child Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge. Cambridge Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 8vo. 1904.

There could be no more acceptable addition to the "Cambridge Poets" than this scholarly condensation of the late Professor Child's monumental work. With the exception of five ballads (Nos. 33, 279, 281, 290, 299, suppressed *pudoris causa?*) every one of Child's 305 is represented, generally by the two best versions. Variant readings, when of importance, are given in notes, and there is a bibliography and glossary. Child's introductions are severely condensed or epitomized, and the book is a veritable vade-mecum for the ballad lover who, through shortness of purse or leisure, may not take his Child straight. The frontispiece portrait of Professor Child is from the original which Kruell's graver has interpreted so feelingly and poetically in the print known to a chosen few.

While this admirable compendium (to which the only rival is Child's early and less accurate compilation originally made for [illegible], "British Poets," and subsequently reprinted) is addressed to the general reader, scholars must reckon with the special introduction in which Professor Kittredge discusses the communal theory. Ballad readers know, or ought to know, that there are two divergent theories of ballad authorship. Herder believed that ballads were a kind of emanation from the people, a theory which Jacob Grimm dogmatized in the aphorism, "Das Volk dichtet." Mr. Courthope, among others, has maintained that a ballad is neither more nor less communal than, say, a metrical romance; we merely have to do with a very humble sort of authorship plus the accidents due to oral transmission. Mr. Kittredge seeks an eirenicon which lacks a little in definiteness. Admitting the difficulty of proving that a consistent narrative poem can be produced by several persons collaborating under a communal instinct (here the verse-capping of the Faroe Islanders and the mocking rhymes of children are made to bear a staggering burden of proof), Professor Kittredge shows conclusively that, however ballads originate, they inevitably become popular. The people may or may not invent them; it invariably gives them their shape and tone, so that the entire *genre* falls out of the literary tradition, is so truly popular and impersonal as fairly to be called communal.

In a sense, the question is academic. Nobody disputes the popular nature of these poems, which transcendentalists love to think come out of some sub-conscious stratum of communal emotion, while rationalists apply rather pragmatically the argument from design, and infer an author from an ordered product. But then it makes a real difference which horn you choose. To Mr. Courthope the author of a ballad is simply an humble Meistersinger. There are bad and good ballad makers—the unknown author of "Sir Patrick Spens" and the average rhymester for the broadsides; some ballads have suffered in transmission, others have gained; all are a sort of cheap literature. To Professor Child and his disciples, on the contrary, a sharp distinction exists between ballads and sham ballads. "Traditional ballads," as Child loved to call them, grow only in rather primitive communities, where ideas are uniform and authorship in the literary sense is unknown. Thus, Professor Kittredge would conclude, the author is merely the mouthpiece of the throng, and, taken genially, Grimm's *Das Volk dichtet* is essential truth.

Hereupon it may be said that rule of thumb bears out the transcendentalists surprisingly well. Practically, in spite of perplexing cases like "The Queen's Maries," it is not difficult to surmise the pedigree of any given ballad. The present writer heard "Lord Lovell" (Child, No. 75) at his mother's knee, and learned "The Mermaid" (Child, No. 289) from his New Jersey schoolmates. These ballads, though of respectable antiquity and seemingly popular provenance, are surely as literary as Thackeray's "Little Billee," also a high favorite with the schoolboys of the late seventies. These same playmates commonly sang a literary parody of "The Twa Corbies," a genuine traditional ballad; and "Captain Kidd," a surprisingly excellent effort of some broadside poetaster. Only recently your reviewer has heard "Greenfield Mountain" crooned by an octogenarian—a broadside ballad which has gained pseudo-traditional standing in central Massachusetts. To pass from this circle to the illiterate mountaineers of Kentucky, who still recite "Chevy Chace," is to make the great step from mere balladry to the real ballad. Autolycus's bag, *pace* Mr. Courthope, has about as little to do with the genuine ballad as Dibdin and Rossetti with the community that produced "Johnie Armstrong."

The Writings of Samuel Adams. Edited by Harry Alonzo Cushing. Vol. I. Putnams. 1904.

This initial volume contains the Adams papers of 1764-1769. They relate to the troubled period of Massachusetts history in which the differences between Assembly and Governor and between colony and ministry were rapidly widening and were already productive of protest and violence. In the fervid representations of Adams and his colleagues, the actions of the Governor become grievous oppression, malignant crimes against freedom; and we almost forget the moderating circumstances that give support to Bernard and Hutchinson in their efforts to maintain authority and fulfil instructions in opposition to a turbulent House of Representatives. Again and again the addresses, memorials, and private let-

ters state the grievances, repel accusations, protest loyalty, and demand redress. Much of the reasoning is based upon the local contest with the King's representative; but it constantly tends to a broader application, and includes the liberty of the subject in all the English colonies in America. The right to dispose of his property, and (not being represented in Parliament) to oppose the taking of his property by taxation without his consent, was a fundamental principle of liberty. The Stamp Act, the duties on imports, the independence of Governor and judges, the commissioners of customs, were only some of the object-lessons for the colonies that the cause of Massachusetts was the cause of all.

Adams gives expression to the common danger and the common remedy, and he is best in the few private letters printed in this volume, for in his town and assembly papers the restraining influence of a committee is seen. His letter to Gadsden in 1766 (p. 108) is a masterpiece of agitation, asserting rights, suggesting dangers, urging watchfulness, glossing hostile acts of Parliament, and describing the awful possibilities should his imagined dangers become real. His pen was always active, and, before the last page is reached, the reader is wearied by a certain sameness of expression and attitude, which later became fixed and inseparable from all Adams did or wrote.

The editor has performed his task with great self-repression. Notes on the measures to which the addresses were a reply would not have been out of place, and some proof that the "Puritan" and "Candidus" articles were really by Adams would be welcome. The two letters on pages 26 and 34 were written to George Whitefield. Convenience would have followed the printing of the draft and the final form of a letter in parallel columns. Was not one of the commissioners named Hutton (not Hulton, as given in the note on p. 316)? The reprint of the "Appeal to the World" is made the more interesting by comparison with the manuscript draft, which seems to establish Adams's authorship; but in a number of other papers the same proof is needed to support the very general and often loose claims of William V. Wells.

The volume is a much-needed reminder of a chapter of colonial history that is in danger of being forgotten, even while some of the features of governing a dependency by agents at a great distance from the source of authority are almost daily present to us. "In all free States," wrote Adams, "the constitution is fixed; it is from thence the legislative derives its authority; therefore, it cannot change the constitution without destroying its own foundation"; and he insists that the constitution holds as well in English America as in England. But Parliament never asserted that the Constitution did not follow the flag.

Economic Inquiries and Studies. By Sir Robert Giffen. 2 vols. London. George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

These volumes contain a selection of essays that have appeared at intervals during the last thirty years. Some of the subjects discussed belong now to history; some are of very present interest. Those who appreciate the treatment of questions of fiscal policy according to scientific methods will read, or reread, nearly everything here presented with pleasure. Those who care to understand the controversies now shaking the very foundations of the English system of government will find here the light they need. All will agree that these essays constitute a splendid memorial of the industry and ability displayed by their eminent author in the statistical researches to which he has devoted his life. No such brilliant work, we must reluctantly say, has been done in this country since Mr. Wells's time; and we fear that what is now done in this direction receives scant recognition from the public.

We need not infer, however, that the extensive use of statistical arguments by the English public is a sign of great political intelligence. As Sir Robert Giffen ruefully observed more than twenty years ago—and we believe he has lately repeated the observation—the actual handling of statistics proves how little the study has really advanced, not merely among the multitude, but among the classes who are most carefully and highly cultivated.

"There has been a great hash of figures," he says, "indicating that those who use them have hardly the rudiments of statistical ideas, whether true or false. In journals of the highest standing there are the wildest blunders of the schoolboy order. . . . Our satisfaction therefore at seeing so frequent an appeal to statistics must be considerably qualified by the nature of the appeal. . . . The popular standard for statistics is evidently not yet so strict as it is for other scientific studies. Any man, it seems to be thought, can handle figures, and writers who are otherwise competent are not afraid to touch them, as they would be afraid to touch chemistry, or geometry, or botany, or geology, or almost any science one could name."

It is impossible to read these observations without a feeling akin to despair. They occur in what may be justly called the celebrated paper on "The Use of Import and Export Statistics," read before the Statistical Society in March, 1882. This paper was occasioned by the agitation which then prevailed concerning the balance of trade and the "fair-trade" theory. We believe it may be said that Mr. Giffen exposed every fallacy which has been brought forward on these subjects, and made plain the conditions of English trade in a manner that should have rendered the repetition of these fallacies impossible. Notwithstanding this conspicuous and conclusive refutation we now, after the lapse of twenty years, see all these antiquated fallacies revived and refurbished, and so vigorously championed by Mr. Chamberlain and his followers as to make it not improbable that they will be adopted as the basis of the commercial policy of England. That such a result should be even possible is enough to dishearten all laborers in Sir Robert's field; but, we must add, his ardor seems unabated.

Perhaps this ardor may, after all, be justified by the event. While it is true that every generation must learn wisdom for itself, it is something to have a store of facts so well established as to be easily accessible. In the essay to which we have referred, very careful investigation was made of the extent of what Mr. Giffen called England's "invisible exports." He pointed out that the gross revenue derived from vessels engaged in foreign commerce was certainly as much as £60,000,000, and probably more nearly £80,000,000; an item which is omitted in the ordinary estimates of the balance of trade. It has, of course, been disregarded by those prominent in the present recrudescence of protectionism; but the opponents of reaction have found Mr. Giffen's investigations extremely serviceable, and the absurdity of the alarm expressed at the excess of imports has never before been so thoroughly exposed. Of course, the income derived by Englishmen from their investments in foreign countries appears in the imports of goods. So far as these investments have been sound, they necessarily swell what is called the "adverse" balance of trade. So far as they are worthless, they appear only in the addition which they make originally to the list of exports. To use one of Bastiat's illustrations, a "favorable" balance of trade, according to the protectionists, would result if the vessels bearing imports were all wrecked before reaching port. No quicker way of reducing the excess of imports could be devised.

As Mr. Giffen explained, if we compare the trade returns of all countries, we find that on the whole the value of imports exceeds that of exports by some 10 or 12 per cent., the principal cause of the discrepancy being the cost of transportation. There are, however, as he showed, so many pitfalls in the shape of differences and changes in the systems of valuation, in fluctuations of price, in the effect of wars, and in many other influences, as to make it the height of presumption for any one not an expert to venture to make use of trade figures. He is almost certain to proceed in ignorance of absolutely vital elements. Speaking in a broad way, we may say that a country which imports more than it exports is either absorbing foreign capital or drawing an income from foreign investments. An exporting country may be paying its debts, or investing in other lands. The mere figures tell us little about causes; they must be explained by evidence *aliunde*. England, for instance, exports vast quantities of goods that have been simply consigned there, or that have undergone some process of manufacture. She imports a great deal of cotton, and exports most of it as cotton yarn and cloth. Imports thus make exports, and we cannot have the latter unless we have the former.

In this connection we shall quote a few words from the beginning of a paper written in 1877, as illustrating the timeliness of these essays. Mr. Giffen then observed:

"A phenomenon is being repeated at the present time which is often witnessed in times of depression of trade. The cry is raised that trade is being destroyed by foreign competition. Every bale of goods or ton of ironwork which comes from a foreign country into England 'at a lower price than the same articles could be produced at home,' is made the text of a discourse on the decline of English manufacturing. The multiplication abroad of manufactories of those articles which we produce for export is made the text of similar discourses. 'See,' it is said, 'how some nations which were formerly our customers are manufacturing for themselves, and how other nations are going to the shops of rivals like the United States, France, and Germany, who are gaining on us every day in the race.'"

The folly of these apprehensions was thoroughly exposed by Mr. Giffen; but we need not restate his facts. They are in the main as available now as they were a generation ago, for the outcry against foreign competition proceeds on the same misunderstanding of the situation. Several of

these papers are of interest as showing how statistical science can forecast the future; but in one instance Mr. Giffen was mistaken. He was disposed to predict a continued fall in prices, because he did not anticipate any great increase in the production of gold. His argument, otherwise valid, was vitiated by the unexpected increase of this production. With this exception we observe no instance where Mr. Giffen has ventured on a prediction without being justified by the event. The enormous advantage which lawmakers might obtain from studying these volumes is too obvious to require statement; but our lawmaking has not reached the point where scientific methods are applied or appreciated.

History of the United States Capitol. By Glenn Brown. 2 vols. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1900-1903. Pp. 255. 322 plates.

In view of the recent attempt to set going extensive and ill-considered additions to the Capitol—an attempt which, fortunately enough, resulted in having committed to the hands of architects of great ability the duty of studying the whole problem of an extension of the building—the appearance of the second volume of Mr. Glenn Brown's 'History of the Capitol' is most timely. The first volume concerns itself with the old Capitol and with the work of Thornton, Latrobe, and Bulfinch, the three architects who made it what it was. Chief among these men was Dr. William Thornton, whose scholarly design, submitted after the first competition had proved a flat failure, commended itself to Washington for its "grandeur, simplicity, and convenience," and to Jefferson because he found it "simple, noble, beautiful." It was indeed the quality of simple beauty not devoid of grandeur that gave the Capitol that character which it has retained through all its changes, and from which no future additions should depart. Credit has also been claimed from time to time for both Hallet and Hadfield, early superintendents of construction, for the design of the original buildings, or at least for such great changes in Thornton's design as would force us to accord the success of it to them. Mr. Brown's marshalling of evidence in the form of letters and drawings once and for all disposes of such claims, and proves beyond doubt that the design of the Capitol, up to the time of Latrobe's appointment, was in all essentials Thornton's, and that the many attempts of Hallet and of Hadfield to modify that design were, for the most part, signally defeated.

Congress first occupied the building, or rather one wing of it, in the year 1800, and Mr. Brown has been at great pains to discover the way in which the Senate and House were accommodated in the small area between the rotunda and the present north wing. The Senate, it appears, sat where is now the room of the Supreme Court, but upon the level of the basement floor, the gallery of the Senate Chamber being upon the first-floor level. On the other or western side of the building, and upon the first floor, sat the House in a room which reached through two stories. Diagrams showing the shapes and uses of the several rooms of the then north wing accompany the description, and make clear the otherwise obscure contemporary evidence.

Of Latrobe's important modifications of Thornton's plans, and of his restoration of the interior of the building after its burning by the British in 1814, as well as of Bulfinch's subsequent part in the work, a very complete account is given. Of the old Capitol, Mr. Brown says:

"Thornton, Latrobe, and Bulfinch deserve the distinction of being the architects of the building. Each designed and planned. Of the three, Thornton deserves the greatest praise, as the originator; Latrobe next, doing much original work in detail as well as planning, and general arrangement of the interior. Bulfinch executed Latrobe's drawing and gave a better plan for the central western part of the building. Thornton showed an appreciation of the needs of the American people, and a confidence in the growth of the country which his contemporaries did not appreciate."

The second volume of the work deals chiefly with the extensive additions to the Capitol made after the year 1850, the wings and dome designed by Thomas U. Walter, and the western terraces and improvements to the grounds carried out under Frederick Law Olmsted. By the middle of the nineteenth century, the increase in the membership of Congress incident to the growth of the country, and the increase in the volume of business transacted at the Capitol, had rendered a great enlargement of the building necessary. A futile competition was followed by the appointment of Thomas U. Walter as architect charged with the work. He retained his position for fourteen years, at first making the long series of studies which led up to the design of the north and south wings as eventually constructed—a highly interesting series of plans, which Mr. Brown reproduces in his book. In 1855, Congress determined to erect upon the walls of the low dome of the old Capitol a far higher one—a dome of necessarily greater diameter than the original. To comply with such conditions, it was necessary to resort to a veritable *tour de force.* How brilliantly Walter met and overcame the difficulties of the situation, need not now be related. The apparent inadequacy of the eastern portico of the building to support so vast a mass as the dome which had partly to surmount it, is the justification, from a purely artistic point of view, for the eastern extension of the Capitol now under consideration.

During eight of his fourteen active years Walter was nominally subordinate to a captain of engineers, but whatever may have been the merits of the long controversy between himself and Capt. Meigs as to the control of the work (a controversy with which Mr. Brown deals at length and in a most judicial fashion) the verdict of time is that to Walter and not to Meigs is due the credit of giving to our greatest monument an aspect of the utmost dignity and impressiveness. Of Walter, Mr. Brown says: "He was the man best fitted to make these important additions. His love of refined and classical proportions and details, his good taste and his rare restraint in reproducing the features of the old work and harmonizing the new with it, showed a man of rare capacity." The many beautiful drawings made by Walter's own hand, which are reproduced in the book, prove his personal capacity as a designer and draughtsman to have been of a kind that would put to shame many of the greatest practising architects of the present day.

To the great improvement of the western aspect of the building and of the grounds, which later came about under the direction of Olmsted, a chapter is devoted, while the remainder of the book is given up to a most faithful and exhaustive account of the works of painting and sculpture that are to be found within and about the building; to a detailed list of all appropriations, numerous beyond belief, made for the building; to biographies of the architects, engineers, and superintendents of the fabric, and to a bibliography of the building. This work is by all odds the most comprehensive and authoritative yet published upon the United States Capitol.

The Penobscot Man. By Fannie Hardy Eckstorm. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Idlers on the coast of Maine—or, for that matter, pilgrims to Alaska—will find a *bonne bouche* better than a mountain trout in this little volume, 'The Penobscot Man.' It is a series of true stories of the feats of lumbermen on the old "West Branch Drive." The mere gormandizer of fiction will read it for the verve and dash and enthusiasm which sweep him through each fytte with the speed of a log-drive down a cataract. But the judicious epicure will taste it slowly and ruminate on it, and then lay it away on a shelf quite apart from the general run of facile outdoor narratives with which the publishers class and compare it. Mrs. Eckstorm says that her "stories are told with little art"; but from this the critic must respectfully dissent. Another person might know the bare facts; she tells them with imagination, with a beautiful poetic insight, with that arrangement and selection which make art.

She gives us a scene and the heart of it; she knows the hearts of her heroes with an intimacy which may be partly drawn from love and old acquaintance, but which has a bit of genius in it, too. Without that, her dialect and her technical terms might be a weariness and vexation. Each of her sketches is a little dithyramb rather than an idyl; and it is curious to observe how she rolls the long Indian names on her tongue with the same instinctive art and enjoyment that belong to the Iliad, or to Clough's 'Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.'

She thinks that her tales may be good because they are facts. That is partly true; but no one knows what exact portion of fact there is in the Iliad or the Odyssey, and still the misguided schoolboy pores over them with delight. Mrs. Eckstorm has the epic rush and the charming poetic touch. She was a little girl when a band of Indians came to her father to inquire for the body of their drowned chieftain. "They were tall, and I looked through their legs as between tree-trunks, and the shadow of grief on their dark faces made them like the heavy tops of the pine trees, trees of mournfulness and sighing." That is epic—one might say Ossianic—but it is without affectation and beautifully true. We were lately informed by a young parson who labored among congregations Down East, that the people of Maine are degenerates, and that they have no morals. Mrs. Eckstorm shows us that the Maine man "dies cheerfully; he does not boast of his morals, but

he does not fear death, and he knows how to live for an ideal." That type of man is more needed than the worshipper of the full dinner-pail. It is likely that Mrs. Eckstorm knows the nature of the Penobscot man better than our pessimistic parson.

Spinoza's Political and Ethical Philosophy. By Robert A. Duff. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. 8vo. pp. 516.

Baruch de Spinoza died on the twenty-third of February, 1677; and when he shall have been dead for two centuries and a half, it is safe to say that a higher rank in philosophy will be commonly accorded to him than ever before. The vicissitudes of his fame, and not of his fame only, but of the understanding of his doctrine's prevalent color, have been unparalleled by those of any other modern philosopher, and are more surprising—yes, and more discreditable to readers of metaphysics—than those which the estimation and interpretation of Duns Scotus, Aristotle, Plato, and Epicurus have undergone, since different civilizations must be expected to apprehend such all-permeating conceptions very differently. When Spinoza's principal works appeared, as they first did shortly after his demise, in one collection, the judgment of Leibniz was that they merely traced out a little further some consequences of Cartesianism; but they soon got that brand *"atheistical"* scorched upon them that has not entirely worn off to this day. The original meaning of it was that they displayed that incipient tendency toward regarding the books of the Bible with the eye of historical criticism which had no little popular vogue about 1700; but before long, as in so many instances, the word was retained while the meaning of it was entirely changed, as one can see by turning to Bayle's 'Dictionnaire,' where Spinoza is set down, without misgiving, as a materialistic pantheist. When Malebranche called the doctrine an "épouvantable et ridicule chimère," the phrase reflected a curiously jumbled misapprehension.

About the middle of the century Wolfius honored Spinoza with a refutation, and a definitive judgment seemed to have been reached on all hands that his philosophy merited notice only for its oddity. Then, as the century drew toward its close, the sort of people who gape in admiration of Jakob Boehme, first in Holland and afterward in Germany, took up, as a help or substitute for that, a mystical and sentimental Spinoza fad. Herder caught the infection; and later, Moses Mendelssohn; and still later, Goethe and Schiller. Of course, all these literary folk looked upon the geometrical form of the 'Ethica' with simple awe. So, indeed, or almost so, did all readers of Spinoza until recently, although it is the only thing in his books that is ridiculous, the only thing about the man that is not venerable. The celebrated philosopher Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi made a more serious study of the 'Ethica'; and he and, more particularly, Hegel brought in that conception of its metaphysics which exaggerates the rôle that idealism plays in it; albeit its idealism is, in truth, very remarkable, considering that Berkeley was not born until several years after Spinoza died.

The importance that the Hegelians attributed to the strange thinker led to his works being studied more generally, more carefully, and more impartially than ever before. They were many times republished in the original Dutch and Latin—upon which latter Spinoza so set his own stamp—not to speak of translations following one another like waves on a beach. We would that the 1895 edition of *the* edition of Van Vloten and Land could give place to a third issue which, retaining the commodious form, should correct misprints and should confront each page of the Dutch with an English, or even German, translation. Meantime, commentaries have appeared in such numbers that the mere perusal of the principal of them has become a great task, and their study a specialty. But the principal question is the very reverse of a minute one. In regard to another philosopher, say Kant, we compare the three versions of the deduction of the categories to see how they gibe, we ask whether the refutation of Berkeley accords with the first edition of the 'Critik,' how far the Critic of the Judgment is in harmony with that of Pure Reason, and the like. But in reference to Spinoza, it is the general attitude of his mind that is in question; and the general lesson we derive from the leading discussions is that the commentators have been apt to restrict their studies too much to the one book that is so formal, that they consider Spinoza too exclusively as a metaphysician, and that they have not paid sufficient attention to his extraordinary approaches toward pragmatism. Such had been the conviction of the present reviewer before he took up this volume of Mr. Duff's, who presses the same opinions much further than the reviewer had conceived them to be warranted.

Mr. Duff surveys the works of Spinoza as a whole; and his remarkable acquaintance with them enables him at each point to cite chapter and verse in support of his interpretations. Confining himself strictly to interpretation without criticism, and putting aside Spinoza's metaphysics, so far as it is possible to do so, he forces us to acknowledge what we venture to think will be a novel idea to most of our readers, that Spinoza regarded philosophy from an intensely practical point of view. Mr. Duff makes no reference to pragmatism. For aught there is in his volume, he may never have read a page of James, or Schiller, or any other pragmatist. Of course, he could not say that Spinoza ever enunciated the principle of pragmatism, which is that even the abstractest of our conceptions has absolutely no meaning otherwise than in so far as it has a conceivable bearing upon human conduct. But he brings before us a Spinoza so far on the road to that opinion that we cannot help guessing that if, instead of dying at the age of forty-four years and three months (all but one day), he had lived to the age at which men commonly come to philosophical maturity, he might very likely have conferred upon philosophy the inestimable advantage of a formulation that vindicates so many judgments of common sense and of anthropomorphism. Already, as Mr. Duff points out, Spinoza had thoroughly recognized, as a fundamental truth, that the substance of what one believes does not consist in any mere sensuous representation, but in how one would be disposed to behave. How long, then, could it be before he would come to ask himself, "If that is what belief is, how can a belief relate to anything but behavior?"

Spinoza, according to Mr. Duff's presentation of him, was the last man in the world to care for abstract speculation. He was animated with the desire to do his practical part in making men better. How men were practically to be made better was his problem. In order to solve this problem, it was necessary to begin by analyzing it, and this drove him perforce to metaphysics. His real study, however, was ethics; and he understood by ethics an infinitely more practical science than many writers upon the subject do in the twentieth century.

Of certain faults in Mr. Duff's work we shall say nothing, for, as long as metaphysics is avoided, they are of no consequence. The book is by no means a mere study of the history of philosophy. The author expects his reader to be interested, not solely in the fact that Spinoza thought so and so, but in the substance of his cogitations as well. The reviewer, individually, will frankly confess that, in going through the volume, he has had a difficulty in repressing an occasional movement of impatience at this. On the other hand, this is about the only Spinoza book that is not handicapped by the weight of technicalities. Its style is as comfortable as one's favorite easy-chair can be, and receives every aid that beautiful printing and delicious paper can render. It is the only book we know of that considers Spinoza from the most comprehensive single point of view.

Physical Training For Children by Japanese Methods. By H. Irving Hancock. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It seems a pity that the author in his third volume should uselessly overwork his main contention concerning the excellence of jū-jutsu, by advertising it as having been "practised for twenty-five hundred years," which antedates just about a thousand years any real Japanese history. The very word jū-jutsu was unknown until introduced, like pretty nearly everything else in Japan that is worth anything, from China, while the samurai class, of whom Mr. Hancock talks so airily as existing in the prehistoric ages, had its origin as late as the ninth or tenth century. Nor is it fair to say, without considering all the circumstances, that the Japanese in the Pekin campaign of 1900 were able "day after day to outmarch our troops by 50 per cent." As a matter of simple fact, the Japanese, already practically acclimatized, most numerous and best equipped with cavalry, horses, and artillery, were given the van. Being ahead of the Russians, who were exceedingly slow marchers, they were able to select always the umbrageous villages and to rest in the shade, utilizing the best and coolest hours of the day to march in. Not being allowed to outstrip the Russians, they had even more rest than they wanted. The Americans, on the contrary, were kept behind the slow-footed Russians, and were compelled to do the heaviest marching in the hottest hours of the day. Had the Japanese been obliged to take the American place, the story would have been very different. As for the early days of the campaign of 1904, the Japanese, despite the difficulties of nature and the weather, were provided with porters and laborers beyond

anything known in our military life. They were moving over ground every foot of which was perfectly familiar, with special facilities for transportation, while every contingency had been foreseen for years.

When the author states that during his stay in Japan he saw hundreds of white men intoxicated, but he did not see one drunken native, we can only say that his experience must have been confined to the seaports, for our long knowledge of life in the cities and interior is of a state of things very different. It is true that the drunken Japanese, except when full of fusel oil, is not usually violent. The author's remarks about saké, which is a generic term, are not scientific. Saké is not a wine at all, but in its most common form a beer, a brewed or fermented drink, though by distillation it can be made into others of its fifty or more forms as strong as brandy. As far back as 1853, the prevalence and cheapness of saké called forth Commodore Perry's surprise and fear: "Japan's curse for centuries has been cheap liquor."

Apart from the author's rambles into history and chemistry, we are very glad to say that he has produced a book of high value, both on account of its sterling matter, the orderliness of its arrangement, and the thoroughly practical nature of his directions. These show that he is a true teacher, and understands well both the object to be attained and the limitations of his pupils. The book is admirably fitted for use in schools and in the home. The abundant illustrations taken from life powerfully reinforce the text, showing that such exercise faithfully followed must make healthy and superbly developed young men and maidens. Obviously, this little work, which reads so easily, has been one of long and arduous preparation. Apparently, no essential of bodily training has been omitted. Incidentally the author preaches a powerful temperance sermon in showing the uselessness of alcohol and the manifold benefits of pure water. The charm and beauty of the gentle art is that it avoids overtraining and intemperance in all things, and that it keeps its subject supple and elastic even into old age. Its *bête noire* is over-exertion. None of its pupils ever get muscle-bound. Like the best things which are truly Japanese, it has a horror of the too much.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barry, Eugene. Poems. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1 net.
Benson, E. F. The Challoners. (Fiction.) Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Benton, Josiah H., jr. A Notable Libel Case. The Criminal Prosecution of Theodore Lyman, jr., by Daniel Webster. Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed. $3.50 net.
Corpus Poetarum Latinorum. Fasc. IV. London: G. Bell & Sons. 9s. net.
Ford, Harold. The Principia of Oratory. Third ed. 50 cents net. The Art of Extempore Speaking. Second American ed. 75 cents net. The Decadence of Preaching. 75 cents net. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co.
Henshall, James A. Book of the Black Bass. Revised edition, with the supplement, New Facts About the Black Bass. Cincinnati, O.: The Robert Clarke Co. $3.
John Bellows: Letters and Memoir. London: Kegan Paul & Co.; New York: Henry Holt & Co.
Lawless, Emily. Maria Edgeworth. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
McKinley, William. The Tariff. (Reprint of essay written in 1896.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
Olmsted, Frederick L. A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States. Reprinted, with biographical sketch by Frederick Law Olmsted, jr. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.
Purser, William Edward. Palmerin of England. Dublin: Browne & Nolan, Ltd.; London: David Nutt.
Shoemaker, Michael Myers. The Heart of the Orient. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.
Smyth, A. Watt. Physical Deterioration: Its Causes and the Remedy. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.
The Diary of a Musician. Edited by Dolores M. Bacon. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.
The Jewish Encyclopedia. Vol. VII—Italy-Leon. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
The Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VIII. Reactively—Ree. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Vol. XV.—1609. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co.
Thwaites, Reuben G. Early Western Travels. V. Bradbury's Travels in the Interior of America. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co. $4.
Unwin, George. Industrial Organization in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 7s. 6d. net.
Writings of Samuel Adams. Edited by Harry Alonzo Cushing. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1904.

The Week.

Nothing in Mr. Cleveland's summons to his party to rally about Parker will give more offence to certain Republicans than his intimation that an overruling Providence is preparing the way for Democratic success. Yet Mr. Cleveland is the son of a Calvinist clergyman accustomed to deciphering the divine decrees, and he expresses "reverent belief" that a "leading wiser and more certain than the wit of man could have devised" brought about the nomination of Judge Parker. This, in Republican eyes, is pretty near sacrilege as well as high treason. It is not that there is objection to a political party annexing Providence, but that party must be Republican. For the Democrats to claim any share in the favor of Heaven is an impudent poaching upon Republican preserves. The little girl in *Punch* who overheard her governess actually saying her prayers in French—as if God could understand that language—was no more astonished and horrified than Republicans will be at seeing the weakest Democratic saint upon his knees.

Carl Schurz's letter to Judge Parker will give little comfort to the Republicans. He not only refuses to believe that the Democratic nominee was guilty of a scurvy trick in sending that telegram to the St. Louis Convention, but finds him quite as worthy of praise as does Mr. Cleveland. That Mr. Schurz's opinion carries great weight with the independent and German-American voters it is unnecessary to state, and we shall doubtless soon have proof of the importance of his utterance in the form of attacks upon him by the Republican press. The leading German newspapers, by the way, which left the party because of Bryanism, are now as eager on behalf of Parker as Mr. Schurz himself. Equally interesting is the fact that many Republicans are declaring their readiness to vote for the Judge. This is not merely proved by the letters he is receiving, but in other ways, and this Republican defection will more than offset the decision of some Gold Democrats, like Mr. Oscar Straus, to follow Mr. Roosevelt. It is the steadily growing belief that the President is temperamentally an unsafe man which is winning these recruits for the Democrats. All the oratory of a Hay and a Root, all their arguments that the Republican party is the only one with capacity to govern, cannot make head against this as long as their candidate is what he is.

That Senator Gorman will not be Chairman of the Democratic National Committee is an auspicious omen. The deep-seated distrust which this boss has inspired among honest Democrats and independent voters is well known. He is to be credited with all of the wisdom which belongs to "that crafty and insidious animal called a politician," but he lacks the fundamental requisites of a general who can inspire his cohorts with confidence. The cunning of the serpent often fails where clear-eyed, transparent directness and honesty of purpose will succeed. Moreover, the fact that Senator Gorman, out of pure personal pique, was ready to close the Democratic Headquarters in one of the Cleveland campaigns on the very eve of election, raises the gravest doubts of his capacity as a leader. It needs to be reiterated that, without the aid of the independent vote, the Democratic candidate for President cannot be elected. That vote is just as necessary to Democratic success now as ever. Mr. Gorman's selection as Chairman would have fallen like a wet blanket upon that element. It was far more important that Senator Gorman or a man of his type should not be put in command, than that any other particular aspirant for the position, like Mr. Taggart, should be chosen.

The post-convention utterances of Mr. Bryan have not raised a ripple. The public attitude towards him has been the extreme of indifference. Even last Thursday's deliverance has interest only as an individual instance of pathological psychology. While leader of his party, Mr. Bryan did not, so he tells us, feel at liberty to "engraft new doctrines upon the party creed"; but now that he is only a member in the ranks, he may undertake the organization of the radical and progressive element in the Democratic party! We have all along harbored the delusion that it was this radical element which had foisted Bryanism on the party in the last two campaigns. A momentary gleam of sanity is to be detected in the averment that "the people cannot be brought at this time to consider the various phases of the money question," but the new issues which Mr. Bryan intends to bring forward leave little hope of his recovering his political health. After two weeks' study of the railroad question, the *Commoner* declares for public ownership, not by the Federal Government, but by the States. This plan will avoid the dangers of centralization. But all who appreciate the magnitude of interstate railway traffic will pronounce such a scheme the wildest lunacy. The Post-Office, on the other hand, according to Mr. Bryan, is to absorb the telegraph system. How this can be done without giving an impetus to centralization we are not told. Municipal ownership of municipal franchises, for which Mr. Bryan also contends, he fails to define. In fact, his utterances, except for their indication of malevolent spite against the present Democratic standard-bearer, have nothing to do with present politics.

The *Herald's* outspoken repudiation of Mr. Roosevelt is another and a striking proof of the dissatisfaction of the metropolitan press with the President. After three years' experience with him, the *Herald*, *Sun*, *Times*, *Staats-Zeitung*, *World*, *Brooklyn Eagle*, and *Evening Post* have been compelled to oppose his reëlection, though they all supported McKinley. It is unusual for the *Herald* to take up its position so early in the campaign, but there is nothing uncertain about its note. Despite the mud-throwing of the Republican organs, it finds that Judge Parker's telegram "has won the confidence of the people, and that sort of confidence Mr. Roosevelt has not inspired." Acknowledging the latter to be irreproachable personally, the *Herald* declares that conservative people "doubt his capacity for self-control, distrust his judgment, and question his conception of Presidential duties," which leads him to think himself "a sort of dictator." This change of feeling among the newspapers of this city shows very clearly that it is the Republican party upon which now rests the burden of proof that it is sufficiently sane and safe to be entrusted with the conduct of the government.

In pleasant contrast to the solemn and perfunctory assurance which Mr. Roosevelt gave the Pennsylvania miners' delegation that their petition would be referred to the Department of Labor and Commerce, is the action of Capt. Sewell in the strike upon the Army Engineer School at the Washington Barracks. Over the recent labor difficulties in Colorado the Federal Executive has no direct jurisdiction. It would have been more frank if the President had flatly said so to the delegates. But in the Washington strike, as in the preceding difficulty in the Government Printing Bureau, the President has everything to do. We commended at the time the position which Mr. Roosevelt then took, that the regulations of labor unions are subordinate to the Constitution of the United States. Consistency will require that in the present strike the President stand by Capt. Sewell. It appears that when it was found advisable to increase the force of bricklayers upon the bar-

racks, the first name furnished by the Civil Service Commission was that of a non-union negro. The twenty-eight union bricklayers quitted work, and informed Capt. Sewell that the rules of their union would not permit them to work with non-union men. To this the doughty Captain made a very proper, if a bit ironical, reply, that in that case they had better change their rules, as "it would be far easier to amend their regulations than to change the Constitution of the United States." The Federal anti-Trust statute, no less than the Constitutional equality of all men before the law, is just as much opposed to a job-trust as to a coal combine. It matters little that the "glad hand" be given by a Presidential candidate to union labor delegates if the door of Federal employment be kept open to all, irrespective of race, color, or union membership.

Secretary Metcalf's Department should be unionized at once. Its chief function of late has been to placate disgruntled agitators. This it can never do to perfection until its official head and the entire staff are made union members in good and regular standing. How long does the country suppose that the opponents of the open shop are going to remain satisfied with an executive department which serves simply as a pigeonhole for complaints made by those who want a monopoly of jobs? When the President's "old comrade," Mr. Hertzkovits, presented the miners' petition in behalf of their Colorado brethren, the petition was promptly turned over to this new Federal Circumlocution Office. The Central Federation of Labor telegraphed Secretary Metcalf to prevent the departure of the *St. Louis*, and the lethargic response was accountable for the liner's escape to a port where her repairs can be made more cheaply. The various unions of musicians are protesting against the importation of competitors who will make sweet melody at a lower wage than seven dollars per diem. Secretary Metcalf has responded by ordering the immigration officials to question all musicians arriving at our ports whether they come under "contract for the purpose of taking the places of American musicians." If so, they are to be deported, unless the courts step in and declare that musicians are "artists," and therefore not subject to the contract-labor clause. It is humiliating to see a Cabinet officer charged with mapping out the policy of a new executive bureau forced into the rôle of an humble adjunct to a political machine. He is standing up manfully to the job, however, and shows all the attributes of a well-trained butler who can be kicked from behind without moving a facial muscle.

The Fall River cotton mill operatives have discarded the notion that half a loaf is better than no bread. Within the last twelve months their lot has changed from bad to worse wtih remarkable rapidity. First, their wages were cut 10 per cent.; next, the running time of the mills was heavily curtailed; and recently they were told that on July 25 their pay would be reduced 12½ per cent. more. The fear that the operatives would be driven to extreme measures was justified when the five unions in Fall River, by a vote of about four to one, decided to strike on Monday, July 25. At least 30,000 hands will be affected. The idea of the manufacturers was to reduce wages from a basis of 19.8 cents per cut of cloth to 17.32 cents. In 1898, when the industry was at a very low point, the price for weaving was 16 cents. It seems, therefore, that the operatives are rapidly getting back to the conditions which prevailed when, according to the Chicago platform, the Republican party "found the country, after four years of Democratic rule, in evil plight, oppressed with misfortune, and doubtful of the future."

As for the mill-owners, their attitude has changed of late. Some time ago they freely announced that it was better for them to keep on running their plants, despite the extraordinary handicap of Sully prices and the refusal of the public to buy goods at their figures, than to close down and allow their help to be scattered. What has changed their minds? Possibly, for one thing, the fact that they have gone as far in accumulating goods as they dare. The stocks on hand in Fall River are estimated at 1,500,000 pieces, which, at the rate at which orders have been received in recent weeks, will enable the mills to ship goods for some time to come if they do not make a yard of cloth. But probably the real motive is this: Earlier in the year they were in doubt about the future price of cotton. Quotations were then high, and the public would not buy the goods; but if, on account of a continued shortage, the raw material should remain at exceptional figures, it might be safe to manufacture to stock—the masses might have to pay the bill in the end. But with spot cotton quoted to-day at about 11 cents, as against the materially lower figures now predicted for the new crop, a prudent mill-owner would hardly feel like piling up goods made from raw material at current prices, unless he could economize sharply in other directions. But how is the strike going to affect the political situation in Massachusetts? Canada is buying American cotton goods at the rate of $2,300,000 a year. Under reciprocity she would probably take very much more. Perhaps the strikers will call Lodge's attention to this.

A fluttered protectionist contemporary, after kindly explaining that the present shortage in beef could not have been mitigated by allowing the free ingress of meats from Canada and Australia, asks pertinently, "Why should people be discouraged by the prospect of a meat famine? There are good things to eat besides beef and pork. Moreover, it should be borne in mind that plain living promotes high thinking, and we can never have too much of self-restraint . . . in this country." This is positively delicious. But why was not the same tone adopted during the anthracite coal strike, when the Dingley tariff prevented the import of foreign coal? Why should people have been discouraged by the coal famine? There were good things to burn besides coal. Moreover, it should have been borne in mind that sitting on a red-hot stove is not conducive to the self-restraint of which we can never have too much in this country. The protectionists have been boasting for years that the American workman, thanks to the tariff, is the only laborer on earth who can eat meat three times a day. Are they now going to change the slogan from "the full dinner-pail" to "the stuffed vegetable basket"? In their sudden conversion to vegetarianism, the "stand-patters" should not forget to recommend "cereal sausages," which "look just like other sausages until you eat them." Then there is sawdust, which, we know,

> ". . . is cheap by the ton
> And it nourishes one,
> And that's the main object of food."

As the talk of Mr. Root for Governor is revived, the knives of the Odell machine flash out again. The Chairman-Governor is filled with painful forebodings about the effect of "Federal interference" in the affairs of this State. Everything would be lovely if only the President would keep his hands off, but the noble Republicans of New York simply will not endure dictation—that is, from anybody except Odell. Some of his followers are more outspokenly ugly. "If Roosevelt insists upon nominating a Governor, let him do the electing," they say. All which simply shows that the Republican machine dreads a nominee who would not only stand well with the people and have a chance of carrying the State, but would be his own master in the Governor's chair. Hence the implacable hostility of Odell to Mr. Root, and his demand for a candidate who may or may not run well—that is a secondary consideration—but whose heart in either victory or defeat will be true to the machine.

It is some time since Secretary Taft last told Americans that they must not talk about Philippine independence, since that kind of thing could only provoke revolutionary outbreaks in the isl-

ands. He assured us, too, that his view was shared by the most intelligent and patriotic Filipinos, notably those of the Federal party, of which *La Democracia* is the organ. But in the issue of that journal for May 31 we find a statement of wholly opposite tenor. Discussing the capture of the *insurrecto* Ricarte, it said that his failure was a complete proof that the country did not sympathize with agitators like him. Then it added significantly: "Therefore, there is no good reason for objecting that a statement of what our final political destiny is to be would lead to revolution. It is a live question [*de verdadera actualidad*], this demand upon the parties that they take a more decided stand, made by the Independence League, composed of a great many distinguished citizens of the United States." Thus Secretary Taft will perceive that the incendiary news about Americans desiring independence for other people as well as for themselves has reached the Philippines without at once setting everything ablaze.

There are, according to the "Official Roster" of January 1, 1904, more than 2,200 Americans holding office under the Philippine Government, exclusive of teachers. That is a very respectable number. And the offices held are the fattest there are in the archipelago. With very few exceptions, mostly in the judiciary, all the high salaries are drawn by Americans. Open the Roster at random, and we find that all the $7,000 or $5,000 or $2,250, or $1,800 or $1,400 jobs are in the hands of "gentlemen from Indiana" or other favored States, while it is not till you get down to the $800 or $580 or $216 class that you begin to encounter native names. No candid American, going through this official register, could deny that it presented strong *prima-facie* evidence that the offices in the Philippines had been exploited for the benefit of Americans. If such a tell-tale roster had been produced before 1898, we should all have pointed to it as proof of the shamelessness of the Spaniards in squeezing the juice out of the Filipino orange. We have had the curiosity to analyze a few sections of the Official Roster. Take the Executive Department. Here we find 175 American office-holders and 111 natives. The average salary drawn by the Americans is a little more than $1,800. Their stipends range from $20,500 down to $900. For the Filipino incumbents the average pay is $584. In other branches of the Government the comparison would bear still harder upon the natives, since three of them draw $5,000 each as members of the Philippine Commission, thus raising the average considerably. The American Commissioners, we note, are paid from $15,000 to $20,500, and their private secretaries $2,400, as against $1,400 for the native secretaries. This discrimination against natives doing practically the same work as Americans runs through the whole system. You cannot pick up a current report of appointments without encountering it.

Two widely divergent views upon racial questions were promulgated on Thursday, one by Mr. Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, in an address at Milwaukee, and the other by the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, in the British House of Commons. Justice Brewer declared that the time would come when this country would be as heartily ashamed of the Chinese Exclusion acts as Massachusetts now is of the witchcraft persecution. It is America's duty, he contended, to merge into one great composite photograph all the nations and races of the earth. In contrast to this catholic attitude of our republican jurist was the chauvinistic utterance of the apostle of Empire. While advocating the policy of importing gangs of coolies into the Transvaal, he based his defence upon the allegation that "white laborers would not work with black laborers on equal terms." As a matter of fact, this is notoriously untrue. In New Orleans, for instance, there are hundreds of instances of just this very thing—of whites and blacks working together at the same job and at the same wage. Mr. Chamberlain, after commending the supposed attitude of the white laborer to the negro, added: "As the dominant race, if we admitted equality with inferior races, we should lose the power which gave us our dominance."

That the Vladivostok squadron is commanded by an officer of dash and daring has been evident since its first successful raid. Now that his ships have actually appeared off the bay which leads to Tokio and Yokohama, his movements begin to recall John Paul Jones's famous raid upon the English coast. In the nature of things, the Russian admiral, be he Skrydloff or some one else, is likely to achieve similar results. Jones fairly threw London into a panic, and sent marine-insurance rates up to almost unheard-of figures. The mere presence of the Vladivostok squadron must, by alarming neutral carriers, do an immense amount of harm, of which the sinking of the *Knight Commander* and the capture of other vessels will be small items. Since the Russians have doubled on their tracks, and are standing towards the Tsugaru Straits, through which they came, it is evident that it is purely a raid upon merchant vessels with which we have to deal, and that for the present, at least, there is no thought of any attempt to join the Port Arthur fleet. Like Jones, the Russians realize that their safety lies in mobility. The total failure of their adversaries to "contain" them at Vladivostok must make them feel something of the contempt for the Japanese as tacticians which our naval captains had for their English rivals in 1812. This naval failure of the Japanese certainly calls for an explanation.

After a very stubborn resistance the Russians have been beaten back from Ta-Che-Kiao, having previously evacuated Niu-Chwang, which has for a long time awaited this contingency. The taking of Ta-Che-Kiao is of the highest strategic importance. It cuts the railroad to Niu-Chwang, and at one blow deprives the Russian army of all supplies by rail from western Mantchuria and China. By this time the Japanese, whose transports have for several days lain off Yin-kow, are probably in possession of that port, without any serious call upon the forces which are driving the Russian right back upon Kuropatkin at Liao-yang. Only the existence of the much-battered Port Arthur squadron clouds this brilliant conclusion of the Mantchurian campaign. From now on, it seems merely a question how far the Japanese can safely press their advantage. The rainy season, which may have embarrassed the Russians on the river plain, has obviously done little to impede the movements of the Japanese in the mountains. Now the situation changes; to clinch their advantage they must apparently fight Kuropatkin on level ground of his own choosing.

If Merry del Val has put his resignation at the Pope's disposal, as is credibly reported, the crisis between the Vatican and the French Government must be regarded as acute. The withdrawal of the Papal Secretary would mean that the way was to be cleared for a policy of conciliation such as Rampolla consistently followed. In fact, the present issue might easily be evaded by postponing to the Greek Kalends the cases of the French bishops who are technically insubordinate. If, on the contrary, Pius X. refuses to accept Merry del Val's resignation, it will show that the Pope, declining a convenient scapegoat, accepts the full responsibility for the recent policy towards France. A certain nobility in this uncompromising attitude does not alter the fact that other successors of Peter have known that it was anachronistic. In striking contrast with the increasing tension between the Pope and the President are the constantly better relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal. This suggests that only a punctilio, the nominal suzerainty of Rome, separates the Church and the new régime in Italy, while in France the quarrel is about vital matters—the rights of instruction, State support, and the internal discipline of the hierarchy.

THE MORAL OF FOLK.

Mr. Folk's nomination for Governor of Missouri is an event of national significance. Effected as it was upon the ruins of two political machines in alliance to defeat him; conferred by an aroused people in defiance of the politicians; bestowed upon a young man unknown except for the fearless vigor with which he had uncovered gigantic corruption and prosecuted the guilty, no matter what their social standing or political influence, it is a political occurrence far overleaping the boundaries of Missouri. What it means for the country at large was perceived by President Roosevelt when, with a fine impulse which did him honor, he urged his own party to endorse Mr. Folk and so make his election unanimous. The colder-blooded Republican managers overruled the President, as in so many other particulars; but he could see, if they could not, what was implied in the delight of the people in honoring a man like Joseph Folk.

It shows how surely true public service is appreciated, and how eager are Americans to reward it. As an example of the way in which political advancement may be won in this country, Mr. Folk's career is inspiring. Compare his extraordinary fame and rapid promotion with the fate of the time-servers and the trucklers. They spin plots and humiliate themselves and do dirty work in order to secure the slow and uncertain favor of the machine, while Mr. Folk passes over their heads simply by becoming the embodiment of stern justice in pursuit of political scoundrels. It is a wonderful appeal to young men entering upon public life. Let them look on Folk and on, for example, Timothy Woodruff, and decide which one knows the true way to the heart of the American people, as also to political honors.

Mr. Folk's success makes the professional politicians look silly. He violates every one of their maxims of political wisdom, yet triumphs in a way their wildest dreams never pictured as possible. It is Emerson's man of "native force" rising superior to old and mouldy conventionalities. Courage, directness, frankness, simple devotion to public duty—these are again shown by Mr. Folk to be the qualities which sway the world. Even in the moment of his acclaim by the State convention, he spurned the ordinary political humbug of such occasions. He had no wishy-washy words about letting by-gones be by-gones, and no enemies to punish, and all turning in to win a great victory for the party. No, the disreputable element he had fought he announced that he meant to pursue "with unrelenting warfare to the end." Between him and them it must be no favors asked and no quarter given. He was proud of their hatred, and proposed to deserve it more richly in the future. Evidently, the honest farmers of Missouri who controlled the Convention for Mr. Folk had not mistaken their man. Hack politicians and the machine newspapers thought them a "funny lot," so innocent of political wiles were they; but they at least knew enough to admire a brave man and efficient public servant, and to stick to him through thick and thin.

The uncompromising and successful war which Mr. Folk has waged upon the most insidious and dangerous form of American political corruption, and the national prominence which has come to him in consequence, are omens full of good cheer. They show that the people are not ready to submit in servile fashion to the reign of the briber and the blackmailer; that the methods of rich corruptionists do awaken shame and indignation; that citizens are everywhere looking anxiously for the man who will see that justice is done though the bosses fall. What Mr. Folk has accomplished in St. Louis, others will be stirred to attempt in other cities. Reform is as infectious as corruption. Everywhere the people are ready to applaud and follow men who will lead in the work of purifying the public service. Americans are invincible optimists: for every evil they are confident that the remedy will be found. And the rise from time to time of men like Mr. Folk—men who would break the old patterns and pluck by the beard criminals long dwelling in fancied security—goes far, it must be admitted, to justify this springing of eternal hope.

Such a career as that of Mr. Folk illustrates the possibilities, and also the perils, of a new type of public man which we seem now to be producing. He has, first of all, to make the impression of being personally honest. That is the prime essential. Another one, as alleged by a cynical friend of ours, is to possess the art of being a "good advertiser." *That* Mr. Folk is not. Thereby he avoids a danger. To do a good piece of work without feeling compelled to go about bragging of it is safer as well as more dignified and reassuring than forever to be rushing where the fierce limelight beats. But the final test is persistence and consistency: never submitting or yielding; hating a compromise with sin as much as sin itself; following up promise with performance—in a word, "making good." In this Mr. Folk has an undeniable advantage over, let us say, both Mr. Jerome and Mr. Roosevelt. As to them, we still have to say, as Garibaldi did of Napoleon III., when the latter seemed at the height of his power, "We must wait and see."

THE STRIKERS' OBJECTIVE.

Amid the exasperation and even alarm caused by the renewal of the strike in the packing industry, it is necessary to keep one's head clear in order to perceive exactly what it is the strikers are doing and aiming at. We see at once that they are imitating the most offensive methods of the Trusts which they denounce. President Donnelly's haughty demand upon the allied trades, "I insist upon a general strike at once, with the negotiations to come afterwards," could not better hit off the arrogant tone of the presiding officer at a corporation meeting, "Vote first and discuss afterwards." To copy the worst features of industrial or financial monopolies seems, in fact, to be the present cue of the labor unions. But their animus and secret purposes may best be gathered from their most pronounced enmities. Show me what you most hate, and I will tell you what you are.

Now, it is not the consuming public that the strikers desire to hurt. Doubtless they count upon the general inconvenience, caused by the strike, to force a settlement. But their anger is not directed that way, nor even mainly against their employers. Their chief enemy they consider the free workingman. Him they pursue with savage ferocity. The existence of a body of non-union men ready to work is to them the intolerable thing. By denunciation, by outlawry, by clubbing and burning and shooting, they seek to terrorize men who refuse to be their fellow-slaves in the union, and to perfect their own monopoly. In other words, the anti-monopoly laboring man is marked out for the especial vengeance of the labor unions.

Nor can it be said that the difficulty would be solved if all hands would join the unions. The unions do not want all hands. They wish to remain a small favored class. The theory of unionism, like the theory of protection, breaks down the moment it is universally applied. Both systems propose to give a greedy few an advantage over the many. As protectionists rage against importers, so labor unions do against free workingmen. In both cases a monopoly is furious with those who threaten it. Labor unions represent certainly less than 20 per cent. of American workingmen. Yet they assume to speak for all, and are ready to hunt to death the 80 per cent. on the outside, whenever in any way it competes with them.

Next to the independent workmen, the strikers hate the State authorities who protect him in his rights. The "right to work" (the old *droit du travail* converted into the new-style *droit au travail*) is vested only in a labor union; and so the "strike-breaker," with the policeman or militiaman who prevents him from being murdered, becomes at once a deadly enemy. There can be no mistaking the significance of this animosity. In it the labor union stands revealed not only as the foe of public order, but of the sovereignty of

the State itself. We see in the raging of unionism whenever the police or the military power is invoked against its violent methods, the confession that it means eventually to usurp the functions of government. To crush out free labor; to frighten or fetter the State—those are the two objectives of labor leaders of the militant type.

Just at present they are no doubt counting upon political aid. This is Presidential year, and Republican politicians are nervous. They recall the unsettled strike at Homestead in 1892, and what followed in the election. On the other hand, the strikers remember the coal strike of 1900, in which the men won, owing to Senator Hanna, and, above all, the anthracite strike of 1902, with President Roosevelt's intervention. Can he not now, as a candidate, be worried into doing something to end the meat strike?

We think he will let it severely alone. Whatever may be thought of his action in the coal strike two years ago, the situation to-day is very different. Then we were confronted with an impending failure of a necessary of life. That is not the case at present. There are plenty of temporary substitutes for meat. The more important difference, however, lies in the fact that now the employers are ready to carry on their business and supply the country if only protected from violence. The mine-owners did not take that position in the early months of the strike in 1902. No attempt was made to work the mines. The strikers asserted, with some show of plausibility, that the employers could not secure men to dig the coal. But the employing packers would evidently have no difficulty in replacing the strikers. The trade is easy to learn. Men in plenty are out of a job, and come forward. It is plainly a case, therefore, if the strikers persist, where the State should demonstrate that it, and not the union, is the sovereign power. If Mr. Roosevelt feels called upon to say anything at all to the appealing or threatening strikers, it should be only a reaffirmation of the language which he used in praise of President Cleveland's resolute dealing with another Chicago strike—that of 1894—"The reckless labor agitator who arouses the mob to riot and bloodshed is, in the last analysis, the most dangerous of the workingman's enemies. This man is a real peril; so is his sympathizer, the legislator, who, to catch votes, denounces the judiciary and the military because they put down mobs."

PROPHETS OF PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY.

Within the last decade there has arisen among us what may fairly be termed a new school of social philosophy. The impulses which gave it birth are, negatively, skepticism regarding the colorless scientific study of social science, and, positively, an unreasoned feeling that if sympathy with the masses is only present, active work in their behalf will remove the doubts which settle on the old-fashioned student of politics and society. This new attitude may not unfairly be said to characterize those interested in such excellent organizations as the People's Institute of this city and similar bodies. It finds utterance in Mr. John Graham Brooks's 'Social Unrest,' and in many of the writings of the Rev. Lyman Abbott. It has numerous traits that are wholly admirable, but we believe it has the defects also of its quality.

What seems to some to be one of the most striking errors of this new school is the assurance with which, despite occasional protestations of fallibility, they diagnose the thoughts, the feelings, and the aspirations of "the masses." Their brows are warmed in the atmosphere of the People's Lyceum, and they sometimes mistake the artificial heat of the forum for the normal temperature of the popular pulse. They never hear nature mockingly whisper, "So hot, little man," when they reach the sidewalk, but carry the fervor of the crowd from the turmoil of the street to the quiet of the study.

A recent outline of the ideals of Progressive Democracy is given by the Managing Director of the People's Institute in this city. The programme deserves the careful consideration of all students of public opinion, for it is based upon a painstaking study of the audiences which for years at Cooper Union have heard almost every public issue discussed upon a platform of unquestioned ability and independence. We are told, first, that the masses of the people to-day are socialistic in tendency, though not as a body Socialists; that they favor State and municipal socialism; that even as regards such necessaries as milk, grain, and meat their mind is made up that the production of these commodities should no longer be submitted to the caprice of private individuals and the risks and evils of private monopoly. The masses also, so we are told, demand the repeal of unfair tax laws, and an elision of the enormities of the tariff, though apparently this mandate is less imperative than the establishment of State socialism. In the matter of political method the initiative, the referendum, and the direct primary are the approved methods of bringing in the social millennium; while such features as old-age pensions, compulsory arbitration, and ultimate international peace and disarmament are thrown in to make a good baker's dozen of social ideals.

The appeal which this earnest body of social workers makes to the independent well-wisher of American Democracy, untrammelled by the partisan harness, is unquestionably earnest, and not lightly to be set aside. But it is not unjust to these social reformers to insist at least upon a fair hearing for the old-fashioned programme of social betterment, which, if it cannot claim the suffrages of the Lyceum, is yet, in the opinion of some of its upholders, based upon even solider foundations.

In the first place, the adherents of the older view insist that the generalizations of the new school are, to say the least, premature. The audience at the People's Institute, even though it reach the thousands, is, we are expressly told, "rather constant than variable." Both its constancy and its intelligent interest in the public weal go to show that its opinions are likely to be very different from those of the masses. The study of family budgets, for example, has always notoriously suffered from the fact that the family which keeps a rigid and itemized account of its expenditures is shown by that very fact to be a wholly exceptional family. And a similar generalization may be ventured about the verdicts of the People's Institute. The masses are very hard to discover *en masse*. They consist of thousands of plain people at home, thousands on the street or in places of amusement—sometimes of dissipation. There is no vote so illusive as the "straw vote." And no amount of social sympathy can buttress a proposition built on so flimsy a foundation as this programme of "what the people want."

Moreover, the old-fashioned well-wisher of his kind must insist that as yet social solidarity, however construed, is by comparison with self-interest what a weakling is to an athlete; and that, until social tissue is regenerated, this fact must be reckoned with—even though it involve the rejection of the glittering promises of various kinds of socialism. If experience has not demonstrated that, when possible, it is best to limit the powers of Government rather than enlarge them, the lesson of history must be relearned. Our friends, the social workers and reformers, in their zeal for social salvation and their indifference to individual human nature, seem to forget that there is an alternative ideal to theirs, and one which is still the lodestar of many a patriot. It is the full amplification of individual liberty, where the humblest citizen may sit "under his own vine and fig-tree," with no tax to pay to the tariff baron, with no graft to render to the politician, with no obeisance to make to the labor union, and with no enforced deference to his fellows who find their pleasure in mapping out the way to Utopia.

THE BEET IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

After long vexing this country, the sugar beet has begun to stir up strife in the Philippines. In those gems and glories of the tropic seas, a circular is-

sued by the American Beet Sugar Association of the United States is making a great sensation. It expresses the usual solicitude for the American laborer. The argument is the same as that employed by the speakers at a recent meeting of the Association, a full account of which is found in the American papers printed at Manila. The keynote of the discussion was struck by a leading "professional" protectionist, who said that this country consumes about 2,400,000 tons of sugar, and that "American citizens should produce 100 per cent. of that output." He did not believe in the policy that has flooded the docks and warehouses of New York with the product of Cuba. Furthermore, he considered Secretary Taft a very dangerous man. "I sincerely hope," he said, "that this Association will not agree to any concession" on Philippine sugar; for in the extension of that industry he saw "the destruction, the absolute destruction," of American beet-sugar growers.

Then followed a speech by the Secretary of the Association, which not only contained some astonishing facts about the cost of labor in the Philippines, but also showed that there is no love lost among "stand-patters." The extension of our coastwise laws to the Philippines means a general advance in freight rates. This, of course, will be a cause of rejoicing to the ship-owners. But the people of the islands will not be able to export their sugar at higher cost of transportation, unless they are granted lower duties at the custom houses of the United States. This is what Secretary Taft is contending for. But, don't you see, we are building up a beet-sugar industry. We have been at it some years, but it is still a sickly infant—already a combine is proposed in order to keep the plants in Michigan from losing money. But the baby beet, though ailing, has strong lungs, and has no intention of allowing the Philippines to make up for the rapacity of the shipping people by offering new competition to the California or Michigan sugar grower. The American ship-owners, says the Secretary of the Beet Sugar Association, had two years to prepare for the enforcement of our coastwise laws in the Philippines, but "they have not laid a keel, and have not provided vessels for the United States and Philippine traffic, as they promised they would when securing the passage of the bill in July, 1902."

Yet Secretary Taft actually glories in the fact that he had an understanding with Lodge that the shipping provision should go over until a bill could be forced through Congress reducing the tariff! The beet growers should have no mistaken ideas regarding the latter question. It is bound to come up at the next session of Congress, says their spokesman. It would have come up at the last session "but for the fact that it seemed wise to the Administration not to take up a matter of the tariff just preceding the national election." "Sugar is sugar the world over. There is a very great menace to the American industry" in the North, in Louisiana, and Texas "and in Hawaii and Porto Rico." The distinction between the Philippines and our other insular dependencies seems, at first glance, rather invidious. But there is plenty of reason for it: labor costs practically nothing in our Asiatic colony, and "experts" state that the islands can easily satisfy the sugar demand of the whole world.

It is a curious fact that, however much one may be wedded to the "American idea," when he lands at Manila he speedily becomes enamored of the "Philippine idea." Our adventurers are not in the Philippines for the pure enjoyment of the thing, but to make money. Others were willing to serve their country by growing sugar in Hawaii, and their country rewarded them with a free market. Manila is several thousand miles farther away than Honolulu, and the climate is more trying, yet no favors follow. Hawaii is counted worthy, but the Philippines are no better than Timbuctoo. The party of protection gloats over the acquisition of the islands, and harps incessantly on the wealth they are going to bring this country. But one great possibility of wealth lies in the sugar lands, yet the Republicans, at the beck of their Oxnards, proclaim, "Cultivate these lands at your peril!"

American investors in the Philippines are told that their sugar must not be imported into the United States because it is produced by laborers who are paid only six cents per day, while the American beet growers pay all the way from $1.25 to $2. The American papers in Manila are up in arms against these statements. They call this talk "political trickery." Accepting the figures given for this country (though they might make some reservations on this point if they knew the extent to which cheap Russian labor is now employed in our beet fields), they deny the assertions regarding the Filipino laborer. First of all, they show that the six-cents-a-day field hand does not exist. Labor, they assert, brings thirty and forty cents in the islands. But the Filipino is dear at forty cents, and the American cheap at several times that figure. Given equal rights in a common market, says a Manila paper, the manufacturer of the United States would drive the employer of Filipino labor out of the market. Furthermore, the native "does not regard the price of his labor as being eternally fixed or incapable of advancement." That shows how ungrateful he is for all we have done for him. Asking higher wages and freer markets is a poor way of showing his fitness for self-government.

SIX MONTHS OF MAYOR M'CLELLAN.

For six months there has presided over the city of New York a Mayor whose personal bearing has left nothing to be desired. A gentleman by instinct and breeding, he has been the very reverse of his last Tammany predecessor, the ruffianly Van Wyck. Citizens who have had business with the Executive, officials of an opposite political faith, and delegates of civic bodies, all unite in testifying to his courtesy and consideration. In the dullest hearings he has expedited matters by searching questions, and he has frequently asked for briefs that he might consider the points at issue more carefully. As a result of his attitude there is a widespread belief in this municipality that Mayor McClellan is doing his best to give us an honest and upright Administration so far as this is possible with the corrupt political machine behind him. That he has repeatedly caused dissatisfaction in Tammany Hall is still further proof that his aims are high.

Indeed, if Mayor McClellan were surrounded by heads of departments of the same high character as those gathered about him by Mr. Low, there is every reason to believe that he would be a more successful executive of the city. Mr. Low's Administration, it must be remembered, had an enormous amount of construction or rebuilding to do before it could settle down to work. Take the Tenement House Department, for instance. It fell to Mr. De Forest and his assistant commissioner, Mr. Veiller, to plan the whole department, to select the permanent personnel, create the very machinery, and obtain the all but endless information necessary for the tasks in hand. Mr. Crain stepped in just in time to profit by this pioneer work. He found the machinery "shaken down" and running smoothly. That it is already showing marked signs of deterioration is the more discreditable to him and to his chief.

In the long run, Mayor McClellan will be judged not by his personal qualities or by his ability to say such admirable and fitting words as those he addressed to the heroes of the *Slocum* disaster who wore the city's uniform. It will, of course, always be written down to his credit that in his first half-year his attitude towards new legislation was only once severely criticised—in the matter of the gas bill, for his stand on which it must be admitted that he had very strong legal support. But the final verdict upon Mayor McClellan's Administration will depend very largely upon the achievements or the failures of his department heads. He will naturally be criticised for his own mistakes of judgment, as, for instance, his approval of every effort made by his third-rate Civil Service Commission to break down the merit system by wholesale exemptions; but the

burden which he must bear because of the errors or wrongdoings of his subordinates he will find, and already has found, we believe, much more trying. For there can be no doubt that among his numerous Tammany appointees there are many weak and worthless. They, like Mr. Crain, are responsible for what has already become noticeable—a steady falling-off in the city government from the Low standard.

The Police Department is an interesting example. Mr. McAdoo, able and upright, is afflicted by three deputy commissioners who are largely concerned with the discipline of the force. That this is far less stringent than under Gen. Greene is a commonplace. The success of the patrolmen in obtaining the three-platoon system has made them feel that they own the Department, and put a most dangerous spirit into them. Loafing off posts, frequenting saloons, and other methods of "shirking," are made possible by the failure of roundsmen and sergeants to do their duty, and by the astonishing leniency of the deputy commissioners in the trial rooms. So few have been the dismissals—only ten since January 1, about one-fifth the number cashiered by Gen. Greene during the same period last year—and so light the fines, that Mr. McAdoo has been compelled to take two of his deputies severely in hand.

Like the police force, the Department of Health has become less effective under Dr. Darlington than under Commissioner Lederle. Its methods are still far superior to those which prevailed under the Murphy-Sexton régime, for they are honest, even if not free from political taint. Dr. Darlington has resisted a good many demands of politicians, far more than any previous Tammany Commissioner, but his major appointments have been bad, for the reason that they are due to political dictation. The assistant sanitary superintendents, for example, in Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx, are the direct choice of McCarren, Cassidy, and Haffen, and even "Tim" Sullivan has secured one of these nice "jobs" for a henchman who is neither a sanitarian nor a capable superintendent. These borough superintendents have supreme charge of the work in their departments, and their selection for political reasons is a direct insult to the medical profession. On the other hand, Dr. Darlington has seen the necessity of retaining many of Dr. Lederle's appointees, and has done so despite severe pressure. To these "holdovers" is largely due the fact that the standard of achievement in this borough is still high, while sinking steadily in the other subdivisions of the city.

In the Park Department the situation is precisely what was to be expected under a Pallas. The civil-service laws are being ignored. Many experienced foremen and gardeners have been dismissed or have left, partly because of the open friction between the Superintendent of Parks and the Commissioner. So poor is the policing of the large outlying pleasure grounds that they not only are being injured, but have become the resort of the immoral and vicious to a startling degree. It is but fair to say, however, that the police are under the control of Mr. McAdoo, and not of Mr. Pallas. But even this circumstance does not mitigate in any way Mr. Pallas's gross unfitness for his office.

To the Civil Service Commission we have already referred. Aside from its plain desire to "take the starch out" of the service—best illustrated by its futile attempt to exempt the deputy tax commissioners, which the mayor abetted—its work has been creditable in only one respect: it has kept its current business well in hand, and has established a service record of office-holders, as required by the White law, which should have been done by Mr. Low's Commission. In the Fire Department Croker's influence is worse than ever before. Many of his own followers are willing to admit that his year out of the Department has "spoiled the Chief," and it is believed to be due only to the firmness of the Commissioner that Croker has not gratified personal dislikes and spite by abuse of his authority. The shortcomings of the Building Department are notorious. The censured inspector responsible for the Darlington disaster is not only still in active service, but is to have his salary increased if the superintendent has his way. And an ominous word—"graft"—is freely heard in connection with Mr. Hopper's inspectors as with those of the Tenement Department.

An examination of the other departments would bring out similar retrogression.

DUMPING.

The dress rehearsal of the first act of the comic economic opera, "Dumping," was held on July 20, and evinced the masterly leadership of the conductor, Mr. Chamberlain. What the cablegrams designate as "Joseph Chamberlain's Tariff Commission" on the iron and steel trades have filed their preliminary report. As was anticipated, it but re-echoes the views of its creator. In marked contrast to the sage opinions of the non-official ironmasters quoted in the papers a day or so ago, who ascribed the English iron trade's failure to improve to the uncertainty involved in the new fiscal proposals, the commissioners are convinced that the cause of their trouble is the surplus product dumped on the English market by American and German manufacturers. For this untoward evil they see but one remedy—a tariff gate whose bars are to be high or low according to circumstances. For the colonies the bars are to be low; for countries admitting British "wares" on "fair terms" to be fairly low; for others the bars are to be put up to the top notch, unless the offending country will concede a lowering of its own tariff wall.

Of dumping it may be said in the first place that it is but an old foe with a new face. In earlier days it went by the fairer name of "inundation," or the "threatened flooding" of the markets of a new country by the unscrupulous producers of the old world. Defined with precision, it means simply the sale of goods in a foreign market either at an absolute loss, or at a markedly lower figure than is obtained in the home market of the dumping manufacturer. Now this so-called dumping process may take two forms. It may be done at an initial loss, in order to advertise wares, or possibly to drive out small competitors; or it may be practised in order to clear the home market of a surplus and thus maintain monopoly prices in the home market. It is not necessary to go abroad to find the first kind of dumping. Every grocer who sells sugar below cost in order to make custom for his other wares, is a dumper. Where this practice in England is resorted to once by a foreign producer, it is practised by Englishman against Englishman a hundred times. Moreover, it involves a certain initial loss and a doubtful future gain. No tariff can protect against it, nor has the success of this kind of underbidding proved so frequent as to warrant any attempt to prohibit it by law, even if such an attempt were likely to succeed.

The second species of dumping—where a surplus is sent abroad and sold for what it will bring—is commonly the result of a high tariff wall around the dumping country. Such an exclusion of foreign goods often makes possible the Trust or cartell. To remedy the falling profits of English manufacturers, the sagacious advice of the Chamberlain commission is to domesticate the Trust bacillus. In order to escape the fleabite of foreign competition, the British consumer is invited to submit himself to the laws of the domestic monopolist.

Even if it be granted that in special cases the dumping process destroys certain industries, it no less surely creates others. For decades the bounty-fed sugar of Europe was dumped on the English market. As a result the refining of sugar in England suffered, but the low price of sugar created an immense domestic and foreign trade in preserves, confectionery, biscuits, chocolate, and jam. As Mr. Winston S. Churchill and Armitage Smith put it: "The foreigner dumps ship-plates at a price which cannot remunerate him; we retort in ships at a price with which he cannot compete. He dumps his steel and we answer him with machinery. At every

step our business is a paying transaction. At every step his business is a losing transaction." Another difficulty inevitably attends all attempts to exclude by tariffs such commodities as will be dumped upon the market. A duty high enough to exclude them will *à fortiori* be high enough to exclude all similar articles which the foreigner desires to put on the English market at what is called "a fair price." There is not yet invented a dumpometer which will differentiate the import that is pure, peaceful, and seeking not its own, from its insidious fellow that is only waiting release to dump itself on the market. Even if we grant that all the surplus of competing goods is excluded from British markets, these goods will seek other neutral markets, and there come into competition with the Brummagem wares which perfidious Albion sometimes tries to dispose of throughout the world. The truth of the matter seems to be this, that the knell of certain British industries is tolling. Natural deposits of coal, lime, and iron, and advanced processes of iron and steel production make it inevitable that ultimately England must yield the palm of superiority in these lines of production. The only remaining question is whether the English statesman will be found to recognize the unpleasant situation, and make the transition at the smallest cost to the English people.

In all the discussion of the matter so far, little or nothing has been said about the unfortunate dumpee, the pitiable consumer who has cheapness thrust upon him. But this is only another illustration of the old adage of the forgotten man, or rather of the forgotten millions, betrayed in every legislative assembly where every interest but the public is clamant. The report of the Commission may be used by worshippers of our Dingley monstrosity as an argument in its favor. Such an argument, however, will prove a two-edged sword. Secretary Shaw has just told the country that only an insignificant fraction of our exports sells abroad at a lower price than at home. If this is true, then we are not guilty of dumping. On the other hand, if what Chamberlain's creatures say is true, and we do dump, then our American Trusts, many of them tariff-fed, are robbing the American consumer. Which horn of the dilemma will our Republican friends take?

THE EXHIBITS OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE AT ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, July 22, 1904.

Whoever passes through the grounds and buildings of the St. Louis Exposition in an objective and critical spirit must be struck by the vastness of its scope and the completeness of its organization. It is in a true sense an Exhibit of the World's Culture. Your correspondent of the issue of June 30 has well portrayed its exterior aspect so far as the lay-out, the architecture, and the whole artistic and landscape picture are concerned. Any attempt to describe in a short article what is contained in these buildings would be futile. Six months of close daily observation would not suffice for the gathering of this vast material. I will therefore attempt to set before your readers only a short sketch of what is considered by all to be the fullest, the most generously equipped, and the most intelligently designed and constructed exhibit in the World's Fair, that of the German Empire. One may judge exhibits from the point of higher culture or from the point of commercial significance. I propose to consider only the former.

Three foreign Governments have designed their representative buildings on historical grounds. The English Government has reproduced the Kensington Garden Orangerie, and the French Government the famous Trianon, each having its peculiar charm and historic flavor; the German Government has chosen for its representative abode a noble replica of the royal palace at Charlottenburg. Nothing could be more typical of national character than these three designs. The Trianon, light, cheerful, and interesting, perfect architectural bric-à-brac; the Orangerie, stiff, square-cut, and unattractive, but in its interior comfortable and inviting; the Charlottenburg "Schloss," proud, dignified, almost imperious in its exterior, and pervaded by governmental atmosphere in its interior. The French and English structures are situated amidst a cluster of other foreign buildings on the flat grounds bordering the west end of the general group of Exposition buildings; the "Schloss" is located a mile away from them, on the high plateau on which the Festival Hall and its Court of States—the architectural crown of the whole Exposition picture—and the Fine Arts Buildings are situated. There it stands in its austere beauty; in shape, contour, and dimensions an exact reproduction of Schlüter's famous design, with its brownish-gray outer coat, its green lantern and cupola on which stands the gilded statue of Fortuna, and its bold front columns, on the pediment of which appears the defiant Hohenzollern motto, "Nec soli cedit."

Its surroundings are beautifully laid out in the garden style of the eighteenth century, and the view from its terraces, which commands the whole tier of Exposition buildings in front, the Festival Hall, cascades and lagoons at the side, and all the State buildings in the rear, is superb. To soften the somewhat severe aspect of the building, its title, "Das Deutsche Haus," which appears in flowery design and largely lettered on all its approaches, invites the visitor to feel at home there. The interior is lavishly furnished, and contains reproductions, in the different apartments, of the original decorative designs of the state chambers of the Berlin royal palace. The genius of Schlüter is nowhere better visible than in the ceiling of the red-velvet chamber, where are now exposed in a glass case the principal pieces of plate presented to the German Emperor by one hundred towns on the occasion of his marriage in 1881. A full description of these chambers, including the Oak Gallery, the galloon room (*Tressen-Zimmer*), the Brandenburg Gallery, and of the Emperor's collection of Gobelins, is given in an *édition de luxe* catalogue, just issued, of which mention will be made later. The whole arrangement reflects great credit on Architect Mohring, a member of Dr. Lewald's (the German Commissioner's) staff. It is due to the latter's sagacity and grasp of the situation that the site on which this imposing structure stands was secured. He was sent to St. Louis by the Emperor nearly two years ago, and, while the other Governments were deliberating whether to participate in the Exposition or not, he was on the ground and gained for his Government not only the finest position, but also spaces and locations in the Exhibit buildings which in area and prominence have aided in gaining for all departments such well-deserved credit.

In viewing these German exhibits as a whole, a general impression forces itself upon the observer that it is the Empire—the State—that is exhibiting, and not the individual exhibitors. If you traverse, for instance, the Varied Industries Building and see the exhibits of others, not German, grouped collectively under the heads of their respective countries, you seem to notice only the individuals or firms displaying their wares and products; but in the enormous space allotted to "Germany" in that building, you are made to feel, as soon as you pass the sign with the black eagle, that it is the Empire which is exhibiting, and that the exhibitors are only the forces which have been marshalled under its ægis and under its powerful direction. Everything is ordered with elaborate care and uniformity, and a hundred exhibitors appear as though they were in one grand hall instead of in so many booths. While, in any other part of the building, the eye, looking upward, meets the naked timbers and trusses which sustain the roof, in the "Germany" part of the building all these are covered with Gobelins and tapestry, entwining every column and beam, all arranged in exquisite color schemes, giving to these lofty places a cathedral-like appearance. The tasteful and original arrangement of this department, as well as of those in other buildings, was designed and executed by the architect, Dr. Schmitz, a member of the German Commissioner's staff.

The vast space occupied by Germany's "industrial products" in this building is divided into fifty-nine groups, one of which, No. 2, the Hall of Honor, is a perfect gem. Space forbids any even approximate description of the contents. Suffice it to say that there are on exhibition thirty-six fully furnished and decorated rooms, each with hangings, carpets, rugs, wall pictures, originally designed for every sort of room used in families of ease and culture. One may, of course, find occasion to question the taste and general make-up of some of these rooms—much of the furniture seems heavy and clumsy, though aristocratic; but there is much of enchanting beauty. Among the prominent industry groups are those of amber, of which there are solid columns; of ceramics, cast and wrought iron, silver and goldsmith's products, etc. There is a gracefully designed open court, with a fountain in the centre, around which, in a semicircle, some of the choicest rooms just described are arranged.

Fully as rich as the exhibits in this building, though not occupying as much space, are those in the Liberal Arts, Manufac-

tures, Electricity, Machinery, Mines and Metallurgy, Transportation, Agriculture, and Forestry Buildings. Many of these, as well as the German paintings in the Fine Art Galleries, will very likely be reported to you by specialists in those various branches. I will confine myself to a cursory description of the German educational exhibit. There is, perhaps, no specific department so well and so fully represented at this exposition as the educational. All countries, foreign and American, all cities, universities, and colleges, seem to have vied with each other to present to the world the best they have accomplished in the line of education. A walk through the palace of education is a delight to the educator and the educated. Whichever way the eye turns, every step of instruction in the ascending scale from the kindergarten to the post-graduate course, from the schools for the feeble-minded, the deaf and dumb, and the blind, to the highest college room, can be followed in all its numberless phases; and no pessimist as to the ultimate fate of the race who has the least amount of imagination and intuition, can enter these halls without passing out of them an optimist. It is the unanimous judgment of all educators who have visited and examined these exhibits, that the German educational department towers far above them all in quantity and quality, in systematic arrangement, in the wealth and variety of material collected and presented, in the intelligent classification of every branch of human knowledge, and in the exposition of the methods and results of every phase of scientific research.

The department is presided over by Professor Bahlsen of Berlin, under whose intelligent and gentlemanly guidance the visitor finds it easy to comprehend the general arrangement. A closer examination of the various groups shows the scheme of the whole arrangement. To use the terms of the catalogue, there are three grand divisions: *Lehrgegenstände*, *Lehrmittel*, and *Lehrmethoden*, which, roughly translated, stand for subjects, means, and methods of teaching. The demonstration of each of these is carried out to the minutest details. Entering from the northeast, we come upon an aisle on the sides of which are placed tables giving in large print the educational statistics of the Empire. It is significant that, among the thirty tables, there are only five dealing with the Empire as a whole, and twenty-five relating to Prussia; but, upon reading the specific article devoted to education in the catalogue, this anomaly is easily understood. The tables are arranged with the well-known German thoroughness, and give statistics on every conceivable point covering high schools, common schools, male and female seminaries and gymnasiums, their attendance, cost of maintenance and teaching, salaries of teachers, and other innumerable items, some of them without significance and merely technical. I have no data at hand for comparison of these with our American standards. Picking out a few figures at random, I find that the cost of a pupil in the common school of the Empire in 1891-2 was about 40 marks, or ten dollars, whereas in Prussia it was 47.60 marks; that there were 66 scholars to each teacher; that the average salaries of male teachers were 2,401 marks in the city and 1,693 in the country schools, and of female teachers 1,599 and 1,321 respectively! Compared with our American standards, these are pitiful remunerations for this high corps of educators.

On each side of this and other parallel aisles in partitioned rooms and cabinets are aligned the educational exhibits of forty of the largest cities of the Empire. These comprise models and pictures of school buildings, gymnasiums, workshops, and museums, some entire models of school rooms with their interior equipment, with tables for each school containing specifications of the teaching system, specimens of the work done, pictures, charts, objects for nature study, and whatever is needful to illustrate historical, geographical, or physical subjects. The wealth of these exhibits is beyond anything in that line under the roof of the building. The area occupied is about 4,000 square feet, more than double that of any other foreign educational exhibit. To the left of the east entrance are shown in profusion the scientific instruments and instruments of precision used in research and in the conducting of lectures; further on, the medical and surgical, biological, zoölogical, and botanical sections. Among these a Röntgen X-ray cabinet, fully equipped, is open to interested visitors, and demonstrations are conducted by an intelligent attendant. One section is filled with large models of universities and technical high schools, with plans and elevations showing their interior arrangements. To the left of the main south entrance is the Hall of Honor, tastefully decorated with yellow satin, devoted to the several academies of science, whose reports, in beautiful binding, are arranged in elegant bookcases along the walls. A fine marble bust of the Emperor is placed on a pedestal in the middle of the room.

The chemical exhibit is in the Electricity Building. It is replete with the products of German chemical research, and a delight to the specialist. Hundreds of specimens of the most recent results of analytical and synthetical investigation are here exposed. together with the literature pertaining to each specific subject. To those of us gray heads who used to do laboratory work abroad in the early forties, one of the most interesting exhibits is the reproduction of Justus Liebig's laboratory in 1835, with the tools and apparatus which this great protagonist of modern chemistry introduced, and which were eagerly copied by all contemporary chemical students. An alchemist's laboratory of the 15th to 17th century has also a deep historical interest.

Taken all in all, these exhibits show that they are the result of nearly two years of careful and thorough study, of masterful grasp of the situation, of learned as well as brilliant execution, and of unstinted money. The Reichstag appropriated three and one-half million marks for the purposes of the Exposition, most of which has been expended. And, finally, when we come to compare the exhibits of other foreign countries, which are also deserving of the highest praise, with those of Germany, we cannot help recalling the old Latin adage: "Si duo faciunt idem, non est idem."

Special mention should be made of the 'Official Catalogue of the International Exposition, St. Louis, 1904,' English edition, of which, in an *édition de luxe*, only 300 copies have been printed. It is a quarto volume of 538 pages, bound in elegant gray sheepskin, printed with antique Roman type, "specially cast in the Imperial Printing-Office," beautifully illuminated in varied colors, with heraldic designs and initials, fully illustrated, and replete with information. It is a perfect encyclopædia of the history, development, and present condition of every governmental interest of the Empire, composed by twenty-nine of the most learned and noted specialists on as many different subjects, each article a lucidly written essay, full of interesting statistics, and handled with the well-known thoroughness of German professors. These essays occupy 358 pages of the book; the remaining 180 pages contain the real catalogue, wherein every article on exhibition is enumerated under its appropriate head, in a skilfully arranged scheme. W. T.

MIRABEAU TONNEAU.

PARIS, July 13, 1904.

The great Mirabeau had a brother, Viscount Mirabeau, who was known in his time as Mirabeau Tonneau. M. Eugène Berger, who died not long ago, devoted the last years of his life to the composition of a book on this younger brother of the famous orator. He had not given his conscientious work its final touches, but his family and friends have paid a tribute to his memory by publishing it as he left it. The choice of Mirabeau Tonneau as a hero seems singular at first; but he lived in such troubled times, he was such an ardent champion of the old régime in opposition to his brother, his military life took him to so many places, that the biographer found the means of writing a very interesting work. "In any other family but mine," once said the Viscount Mirabeau, "I should be considered a man of sense and a rogue [*mauvais sujet*]. In my family I am rated a fool, but a worthy fellow."

He was born in Paris, November 30, 1754, the last of five children, and, according to the fashion of the time, was destined to enter the order of Malta; he was for a long time called only Chevalier. (The eldest living child became a nun at Montargis; another married Count du Saillant; the future orator Gabriel came third; Louise became the Marchioness of Cabris; Boniface, the second son, was our Chevalier.) M. de Loménie has described, in his book on Mirabeau, the stormy life of the Mirabeau family. The Chevalier served for some time as an officer in a regiment of Lorraine; from Lorraine he went to Malta to accomplish his novitiate. The life led at Malta was far from edifying, and after some scandal the Chevalier was obliged to return to France. Boniface de Riquetti seemed to belong to another epoch. The eighteenth century tolerated all possible vices, but proscribed whatever offended *le bon goût;* intemperance was not the fashion, and the Chevalier, who drank like a Templar, and who for this reason was nicknamed Tonneau, ought to have lived in the time of the Grand Prieur de Vendôme, or of the Marquis de la Fare.

His family did not set the young Chevalier examples in virtue. Most people know the episode of Mirabeau and Madame de Monnier's love affairs, when Mirabeau was shut up in the Fort de Jouy, the imprudence of the two lovers, their flight to Holland, their life in Amsterdam, their extradition and arrest, and Mirabeau's impris-

onment in the castle of Vincennes. The 'Letters to Sophie' are no longer read. "They seem," says M. Berger, "like a confused mixture of familiar confidences, of social theories, of rhetorical phrases borrowed partly from Rousseau's 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' partly from the crude outpourings of Diderot." They are, so to speak, the memorial of the captivity at Vincennes. The Chevalier remained philosophically a stranger to the quarrels and troubles of his family. His elder brother judged him with great severity, and in the 'Letters to Sophie' spoke of him as a sort of burlesque personage, incapable of anything, and quite lost to society.

The American war was a piece of good fortune for the Chevalier; it took him out of his low pleasures and his monetary difficulties. France had espoused with enthusiasm the cause of the revolted colonies. The salons of the time, those of Madame Necker, of Madame d'Houdetot, of the Beauveaux and Noailles, became familiar with the names of Rhode Island, of Massachusetts, of Vermont, of New Hampshire. The Chevalier followed the example set by the Duke de Lauzun, the Dillons, the Lemeths, Charles de Damas, Custine, Chastellux, the Prince de Broglie, Count de Ségur, and many others. He was allowed to quit his regiment, and left Brest on the second of February, 1780, in the squadron which took over to America the Saint-Simon brigade, composed of the Touraine regiment together with a battalion of Royal-Comtois and a detachment of artillery. He landed on the twenty-second of March at Fort de France, in Martinique, where M. de Bouillé was Governor, and afterwards went to San Domingo, where he had the yellow fever and nearly died. His regiment finally went to Florida, and joined first Lafayette and afterwards Washington and Rochambeau. In October, 1781, the Americans and French besieged Yorktown, defended by Lord Cornwallis. The Chevalier was on the staff of his division, and could therefore follow all the details of the operations, and approach the principal Frenchmen who fought with the Americans — Lafayette, Rochambeau, the two Visménils, M. de Saint-Simon, Charles de Damas, the Viscount de Noailles, M. de Choisy, Charles and Alexandre de Lameth, Robert Dillon, D'Aboville, Philippe de Custine, Lauzun.

"These officers," writes M. Berger, "all noblemen, and some of them of high birth, whom the Revolution was soon to divide profoundly and to throw into opposite ways, were then united by the same feeling of national honor, by a common desire to efface the humiliations of the Seven Years' War. The attack on Yorktown, in which Rochambeau's divisions had the leading part, was conducted briskly, *à la française*."

The capitulation took place on the 19th of October, and the Chevalier de Mirabeau was among the commissioners who presided over the formalities of the surrender. Mirabeau, his brother, became somewhat reconciled to him on hearing this news, and wrote to one of his correspondents: "I have received intelligence of my brother, who was an actor in the most decisive event of the war; and as he is adjutant of his division, he was one of the masters of ceremonies on the day when the troops of Cornwallis were reviewed."

The Chevalier distinguished himself later at Brimstone Hill in St. Kitt's, and obtained leave of absence; he, with two other officers, was charged to take to Versailles a report of the events in the West Indies which succeeded the capitulation of Yorktown. He was presented to the King and received by him with great distinction. He was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of Touraine, and had to return to San Domingo. The ship on which he sailed was wrecked on the coast of France; he lost everything he had on board, but was indemnified afterwards by the Minister of the Navy. On his return to France he stayed with his regiment in Brittany, at Laval; the regiment mutinied, and was sent in disgrace to Perpignan. There Mirabeau was appointed colonel in 1788, and left the order of Malta in order to get married to Mlle. de Robieu. Troublous times were approaching. On March 21 he was named Deputy to the States-General by order of the nobility of Haut-Limousin. He was very little prepared for his new work, but he had a great deal of assurance; he had a hand in preparing the "cahiers" of the *noblesse*—what we might call its platform. The country gentlemen asked for better management of the finances, the simplification of justice, the remodelling of taxation; they were willing to sacrifice their pecuniary privileges, but insisted on the maintenance of their honorary privileges, intending to remain a distinct body, next to the *Tiers Etat*, but not confounded with it.

The Viscount remained faithful to this programme on the whole; he continued to the end an adversary of democratic pretensions, and from the first day placed himself in opposition to his famous brother Mirabeau. He sat in the States-General at the extreme right. Many people were surprised at this attitude, and explained it only by a desire to act in contradiction to his brother. The marquis, his father, died not long after the opening events of the Revolution, the taking of the Bastille, the capitulation of the Court, and the return of Necker; he had written prophetic lines and seen them verified: "Equity can contrive revolutions, but they are executed by the passions."

The two brothers Mirabeau played no part in the famous night in August when the Assembly, seized by a sort of patriotic enthusiasm, abolished all privileges, feudal rights, tithes, corporations, franchises of cities or provinces, and demolished, so to speak, in six hours the entire edifice of the old régime.

The younger Mirabeau spoke in the Assembly on a number of questions, not always very wisely—on the clergy and its possessions, on administrative subjects, on the military laws; he protested against the abolition of titles of nobility. He soon became as unpopular in Paris as his brother was popular. Finally, as his person was threatened in the streets, as his house was no longer safe, he decided to emigrate, and he was the first to organize a royalist legion, called after him the Légion Mirabeau. He made incessant journeys to Switzerland, to Chambéry, to Turin, to see the Count d'Artois. His legion was obliged to leave Bâle and stayed for a time at Freiburg-im-Breisgau. Difficulties of all sorts paralyzed it. The Viscount, however, began a campaign when war was declared on August 1st, 1792. He entered France without orders, but was soon obliged to retire to Freiburg, where he fell ill and died on the 15th of September. He was not yet thirty-eight years old. Great military honors were paid him by the Prince de Condé and by Prince Esterhazy, who represented the Emperor.

Correspondence.

A SOURCE OF BEN JONSON'S "ALCHEMIST."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Ben Jonson's "Alchemist" is currently regarded as substantially an original work. Professor Köppel, in his *Quellen-Studien, Münchner Beiträge*, 1895, concerned himself primarily with Gifford's notes on the use of Plautus in the play. Professor Hathaway, in his edition of the folio text of 1616 (Inaugural dissertation, *Yale Studies in English*, XVII, 1903), remarks: "No direct source of any moment can be found. The plot of the play is entirely original." He notes the well-known fact of Jonson's indebtedness to Plautus in lesser details of the plot, and endeavors to show that *Subtle* was suggested by a swindler of the time, *Forman*, "reinforced" by the famous Dr. Dee, and that *Face* represents Kelley, who made a tool of Dee. *Dol* is left unexplained. He concludes that, "in the ordinary use of the term sources, there are none for this play. After we have assigned to his predecessors every half-line reference, and enumerated every man whose life might have furnished an idea, Jonson's absolute originality stands out in clearer relief." Professor Schelling, who has recently published the first accurate and complete critical edition of the play (*Belles-Lettres Series*, 1903), enriching it by the fruits of many years' study of Jonson and by most helpful contributions in explication of the allusions with which it teems, does not venture a claim for its author so generously enthusiastic but so rash, and contents himself with recording the minor sources so far ascertained.

Chance has indicated an original to which Jonson was, without doubt, materially indebted. It has provided at least one student with a mild sensation to discover that Jonson's famous play was in great measure suggested by the single comedy written by the martyred Renaissance philosopher, Giordano Bruno (of all people!), namely, "Il Candelaio" (The Candlemaker).

Jonson was, I believe, said by Drummond to be ignorant of Italian, and I find no trace of an English translation of the play, but Bruno's intimate relations with Sidney and others, and, possibly, the fact that the play was published in Paris (1583), would, granting Jonson's ignorance of Italian, suffice to explain his acquaintance with it. Considering Bruno's celebrity in England, we may feel sure that it was well known, both in the Italian and in MS. translations.

In this play, ignorance and credulity are satirized through three characters. *Bonifacio*, sordid and niggardly, desiring the favors of *Vittoria*, seeks the aid of a pretended magician, *Scaramuré*, whose fee he thinks will be less than the costly presents otherwise necessary. *Bartholomeo*, on the other hand, rendered credulous by avarice, has recourse to a charlatan alchemist. *Cencio*. *Mamphurio*, the absurd pedant, need not be considered. All three suffer loss and shame through imposture and knavish foolery.

Ben Jonson has unified the two dupes and

the two sharpers. *Sir Epicure Mammon* represents *Bonifacio* and *Bartholomeo* together, combining greed for gold and for "epicurean" pleasure. *Subtle* combines the parts of *Scaramuré*, the magician, and *Cencio*, the alchemist. *Face*, the master-knave, parallels the arch-rascal *Sanguino*, "padre et pastor di marioli." *Dol Common* has for prototype the procuress *Lucia*, in league with *Sanguino*.

To enter into the detail of the plots of the two plays is impossible here. I may, however, be permitted space for one piece of specific evidence that Jonson used the play as being more immediately convincing to those who have not actually compared the two works. *Gioan Bernardo*, the painter, who represents intelligence and common sense, indicts *Cencio*, the pretended alchemist, as fraudulent, just as *Surly* does *Subtle* in Jonson. When challenged to explain the possibility of the transformation of other metals to gold, both make use of the same explanation in the same manner. This can hardly be mere coincidence.

Molière, if I mistake not, has used "Il Candelaio." Its sprightliness and general suggestiveness render it probable that Bruno's comedy was used by other English playwrights than Jonson. This question, with that of Jonson's indebtedness in detail, will form the subject of a special study.

CLARENCE G. CHILD.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, July 16, 1904.

Notes.

Leslie Stephen's 'Hobbes,' in the English Men of Letters series, is among the autumn publications of Macmillan Co., who announce also a small volume for children, 'Is There a Santa Claus?' by Jacob Riis.

The Brownings, like Carlyle, always received with mingled surprise and gratitude the applause and the dollars that came to them across the Atlantic. In the early forties, Elizabeth Barrett was publishing her shorter poems in American periodicals, such as Lowell's *Pioneer* and *Graham's Magazine*, for payment that even nowadays sounds liberal. She was always rather hard on American poets, and saw more bathos than poetry in Poe—an estimate that ranks with her misguided phrases about Euripides; poets are very poor critics of one another. Miss Elizabeth Porter Gould, in her small volume entitled 'The Brownings and America' (Boston: The Poet-Lore Co.), has collected a number of allusions from the Browning Letters and other sources, which illustrate the connection of Browning and his wife with the American painters, poets, and sculptors who haunted Italy in the fifties and sixties, the most conspicuous intimacy being, of course, that with W. W. Story, which, as Browning said, for him at least lasted "forty years without a break." Miss Gould adds to her collection a good deal of evidence as to the business relations of both the Brownings with their various American publishers. What pleased Browning most in all the appreciation that was lavished on him by the New World at a time when it was withheld or given grudgingly by the Old, was the fact that it was the "Official Guide" of the Chicago & Alton Railroad that first published a complete edition of his poems, in monthly issues, from 1872 to 1874, a copy of which is preserved in the British Museum.

For many years tourists enjoying an opportunity to visit California's greatest scenic wonder have met there Galen Clark, the venerable author and publisher of a little book, 'Indians of the Yosemite Valley,' now on our table. Though Mr. Clark is in his ninety-first year, he is still alert and active in mind and body. Nearly fifty years ago he had a serious attack of lung trouble, but the glorious mountain air not only cured him, but hardened him so thoroughly that no exposure to winter storms and snows affects him. It was he who, in 1857, discovered the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, in which he built a log cabin for sight-seers that became known as "Galen's Hospice." Subsequently he was appointed Guardian of the Yosemite Valley, a position which he held for twenty-four years. He wishes, naturally, to be buried in the valley which has so long been his home. With his own hands he has dug his grave, has quarried his granite tombstone, and placed a young sequoia at each corner of the lot. His book, which embodies some of his experiences, will serve as a useful supplement to the regular guides. The appendix contains hints to visitors, while the main body of the work is devoted to descriptions of the Indians of the region (with whom the author was always on terms of intimacy), their history, customs, and traditions. The concluding pages contain a short Indian vocabulary, some of the names in which—Kusoko, Tokoya, Ahweiyah, Weiyow—have a strangely Japanese and Chinese sound.

Under the title 'Working with the People' (New York: A. Wessels Co.) an interesting account is given by Mr. Charles Sprague Smith of the work of the People's Institute. Mr. Smith appears to have been the originator of the enterprise, of which he is now managing director, but the late Abram S. Hewitt gave material aid, furnishing the free use of the large hall of the Cooper Union. "The Institute is to-day a free evening school for adults in Social Science, providing also instruction through lectures in other departments of knowledge; a forum for the discussion and voting upon questions of the day, with direct influence upon legislation; a People's Church, a fosterer of people's clubs, and, through alliance with another organization, a People's Hall of Music." Although the members of this club appear to be Jacobins to a man in their political principles, it is the policy of the management to have views distasteful to the audience of the lectures presented as well as those which are popular. Not many years ago "Lyceum lectures" were an established institution in New England, and the People's Institute seems to accomplish a similar purpose in a section of the city of New York.

Lewis F. Day's 'Stained Glass' (London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) is an excellent brief handbook published at the instance of the Board of Education and illustrated entirely from specimens in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The treatment of the subject is historical, based in the main on the divisions established by Winston in his 'Hints on Glass-Painting.' Thus, each of the accepted Gothic periods and the Renaissance receives in turn the author's undivided attention. All this sounds very much as if the treatment were of the dry-as-dust sort, but Mr. Day is too much of an artist to turn pedant. Technique never fails to interest him. The kind and quality of the pot-metal in use in the various countries, the way of using the leads, the kind and amount of painting, the use or abuse of enamel, the absolute and relative scale of the figures—all these and many more of the things that go to give character to the glass of any epoch, receive consideration such as only one thoroughly familiar with the operations of stained-glass making could give them. The book is smaller, less elaborate, and more strictly historical than the same author's 'Windows: A Book about Stained Glass.'

A Greek Grammar, by John Thompson, M.A. (E. P. Dutton & Co.), aims at introducing into the subject some knowledge of modern ideas in philology and modern views in syntax. It accomplishes this object in a volume of 494 closely packed pages, which will certainly make a useful handbook for reference in connection with the undergraduate work of colleges. For this purpose it offers a number of useful features: the systematic introduction to sound changes and to the conclusions of Delbrück and Brugmann, the hints as to regimen supplied with the list of verbs, the ample and minute examples in syntax treated from the later and more philosophic standpoint. These are very convenient and "up to date." One misses in a volume of this compass some introduction to rhythm and metre; and the important subject of word-formation is not dealt with at all. The book is entitled "a grammar for schools and colleges"; but in our preparatory schools it might be found rather unmanageable. Amid the necessary clamor of science and modern languages, it would hardly be possible for the pupils of secondary schools to absorb much philology in addition to the outlines of accidence and syntax. For these, as a matter of pedagogy, some ingenious minimum of the type of Goodell's 'School Grammar of Attic Greek' (Appleton) marks a limit of attainment which college instructors would be glad to secure as a foundation. This admirable specimen of scientific method, of judicious simplification and condensation, secures the utmost economy of time for the distracted teacher and pupil, yet it manages to devote a liberal chapter of twenty-six pages to word-formation, and to include a luminous little treatise on word-order. Although designed exclusively for beginners in Attic Greek, it might have spared a few pages for an introduction to iambic and anapæstic rhythms in the tragedians.

In the June number of the *Columbia Law Review*, Prof. James B. Scott contends that international law should be recognized as law, and not treated as merely the body of rules observed by governments as a moral code. Using as a test the enforcement of these rules by courts of justice, Professor Scott finds abundant authority for maintaining his proposition. He cites the declarations of many of the great English judges that the law of nations is part of the Common Law, and refers to the power given Congress by the Constitution to punish "offences against the law of nations."

This law has been often recognized by our judges as having the same validity as our municipal law, and in Professor Scott's opinion it ought to be studied in the same way at our law schools. It is of as much importance as Constitutional law, and cases under it are likely to arise in practice with increasing frequency. We may add that to include this branch of law in the ordinary legal education would tend to accustom the public to the idea that governments should submit their disputes to courts, as their subjects do, instead of going to war about them. The next great advance in civilization should be in this direction.

The Western Reserve University has sent out the announcement of the courses in its new Library School, the purpose of which is stated to be "to give a thorough course in training for library work." The introductory statement says that "while, as is eminently proper in a school so established and endowed [*i. e.*, by Mr. Andrew Carnegie], special attention will be given to training for work in our rapidly growing system of public libraries, the interests of college, endowed, and other libraries will not be neglected." Further, "all candidates for admission are expected to bring a maturity and a preparation which will fit them for work equal to that in graduate schools." The graduate work will presumably come in the second year (the entire course covers two years). There is little indication that the first year's course will differ materially from the first year's course in any of the older schools. The new school has, however, one great advantage over the older ones, and that is in its faculty. While in the latter the faculties are almost exclusively taken from the staff of the particular library with which the instructors are connected, the Cleveland school has selected its instructors from half-a-dozen different libraries of varying character and grade. Furthermore, three of the instructors will devote all their time to the teaching. If any criticism might be offered at this stage, it would be to point out an apparent tendency to make a showing of a large number of subjects. Library "science" cannot very well be regarded as an organic entity by a faculty which enumerates its 28 subjects of instruction without any subordination, and puts in one line with Cataloguing, Classification, and Library Administration such topics as Book Numbers and Alphabeting, not to speak of Library Handwriting, of which the announcement even says that "no time will be set aside for definite practice." On the other hand, it is gratifying to see that so much space has been given to Library Administration, which important central subject has been sadly neglected in the older schools. The lectures on the History of the Printed Book will be particularly valuable in breaking the monotony of purely technical study, and in giving the students an outlook into a world with which no librarian should fail to make himself familiar.

Since the year 1899, the German Government has been publishing annually official reports of the strikes and lockouts in the Empire. The report for the year 1903 has just appeared. The number of strikes in that period was 1,374. In every respect labor troubles increased as compared with the previous two years. In 1902 there were 1,060 strikes; in 1901, 1,056; but in 1900 there were 1,433, and in 1899, 1,288. The number of concerns affected in 1903 was 7,000, as compared with 3,437 in 1902 and 4,561 in 1901. The number of strikers in the past year was 85,603; in 1902, it was 58,912; in 1901, 55,257. While the number of strikes increased by nearly one-third as compared with the preceding year, the number of strikers was more than fifty per cent. greater, and the number of concerns affected was more than doubled. The greatest number of strikes took place in the building trades, viz., 320 with 35,491 strikers, followed by the wood industries with 195 strikes and 6,168 participants, and metal workers with 150 strikes and 11,099 participants. As compared with the figures for 1901 and 1902, the number of successful as well as of unsuccessful strikes was greater, but the failures were comparatively more than the successes. There were only 70 lockouts reported for 1903, but the number has grown steadily from 23 in 1899. The number of workingmen affected was 35,293. In thirty-six cases the lockouts were entirely successful, in nineteen cases total failures; in other cases there was a compromise. The *Vorwärts*, the chief organ of the Social Democrats, is of the opinion that the lockouts will soon equal in number the strikes in Germany, and urges the unions to renewed agitation and consolidation.

The marked success of the Germans in manufactures and commerce, which they attribute in large measure to their industrial and commercial schools, has led our Government to publish on July 13 the first of a series of nineteen reports on industrial education in Germany. In this E. C. Meyer, deputy consul at Chemnitz, gives a bird's-eye view of the entire educational system of the Empire. Its foundation is the *Volksschule*, or common school, at which attendance is compulsory from the age of six or seven. The most important turning-point in the child's education is reached at his tenth year. The children of the poorest class continue in the common school till they are fourteen; but, though they are then permitted to work for their living, their instruction does not cease. For two or three years they are obliged to attend evening industrial, commercial, or one of the "countless lower trade schools, such as the schools for locksmiths, blacksmiths," etc. The children of the middle and higher classes at ten leave the common school for the *höhere Schule* if they are going into business, or the *Hochschule* if a university education is the aim. In these the course is six to nine years, and the instruction is classical, or industrial, with general cultural studies. A powerful incentive to take this secondary education is that every youth who successfully completes a six-years' course is "honored with the privilege of one year's military service as a volunteer, instead of a service of two or, in certain cases, three years of regular service; and in addition shall have opened up to him an opportunity to become an officer in the German army." The non-classical or *Realschulen* are comparatively new, but in spite of bitter opposition from the adherents of the old methods they have, purely on their merit, "won their way to the front, aided also in no mean degree by the far-sighted and broad-minded commercial policy of the present Emperor, who has bestowed on them his unconcealed favor."

Rhodesia was brought into touch with the tourist world in the middle of June by the opening for general traffic of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway to the Victoria Falls on the Zambezi. Earl Grey, in making this statement at a meeting of the Chartered Company, gave other facts showing the progress of the country—"the Cinderella of South Africa"—notwithstanding the depression of the mining industry from the lack of a continuous supply of efficient labor. The most encouraging of these was the development of the agricultural resources of the land. The rural white population had increased more than 40 per cent. during the past two years, and the company had adopted Lord Cromer's system, which had proved so beneficial in Egypt, of making advances to the farmers. Four hundred and eighty-two miles of railway had been built within the year, making a total of 1,743.

—The Ecclesiastical Records of the State of New York, translated from the Dutch under the direction of Dr. E. T. Corwin, and published by the State, cover, in the third and fourth volumes last issued, the period between 1701 and 1750. Besides the Dutch documents herein put into good English, there are others arranged according to the rule of the respective governors, in chronological order, under the supervision of the State historian, Mr. Hugh Hastings. In this way pretty much everything relating to every denomination of Christianity in the colony of New York finds a place. Much light is thrown on the relations of the white men to the Indians and negro slaves. One gets a lively idea of the multifarious struggles and diverse energies under which the colonies were shaped. The Old World quarrels and contentions of Church and State could not be eliminated or quieted at once, and the pluck and determination of the New Yorkers, and especially the Dutchmen, to have no State Church seem wonderful. Evidently they thought the best way to resist the encroachments of the English Establishment was to hold tenaciously to their own ecclesiastical order, and this in not a few cases seemed to make them and their parsons unduly quarrelsome. Yet he must be a dull reader who cannot discern in the heavings of this heterogeneous mass of colonists the instinct for liberty safeguarded under law. We are not at all certain of the wisdom of the State historian in inserting so many reprints of matter already in English and accessible, or of making the general scheme conform so closely to the rule of the English governors, who were often little better than figureheads, and whose direct or indirect land speculations were the cause of trouble with the colonies and especially with the churches and ministers, who did not relish the fussiness and interference of the governors with their rights. The evident intent of both the colonists and of the British Government to do at least ordinary justice to the Indians is manifest, despite their frequent mistakes.

—The material in this publication for those who with patience would open its treasures for the illustration of social life in the colonies, though abundant, is much more available when used with such a work, for example, as Dr. Corwin's Manual of the Reformed Church in America. The generous aid given by the great Classis of Amsterdam to Dutch, French, British, German, and other immigrants making up our cosmopolitan commonwealth of New York

is visible, but not glaring. There is not a little that concerns the settlement of the Mohawk Valley. The documents illustrating the disputes between the adherents of the Coetus or annual cis-Atlantic assembly and those opposed, or between the Progressives and Conservatives—those who held to more local independence of the mother church in Holland and those desiring closer conformity with the strict Calvinism and State-church rule beyond sea—are here given pretty fully. Without much meaning to the general and uncritical reader, these contests are luminous and fascinating to those who realize how much civilization and freedom in the Empire State owe to the men of the time in the Reformed Church, which, within a stout shell of conservative orthodoxy, has ever held the living germ of an intense love of freedom. No one pretending to write of the history of the Mohawk or Hudson River valleys, to say nothing of Long and Manhattan Islands, can ignore this series of volumes, which another brace will probably complete.

—It is doubtful if Holland has ever produced a more quaint and original writer than Multatuli. It remained, however, for the Germans to discover him. At home he made many enemies by his unsparing and vivid exposure of the tyrannical treatment by his countrymen of their subjects in India; and when, a few years ago, Wilhelm Spohr brought out a complete edition of his works in a German version, there were Hollanders who sneered at the Germans for their overrating of the author of 'Havelaar.' The tide has now turned, and books and articles on him are steadily increasing in number. The recently issued 'Multatuliana,' by Dr. A. S. Kok and Louis D. Petit, contains a complete list of all the works by and on this author, as well as some previously unpublished letters and articles. Particularly characteristic is an autobiographic sketch which he wrote in 1881 for Taco de Beer, who was writing the article on the literature of Holland for Spamer's Cyclopædia. A few sentences from it will serve as an excellent introduction for those not yet acquainted with this writer: "You ask for characteristic information regarding my life. 'Among the peculiarities of this author one of the most striking is that he has a cursed aversion to writing.' You see, my dear collector of Autoriana, there is one and a marked characteristic. For the rest, I was born on March 2, 1820. My parents were well-to-do and Godfearing, but very honest. Of these three parental qualities only the last passed over to me. Already in my eighth year I wrote verses which threw polite visitors into ecstasies. Not until the feeling of shame was born in me did I give up rhyming. It is incredible how many beautiful verses I have not written. . . . I am, of course, convinced that all Germany is eager to hear something about my development. But, my dear sir, I did not develop at all. Nor am I alone in holding this opinion. When literature is under discussion in Dutch periodicals, I am seldom mentioned—a fact which I greatly value. . . . That literary work is disagreeable to me follows from this, that I was forty years old when I was *compelled* to write 'Havelaar.' . . . But if Spamer issues a cyclopædia about persons who sacrificed themselves to their duties, and who, in consequence, were tortured to death by the idiotic multitude, then you may put my name in—even if it should be but a thin little book."

—We have received from M. Henri Gaidoz—eminent for his researches both in Celtic literature and in general folk-lore, and successively editor of the *Revue Celtique* and of *Mélusine*—an essay dealing with the influence of the Académie Celtique upon the study of folk-lore. The Celtic Academy, founded in 1804, was the parent organization from which sprang, in 1813, the Société des Antiquaires de France, and M. Gaidoz prepared his paper for the centenary of this society. He reviews briefly the circumstances of the foundation of the Academy at a time of great enthusiasm for the study of national antiquities, and speaks of its varied activities in history, archæology and linguistics. He takes due account of the prevalent Celtomania which impaired the value of much of its work, particularly in philology, and which (we may observe in passing) long survived the Academy. We recall an article published as lately as 1876, in the journal of a learned society in Brittany, in which the name of Mount Ararat was solemnly explained by the Breton phrase *ar-er-rha*, "on the summit"; and, outside the ranks of the learned, similar etymologies are still common enough among the other peoples of Celtic speech. In spite of false methods and erroneous theories, however, M. Gaidoz points out that the science of folk-lore owes a considerable debt to the Académie Celtique. It gave an important impulse to the work of collecting popular material, both in France and abroad, and the best of its published mémoires dealt with such subjects. To the influence of the Academy, or at least to the same national enthusiasm which animated its founders, M. Gaidoz attributes the great compilations of departmental statistics begun by the Government during the Consulate and continued under the Empire, which contained in some instances valuable reports on the manners and customs, beliefs, and traditions of the population. Looking beyond the boundaries of France, he makes an interesting suggestion with regard to Jacob Grimm, who became a corresponding member of the Academy in 1811. In that same year—suddenly and unaccountably, according to the editor of his correspondence—Grimm formed a plan for collecting popular literature, usages, and superstitions throughout the German lands; and four years later he issued a circular proposing the foundation of a society to foster such investigations. M. Gaidoz suggests that the idea first came to Grimm from his association with the Academy in Paris, and that his circular was based in large part on the "questionnaire" of Dulaure. The paper closes with some comparisons between the different aspects and motives of romanticism in France and in Germany, and from one point of view the whole of it may be regarded as a contribution to the history of the movement which goes by that name.

—Prof. Adolf Jülicher's 'Introduction to the New Testament,' translated by Janet Penrose Ward, with a prefatory note by Mrs. Humphry Ward, is published by Smith, Elder & Co., London, and in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The translation is so good that the book reads as if written in a good English form, and the original must have been written with more literary skill than has been characteristic of German critics since Strauss's epoch-making book. The book is indeed remarkable for its fresh and simple presentation of its learned matter. Mrs. Ward's note indicates Jülicher's relative standing among the German critics. Much more liberal than Weiss, he is opposed *à outrance* to Zahn, the orthodox coryphæus, whom he calls the great *Irrgärtner*, a maker of bewildering labyrinths. As compared with Holtzmann (H. J.), he swings much freer from the Tübingen school, especially from the violence of F. C. Baur's *Tendenz* construction and his chronology of the New Testament writings. But the estimate of Baur in the "Prolegomena" is in admirable contrast with much vulgar contemporary depreciation. Great differences between Jülicher and Harnack do not, Mrs. Ward assures us, put them far apart. We do not find the differences great, measuring Harnack by his particular results and not by the rash expressions in which he indulged a few years since in a moment of rhetorical effusion. Professor Schmiedel of Zurich is conspicuously absent from Professor Jülicher's summary of the course and present state of New Testament criticism; but Professor van Manen of Leyden, who shares with Professor Schmiedel the blame visited on the destructive New Testament criticism of the 'Encyclopædia Biblica,' is dismissed as representing "a form of pseudo-criticism which considers itself called upon simply to upset all previous views of the development of the earliest Christian literature." More than a hundred pages are devoted to an excellent history of the New Testament canon, and sixty to a history of the New Testament text. It would be difficult to exaggerate the gulf that yawns between this 'Introduction' as a whole and the conservative view of the New Testament fifty years since, of which in popular preaching and teaching there are still many survivals.

—Enrique Piñeyro's 'El Romanticismo en España' (Paris: Garnier Frères) is distinguished by two excellences somewhat rare in Spanish criticism—a fine liberalism and a cosmopolitan view of literature. Both may be traced in part to the author's Cuban birth and American and Parisian residence; but his delicacy of critical touch, which has matured through a series of publications since the 'Estudios y Conferencias' of 1880, is quite his own. The present volume is modestly offered as a help to the study of Spanish romanticism for Spanish-Americans only; yet the author has much to say that must prove instructive to the Castilian as well as to the general reader. He considers the movement in a series of essays upon its principal exponents, Larra, Saavedra, Gutiérrez, Hartzenbusch, Espronceda, and Zorrilla, grouping lesser figures in supplementary chapters. But the stress of the work is critical rather than biographical, and it is pleasant to find preserved here in more permanent form several articles which we recognize as having appeared in the *Bulletin Hispanique*. The Spanish romantic school at best was a derivative growth, dependent upon France and (in less degree) England and Germany. It

differed from its French counterpart in entailing no break with national achievements of the *siglo de oro*. For the Spain of Lope de Vega and Calderón was essentially romantic, and the classical literature of the eighteenth century in the Peninsula, a purely Bourbon imposition, was readily sloughed off under foreign romantic influence. In describing these influences Sr. Piñeyro is especially happy, and the names of Hugo, Mérimée, and Dumas, of Schiller and the Schlegels, are constantly recurring in his pages. In tracing the indebtedness of Spanish authors to English, he fills out many details that are lacking in the rough indications of Prof. J. D. M. Ford's article upon the subject in the Publications of the Modern Language Association of 1901 (vol. xvi., 3, pp. 453-459). To the English reader these points of contact constitute the most interesting feature of the book, for Macpherson, Scott, and Byron profoundly impressed most members of the group, and even a writer so pugnaciously national as José Zorrilla felt, though he would not confess, the influence of Southey. It is the despotism of Ferdinand VII. that may be thanked for having practically inaugurated the Spanish romantic movement by driving from Spain for a time those political liberals naturally prepared to appreciate and themselves fulfil Hugo's definition of romanticism as "liberalism in literature." In certain matters it is difficult to follow Sr. Piñeyro's lead, as, for example, in his extravagant commendation of the agreeable poetess of Cuban birth and education, Gertrúdis Gómez de Avellaneda, who is made to surpass Sappho and most other remarkable women of literature. Apropos of Zorrilla's 'Don Juan Tenorio,' we miss any notice of Arturo Farinelli's exhaustive study of the theme, 'Don Giovanni'; but in general the scholarship is adequate, and the absence of dogmatism is refreshing by contrast with that which mars the chief previous authority for the period, the 'Literatura española en el Siglo XIX.' of Padre García.

—When the soil was removed from the Athenian Acropolis just north of the Parthenon, in the autumn of 1885, foundations were uncovered which were recognized by Dr. Dörpfeld as those of the old temple of Athena, which had been embellished by Pisistratus in the sixth century B. C. A little later were brought to light several broken statues which evidently had been overthrown by the Persians on their invasion of Attica at the time of the battle of Salamis, and had received decent burial from the Greeks on their return. Fragments of still more ancient sculpture and architecture also were unearthed. Naturally the sculpture received first attention, and very early groups which once had stood in the pediments of a larger and a smaller and still earlier temple, were in a measure restored several years ago. For at least ten years the remains of early "poros" (calcareous tufa) architecture, and of the sculpture which was connected with this, have been studied by Dr. Th. Wiegand, and he has just published the results of this study —'Die archäische Poros-Architektur der Akropolis zu Athen' (Leipzig). He determines an original temple *in antis*, built about the time of Solon, early in the sixth century B. C., which was almost exactly 100 feet in length and thence received the name of Hecatompedon. In the front pediment of this temple stood a group of Heracles contending with the Triton, watched by the three-headed "Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine"; in the rear pediment was a group of three divinities, with serpents in the angles. Pisistratus or his sons took, as a nucleus, this temple with two columns on the front, and surrounded it with columns, making it, with some changes, the cella for their more magnificent peripteral temple which was burnt by the Persians 480 B. C. Architectural fragments of five other and smaller Doric buildings are identified in this book. Wiegand's studies have been continued so long that not a few of his results have become known to scholars in Greece, but this publication contains much that is new. The plates reproduce the polychrome decoration of both architecture and sculpture. The importance of the work is the greater because of the previous wide gaps in our knowledge of the early development of Doric architecture in Greece proper, as distinguished from that of Sicily and Lower Italy.

THE REFORMATION.

The Reformation. (The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. II.) The Macmillan Co. 1904.

This further instalment of the great modern history which is to be the monument of Lord Acton's amplitude of view and constructive power, sustains the high level attained by the first volumes, and is, perhaps, somewhat superior in plan and execution to Volume VII., which appeared out of its turn a few months ago. It covers what is *par excellence* the period of the beginning and of the first phase of the religious Reformation, from the death of Pope Alexander the Sixth (1503) and arrival of Luther at Wittenberg (1508) to the end of the Council of Trent (1563) and death of Calvin (1564). Events of determinative significance for the three centuries that followed were crowded into these sixty years —events not only of political complexity, but of the profoundest interest for the history of the Church and of religion. In the preceding period, which the first volume has dealt with under the title of the Renaissance, the centre of movement and change lies in Italy, with Germany filling the second place. In the present volume, Germany comes to the front and Italy begins to fall back into that position of dependence on the fortunes of Germany, France, and Spain in which she remained down till our own time. Pope Julius the Second may be said to be the leading figure of the earlier period, the Emperor Charles the Fifth of the later; and just as Pope Julius comes up in four or five of the chapters dedicated to the Renaissance, so Charles appears in five or six of the present volume.

The scheme is still the same. Prominent persons and great movements are taken as the subjects of the several chapters, and thus it happens that the chronological order cannot be followed, and that some repetition is involved, because where ecclesiastical affairs are complicated with politics, the same event has to be noticed twice, or perhaps more frequently; and the same thing occurs when the line of development in two different countries, coming into relations with one another, is separately followed in different chapters. The loss involved in such repetition is, however, much smaller than the gain which we find in the treatment of a special topic as a special topic. It is this which gives novelty and freshness to the book. The editors deserve the utmost credit for having so thoroughly grasped the spirit and meaning of Lord Acton's design. They have in this volume reduced the difficulty of following in the order of time the march of events by adding a chronological table, an addition which we asked for in noticing the first and the seventh volumes. This table is a valuable feature in the present one; it might perhaps have with advantage been made even fuller than it is. Another suggestion which was thrown out in these columns—viz., the placing in the top corner of the page the name of the writer of each particular chapter—has not been adopted. We still find ourselves embarrassed in passing from one chapter to another, and still more in turning back from one to compare the treatment of the same person or event in another, by not knowing in whose hands we are at each moment, for it need not be said that the attitude of the various writers is different, and it becomes important to know from what point of view the event or person is being considered.

In manner and style the writers of this volume worthily sustain the standard reached in Volume I. They are careful and accurate, and give us excellent bibliographies. They are business-like, and abstain from rhetorical flights; yet they write well, clearly and vigorously, some of them with notable power. Though we can discover their sympathies, and in treating of ecclesiastical questions it is impossible not to reveal sympathies, they are almost invariably fair and dispassionate in their handling of the great issues and the great personalities. Thus the late Professor Kraus's chapter on Medicean Rome is excellent in its sharply drawn yet guarded and discriminating portraits of Leo the Tenth, Adrian the Sixth, and Clement the Seventh. Though it does not dwell with equal fulness on the general intellectual tendencies at work within the Church, it is free from any ecclesiastical bias. Still more remarkable is Professor Lindsay's chapter on Luther, a really striking and impressive presentation of the personal character and earlier career of the man who is, more even than Charles V., the central figure of this period. It is truly scientific in its attitude, a remarkable contrast to what almost any Scottish Protestant would or could have written sixty years ago. Equally large and luminous is Dr. Fairbairn's chapter on Calvin, written with the force we expect from that distinguished scholar, but so much occupied with Calvin's attitude and work as to give us a less distinct impression than we desire of the man's personality. The chapter on Zwingli and the Swiss Reformation does not reach the level of the two last mentioned either in breadth and grasp or in style, but it is free from partisanship.

The mention of these three reformers suggests a reflection that bears upon the period covered by this volume. There is a sense in which the sixteenth century may

be called the most complicated period of European history, and the period for which it is most difficult to compose a clear narrative of events. If the historian tries to follow the main stream of events and recount them in chronological order, he finds it hard to make them intelligible without constant digressions into the annals of each of the leading countries designed to explain what brought about the attitude of its rulers. If, on the other hand, he abandons the main stream, and deals with each of the great countries separately, he is driven to a tedious repetition, because many of the great conflicts and negotiations belong equally to German, to French, to Italian, to Spanish, and to English history. This unexampled complexity is due partly to the struggle over the Burgundian inheritance, the beginnings of which lie as far back as the death of Duke Charles the Bold, and to the rival claims in Italy of the house of Hapsburg and the house of Valois. But its chief source is to be found in the great religious movement which, appearing in different parts of Europe at almost the same time, though first and in its fullest strength in Germany, brought all the nations and kingdoms of Europe into a closer relation with one another than had been seen since the days of the Carolingians, when the nations and the kingdoms were but just beginning to exist. The Pope had been a spiritual monarch in all the countries; so a revolt which threatened his power drew all the countries into new bonds of alliance or of repulsion. Yet the ecclesiastical and theological struggle was constantly crossed and distorted, so to speak, by the dynastic hostilities of the great monarchs, so that there were constant changes of political attitude on the part of each; and even firm Catholics like Charles V., Philip II., and Francis I. found themselves sometimes driven into a more or less avowed support of heretics. Thus the problem which the present volume has placed before the editors is perhaps the hardest of all those they have had or will have to deal with in the whole of their enormous task.

That the problem has been completely solved one can hardly venture to affirm. Several of the chapters traverse the same subject, regarding it from different points of view, and are obliged to describe the same events over and over again. This is especially the case with regard to Germany, which occupies seven or eight of the nineteen chapters that compose this volume, though a considerable part of two of those chapters is devoted to the Italian policy of Charles V. England stands rather more apart, and is treated with a fulness which would be disproportionate were not the book intended primarily for the English-speaking world. Four chapters are allotted to it. Dr. James Gairdner writes of Henry VIII. He writes with a fairness and good sense which is particularly welcome to those who recall the outrageous vagaries and perversions of Froude, and the partisanship into which other writers, far superior to Froude, have been by their religious sympathies sometimes betrayed. The brief summing up which he gives of Henry's character and policy will commend itself to most unprejudiced minds, though it perhaps hardly sufficiently brings out the remarkable moral change which showed itself as the King grew older. He made for himself in his early years a reputation and a popularity on which he continued to live for some time after he had ceased to deserve it and had become one of the most repulsive ruffians of his age.

"The reign of Henry VIII. has left deeper marks on succeeding ages than any other reign in English history. Nothing is more extraordinary than that within less than a century after Fortescue had written in praise of the Constitution and laws of England, a despotism so complete should have been set up in that very country. But it was a despotism really built on the forms of the Constitution and due mainly to the remarkable ability of the unscrupulous King himself, who was careful to disturb nothing that did not really stand in his way. . . . Henry VIII. was really a man of consummate ability, who, if his course had not been misdirected by passion and selfishness, would have left a name behind him as the very founder of England's greatness. Not only was his judgment strong and clear, but he well knew how to select advisers. To talk of parliamentary control is out of the question. The King called Parliament only when he wanted money, or when he wished despotic measures passed with a semblance of popular sanction. But the forms of parliamentary legislation and control were kept up; and thus, with weaker kings and a more effective popular sentiment, the ancient assembly afterwards proved able to recover all and more than all its former authority. . . . No king was at first more devoted to the Church or more anxious to stand well in the opinion of his subjects. Nor could it be said that the Church's yoke was a painful one to mighty potentates like him. But wilfulness and obstinacy were very strong features in Henry's character. Whatever he did, he must never appear to retract; and he had so frequently threatened the Pope with the withdrawal of his allegiance in case he would not grant him his divorce, that at last he felt bound to make good what he had threatened. . . . He was anxious to show that the faith of Christendom was maintained as firmly within his kingdom as ever. He made Cranmer a sort of insular Pope, and insisted on respect being paid to his decrees—especially in reference to his own numerous marriages and divorces. But beyond the suspension of the canon law and the complete subjugation of the clergy to the civil power, he was not anxious to make vital changes in religion, and both doctrine and ritual remained in his day nearly unaltered" (pp. 462-4).

The Reformation under Edward VI. is treated of by Professor Pollard, who has also contributed four out of the chapters devoted to Germany; while the reign of Philip and Mary is allotted to Mr. Bass Mullinger, and the Anglican settlement under Elizabeth (together with the Scottish Reformation) to Professor Maitland. Scotch readers will complain of the lumping together of these two topics in one chapter; for the result is that the striking incidents that marked the religious revolution in North Britain, and which have obtained a dramatic interest for the world from their association with the romantic career of "vielgeplagte, vielbescholtene Helena," Mary Stuart, lose their connection and their dramatic interest by being crushed into the interstices, so to speak, of an outline of the history of England during the earlier half of Elizabeth's reign in England. If the Scotch story was worth telling, it ought to have been told as a story by itself, and the whole of it. The present volume leaves us in the middle. Mr. Maitland writes with his accustomed brilliancy. He has a gift for going to the point and for telling and vivid phrases. But his turn for epigram sometimes leads him perilously near obscurity, and clearness is, after all, next to accuracy, the first of historical merits. It has now become the fashion—a fashion palpable and even wearisome in Mr. Andrew Lang's History of Scotland—to sneer at John Knox, by way, perhaps, of restoring a balance after the undue glorification given him by his countrymen seventy or eighty years ago. Still, one is a little surprised to find it said that "Knox had no mind for martyrdom," merely because he quitted Scotland at a time when he would certainly have been put to death had he remained. The most courageous man—and few men were more courageous—may withdraw himself from imminent danger when he can do so with honor.

The Scandinavian kingdoms as well as Scotland come for the first time into the story of these volumes. They are, however, treated too briefly to permit the narrative to have the sort of interest that belongs to the German or Italian or French parts of the book. The inexorable limits of space exclude the necessary explanations of the economic and social conditions of these outlying lands. One great merit, however, the volume has which must be noted before we part from it. Like the first volume, it leaves, with all its complexity, a broad and tolerably definite impression. As in Volume I, one felt through all the chapters the movement of that new spirit which we call the spirit of the Renaissance, so in this volume we everywhere are met by the new forces that are at work in the sphere of religion, and feel how they interpenetrated politics, creating new affinities and new antagonisms. Moreover, we are led to realize in a way which perhaps no preceding history has brought out, the relation of the literary movement of the latter half of the fifteenth century to the religious movement of the earlier half of the sixteenth. This relation appears not only in the leaders of religious thought, but also in the body of educated or semi-educated men upon whom their influence first fell. The ground had been cleared, thought had been stimulated, minds had been prepared to discard old ideas and welcome new ones. And it is interesting to observe that this is the last period in European history in which the thinker and the scholar find themselves almost equally at home in other countries and in the country of their birth. The love of learning and religious sympathy form bonds which overleap differences of speech and of political allegiance, and make the lands that lie between the Vistula and the Atlantic one intellectual commonwealth almost as fully as were the lands between the Euphrates and the Atlantic in the first ages of Christianity. After 1600 not only has the unity of the Church vanished, but the various reformed churches have been divided by mutual jealousies. There is no more a *respublica Christiana*.

LEE'S HISTORY OF NORTH AMERICA.

The History of North America. Guy Carleton Lee, editor.—Vol. I. Discovery and Exploration. By Alfred Brittain, in conference with George Edward Reed. Pp. xxiv., 511.—Vol. II. The Indians of North America in Historic Times. By Cyrus Thomas, in conference with W. J. McGee. Pp. xx., 464.—Vol. III. The Colonization of the South. By Peter Joseph Hamilton. Pp. xxiii., 494.—Vol. IV. The Colonization of the Middle States and

Maryland. By Frederick Robertson Jones. Pp. xxiv., 532. Philadelphia: George Barrie & Sons. 1904.

When a coöperative history of America in twenty volumes, laying special claim to completeness and "definitiveness," is heralded in advance of publication by advertising of the most elaborate sort; when its claim to favor, based in large part on alleged conformity to plans virtually endorsed by a great learned society, is publicly challenged, also in advance, by a scholar of repute; when the prospectus shows a formidable array of consulting and advisory committees of librarians, college presidents, editors, and military and naval celebrities; when the several volumes are introduced by the general editor with fulsome praise for the author and with wordy comment on the significance of the period; and when, to crown all, the publishers kindly furnish for editorial use four carefully prepared reviews, one of fifteen columns, a modest reviewer may well feel that the task of appraisal is not only difficult, but downright precarious. If, by any chance, impartial examination shows that the work, notwithstanding the preliminary puffing of it, is nevertheless in the main a meritorious performance, the judgment is likely to be taken as in some measure a justification of the advertising methods of publishers and editor; while if the reviewer, having in mind the peace of his own soul or the intellectual welfare of the community, finds in the volumes matter for condemnation, it will of course be proof positive that he has not read the book, but only the prospectus, and is probably himself on the staff of some forthcoming rival series.

The four volumes noted above are the first instalment of the "definitive" History of North America which Dr. Lee has undertaken to edit. A volume on "Prehistoric North America," which one would expect to find near the beginning of the series, is postponed in order that the author may avail himself of "certain research work now in progress"—a phrase whose real meaning only the initiated will comprehend. The History is to be illustrated by one hundred and twenty photogravure plates and more than a thousand other pictures, most of them, we are told, from photographs made expressly for the occasion. So far as the volumes before us go, the illustrations are well chosen and commendably executed, though their distribution seems to be without particular regard to the immediate text. The volumes are of substantial octavo size, attractively printed on good paper. The work is dedicated to the American Historical Association. Inasmuch as the Council of the Association, after having endorsed the plan of a coöperative history and submitted it to the Association, later found reasons for adjudging the preparation of such a work under the auspices of the Association inexpedient, Dr. Lee's dedication is not devoid of grim humor.

Recent years have so familiarized us with the coöperative history that nothing special need be said here regarding the merits or limitations of the plan. In the field of American history the only notable example of the method thus far carried out on a large scale is the great 'Narrative and Critical History' of Justin Winsor. Winsor's work, however, is valuable chiefly for its wealth of bibliographical learning, while its disproportionate attention to cartography and the colonial period makes it in no sense a well-balanced book. In American history, however, where the quantity of material is very large in proportion to its chronological limits, and where the dependence of the history of one section upon that of another is not always close, the coöperative method has obvious advantages; and there has certainly long been need of a comprehensive work which should sum up, with a scholar's accuracy and discrimination, the results of recent investigation. Dr. Lee has aimed to supply this lack in a series which shall avoid the particular pitfalls that endanger cooperative narration, namely, arbitrary arrangement, repetition, overlapping, and obtrusive inequalities of treatment and style. At the same time, he has worked for the general public rather than for scholars, for the uncritical rather than the critical reader. The criterion, accordingly, is inevitable: admitting that the work was worth doing, has it been so done as to give, in popular shape and tone, an accurate, duly proportioned, and impressive view of American history?

The publishers, with a wealth of iteration, assure us that it has, and the editor in his preface continues the refrain. We would gladly believe, without further inquiry, that such is the fact; for if there is anything which the historical student desires and the public ought to have, it is a "definitive" history. Unfortunately, Dr. Lee has made a critical estimate of the work of his contributors extremely laborious by the practically complete exclusion of references to authorities. A "definitive" history of North America would, we imagine, contain not only much that is new, but also much that has not hitherto been coördinated with the mass of previously accepted data; but to offer the public such a history without telling where the new material comes from, or why it is used as it is, is to run the risk of producing a work which scholars will not think it worth while to spend time over. We do not say that the matter in the four volumes before us is not all true. All we affirm is that, the customary means of testing it being lacking, the work cannot be quoted as authoritative. We cannot but think it unfair, too, to the writers of the volumes to deny them the privilege of vouching in the usual way for the truth of their statements and the thoroughness of their research.

Turning now to the individual volumes: Mr. Brittain's volume on "Discovery and Exploration" deals with the exploration of the coast and the interior by the Spanish, French, Dutch, and English, down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, the survey ending with the first permanent settlement of Virginia. The author, in the language of Dr. Lee's preface, has "woven his narrative from the very words of the discoverers and explorers and their contemporaries." In fact, the book consists for the most part of extracts, often lengthy, from contemporary sources, strung together so as to make a continuous narrative. The apportionment of space seems to have been determined somewhat by the availability of the material. Thus, the first chapter is a sketchy review of classical and mediæval geographical ideas, with principal reference to Vinland and the Northmen; the Sagas being quoted from at length. Then follow a chapter on the life of Columbus before 1492, three chapters on Columbus's first voyage—chiefly the journal—and one chapter on the remaining voyages. The same method obtains throughout. The text contains only occasional and incidental references to authorities, and the translations of the documents are uncredited. The many questions of critical scholarship which recent study of this early period has raised are little referred to, nor is the connection between the exploration of the New World and the general growth of geographical knowledge well brought out. As a whole, Mr. Brittain's volume—so much of it, that is, as is not simply source material—is creditably written; the unusual method is skilfully applied; but the book makes, obviously, no new contribution of importance to the period of which it treats, nor gives, on the whole, an especially good view of it.

Dr. Thomas's volume on the Indians, on the other hand, shows evidence throughout of sound learning and good judgment, and undeniably fills a distinct void in our historical literature. For the first time, in a scholarly way, the Indian history of North America is brought together in narrative form, and dealt with, not as a mere addendum to the history of the European conquest, but as an historical factor of independent importance and vital significance. The general method is that of taking the Indians by tribes, groups, and race stocks, tracing the internal history as far as known, and following the course of contact with the whites. The narrative, as a whole, is brought down to the present time. We recall no author who appears to have used so thoroughly the mass of recent scientific data concerning the Indian, or who has appraised with such discretion and wisdom the Indian character. Examples of the latter quality are numerous, as good a one as any occurring on pages 127, 128, where Penn's Indian policy is discussed. The last two chapters treat of the Indian policy of the United States, and of the Indians as a race and as a factor in American history. Dr. Thomas is careful to distinguish between the policy of the Government and its enforcement, finding in the former much to commend. Despite the prohibition of footnotes, the author contrives to introduce into the body of his narrative numerous references to or criticisms of authorities, with happy results for the scholarly impression of his work, though here, as elsewhere, the principal sources of the material are not indicated. The pictures of Indians are exceptionally good, but it is a pity that the very useful ethnographic maps were not drawn on a larger scale.

Dr. Thomas revives much of the history of the Indian; Mr. Hamilton restores to us the history of the French and Spanish colonies in the South. His account of the English settlements is good, though in no respect novel or distinguished save, perhaps, for the skill with which a considerable mass of detail is handled and the careful summaries of legal and governmental institutions and of social life in the colonies. The account of Virginia shows constant indebtedness to Alexander Brown, to whose devoted labors Mr. Hamilton pays deserved tribute in his preface; and the sketch of Carolina has profited by the work of McCrady. With the history of the Gulf col-

onies, however, Mr. Hamilton is on his own ground, and he has succeeded, better, we think, than any one else, in restoring to its proper place in the story of American origins the history of the settlements at New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, and in Florida. The account of British Florida, based on the Haldimand papers and other manuscript sources, is offered as "almost original." Further, the connection between European events and the movements in America, especially in the eighteenth century, is adequately emphasized. Mr. Hamilton's style, though lacking in dignity, is lively and readable, and he has succeeded in bringing out something of the romantic charm of the early South which Dr. Lee, in a remarkable preface, dwells upon as the antithesis of New England "realism."

A somewhat similar service has been performed by Dr. Jones for the history of the Middle colonies. Dr. Lee's introduction dwells on the lack of interest on the part of the people of the Middle States in their own history, and on the fact that the Middle States have never advertised themselves as have New England and the South. Whether or not the dictum has anything more than a piquant suggestiveness to commend it, it is certain that the annals of the Middle group of English colonies have commonly been looked upon as relatively uninteresting. Dr. Jones has sought to show that the Middle colonies "possessed important characteristics and interests in common," and therefore "present a territorial and political unity that admits of a special and independent study." If he has not wholly succeeded in his aim, he has at least written a valuable and readable book. His five chapters on the first half of the eighteenth century will do much to rehabilitate, for the average reader, this neglected period. The seventeenth century offers less field for originality, but there is a good account of New Sweden and of the important relations between the Dutch and the English. Chapter viii., on the "Migration of the Oppressed," is an instructive account of the immigrating sects and communities that found asylum in America. On the other hand, there is not much in the book about social matters, and only moderate notice of economic conditions. We hope, too, that the two chapters on the eventful years 1754-65, with which the volume closes, are not all that Dr. Lee's History plans to devote to Revolutionary beginnings.

Bearing in mind its popular purpose, and with the reservations already noted, we are glad to commend the first instalment of this ambitious history. Of the four volumes thus far put forth, Mr. Brittain's is the least satisfactory and Dr. Thomas's the most important scientific contribution; while the two others, though not as a whole notable for originality or breadth, are straightforward, useful narratives. If the style nowhere attains distinction, it is at least nowhere dull. We do not think that the popularity of a work which places special emphasis on "definitiveness" would have been lessened by judicious footnotes or bibliographies. The only really objectionable parts of the volumes are the editor's prefaces. If these could be shorn of their glib generalizations and complimentary ascriptions, the interests of literature as well as of history would be conserved.

MALLOCK'S VEIL OF THE TEMPLE.

The Veil of the Temple; or, From Dark to Twilight. By W. H. Mallock. London: John Murray: New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In order to discuss the antagonism between Science and Religion and to effect a reconciliation, or at least a compromise, Mr. Mallock assembles a small but select company at a country house, situated indefinitely on the Irish coast; a house remote from the stress of modern civilization, yet an example of all which that can do for making life perfect, materially speaking. The device has probably been adopted to lighten the solemn spectacle of physical science annihilating God, Freedom, and Immortality; and certainly it has deprived the operation of a certain not undesirable dignity and impressiveness. It also adds to the cares of the trained librarian, who will hesitate to place the volume among Mr. Mallock's works of fiction for fear of disappointing the frivolous, or among his direct contributions to religious and social controversy for fear of enraging the earnest thinker.

The people who sit metaphorically before "The Veil of the Temple" in Mr. Rupert Glanville's ancestral abbey or drawing-room or moonlit garden are not exactly asking what it profits a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul. The world and its pomp, power, and corruption are already theirs, and they show no inclination to part with a penny or a vice in exchange for a soul, only a polite willingness to accept an arrangement whereby the comfortable assurance of a soul may be added to their other possessions. Mr. Glanville has long been preoccupied with his own sensations, much wrought upon by failure to harmonize his rational beliefs and religious sentiment, and at last driven to call his friends about him and thrash it all out with them. He summons Mr. Seaton, a speculative, philosophical Scot; and Mr. Hancock, a sensible, self-made, tuft-hunting Englishman; and several aristocratic friends whose condescension in having minds and wishing to have souls is nicely appreciated by Mr. Mallock. He permits them intermittently to assert their proper position by talking scandal and by displaying that cold sensuality which he so frequently assumes to be the high prerogative and happy practice of the great. Their attitude towards the entertainment provided for them is prettily indicated in a remark made by Mrs. Vernon: "I was once told by a friend of mine to read Dr. Sanday's writings, as he put the case for belief in an absolutely convincing way. I couldn't do so at the time, because I had to go to Ascot." But, for so flippant a lady, she holds up her end in admirable language.

After some preliminary expression of views by the amateur theologians, professional aid is sought from Ballyfergus, described by Glanville as a "grand resort of the clergy, where a clerical hotel has been started with a low tariff, a chapel, and a room for religious conferences." No invitations are declined, and the coterie gets its fill of sermons while the professionals get their fill of victuals and drink, of a quality not dreamed of in the low-tariff hotel. The State Church takes precedence. There are three representatives—an old-fashioned parson, an advanced canon, and a high-church priest. Then follow Mr. Brompton, a light of the ethical church, and Mr. Brock, presumably a suitably plebeian substitute for the name Herbert Spencer. Mr. Seaton speaks for rationalistic and idealistic philosophy. The mind of the Church and its attitude towards modern criticism are expounded pretty fairly, with only slightly malicious exaggeration, but Father Skipton is a rather gross caricature. To the credit of the inquiring listeners be it said that, during his performance, they silently crept out of the chapel, leaving him and a female devotee sprawling and shrieking amidst his embroideries and candles.

Mr. Brompton accepts the definition of religion already reached—"a desire, accompanied by a belief in the possibility of its actual satisfaction, for some larger kindred life into which by moral conduct the individual life may expand itself," but his offer of Humanity as that larger life, Comte's "Great Being," exposes him to derision.

Brock stands manfully for the evolution of the universe and its contents from cosmic stuff of unknown parentage, and Seaton, with marvellous lucidity for a philosopher, proclaims that reason, freedom, and moral sense are matters of direct apprehension, and disposes of physical science and the material universe by declaring that the only realities are God, or the Supreme Mind, and the human mind, and that religion is ecstasy produced in the lesser by contemplation and adoration of the greater.

The verdict on all this is that the dogma of Christianity has been irretrievably destroyed by the higher criticism and scientific demonstration; that Natural Theism collapses before the profound truths of Evolution; that Humanity is a ridiculous God; and that regular development from a single principle, an unknowable, is unthinkable. Nevertheless, the existence of religious impulse is admitted, and Mr. Glanville is called on to review and criticise the desolating conclusions, and to indicate, if possible, some means whereby this impulse may connect itself as it once could intellectually with "any scheme of existence which the intellect will permit it to accept." He performs the duty thoroughly and brilliantly, arguing, for the validity of the mystical faculty, that science has not proved the reality of things outside the individual mind, and, by its conception of the cause or substance out of which we have all risen, compels us to accept what are for the intellect contradictions. Therefore, he continues:

"If we find any good reason for assenting to the doctrines of religion, though these are absolutely contradicted by the detailed demonstrations of science, we do no more violence to our intellect by simultaneously accepting both than we do by accepting the demonstrations of science itself, which have their root in contradiction equally or even more unmanageable."

He suggests a meeting-ground for religious feeling and intellect in theories similar to those advanced by the Pragmatists—arguments most persuasively set forth in a series of essays by Mr. William James. These theories, though very attractive, are to some minds far from convincing; and if Mr. Glanville's audience had not by this time been in a state of exhaustion, it would not have been so easily satisfied that the validity of a belief is intellectually proved by its general presence in some form and its usefulness for living worthily and

happily. He hastened to clinch his argument by allowing great license as to the character of religious aspiration and its object, offering a wide choice of "a Something which is beyond ourselves and which yet responds to us with a promise of future union." From the Somethings offered, Lord Restormel promptly chooses the Eternal Feminine, and Mr. Mallock seems thus to laugh profanely not only at his subject, but at the fools who take an interest in it.

Through the whole discussion runs the error of ascribing to the knowledge accumulated by scientific labor too much power to destroy the legitimacy of religious belief. Each separate science, attending to its own business, has given accounts of facts ascertained within its own boundaries, and the attempts by piecing these facts together to account for the whole of life establish nothing, and rest at Mr. Hancock's refuge, a working hypothesis. Only a few enthusiasts ever believed that science had put God and immortality out of court, or that it "has stripped us of everything that gives worth to us in our own eyes."

"Science," says a very modern philosopher, "consists in the full and coherent description of facts of experience; experience being the most general term to describe the character of all that goes on in the universe." So far, no such account has been given. When it is given, the work of science will be done. Philosophers as well as scientists and speculative novelists will be forced to retire from business. We shall really be as gods, knowing everything; and though the state of certainty cannot be so interesting as our present one, let us hope that it may be blissful.

Francis Parkman. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. (American Men of Letters.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

The series to which this volume is now added would manifestly be incomplete without a biography of Parkman; but if Mr. Sedgwick's book did not do something more than satisfy this formal exigency, it would be below the level of the writer's reputation and the public need. If it does not fail in both of these particulars, it is in neither of them quite satisfactory. Mr. Sedgwick seems to have been hampered by his consciousness of the excellence of Mr. Farnham's biography as an analysis of Parkman's work in relation to his personality, and to have said, like Michelangelo of Brunelleschi's dome, "Better than thee I cannot, but like thee I will not." By this refusal he has debarred himself from the most characteristic action of his critical faculty, while at the same time he has failed to utilize Mr. Farnham's neglected opportunity and give us a criticism at once large and particular of Parkman's histories. Mr. Sedgwick's book is equally with, if not more than, Mr. Farnham's a representation of Parkman's personality. The nearest approach we have yet had to any generalized view of Parkman's work is Mr. John Fiske's introduction to the later edition of Parkman's Works.

One fruit of Mr. Sedgwick's determination to make a different book from Mr. Farnham's is a much fuller use of Parkman's letters and journals than his predecessor's, and a much more expansive treatment of his early life. In a whole of 326 pages, 216 are devoted to the years preceding the publication of the 'Conspiracy of Pontiac,' the first of his historical books, though dealing with an afterclap of the events narrated in the subsequent volumes. Of these 216 pages much the larger part is in Parkman's own words, the pages of his 'Oregon Trail' being freely drawn upon for the story of his foolhardy Western adventures. Whatever potentiality of mishap was hidden in Parkman's physical inheritance, it is evident that to his overdoing in the new Harvard gymnasium and to his ambitious overstrain upon the Western plains was due most of his suffering and disability. Our best account of these is Parkman's letter to George E. Ellis, published in Farnham's Life. Mr. Sedgwick publishes in an appendix a very similar letter to Martin Brimmer. Parkman had imitated so faithfully the Spartan boy hiding the savage fox under his cloak, that the story of his hindrances and suffering, when published, was a startling revelation, even to his friends, except those of the most intimate circle. The continuity of his purpose and performance would be remarkable had these been associated with vigorous health. One of the greatest disappointments of his life was that he could not be a soldier in our civil war. It is certain that he would have been one of the most striking figures on that memorable scene; one of the most efficient, as well as courageous, of our generals; also, one of the least compassionate. It has been significantly remarked that he never has a word of reprobation for the cruelty of war. For this, as for the tortures he describes so placidly in 'Pontiac,' he had an almost Chinese indifference. His early eagerness for action was intensified as he grew older by the prohibitions of his lameness, blindness, and other disabilities. But, had he fought through the war from Sumter to Appomattox, he could not have exhibited a more inflexible courage than that with which he met the shock of physical anguish, steadily renewed from day to day.

An interesting feature is the amount of knowledge that he brought to his first travels in the region which was to be the principal scene of his histories. An instinct for knowing what he wanted was highly characteristic of his unwearying hunt on the long trail which, on setting out, he thought would hold him twenty years. In the event it held him more than twice that length. But corresponding to this extension there was a marked extension of his plan. This was at first to write a history of the 'Old French War.'

"It was not till some years later that I enlarged the plan to include the whole course of the American conflict between France and England, or, in other words, the history of the American forest; for this was the light in which I regarded it."

Mr. Sedgwick hesitates at the praise which ranks Parkman with Gibbon, but in this enlargement of his plan there was an agreeable resemblance to Gibbon's enlargement of his from the decline of Rome, the city, as he first apprehended it, to the decline and fall of the Empire. When we consider that Parkman reckoned his loss of time through sickness as three-quarters of it all, it would seem that he considerably overestimated the time necessary for the accomplishment of his task—that ten good years would have been enough for this. But hardly would the work, done so swiftly, have been what it now is. The brooding habit of the intolerably inactive years brought many living things to birth.

Mr. Sedgwick's inclination is to regard Parkman's early journals as rhetorical exercises, whereas Mr. Farnham thinks they were the practice of his 'prentice hand in exact description of things, persons, and events. Neither opinion gets much support from the first instalment of the history, which, rhetorically, was far more florid than the journals and far less realistic. Theodore Parker found its descriptions of the forest, which Parkman loved so exceedingly, too much generalized. "You do not tell us what kind of trees, etc., these were; only trees." In one respect the man's gain on the boy was immense. The temper of the early journals is habitually of the *nil admirari* sort. He "would not give a damn for all the churches and ruins in Rome," and he has a way of persecuting animate persons and inanimate things, and worrying them with epithets, which is entirely foreign to the temper of his books.

Nowhere else does Mr. Sedgwick warm to his work so eagerly as in his chapter descriptive of Parkman in his flower garden, cultivating his roses and lilies with assiduous care. A quite breathless tale is that of his marriage of the Lily Beautiful and the Lily Golden, from which came the *Lilium Parkmanni*, the most signal of Parkman's floral victories. There is not a line too much of this; but a more important matter—Parkman's social and political opinions—is neglected to a degree, in painful contrast with the brilliancy of the flower-garden episode. Here again Mr. Sedgwick seems to have been deterred by the good things that Mr. Farnham had said before him. But Parkman's relation to the anti-slavery conflict is indicated forcibly, if not powerfully, in a letter of November 10, 1850:

"Just now we are on the eve of an election—a great row about the Fugitive Slave Law, and an infinity of nonsense talked and acted on the subject. A great Union party is forming in opposition to the abolitionists and Southern fanatics. For my part, I would see every slave knocked on the head before I would see the Union go to pieces, and would include in the sacrifice as many abolitionists as could be conveniently brought together."

For this Mr. Sedgwick pleads "a certain extravagance, half in jest, half in relief of his humors," but it is significant of Parkman's attitude towards the entire body of humanitarian reform. A little grain of it in any person or movement was enough to make him sour. He was aristocratic in his politics, as in his tastes; with as little faith in the people as his admired Hamilton. Universal suffrage was intolerable to him; women's suffrage more so, if possible, and all efforts for international peace or social amelioration. Yet there was the spirit of a reformer in him also. The condition of the civil service evoked it, the abuses of municipal politics, the corruption of the legislature and executive. In its total manifestation his character was less simple than dual, and no pages of Mr. Sedgwick's book are more instructive and appropriate than those of his "More Intimate Chapter," in which the man's obverse of hard and gritty stoicism is qualified by a reverse of playfulness and kindness, with appreciation of such genuine sympathy as required few words for its expression. Perhaps both Mr. Farnham and Mr. Sedgwick

are well advised in attaching themselves preëminently to the man's character and experience rather than to his work. Of this sufficient has not yet been said, but it speaks well for itself.

North America. By Israel C. Russell. (Appletons' World Series: The Regions of the World. Edited by H. J. Mackinder of Oxford.) 1904. Pp. 435, 8 colored maps, and 39 other illustrations.

Professor Russell states that his aim has been to "give a condensed and readable account of the leading facts concerning the North American continent which, from the point of view of the geographer, seem most interesting and instructive." Unfortunately, limitation of space has required the exclusion of several chapters that had been prepared on political and economic geography—only a short discussion of boundaries being preserved—so that the book as published is for the most part concerned with physical geography (land forms, coastal features, and climate) and with the distribution of native plants and animals; but to this are added chapters on the geology and the aborigines of the continent. Nevertheless, the volume certainly realizes the author's aim. There is an abundance of entertaining matter in which the results of modern studies are well set forth.

Thus, in the chapters on coast and land forms we learn of the unusual steepness of the submarine mountain flanks whose summits rise in the islands of the Antilles, and of the absence of features due to erosion such as characterize continental ranges, as if the submerged ranges had been originally folded up under the sea; of the drowned river valleys by which our mid-Atlantic coast is so plentifully embayed, and of the off-shore wave-built reefs, by which the embayments are so largely enclosed from the outer ocean; of the Appalachian ridges that stand as monuments of the difference of altitude between the surfaces of the two peneplains to which the range has been so generally reduced. The chapter on climate tells of the West Indian hurricane with its calm central "eye," of the drying chinook wind on the Western plains, as well as of the special features of various climatic provinces. The chapter on plants and animals gives a careful account of the flora and fauna of the continent, where one may learn of the palm, the mahogany, the cacao tree, and their many fellows; of the buffalo, the moose, the beaver, and their neighbors, not forgetting the unsavory skunk. Indeed, the information on all topics is so carefully selected and so well presented that the book must immediately take a valued place in all libraries of reference.

There are certain points, however, in which the descriptions are not all that could be wished. The Appalachian Mountains are described as "long, narrow ridges," although this simple statement has no proper application to the bulky domes of North Carolina; and the mountains of New England and the eastern Canadian provinces are unsatisfactorily set outside of the Appalachians. The ranges of the Great Basin are said to have a steeper slope, which represents the upraised side of a faulted block of earth-crust, and no sufficient indication is given of the extensive erosion that the block face has suffered. The explanation of the chinook wind is deficient in failing to bring clearly forth the physical processes that determine its peculiar warmth and dryness. The extraordinary diversity of language stocks among the Californian aborigines is accepted as involving "a very long period of time" for its evolution, although the principle on which this deduction is based is here strained towards, if not to, its breaking limit.

It is with regret that we feel impelled to add that the chapters on geology, plants, animals, and aborigines are not treated from a sufficiently geographical point of view. They contain much information, as has already been pointed out, but the information as presented might be transplanted to books on geology, botany, zoölogy, and ethnology, and be even more at home there than it is in this professedly geographical handbook. For, as Hettner has lately expressed it, things of these various kinds are not of geographical essence in themselves, and they become geographical only through a certain kind of consideration—namely, a consideration which presents them as environing or environed elements, and not as isolated, independent elements of the region to which they belong. The accounts of bear and deer, the descriptions of changes in continental outline during the Cretaceous period, and other examples of the same kind, are presented in a way that is appropriate enough to zoölogy and geology, but that lacks too often the essential quality of geographical discipline. The proffered opportunity of teaching the most characteristic quality of modern scientific geography has been to too large an extent neglected.

Certain pages are open to criticism in another respect: there is sometimes a descent to elementary statements that are out of place in a book of so generally a mature style as this. For example, the change of seasons and the variations of day and night are explained as the result of the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit (wrongly stated as 23° 27′); and space is thus lost that might be given to better things. The origin of offshore sand reefs ought to be learned elsewhere by readers of such a book as this, if it be unknown to them; and the fifteen lines given to this elementary problem could then be devoted to the cusps of the Carolina coast, which are well figured, but not explained. It must, however, be admitted that there is some provocation to this irregular combination of elementary and advanced material in the curiously ragged state of public education on geographical matters; but it is an open question whether deference to this ragged state is a good means of correcting it.

The small number of illustrations and diagrams is an unsatisfactory feature of the series to which this volume belongs.

Success among Nations. By Emil Reich. Harper & Brothers. 1904.

We fear that a nation desiring to learn how to be successful would be disappointed in this book. It may furnish schoolboys with some of the sounding and meaningless sentences wherewith they love to besprinkle their graduating orations, but it is hard to conceive of what use it can be to any other class. It purports to "initiate the reader into the psychological view of history, by giving, in outline and by means of a few illustrations, a bird's-eye view of the human forces that have raised some nations to the glory of success, while their absence has prevented other nations from holding their own in the battle for historic existence." But the method of obtaining this psychological view is, unfortunately, not generally available. "There is little danger of exaggeration," Mr. Reich tells us, "in stating that most opinions held by one modern nation on the others are wrong." But "nothing short of lengthy struggles for existence in a modern country will give one the opportunities by the close analysis of which one may arrive at the real soul of a foreign nation."

The most obvious inference from this is that it is vain to hope to "arrive at the real soul" of an ancient nation. Struggle as one may, one cannot struggle for existence among the Hittites or the Carthaginians. Nor can it be admitted that struggling for existence in a modern country qualifies one to understand the forces that have affected its progress. Such struggles are too engrossing to allow leisure for historical investigation, and Mr. Reich is careful to tell us that it is "a very rare exception" for an Englishman to know much about England or an American about America. No doubt the intelligent foreigner notices peculiarities to which the natives of a country may be blind; but he is apt to generalize from insufficient observation, and to exaggerate the importance of what strikes him as novel.

Many of the propositions here advanced are undeniable. The ancient Peruvians and Mexicans and Egyptians and Babylonians are certainly not regarded as intellectually successful; but the fact that the soil of their countries was rich is hardly sufficient to explain this phenomenon. China, we have been told before, is unprogressive; but the alluvial plains of the Hoang-Ho do not exhaustively account for this intellectual stagnation. We are assured that poverty is not conducive to man's real progress, and that a certain degree of comfort is essential to the development of a higher civilization. We do not dispute these statements, but as generalities of this kind are tolerably familiar, it hardly seems worth while to make a book of them. Those who enjoy them can take down their Buckle and find all that they require.

Not all of Mr. Reich's propositions are of this safely conventional description. He asserts that the French colonial empire would prove an immense source of capital in the event of European war. "Europe, as a whole, has been completely successful." "The statistical returns of moneys devolving by inheritance show a total for France nearly thirty times as great as those for England, Austria, or Germany." The "success" of Europe seems to be attributed chiefly to the wars that have desolated that continent. "Each square foot of European soil has cost thousands, not to say hundreds of thousands, of European lives." As there are 27,878,400 square feet in the mile, and as the area of Europe is some 3,700,000 square miles, if we allow but 2,000 lives to the foot, we reach the appalling total of over 200,000,000,000,000,000 lives as the cost of the European territory. In the light of these figures we find it impossible to concur in the assertion that, "should

the agitators for international disarmament and the abolition of compulsory military service meet with success, it will be an evil day for the Continental countries."

Major André's Journal. 1777-78. Boston: The Bibliophile Society.

In two beautiful volumes, illustrated by many finely executed maps, the Boston Bibliophile Society issues what purports to be a journal kept by "Captain" John André from June, 1777, to November, 1777, with a break in the record from January to June, 1778. The maps and plans, forty-four in number, stated to have been drawn by André, are very beautiful drawings, some being colored and very elaborate in detail and finish. Senator Lodge supplies an introduction. The journal adds little to our information as to the movements of the British army, but any record from André's pen would possess a certain interest. It may be said at once that the maps are of the highest value, and are finer examples than any series of military maps of the Revolution known in any collection outside of the War Office. The reproductions are all that can be desired, and it is only to be regretted that the edition is so small, as they should be available for every student of the military history of the Revolution. They should have been issued in atlas form.

The history of this journal, so far as known, is briefly told in the letter of the agents who sold the manuscript to an American collector. "The journal was recently discovered by Earl Grey, on his opening at his house a box that had not seen daylight for at least 100 years. . . . Major-General Grey and André were exceptionally intimate friends, and hence the preservation of this MS. amongst Earl Grey's papers. It was probably brought home by Grey to show what he had done." André's name or signature nowhere appears in the journal, and the writing was identified by a photograph of a letter vaguely described as being "in America." This letter is the well-known request for a soldier's death, written to Washington after sentence to be hanged.

It is strange that more attention was not given to identifying so important a manuscript, and the journal and its contents raise some difficulties. The army lists show that Captain André became an aide to Major-General Charles Grey in 1777 or 1778. In September, 1779, he served as aide to Sir Henry Clinton, but did not receive his major's commission until August, 1780. Grey was made colonel of the Twenty-eighth Regiment in March, 1777, and André was a captain in the Twenty-sixth Regiment. So far as dates and rank are involved, the journal may have been written by André. But how can the statement of the agent regarding the exceptional intimacy existing between the two men be reconciled with the fact that not a scrap of André's writing could be found in Earl Grey's collections, not so much as would serve as an example for testing the writing of the journal? Further, if Gen. Grey was solicitous about his service, and almost every one connected with the campaigns of 1777 and 1778 had reason to expect investigation, would he not have saved some other records than a journal by his aide? And would not a complete record of the year be a better defence than one that said nothing of some six months of the period? The record was probably a personal journal of the writer, one who was at headquarters and therefore in a position to know what was being done. It was not an "official" document. This is not convincing as to the authorship, nor does it aid in explaining the presence of the manuscript in Earl Grey's box. It is neither a full nor a fair test to compare the writing of the journal, of which a few pages are reproduced, with the letter written just before the execution, when strength of feeling might easily modify the usual form of the script. Notable differences may be seen, however, and a comparison with the account of the Mischianza, known to be in André's writing, would have been a better test.

Nor do the difficulties in accepting this record as described end with the question of penmanship of the journal. Unless André was specially set apart to prepare maps, was it possible for an aide, busily employed while the army was on the march and in a campaign, to prepare so large a number of elaborate maps, perfectly drawn and bearing evidence of close study of actual conditions? The difficulty might be lessened by saying that André merely "copied" maps sent to headquarters; or the groundwork of the maps might have been drawn by a regular engineer while André filled in the names of places and the manœuvres of the troops. Neither of these explanations would be satisfactory in itself, and either would detract from the claim made, that the maps were drawn by André. It is known that he was clever at drawing, but the workmanship of the maps would have demanded too much of his time from other duties, and their presence in the journal would seem to show that he prepared them (if indeed he did) for his own amusement. The writing of draughtsmen, like that of business clerks, is often conventionalized, offering many nice points of difference in the absence of an actual name or signature. It was certainly very uncritical to accept in so unquestioning a spirit the attribution of authorship that accompanied the manuscript. In themselves the maps are a really great addition to the cartography of the Revolution; but it still rests with the Bibliophile Society to prove that either journal or maps were of André's making. There is so much looseness in identifying unsigned manuscripts that every precaution against error should be taken before the stamp of authority is given to a doubtful piece. The Society appears to have taken no precaution, and thus offers a fair opportunity for questioning the correctness of its assumptions regarding this journal and the maps.

Notes on the Composition of Scientific Papers. By T. Clifford Allbutt. Macmillan Co. 1904. 8vo, pp. 154.

Dr. Allbutt adds to the characteristics of an elderly physician those of a don of a small college in an English university. Thus, he is particular to let us know that he has "read no grammars, nor the handbooks of literary artists." In other countries an author usually desires his readers to know that he has not entirely neglected the literature of the subject upon which he writes. But, considering how nearly identical the greater part of the matter of these "Notes" is with the time-honored recommendations that are found in all the textbooks of rhetoric, we cannot suppose that Dr. Allbutt expects us to think he has worked them all out by original reflection. The volume contains not a few remarks that argue a higher kind of discrimination; but a good many of these have sounded in our ears like reminiscences of observations that were certainly made by one or another of the older French writers on style, from Pascal to Sainte-Beuve; and, notwithstanding his modest-arrogant disclaimer, we should not wonder if all that La Bruyère, Fénelon, Voltaire, Marmontel, Vauvenargues, and Buffon ever wrote about style were perfectly familiar to Dr. Allbutt. Yes, and the utterances of modern critics as well. For when he tells us that 'Le Capitaine Fracasse' (which, though he does not name it individually, is included among its author's writings of which he does speak without limitation) "will not endure," for reasons which would equally apply to the conversations in Alexandre Dumas's novels and 'Impressions de Voyage,' this sounds a little as if it might have been said by one of the later critics in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. At any rate, it is sufficiently striking. Dr. Allbutt evidently approves of French rhetoric. It is something like that that he chiefly aims to enforce, though he sometimes fails to strike the nail squarely on the head. Thus, in order to illustrate Sainte-Beuve's manner of opening a "Causerie du Lundi," he quotes a sentence (in translation) which would have been an illustration of this author's sometimes failing to devise the kind of opening he preferred for his *causerie*, were it not that (though Dr. Allbutt does not remark it) it really comes from one of the 'Portraits Contemporains,' where a somewhat different style was chosen by Sainte-Beuve.

The "scientific papers" of the title-page appear in the body of the book as "scientific essays," by which are meant theses required from candidates for the degree of M.B. or of M.D. by the University of Cambridge—a motive entirely different from that of any genuine scientific writing. Now, rhetoric ought to be the doctrine of the adaptation of the forms of expression of a writing to the accomplishment of its purpose. Hence, the rhetoric which is specially appropriate to a thesis for a degree (whose soundest maxim is that the forms of expression must be such as the examiner, Dr. Allbutt or whoever it may be, will approve) is not specially appropriate to any writing having a really scientific purpose. The almost incredible comicalities of incorrect writing with which this volume is no less replete than are ordinary books of rhetoric, are examples of what writers of all kinds should shun. We doubt if they could have been culled out of American country newspapers—unless from the columns of jokes. Bad style rather than good style of writing has always been characteristic of the medical profession; it naturally would be so, for more than one reason. Sir Thomas Browne is often set up as one of the glories of English literature, and the mannerisms of the majority of doctors have been less agreeable than his; moreover, of the really great stylists among them a few only carry a distinctly professional stamp. But it is very surprising to find how atrocious must be the faults of the theses which call for such a book as this to correct them.

Dr. Allbutt's own style is one of those that may be perfectly delightful to some persons and at the same time nauseating to others. He is more captious than correct, and more meticulous than engaging. He is very fond of employing technical terms of logic, but almost always applies them wrongly. He insists, for instance, that the word "theory" can properly be used only in a sense which would make it nearly synonymous with "theorem." Yet in one place he seems to confess (what is at all events true) that such a limitation is not in accordance with usage. From his dicta it would follow that the "atomic theory" ought not to be so called. The word "scientific," on the other hand, is used by him with extraordinary latitude. Thus, we read that "scientific writers are apt to suppose that restatement in bigger words is explanation." Evidently, the "scientific writers" he has in mind are the writers of the "scientific essays" he talks of—undisciplined candidates for medical degrees.

It is singular that while he holds that very few, if any, pairs of English words are synonyms, yet he thinks that all such half-English expressions as *raison d'être, tout ensemble, cortège, par excellence,* have their precise English equivalents. The extreme improbability of the proposition passes unnoticed. But who cannot see that all this is nothing but his personal taste, good or bad, hunting in quite a wrong direction after justification? In many cases his judgments are good, while the reasons he gives for them are bad. But in this, as in most respects, the book is very much like any ordinary book of rhetoric. Had he dropped all pretension to being himself very scientific or to having anything to say specially germane to the communication of scientific discoveries, and had he acknowledged that his book differed from a common text-book on style chiefly in not covering the ground systematically, we might have thought it a nice little thing in its way.

The Organization of Agriculture. By Edwin A. Pratt. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

The subject treated by Mr. Pratt would, as he suggests, afford abundant scope for the enterprise of some twentieth-century Arthur Young. Even the hasty survey here taken is fascinating, and it is evident that a closer view would reveal many things of interest which lack of space prevents the author from noticing. His original purpose was to investigate the complaints made by British farmers against their railways. He found that in order to carry out this purpose it was necessary to inquire into conditions on the Continent, and this inquiry revealed the existence of organization, or combination, among farmers to a wonderful extent. The grievances of the English farmers were found to be due to their own lack of enterprise. They have allowed their own market to be taken away from them because they would not work together to maintain it.

It is hardly necessary to say that the managers of the English railways have no desire to cripple English agriculture. They know well enough that the local traffic is better worth cultivating than the foreign. But they simply cannot transport small quantities of perishable goods at carload rates. It is true that the Continental railways make very low rates on exports: they are generally under the control of governments that undertake to give bounties to exporters. But these low rates are not the chief factor. By means of organization, the farmers of the Continent are able to bring goods to the railways in wagon loads and even train loads. The National Poultry Organization Society recently asked one of the English railways for a lower rate on eggs from a certain county. The railway was at the time carrying through the district foreign eggs in twenty-five and fifty-ton lots. The railway officers replied: "If you will send us eggs in four-ton lots, we will give you a rate 25 per cent. lower than what we get for carrying the foreign eggs." But the offer had to be declined. In fact, a consignment of English eggs weighing a hundredweight is exceptional.

Mr. Pratt declares that in every one of the countries now pouring their agricultural produce into Great Britain there has been an agricultural revival, due to the spread of agricultural education and to combinations for an endless variety of purposes. Fertilizers are obtained by these associations, of better quality and of lower cost. Expensive machines are bought. Societies are formed both for production and for distribution. Agricultural credit banks have played a great part. They exist by thousands on the Continent, but are practically unknown in England. They have not been established in this country, though all other forms of coöperation are known to us. On the whole, Mr. Pratt's account of the progress of agricultural enterprise is very encouraging. It is only in England that the farmers seem to be unable to combine successfully. Even Ireland has been aroused, and the labors of Sir Horace Plunkett in establishing cooperative dairies have brightened the future of the Irish peasantry.

Collectanea Anglo-Premonstratensia. Edited for the Royal Historical Society by Father Francis A. Gasquet. Vol. I. London: Offices of the Society, Chancery Lane.

This initial volume contains documents drawn from the registers of the Premonstrant Order. The original register is now in the Bodleian Library, and there is in the British Museum the transcript of another register. From these sources Father Gasquet produces materials which open up a new chapter in the monastic history of mediæval England. That the Premonstratensians never reached the importance of the Cluniacs or Cistercians is sufficiently well known, but they came to England as early as 1143, built up in all more than thirty houses, and remained a factor in the ecclesiastical life of the island until the Reformation. St. Norbert, their founder, was son of the Count of Gennep, in the Duchy of Cleves, and connected through his mother with the Emperor Henry IV. The original monastery of Prémontré was situated in the forest of St. Gobain, within the diocese of Laon; and here, on Christmas Day, 1121, Norbert, with forty companions, received the white habit of canons regular from Bartholomew Viry, Bishop of Laon.

The chief aim of the Premonstratensians was preaching among the poor. In point of organization, Nobert followed the Augustinians, save that with his order the head of a daughter-house was styled Abbot, while with the Augustinians the official of corresponding rank received the lesser title of Prior. The only real innovation of Norbert seems to have been the establishment of Tertiaries on lines which were afterwards adopted by the mendicant orders. There were also Premonstratensian canonesses, but only two houses of these existed in England, and neither attained more than local influence. Welbeck Abbey, founded in 1153, grew to be the leading establishment of the English Premonstratensians.

The documents which are here edited by Father Gasquet may be divided into two main groups, the first belonging to the early years of the fourteenth, and the second to the later years of the fifteenth century. As every student of Rymer's 'Fœdera' knows, a great deal of friction arose in the days of the Edwards between the Crown and those members of alien religious orders who were sending money across the Channel at the instance of the Abbot-General or the Chapter-General. These documents of the Premonstratensians reveal the presence of heartburnings within the orders themselves on the subject of contributing to the funds of the mother-house abroad.

"From the English canons," says Father Gasquet, "Prémontré claimed three things: regular attendance on the part of the abbots at the annual general chapter, held at the mother-house; the appointment of the visitor to examine and report to the abbot-general as to the state of the houses; and the right to tax the affiliated houses for the benefit of the order in general and Prémontré in particular. It was this last demand which, in practice, caused many difficulties and led to many misunderstandings."

A crisis was reached in the reign of Edward II., when Adam de Crécy, Abbot of Prémontré, tried to insist on the full exercise of his prerogative. This policy led the English abbeys to appeal from their superior to the papacy, and in 1316 they secured a settlement which, while nominally a compromise, left the solid advantage with them. The fifteenth-century documents here published relate chiefly to the career of that distinguished Premonstratensian, Bishop Redman of Ely. Father Gasquet's preface contains an admirable summary of the documents and a discussion of the main points which they suggest.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annual of the British School at Athens. No. IX. Session 1902-3. Macmillan.

Bishop, Joseph B. Our Political Drama: Conventions, Campaigns, Candidates. Scott-Thaw Co.

Coubertin, Pierre de. La Chronique de France. 4th year. Paris.

Dorman, Marcus R. P. History of the British Empire in the 19th Century. Vol. II. The Campaigns of Wellington and the Policy of Castlereagh. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Easby-Smith, J. S. The Department of Justice: Its History and Functions. Washington: W. H. Lowdermilk & Co. 75c.

Foucart, Paul. Le Culte de Dionysos en Attique. Paris: C. Klincksieck. 8 fr.

Gleig, George R. Personal Reminiscences of the First Duke of Wellington. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Hamlin, Arthur S. Copyright Cases. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

Lawrence, T. J. War and Neutrality in the Far East. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

McLaren, J. Wilson. Weir the Wizard. (Fiction.) London and Edinburgh: Sands & Co. 6d.

Protection in Various Countries: Protection in the United States, by A. Maurice Low; Protection in Germany, by W. Harbutt Dawson; Protection in Canada and Australasia, by C. H. Chomley. London: P. S. King & Son. 3s. 6d. net each.

Purchase and Exploration of Louisiana. 1.—The Limits and Bounds of Louisiana. By Thomas Jefferson; 2.—The Exploration of the Red, the Black, and the Washita Rivers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Rosenbach, Prof. Dr. O. Physician versus Bacteriologist. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

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THE NATION

Publication Office 206-210 Broadway, New York City

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1904.

The Week.

Judge Parker bids fair to go down in American political history as the "Complete Letter-Writer." His telegram to the St. Louis Convention cleared the political atmosphere like a flash of lightning. The fearless independence of his communication extorted even from the most hide-bound professional Republicans an involuntary round of applause, but ever since then they have been apologizing for their unintentional candor. They have even gone so far as to call the message a trick, and have persistently been asking why Judge Parker did not express his views on the money issue until after he had been nominated. Even this refuge has now failed them, and the publication in the August *Review of Reviews* of a private letter sent by Judge Parker on June 17 to Mr. Creelman in behalf of the editor of the *World*, has bowled them all over again like a lot of wooden nine-pins. The letter in question reads as follows:

"ALBANY, June 17, 1904.

"You may be right in thinking that an expression of my views is necessary to secure the nomination. If so, let the nomination go. I took the position that I have maintained—first, because I deemed it to be my duty to the court; second, because I do not think the nomination for such an office should be sought. I still believe that I am right, and therefore expect to remain steadfast.—Very truly yours,

"ALTON B. PARKER."

There speaks the man first of all, and the trained and conscientious jurist in the second place. The American people know a man when they see one, even if he do not parade with drum and trumpet.

Judge Parker may be open to rebuke for having voted for Bryan, but Speaker Cannon is the last man on earth to taunt anybody with having been wrong on the money question. "Uncle Joe" has about as bad a silver record as any Republican, and that is saying a good deal. In 1878 he voted to pass the Bland bill over President Hayes's veto. "Cannon of Illinois" appears in the list of those voting for the Sherman silver-purchase law in 1890; and when, three years later, the repeal of that mother of all our woes was being forced through Congress, Mr. Cannon was again on the wrong side, being one of the few Republicans who refused to listen to the united demand of the business men and bankers of the country. Once more, in 1895, when President Cleveland urged Congress to make the 3 per cent. bonds payable in gold, so as to save $500,000 a year, Mr. Cannon voted against the joint resolution. Is it not, then, a little impudent, even for a chartered "rambler" like "Uncle Joe," to come out at this late day with his comically solemn denunciation of any man who ever favored silver? His own language could certainly be retorted with double force upon himself: "I congratulate him. It is better to be right late than never."

Speaker Cannon's case is peculiarly flagrant, but the Republican party, as a whole, is as far as possible from being in a position to rake over the dead ashes of silver. In 1888 the national Republican platform denounced President Cleveland for his "efforts to demonetize silver." Mr. Roosevelt was for that declaration then, though, to hear him now, you would think him an advocate of the single gold standard since before the world was created. Indeed, there would be no end if it came to "twitting on facts" in the matter of Republican friendliness to silver in recent times. Lodge was almost as unblushing a bimetallist as Cannon, and introduced some of the pettiest measures ever heard of to "do something for silver." President Roosevelt himself was only last year taken in the snare of a new commission to arrange an "international par of exchange" so as to give the silver miners a lift. But all this recrimination and comparison of records is happily pointless to-day. The silver issue is dead. Bryan himself has sat upon the corpse and pronounced it to be without a flicker of life. It is for intelligent men to turn their backs on that dead past and address themselves to the living issues of the present.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams's assertion that "there is no issue before the American people so important or so difficult to meet as the issue of curbing the Senate," will find many supporters in both the great parties. With his doctrine that this country needs nothing so much as a vigorous Opposition, even Republican leaders will agree. But they will dissent with great unanimity from his idea that the Republican party is now admirably fitted to be that Opposition. The "outs," in their opinion, should always be the Democrats, who would thus fulfil a really useful purpose in life, particularly in view of the belief of Messrs. Root and Hay that they will never have the capacity for governing constructively. In another respect Mr. Adams has done a very valuable service. Some timid souls dislike the thought of Judge Parker's election because they fear a deadlock of the Government, since the Senate must remain Republican for at least two years. Mr. Adams truthfully states that such a condition at Washington would be "the very best result which could possibly be brought about." With an Executive, supported by the House, arrayed against the Senate, "light would then be thrown into dark places, while no legislation could be enacted except what was thoroughly well considered and safe." Mr. Adams need only point to the cowardly refusal of the Republican leaders to permit a legislative investigation of the postal scandals to demonstrate the force of his contention. It alone is proof positive of his dictum that "the Republican party has been too long in power."

An independent Republican ticket in Massachusetts this year would certainly cause the oldest inhabitant to rub his eyes. The Bay State has usually taken its Republicanism straight. Probably no one manufacturing section has derived so little benefit from prohibitive duties, but, by a strange irony of fate, Massachusetts has for many years kept at Washington the very high priest of "stand-patters." There cannot be any prosperity, in Lodge's opinion, unless the tariff is kept at top notch. The business men of New England think otherwise. They believe there is as much money in selling as in buying, but how are they going to sell if Lodge forbids them to ship their goods to Canada? He tells them it is an insult to the President even to desire such a thing. But the Massachusetts Republicans are pretty sure of one thing—Lodge does not love the President so much as he loves Lodge. He has been too busy in the past to count the people clamoring for Canadian reciprocity, but now they mean to give him a chance. It is even said they will run that arch-apostate, Eugene Foss, for Governor on an independent ticket next November, and ask every candidate for the Legislature how he stands on reciprocity. If they are serious, Lodge will, of course, see new light. But is it necessary for them to bother him in this way? They can have what they want if they assure him that they actually have the votes.

Generosity to the old soldier is apparently not incompatible with bidding for votes in support of the Republican nominee. The Commissioner of Pensions has announced that his report will issue earlier this year than usual. The reason is that the statement is expected to prove a good campaign document for the Administration. "Special Order No. 78," whereby Mr. Roosevelt augmented the pension deluge, is to come in for special treatment. Under this order, which went into effect only on the 13th of last April, there were 3,859 original pensions granted, and 14,768 pensions increased. At the end of the fiscal year, however, there

were pending about 40,000 applications—"and a majority of these," so the Washington dispatch remarks, "will be favorably acted upon." This will, of course, be excellent news to the taxpayers of the country, especially when the Treasury deficit last month footed up $17,000,000. Mr. Ware, the Commissioner of Pensions, will point out in his report that the total number of pensioners is just less than 1,000,000. In a nation of 80,000,000, where the adult male population may be represented by 16,000,000, there are 1,000,000 persons in large part supported by taxes mostly paid by the other 15,000,000; and this, forty years after the close of the conflict which principally created the need of a pensioned class. The pension report may yet prove a boomerang.

Mr. Gompers as Procurator of the Holy Synod of the Job-Trust, *alias* the Federation of Labor, announces that he will officially catechize every candidate for Congress. The replies to the Gomperian Inquisition must be a categorical "yes" or "no"; and failure so to reply within ten days will be construed as a negative answer, and will subject the recusant to the pains and penalties of being opposed by the labor vote. The three queries which our American Pobedonosteff puts to the trembling candidate are: (1) Will you vote against government by injunction, by voting for our bill on that subject? (2) will you vote for our eight-hour bill? (3) will you vote for the referendum? We do not want to interfere in what is none of our business, but we should like to suggest that the "little list" ought to be supplemented, if Mr. Gompers is to be sure of his man. It would, we submit, be proper to add the following interrogatories: (4) Are you in favor of beating, maiming, and killing all scabs and strike-breakers who are willing to take up jobs that Federationists have quit? (5) do you acknowledge that the Constitution of the United States is subordinate to the mandates of the Federation of Labor and the ukases issued in pursuance thereof? (6) how much are you ready to plank down as insurance against a further persecution by the Federation? It is probable that only the last question need be answered, provided a satisfactory and unequivocal reply is made thereto.

The critical feature of the Fall River strike has not yet been pointed out. If the manufacturers and operatives are in sore straits to-day merely because the mills have run too long on high-priced cotton, the situation will right itself in time. But is that the whole of the trouble? Behind all the talk of the mill owners is a constant iteration of the theme, "Southern competition." The cry is being taken up where it was dropped in 1898. At that time there was genuine alarm in the North over the rapid increase of cotton mills in the South, and in Massachusetts the Legislature was asked to grant longer hours of labor and to rebate taxes. Then came the boom years: the foreign demand for American cotton goods increased astonishingly; there was business enough for both Southern and Northern mills; the threatened decay of New England's leading industry was less talked about. But were the five years between 1898 and 1903 more than a breathing-spell? Must Northern wages, after all, come down closer to the Southern if the Fall River mills are to keep in operation? Northern mill treasurers say yes; and though careful students dispute this, none can follow the course of events without more or less anxiety.

The right to strike is fully established, but as much cannot yet be said of the right to regard yourself as still in the employ of the person against whom you have struck. On Thursday one of the big packing concerns posted a notice that "all help leaving our employ July 25-26 will be paid in full." This "was greeted with angry exclamations" by the strikers. Indeed, it was regarded as a "bomb." Not in their employ! Who ever heard of such a thing? The strikers have not waived any rights by striking. They have thrown down their tools and declined to work for the packers; they have refused to let other people take their place, they have put their employers to a heavy loss—in fact, have done everything possible to destroy their business. But what of that? The butchers have a divine right to quit the packers, but the packers have no right at all to declare the relationship severed. Of course, this view is the sublimation of nonsense, but organized labor has been driven to it logically. Picketing, boycotting, and the union label sufficiently attest labor's belief that the employer has no more rights than his employees are pleased to accord him; and among these is not the right to say that a workman who throws up his job has lost it.

The salaries of the St. Louis Fair officials have all been cut, and a good many employees have been discharged on scant notice. We are afraid the Secretary of the Treasury is to blame for this "sign of prosperity." When the Fair management secured a loan of $4,600,000 from the Government, it hardly expected its creditor to be so rigorous in the matter of payment. But Mr. Shaw began right off to demand his money back. On June 15 he made the Fair live up to contract and turn over to him half the receipts to date, and he has called for his $500,000 every half month since then. The Treasury was piling up a deficit that reminded one of the days before the "McKinley prosperity" set in, and he had to make every cent tell. It was not his fault that business was not good enough to let every one go to the Fair. Still, his action would have been commendable even if the Treasury situation had not required such prompt measures. If the outcome of the St. Louis Fair shall tend in the least to discourage the use of Government funds for such projects in the future, the present situation will not be a matter of regret.

The Charleston *News and Courier* is telling the truth about the recent lynching at Eutawville, S. C., of a negro, Kitt Bookard, for no other reason than for being "impertinently familiar" to a white man. It prints many of the details of the atrocious crime, some of whose features are of a character attributed only to the Sioux, or to the Boxers, or to the wild tribes of the Sudan. Were they to be published in Europe it would be extremely difficult to convince the readers of European newspapers that the whites of South Carolina are not as badly in need of Christianizing as any of the inhabitants of Central Africa or of China. Gov. Heyward has ordered State Solicitor Hildebrand "to prosecute the lynchers regardless of expense and trouble," and that official is leaving no stone unturned to bring the guilty before the bar of justice. He states, however, that he cannot go into all the details in his reports, as they are "too horrible."

Many Southern white men, while favoring the new constitutions, believe that no negro properly qualifying under them should be prevented from voting by force or fraud. The latest appeal of this kind was made by Mr. Fabius H. Bushbee of Raleigh, N. C., at the recent meeting of the Alabama Bar Association in Montgomery, who spoke on "The Southern Lawyer and the Negro." The amendment restricting negro suffrage, but permitting the educated negro to vote should be enforced, Mr. Bushbee contends, "with absolute fairness to every citizen, white or black." He called upon his hearers, as men who had in good faith sworn to uphold the Constitution, "to unite in building up a public sentiment which will see that the amendments are honestly carried out in letter and spirit." This is very encouraging talk in view of the time and place, and is fresh proof that a Tillman and a Vardaman have not an undivided following in their section.

The steamboat inspection disclosures have naturally called forth a number of remedial proposals. We are assured, on the one hand, that the only way to put the service on the proper basis is to turn

it over to the Revenue Marine. Its officers have to patrol our harbors and coasts, to fix anchorage limits in each port, and to guard against customs frauds. What more natural, say its adherents, than to give them complete authority over all ships entering or plying on our bays and rivers? Equally insistent that the service should be turned over to them are certain naval officers. The reputation of the navy for honesty and integrity is so great that no frauds upon the public would be perpetrated under its management. The *American Shipbuilder* editorially protests against this plan, on the ground that naval men are totally unacquainted with the needs and requirements of the merchant service. It then enunciates the following sound doctrine: "All that the inspection service needs to make it what it should be is an entirely new code of laws governing steam vessels, whether passenger or freight; and, second, a corps of competent, practical, honest officers to administer the laws." Given these two things, and the lives of passengers will be adequately safeguarded, no matter whether the service is directed by a civilian, by a Revenue Marine Captain, or by a naval officer.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery, and consequently our national pride ought to feel subtly titillated by Canada's deportation of such of our citizens as have been recently employed as civil engineers upon Canadian railroads. We were formerly wont to boast that in the act of keeping our markets for ourselves, we furnished an example of industrial patriotism to all the world. It is an example which the world has not been slow to follow. England, Germany, and even Canada, under guise of preventing our "dumping," are contemplating the monopoly of their own markets. Our ingenious exclusion of contract laborers at the instance of job-monopolists, who want their wages kept high by law, is at last being copied by our Northern neighbors. In Winnipeg, despite the anxiety of contractors to secure the services of our civil engineers, the mounted police are evicting the American offenders on the ground that there are too many Americans there now "holding down good jobs that belong to Canadians." How we can object to this way of putting the matter and remain consistent to our avowed principles is a puzzle. A generous reciprocity arrangement, such as is advocated in the Democratic platform, would peacefully solve all these difficulties. But until such a treaty we must expect the Canadians to display simple human nature.

Mr. Balfour's favorite theory of the right of Ministerial colleagues to disagree was sustained in the Commons on Monday by considerably less than the usual Government majority. The occasion of Campbell-Bannerman's motion of censure was the presence of several Cabinet Ministers at a meeting of the Liberal Unionists, at which Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal plan received a resolution of sympathy. The debate from the Opposition benches was an attempt to show the indecency of a Ministry divided on the most important question of the day. Mr. Balfour, it was easy to point out, had refused to commit himself to more than retaliatory duties, or to a food tax at all, but here were his subordinates openly for Imperial reciprocity, with a food tax as its basis. Mr. Balfour succeeded in getting his majority, which implies that fiscal reform is still in the pre-political stage—one of those fictions at which even the Parliamentary mind revolts. Mr. Chamberlain, in fact, would have none of it: Mr. Balfour's "retaliation" was almost worthless—quite so in comparison with Colonial preferentials. The question, so far from being merely economic (Mr. Balfour's constant plea), was ripe for reference to the electorate. Mr. Balfour should become a whole-hogger and promptly call a Colonial conference before the accepted hour shall have passed. So Mr. Chamberlain. Evidently, Mr. Balfour's perfunctory vote of confidence was of little value when he was told to his face that he was a man of half measures, and that his policy of postponing prorogation was folly.

Great Britain has protested against the Russian definition of contraband, and Russia, yielding to superior force, has conceded the point. Forced apologies of this sort prove nothing. To see how fraught with peril the present condition of neutrals on the high seas may be, one has only to imagine that not Russia, but a strong naval Power, say England, were scouring the high seas for contraband, and sinking prizes. Under the present condition of international law, no weaker nation would have any basis of appeal. The world would be dependent solely on the moderation of the Ministry in power, and on the discretion of the average British captain. Russia evidently does not desire war with any European Power, but to protect herself she has had to oppose the contentions of certain great maritime nations. Her excuse is that the practice is by no means settled. For the moment, since, unlike England, she has no fanatical sentiment of omnipotence on the sea to drive her into war, Russia's apologies and amends will suffice to compose matters; but we have no guarantee against a clash to-morrow or in the next war. All these considerations urge the need of an international congress which shall once for all define contraband of war, and the status of neutral ships that carry it. The mere growth of steam shipping has made many of the old customs quite obsolete. For example, it would seem preposterous to seize the *Deutschland* for a case of rifles mislaid in her hold. The penalty would be out of all proportion to the offence. We should have law on this subject before some rash belligerent seizes or sinks a great liner on the off chance.

The significant feature of the latest fighting in Mantchuria is the capture of Simucheng by Nodzu's army. This brings him within fifteen miles of Hai-Cheng, and will relieve Oku's wearied regiments, which have had more than a week of rearguard engagements with Zarubaieff. To the northward it appears that the Russians are offering a stalwart defence to Kuroki's advance, disputing the minor passes beyond Motien foot by foot. Hold Kuroki at a distance they must, for in case of defeat below Liaoyang he could strike a retreating force with crushing effect, and possibly cut it off entirely. Rumors that Kuropatkin may withdraw beyond Mukden should be doubted, if only because the time for a strategic retreat has passed. With Oku and Nodzu hanging to his shattered right flank, he can hardly extricate himself without abandoning the railway altogether. Everything points to the imminence of a decisive battle, in which Kuroki's army is likely to play a striking part.

What is to be the result of the assassination of M. von Plehve upon the internal policy of Russia? This is the question of greatest importance in connection with the crime. If the future is to be judged by the past, it will mean severer measures than ever before. The murder of Gen. Bobrikoff was followed by a letter from the Czar declaring that his Finnish subjects must submit absolutely if they desired any favors from their royal master. But the evil consequences of the killing of Alexander II. are even more striking, and stamp it as one of the most stupid of crimes as well as one of the most sensational. The decree instituting constitutional government, which the murdered Czar signed on the day of his death, was never promulgated—not even by his idealistic grandson. Von Plehve himself was brought into prominence by the killing of the Czar. The universal indignation over the inability of the St. Petersburg police to prevent a crime of which they had had repeated warnings, led to the appointment of Von Plehve as head of that body, from which place he rose rapidly until he became the most powerful minister in the kingdom. May not his death bring forward a still more tyrannical ruler *de facto*? Will it not steel the Czar's heart and frighten him into measures still more at variance with the liberal ideas of which he once seemed possessed? These are questions the Nihilists should have asked themselves, even if they did not remember that two wrongs never make a right.

THE PRESIDENT'S ACCEPTANCE.

Whether it was good political strategy for Mr. Roosevelt to roar so gently through all the 3,000 words of his speech of acceptance it is too soon to say. Undoubtedly his humdrum prosings will be as balm to many Republicans. Their President had got upon their nerves so many times, and they had so dreaded fresh imprudences from him, that his dull commonplaces, his strict adherence to all the party conventionalities, his sudden fondness for peace, and his meek stand-pattisms, will be immensely reassuring. On the other hand, the picturesque Roosevelt, the man of dash and vigor, whose motto was always audacity, who "took things into his own hands" and "did things" while all the world wondered, has been too long before us and has won too many admirers not to cause a start of surprise and disappointment when he comes forward ruefully to say, "I am not what you think me."

For our own part, however, we are free to say that we like him better in this mild-mannered guise. We do not sigh once over the missing heroics and strenuosities. His speech is, indeed, tame to the point of flatness. It is ludicrously at odds with the conception of the flaming martial hero that ex-Gov. Black presented to the Chicago Convention. No war or battle's sound is heard in all the President's utterance. He fairly "ingeminates peace" like another Falkland, and rejoices in the fact that "there is not a cloud on the horizon." Not a word is spoken of "policing" neighboring republics; Mr. Roosevelt's rash threats of intervening in other countries whenever he does not like their style of government are not renewed. Are we to class these omissions among those "unsound opinions" which, the President alleges in the case of the Democrats, "for the moment they think it inexpedient to assert"? Time alone can tell; but, for the present, at any rate, it is most grateful to make the acquaintance of a subdued and sweetly submissive Rough Rider.

This "second Roosevelt manner," as the critics may yet come to call it, is nowhere more pleasing than in the President's references to the Philippines. There is not a particle of the old nonsense about the flag's "staying put." Mr. Roosevelt is far more ready to give heed to the imposing petition of the college professors and the clergymen than were his platform-makers. To be sure, he sticks in the bark, along with Secretary Taft, about the mortal peril of promising "independence"; but he does promise "self-government," which means the same thing in the case of the Filipinos, and he distinctly contemplates a gradual withdrawal of American control. This will give new hope to the advocates of Philippine independence, as they see even Republicans compelled to follow a growing public opinion on this subject.

Mr. Roosevelt's remarks about the money question read as if they had been written before Judge Parker's telegram, and reluctantly revised, He practically admits that the issue is dead for all purposes except that of making faces about it. One of his grimaces, however, is rather hard upon Mr. Root. "We are for the gold standard," exclaims the President, "not because of shifting conditions in the production of gold." Then what about the triumphant statistics of an increased gold production which Mr. Root flourished in the face of the convention at Chicago? However, Mr. Roosevelt contradicts himself as readily as he does a friend. Gliding deftly over the postal frauds, he commits himself to a statement which is best characterized by putting it in parallel columns with what the President himself said last December:

From the Speech of Acceptance.	From the Message to Congress.
"Never has the administration of the Government been on a cleaner and higher level; never has the public work of the nation been done more honestly and efficiently."	"While there may have been as much official corruption in former years, there has been more developed and brought to light in the immediate past than in the preceding century of our country's history."

Mr. Roosevelt's utterances on the tariff show him to be immune from all possible thought-contagion, on that subject at least. In his speech of acceptance as well as in his message of December, 1901, he assumes the identity of high wages and a high labor cost of production. Our standard of living, says Mr. Roosevelt in his late speech, cannot remain high "unless we have a protective tariff which shall always keep as a minimum a rate of duty sufficient to cover the difference between the labor cost here and abroad." But now Mr. Chamberlain's Commission, which has been investigating the condition of the British iron and steel industry, reports that "not only are the hours of labor shorter in the United Kingdom than with our competitors, and wages higher (except in the case of the United States), but that the cost of labor per ton in existing conditions is on the whole greater." What can Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican press say to this? Even granting that a tariff ought to be based on the excess in labor cost here over labor cost abroad our tariff on iron and steel would have to be less than nothing. Are they willing to abide by their own principle in this matter, or will they eat their own words? When will they be able to see that a man at two dollars a day who mows an acre is cheaper than a man at a dollar a day who mows a quarter of an acre? The argument for protection based on the higher level of wages in this country is little but an ignorant complaint of the exceptional bounty of nature, and a purblind denial of the exceptional efficiency of the American laborer.

"Wages are higher than ever before," the President proceeds. That will go right home to the 30,000 operatives in Fall River whose wages are cut 12½ per cent. on the heels of a previous cut of 10 per cent. So it will to workmen in all parts of the land who know, if the President does not, that their pay is less, their employment more uncertain, and their living expenses higher. In view of the reality known of all men, it is particularly absurd for Mr. Roosevelt to explain that the tariff is an infallible device to keep up American wages. In all this part of his speech, he is, in fact, still in the beggarly elements of protection. The fallacy that wages determine labor cost has been punctured a thousand times—by the reports of United States consuls, for example. The President's contention is one that is never used by serious students of economics. It is clap-trap to catch votes, and cannot even do that when the most ignorant voter knows that, in fact, the tariff has not prevented a reduction in his wages. And Mr. Roosevelt is more alliterative than sound when he attempts to distinguish between tariff "readjustment" (the Republican plan, and, therefore, wise), and "repeal" (the Democratic way, and, *ipso facto*, wicked). Why, did not President Roosevelt himself, in the first ardor of his tariff speeches in 1902, distinctly advocate the "repeal" of tariff duties that shelter monopolies? The fact that he has been frightened out of that position—at least, till the campaign is over—is no reason why he should rail at those who still maintain it.

But it is, after all, the total impression made by his speech which is the main thing. It is a chastened, a timid, a hedging Roosevelt which it presents to the country. McKinley himself could not have sidled away more carefully from dangerous issues — negro disfranchisement, for example—or taken refuge more gracefully in unmeaning platitudes about capital and labor. The question is, can this last? If the campaign lags, will not those favorite old properties, the spurs and sabre and slouch hat, be brought again upon the stage? All will depend,we suspect, upon the popular reception of the actor in his new rôle. But for to-day, at any rate, the temporarily sane and safe Roosevelt stands as the leading trophy, thus far, of a sane and safe Democracy.

ROOSEVELT TO DONNELLY.

The following letter is one which President Roosevelt *might* have written, with advantage to himself and his country:

"To Michael Donnelly, President of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen.

"Sir: You state that the strike in the packing industry is now 'up to me.' And you add that 'one word' from me would settle the strike in favor of organized

labor. I see in this a combined threat and challenge under which no one but a weakling would be silent. I propose, therefore, to give you a word, but only to tell you and men of your mind some wholesome truth, since I feel that, if I were to hold my peace in the presence of such extraordinary demands as you make, the very stones would cry out.

"I first have to say to you that I resent from the bottom of my heart your attempt to drag this strike into politics. Your implication that I would do for you in a Presidential year what I would not do at another time is an insult. If I cannot be elected without getting on my knees to labor unions, then, in the spirit of my distinguished opponent, let the election go. Nothing does more to degrade our political life than such efforts to put pressure upon a candidate, in the hope that, to win a few votes, he will lose his self-respect. That is dearer to an honest man than a thousand Presidencies, and I tell you frankly that you only hurt your cause with me when you intimate that the electoral vote of Illinois may be hanging in the scales of the beef strike.

"Furthermore, I must enlighten you about the nature and objects of government in this country. You seem to imagine that the President of the United States is to be run to with every trouble that seriously affects a locality, especially if a labor union is in any way involved. Let me inform you that you are grossly mistaken. Things would have reached a lamentable pass if that were true. Americans are to stand on their own feet. In town, county, or State they are to rule themselves. The idea of hurrying to Washington with every disturbance with which the police power of the States is alone competent, and by itself is fully able, to deal, is abhorrent. It would make of local government a nonentity and of the President an earthly Providence. I have all that I can do in attending to the legitimate business of my office, and I shall not budge from my position of non-intervention unless you imitate the strikers in your city in 1894, and interfere with the mails or with interstate commerce. In that case, and failing adequate action by the State authorities, I stand ready to do as my illustrious predecessor, Grover Cleveland, did, and assert the power of this nation against all local nullifiers.

"I must also improve the occasion to address to you a word on your policy of disorder and violence. Last summer I felt impelled to write a letter calling upon my countrymen to put down lynching by a due enforcement of the law. But labor-union terrorism and crime are as great a national menace as lynching. To club, torture, and kill a man because he is a 'scab' is as monstrous as to burn a criminal to death because he is black. The rioting, the intimidation, the assaults, and murder of which labor unionists are guilty violate not only the American spirit of fair play, but the principles of American government. If a strike cannot succeed without crimes of violence, then it ought to fail. And let me tell you that the first duty of the officers of the law—whether they be sheriffs, constables, municipal police, mayors, governors, or the President himself—is to maintain public order, and to put down the mob with an iron hand. Any sworn officer who falters in this obligation is a craven, and any citizen who deprecates vigorous dealing with rioters, or who asserts that magistrates will suffer at the polls for keeping the peace, is at heart an anarchist. I include in that description Senator Hopkins of Illinois, who says that the Republican party will not suffer, because Democrats are the ones who are enforcing the law. All honor to such Democratic officials, say I, and woe be to my own party if it ever becomes dastardly enough to dally with armed disturbers of the public peace.

"My final advice to you, Mr. Donnelly, is to quit when you have had enough. It is evident that your strike was ill-advised. This is proved by the fact that your employers are able to get plenty of men to take your places. The right of the latter to work unmolested is one that must be upheld unless this Government is to sink into the pit. Accordingly, I counsel you to make the most advantageous terms you can. You have staked all and lost; now make the best of it like a man. In any case, be assured that I shall keep my hands off, unless your folly brings you into collision with the laws of the United States, when my hand will go *on* in a way you will not like. As far as I am concerned, you have barked up the wrong tree. I am to be neither wheedled nor frightened into meddling with what is none of my business. This is a government of laws, not of dictators or of busybodies, or even of anxious candidates. The law must take its course, and it will run over you if you get in the way.

"Sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

SECRETARY SHAW AND HIS DEFICIT.

Our amusing Secretary of the Treasury has "gaed o'er the border" once more, and this time with a vengeance. The restraint with which he said nothing in seven different ways in his speech which was to have opened the campaign, has evidently proved galling, and his intelligence is at large again. What used to be called "the Cleveland deficit" is unmistakably reappearing, though, strangely enough, it is not mentioned among the Republican "Signs of Prosperity." The excess of expenditures over receipts for the month of July is about $18,000,000. In part, this is to be attributed to the large quarterly disbursements which fall in July, but even with this allowance the current deficit is nearly three times as great as the corresponding figures in July of last year.

When this fact was brought to Secretary Shaw's attention, he broke into an economico-financial dithyramb which simply leaves Hamilton and Gallatin in another class. He smote the rock of financial offence, and folly gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of a defunct theory of foreign trade, and it stood upon its feet. "Two years ago," said he, "I called attention . . . to the dependence of the present revenue laws upon a very high standard of business if they were to yield enough to meet the large expenditures of the Government." But surely this savors of the superfluous. Can aught but a very "high standard of business" be possible under a Republican Administration buttressed by the Dingley tariff? This expression of doubt is bad tactics; but worse remains behind. The finance minister went on to say that if the conditions of business should approximate those of 1894 again, "we should have a deficit of $90,000,000, as against the $70,000,000 actually reached in that year. In other words, the Wilson-Gorman act was a better revenue-getter (though not so good a protective measure) than the present law."

By the "stand-patters" this must be reckoned simple blasphemy; but to the dispassionate student of finance it is the most delicious nonsense, inasmuch as the $70,000,000 deficit in 1894 did not arise under the Wilson-Gorman act at all, but under the sacred McKinley act. In other words, the head of the Treasury is as ignorant as an oyster-opener of the revenue laws in force in his own department within a decade. He adds the admission that the Dingley act is potentially a bigger deficit-creator than the McKinley bill, and acknowledges that the accursed Wilson law was a better measure for bad financial weather than either of the inspired enactments of his own party.

As if this were not enough to discredit himself and his party, the Secretary went on to acknowledge that there would be a large deficit during the current fiscal year. In his last annual report he had set the year's deficit at $23,000,000, but fortune, kinder than his figures, has given him his estimated deficit in the first three weeks of the present fiscal year. He refuses, however, to revise his estimate of the year's deficit until he knows what the business conditions of the coming twelve months will be; but he commented on the impending shortage, remarking with what is termed "the characteristic twinkle in his eye," "This is a good argument for tariff revision and lower duties, isn't it?"

Evidently, the Secretary is under the pathetic delusion that the infallible way to augment the total yield of the customs

is to raise the rate of duty. But even the depth of intellectual density must realize that if all duties were at once made so high as to be absolutely prohibitory, there would be just as little revenue as under absolutely free trade. It would, of course, be folly to quote to the gentleman from Iowa who runs the Treasury, the words of such a theorist as Adam Smith, who over a century ago shrewdly observed: "High taxes, sometimes by diminishing the consumption of the taxed commodities, and sometimes by encouraging smuggling, frequently afford a smaller revenue to Government than what might be drawn from more moderate taxes"; and who added sagely, "When the diminution of revenue is the effect of the dimunition of consumption, there can be but one remedy, and that is the lowering of the tax." This very sensible view of the matter suggested itself, as it happened, to a newspaper man to whom the Secretary was delivering his orphic utterances on finance. When his attention was called to the fact that sometimes lower rates increase the revenue by opening the way for large importations, Mr. Shaw replied: "In the present condition of labor this would be a good time to advocate a policy of buying more from abroad, wouldn't it?" But what does Mr. Secretary mean by "the present condition of labor" when the President tells us in his speech of acceptance that "wages were never higher"? The second reply to Mr. Shaw is, that "a policy of buying more from abroad" involves as its normal effect that "abroad," in consequence of our greater buying from them, must buy more from us. International trade, Mr. Shaw, "is an organized and elaborate system of barter." But Wisdom herself would despair of ever cudgelling that simple proposition into the cranium of a man capable of Secretary Shaw's latest economic utterance.

LORD CURZON ON INDIA.

Lord Curzon's Guildhall speech, on receiving the freedom of the City of London, abounded in that apocalyptic sentiment on which convinced Imperialism thrives. The Viceroy of India dwelt upon the magnitude of his great task with a warmth and reverence which must win sympathy, if not assent. His picture of the marvel of British rule in India was impressive:

> "Where else in the world, my lords and gentlemen, has a race gone forth and subdued, not a country nor a kingdom, but a continent, and that continent not peopled by savage tribes, but by races with traditions and a civilization older than our own; with a history not inferior to ours in dignity or romance, subduing them not to the law of the sword, but to the rule of justice, bringing peace and order and good government to nearly one-fifth of the entire human race, and ruling them with so mild a restraint that the rulers are the merest handful among the ruled, a tiny speck of white foam upon the dark and thunderous ocean? I hope I am no rhapsodist, but I will say that I would sooner be a citizen of the country that has wrought this deed than I would be of the country that defeated the Armada or produced Hampden or Pitt."

Here is sharply raised the issue that Mr. Chamberlain perceived on the "illimitable veldt"; the romance of conquest and dominion oversea is deliberately weighed against those "parochial" services which make a nation great at home. The dream of empire, in thinkers of Lord Curzon's type, far transcends those humdrum processes of education and reform which establish a nation in righteousness.

The eloquence of such a plea should blind no one to the fact that it rests upon a manner of thought and feeling equally vague. Before an Indian viceroy, says Lord Curzon, is always "the haunting question, like a riddle of the Sphinx, What is in the heart of all those sombre millions, whither are we leading them, what is it all to come to, where the goal?" Crucial questions these, none of which Lord Curzon answers, none of which, apparently, he feels it necessary to answer. Instead, he falls back upon swelling generalities: British rule "must depend on the eternal moralities of justice and righteousness." This he assures you is no mere phrase of the conventicle, since, "unless we can persuade the millions of India that we will give to them absolute justice as between man and man, equality before the law, freedom from tyranny and injustice and oppression, then your Empire will not touch their hearts and will fade away." And again he cries, "Depend on it, you will never rule the East except from the heart, and the moment imagination has gone out of your Asiatic policy your Empire will dwindle and decay." We have intentionally selected the nobler portions of Lord Curzon's oration, not to cavil at its tremendous assumptions—in the tribune no man is bound to syllogisms—but to point out its curious mixture of intense feeling and loose thinking. Britain is bidden to rule by the heart and the imagination a sombre race, to search whose heart is admittedly to face a veritable riddle of the Sphinx. Righteousness and justice for India are assumed to inhere in the present well-paid and complacent bureaucracy. In this willingness to father the present order upon the God of things as they are, and then to monopolize that Deity for the Empire, Lord Curzon betrays the inordinate Hebraism which Matthew Arnold detected and ridiculed in his fellow-countrymen.

Arnold saw in such an attitude a lack of culture. To culture, however, Imperialists rarely lay claim; they profess to scorn it as an anæmic virtue. To historic intuitions they do lay claim, for they undertake by a kind of divine warrant to shape the course of history. It is surprising, then, to note in Lord Curzon's oration a complete lack of the historical sense. One would imagine that yesterday England found India, as Pharaoh's daughter the waif Moses, whereas England is facing no sudden and unexpected duty that may be discharged by a single gush of compassion. England has not been driven into India by an inexorable decree from above. England went to India to make money. For two centuries and more she misruled that prostrate people through a territorial trading company, whose malfeasances she has now for nearly a half-century been slowly repairing. Righteousness and justice were neither at the beginning of the enterprise nor in much of its conduct; they are afterthoughts, most imperfectly realized in practice to-day. They certainly have little to do with Lord Curzon's Tibetan war, fought on an empty point of honor, nor yet with the policy that would forcibly "introduce some measure of enlightenment into that miserable, monk-ridden country."

No one would wish to see the Viceroy of India openly doubtful of the great Imperial experiment committed to his charge. Every one will commend his desire to do justice, and only captious persons will dwell too much upon his conception of destiny, though, like Scapin's, it would at a pinch excuse "all the imaginable crimes." Every serious Englishman will, however, see that the real and palpable problems of Empire are not made more easy by such mysticism. On the contrary, this sacerdotal ideal of colonial rule tends to obscure the desires and needs of the governed people and to emphasize merely the infallibility of the pontiff. Lord Curzon has in many respects been a wise and practical administrator; but it is a curious juxtaposition that associates immutable principles of justice to India with the convenience to England of the Imperial military establishment supported by peasant rupees. This point made up almost the burden of Lord Curzon's argument. Nothing, surely, could be more characteristic of British Imperialism than such rolling together (always in the name of a pious regard for the welfare of the mild Hindu) of the will of God and a cheap auxiliary for contingent military requirements.

THE MANTCHURIAN CAMPAIGN.

The baffling movements of the three Japanese armies for the past three months will best be understood by regarding Ta-Che-Kiao as the Japanese objective, and their plan as a converging advance upon that important junction, the terminus of the Peking-Niu-Chwang railway. Its possession means the control of the Gulf of Liao-tung and of an important source of Russian supplies. To the control of the head of this Gulf the siege of Port Arthur has been subordinated, and all the obscurer operations in the mountains may be interpreted as attempts to deceive the Rus-

sians as to the real objective. Thus the persistent small demonstrations on the northern roads to Mukden have been calculated to draw off the Russians from the real line of attack near Niu-Chwang. Similarly, Oku's swift acceptance of Stakelberg's challenge, and subsequent hot pursuit, were to draw Kuropatkin down towards Kaiping until the eastern passes should be taken, while Kuroki's recent concentration near Liaoyang has prevented the assembling of a sufficient force on the Russian right at Ta-Che-Kiao. Accordingly, the capture of that town and the occupation of Niu-Chwang mark the successful termination of the first campaign. A great victory by Kuropatkin might yet undo the patient work of three months; his defeat would, barring some unexpected change in the naval situation, secure to the Japanese the fruits of victory.

Looking at the Japanese operations chronologically, one is struck by the sharp contrast between the conservatism of the plan of campaign and the brilliancy of its execution. Kuroki, who might have landed in Mantchuria, made his cautious way through Korea in March and April. Strong political considerations dictated the occupation of Korea; any loss of time from a military point of view could be made up later. As it turned out, the single battle of Kiu-lien-cheng (May 1) drove Zassalitch's division more than a hundred miles back—to Hai-Cheng—and left Kuroki the next day in control of the fine strategic centre Feng-Wang-Cheng, from which trails radiate to Mukden, Liaoyang, Hai-Cheng, Ta-Che-Kiao, and Kaiping; in short, to all the important Russian positions on the railway. At this point Kuroki must have felt the temptation to push his advantage beyond the point of safety. Kuropatkin at this time could have put in the field a bare 40,000 men, and good judges believe that he was ready for a retreat towards Harbin. To have accepted the chance, however, would have been to stake the fortune of the war on a single engagement in unfamiliar country far from supplies. So Kuroki remained about six weeks at Feng-Wang-Cheng, perfecting the discipline of his army, and merely probing the Russian outposts along the western roads.

Meanwhile the landing of two more armies offered the Russians an embarrassment of objectives. Less than a week (May 5) after the battle of the Yalu, Oku's army began to debark at Pitsewo, to fight on the 26th the successful battle of Nanshan. From the second week in May, Nodzu's army was gradually landed at Takushan, between Oku and Kuroki. By June 1, Kuropatkin, then concentrated about Liaoyang, had to consider three armies—Kuroki on the left, ninety miles away at Feng-Wang-Cheng; Nodzu in the centre, one hundred and sixty miles distant, near Takushan; and Oku, on the right, a little farther off, near Pitsewo. If left to himself he would have stood on his defence. It was the interference of St. Petersburg that gave the opportunity for the crucial operation of the campaign, the inclusion of Oku's army, at the south, in the concerted movement towards Niu-Chwang. If the landing in force at Pitsewo and the sensational battle of Nanshan had been merely a lure, it could not have worked better. Kuropatkin, against his better judgment, sent Stakelberg down the peninsula, and thus sacrificed his great advantage of the defensive. From that time he has been constantly outmanœvred.

On June 8 Nodzu's army occupied Siuyen. This brought the Japanese to within forty miles of their objective, Ta-Che-Kiao. Stakelberg, who might long have delayed the capture of this important mountain centre, was hurrying to his punishment at Wafanku-Telissu. After those disastrous three days, June 13-15, Kuropatkin had no choice but to dispatch his main force south to cover Stakelberg's retreat. The concentration between Kaiping and Ta-Che-Kiao undoubtedly drew heavily upon the garrisons of the passes, which the Russians still held, for on June 26, by prearrangement, Nodzu forced Fenshui and Ta Passes on the routes respectively from Siuyen to Ta-Che-Kiao and Hai-Cheng, while seventy miles north Kuroki drove the Russians out of the famous Motien Pass, which commands the eastern road to Liaoyang. Since that time Oku and Nodzu have been in a position to act jointly, while the fear of Kuroki at Motien Pass has drawn Kuropatkin far north of the Japanese line of advance. So Kaiping, a fortnight ago, fell to Oku almost without a battle, and Ta-Che-Kiao on Monday week was defended only by some twenty thousand men. The objective of a three months' campaign was won cheaply at eight hundred casualties.

To appreciate fairly the extent of the Japanese success, it should be recalled, first, that they have in the four main engagements contrived to throw an army against a greatly inferior body; second, that while they have not met Kuropatkin nor his main force, they have defeated every one of his four generals: Zassalitch, of the Second Army Corps, at Kiu-lien-cheng; Stossel, of the Third, at Nanshan; Stakelberg, of the First, at Wafanku, and, finally, Zarubaieff, of the Fourth, with his newly arrived Siberian regiments, only the other day at Ta-Che-Kiao. As for the Japanese, Oku's army has borne the brunt of the fighting: Nanshan, Wafanku, Ta-Che-Kiao, constitute its honorable record. Kuroki at Motien Pass has fought only one battle of any account since crossing the Yalu. Nodzu's Takushan army has had only two or three small mountain engagements; upon it will naturally fall the brunt of any further advance northwards. If an unbroken series of successes, due almost in equal measure to the gallantry of the troops and the strategy of the commanders, means anything to an army, the Japanese ought to face their new problem of attacking larger forces on level ground with hopefulness.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.

The remaining diplomatic representative of France at the Vatican is to be withdrawn, the Papal Nuncio at Paris will receive his passports; relations maintained throughout a century are sharply broken. The famous treaty negotiated by Napoleon with his captive Pope still stands—the Concordat, indeed, can be denounced only with the assent of Parliament—but no organization now exists to make the treaty effective. It would be more sensible to abrogate it once for all than to let it lapse through disuse. For this famous pact is in the nature of a gentlemen's agreement; it presupposes good will and good faith on both sides. To-day, the situation seems hopeless because of mutual suspicion. M. Combes will not believe that the Pope's attempt to discipline two French bishops is devoid of political animus; the Pope will not concede that M. Combes's pretension to supervise all Papal correspondence with the French Church is based on an honest construction of the Concordat.

When Napoleon had agreed, in return for the right to nominate Bishops and to regulate the relations of Church and State in France, to subsidize the Roman Catholic Establishment, he desired to define still further the rights of the Nation. Accordingly, he added to the Concordat by way of interpretation the Organic Articles, an *ex-parte* document which the Church has never formally adopted. Of these Organic Articles the first stipulates that all Papal correspondence with the French Church shall pass through the Government and shall require its authorization; while the second denies to the Papal Nuncio or other personal representative of the Papacy the right, without similar authorization, "to exercise, on French soil or otherwise, any function relative to the affairs of the Gallican Church." In other words, Napoleon clearly intended to be the exclusive medium of communication between the French Church and its head; in the smallest as in the greatest matters the State was to be informed and consulted.

Such being M. Combes's view of the rights of the State, no wonder that he feels that he has caught the Pope in flagrant dereliction. The Bishop of Laval has received from the Papal Secretary of State and from Cardinal Vannutelli letters summoning him to meet charges at Rome. The Bishop of Dijon has received directly an order from the Papal Nuncio at Paris, and later one

from the Papal Secretary, bidding him come to Rome or suspend the exercise of the episcopal function. These direct communications from the Curia and this intervention of the Nuncio constitute glaring contraventions of the Organic Articles. Premier Combes cannot yield a hair's breadth at this point without throwing the articles overboard.

Pius X. will undoubtedly take his stand on the Concordat, and deny the validity of the Organic Articles. That position is strong morally, but in the present bitterness there seems no hope of any compromise. It is clear also that the Pope desires to distinguish between his political jurisdiction in France, which he admits is subject to confirmation by the State, and his spiritual jurisdiction, which he maintains is free and absolute. It seems absurd to him that, when investigating the orthodoxy or the personal morality of a Bishop, he should first consult the Minister of Cults. Such matters lie between the individual believer and the Vicegerent of Christ. This position, too, would be strong if it were possible infallibly to discriminate spiritual from political cases. As a matter of fact, it is almost impossible. Trustworthy people are convinced that the Bishops of Dijon and Laval are being investigated on trumped-up political charges, solely because the Jesuit reactionaries wish to overthrow two loyal clerics; others equally trustworthy are equally certain that Church politics has nothing to do with what are essentially personal scandals. Clearly, the case may, as a matter of fact, be both spiritual and political. We cannot see how the French Government, which pays the stipends of the clergy, could afford to let anybody but itself be the judge. That would mean that all Papal communications must, if only *pro forma*, pass through the hands of the Government. Thus the stipulations of the Organic Articles, oppressive as they appear to be to the Pope, seem to be wholly in accordance with the common sense of the situation.

Before accusing Pius X. and his Secretary of mere blundering or meddling, we should inquire if they are not deliberately embarking on a new policy which entails the abrogation of the Concordat. Possibly the Curia prefers the undisguised hostility of the State to the bondage of its subsidies. The Pope has seen the religious schools of France swept away ruthlessly; he may well have feared that the party now in control would next smite the Church itself. If his foresight be correct, he is perhaps wise to declare frank war, on the theory that in negotiations with an unscrupulous enemy he is sure to be worsted. This view of the matter fits in with the constantly provocative attitude of the Vatican since the accession of Pius X.; it also squares with the simple and forceful character of the Supreme Pontiff. To one who desires uniformity and lacks the historic sense, the anomalous independent character of the Gallican Church is necessarily distasteful. He possibly hopes to see a free church flourish in France as it has flourished in America. Here we fear that his hopes deceive him. It will be no easy matter merely to man the French parish churches without the State stipends. The abolishing of the Concordat must upset both the organization of the Church and the habits of society throughout the provinces. The temporizing policy of Leo XIII. and Rampolla was less logical and austere than the pragmatism of Pius X. and Merry del Val; we believe, however, that the opportunism of the "political Pope" was more truly humane and religious, in subordinating the pretensions of the Curia to the needs of the faithful in France.

WALTER REED.

Within the century ending with 1898 it is believed that there were more than 80,000 deaths from yellow fever in this country. Nine-tenths of these were of children or of persons in the vigor of life with a long expectation of intellectual and physical productiveness. So much vital capital was destroyed. The 80,000 deaths represent at least 300,000 cases, which imply an annual average of 3,000 separate attacks, one year with another. Besides the computable loss in time and money and energy consumed in attention to the fatal cases, and to those which ended in recovery, there is an expenditure of emotion which cannot be measured, and this not merely on the part of those whose families are involved, but of those who fear such invasion. The barbarous shot-gun quarantine is but a crude manifestation of one form of this distressing anxiety.

It is, however, well known that, so far as this country and the West Indies are concerned, the occasion for all this waste of material and vital wealth and strain of anxious sympathy has recently been swept away by the demonstration that the disease is distinctly preventable. Where yellow fever prevails elsewhere and the precautions can be applied, similar results will follow. Hereafter, yellow fever in the United States will be prima-facie evidence of some one charged with its preclusion having been derelict, or of its introduction through a byway insusceptible of being guarded. In either case the further spread may be promptly stopped. This revolution has been effected by the courage, the intelligence, and the devotion of a medical officer of the army and the loyal self-denial of his colleagues and subordinates.

In 1901 there was no hope that yellow fever might be abolished, but study of its pathology was in progress, as it had been for years. In that interest Major Walter Reed, of the Medical Department of the army, was sent by competent authority to Havana to investigate, in what might be called the storm-centre of the disease, the nature of certain microscopical forms. One inquirer believed that he had discovered in a hitherto unknown micro-organism a cause of the fever. Another, that a form designated as *bacillus x* had a clearer claim to that disastrous distinction. Reed was perfectly non-immune, and bore no direct military relation to the troops then in Cuba. The detail carried him from laboratory work in Washington to a yellow fever focus. He was sent there because it was such a focus. He was sent there because amid the fatal cases of this disease, whose unidentified virus sooner or later infected every stranger, he would have the best opportunity to observe possible agencies, and it was important that specimens from the fatal cases should be under the object-glass of the microscope with as little delay as possible. He might have suggested that another important study would suffer by this interruption; that some one already on the ground could conduct it; that it was not of immediate practical importance to determine whether the *bacillus x* or some other infinitesimal was characteristic of the disease, as long as treatment could not be expected to be modified by the determination; and particularly that it would be extra-hazardous to him, non-exempt. He made no comment. As a scientist he noted his instructions, as a soldier he carried out his orders. He realized his risk, and neither foolishly underestimated it nor rashly defied the Fates. Nor did he suggest that possibly an immune expert could conduct the inquiry as efficiently, with a better chance of returning. He faced the situation fearlessly, and by careful examination satisfied himself and the scientific world that, whatever part the *bacillus x* might play, the discovery of Sanarelli was mythical and his hypothesis untenable. This service closely resembled forlorn-hope duty, without the excitement of battle and with no consciousness of great consequences impending.

That question settled, a new and independent one arose, and in the situation which then presented itself at Havana Major Reed found the opportunity which, developed, has given fame to him and security to nations. It had been generally believed that because yellow fever and filth are usually side by side, therefore they have a necessary connection, making this fever essentially and technically a filth disease. But Havana had been cleansed, and Santiago. The American occupation had not simply swept and garnished the two cities; it had removed their waste and had washed and disinfected them, so that they were clean according to a high American standard. Theoretically there could be no yellow fever. But yellow fever was there, and to a serious degree, so that, his original problem disposed of, Major Reed found before his face this grave and eminently practical question: How does yellow fever spread? That was no part of the mission with which he had been charged, except as incidentally it might have appeared that one of the presumed pathological organisms under investigation would infect the healthy, either by ingestion as in typhoid fever, or by inhalation as in tuberculosis. Under the new conditions of freedom from dirt and decay the old factors were cancelled, and the American commission, Agramonte, Carroll, Lazear, and Reed, with Reed at its head, having received authority from the Government, began under his guidance a careful investigation of this subject, vastly more important than the inquiry just completed. This is not the place to rehearse the method, but it was absolutely demonstrated, positively and negatively, that nei-

ther the patient, his personal effects, nor any of his evacuations directly convey the disease. The sick man or anything he had soiled is not a contaminating agent. Therefore, so far as their mere presence goes, the sick, their bedding, and their garments are harmless.

Nevertheless, the whole history of yellow fever shows it to be a communicable disease, and that an epidemic might follow the introduction of a single case. Not very long before, Manson had proved that the so-called malarial fevers were translated to the human subject by the mosquito acting as an intermediary host, a suggestion of which connection had indeed been published long ago by King of Washington. Finlay of Havana had suspected, twenty years before the Spanish war, that the same insect in some manner carried the agent of infection from one yellow-fever case to another. But this had not been demonstrated, nor was it seriously considered by those living among the actual conditions. Nevertheless, Finlay deserves great credit for acuteness in framing even a rudimentary hypothesis so opposed to the conceptions of the time. Having elaborately and irrefutably proved the innocuousness of the patient and his belongings, Reed turned his attention to the mosquito, and clearly demonstrated that at a certain stage of the disease one variety could withdraw, from the blood of the sick, material which, after a period of development within its own body, and not before, would give rise, again after a fixed interval, to yellow fever in the non-immune whom it may have bitten.

This was no mere happy guess, no leap in the dark with an uncertain landing-place. Major Reed's analytical mind, sound judgment, and long experience in biological investigation qualified him for the serious and successful consideration of the circumstances. He conducted a carefully arranged set of observations, "controlled" by another set, which finally authorized the announcement that the female *Stegomyia fasciata*, a domestic mosquito, propagated the disease; and it led to the formulation of rules by which an epidemic may be suppressed and an exposed community be kept inviolate. What the methods are is beside our immediate object, but intelligent military authority immediately put them in operation in Havana, with the well-known result that there has been no more yellow fever in a community that had been infected for a hundred and fifty years. Our foreign quarantine has been reduced to a short but rigid inspection for mosquitoes, disregard of what has hitherto been believed to be dangerous fomites, and detention of persons only so long as to cover a period of five days from possible infection. Cargoes and passengers are practically relieved from the costly and vexatious but necessary exactions of the former régime.

Walter Reed died from appendicitis in November, 1902, having received no other reward than the consciousness that he had conferred an inestimable benefit upon mankind. The Walter Reed Memorial Association has been incorporated in Washington, with a responsible board of trustees, to commemorate in some suitable way at the national capital the great services which he rendered to the world, and the admirable character which qualified him therefor. This project should especially appeal to the commercial public and to those interested in the happiness and advancement of the race. In the great cities the immediate benefit of his work is most clearly reaped, but the whole country is the gainer by his brilliant and perilous labors. And the world is in his debt. He has benefited humanity and has honored America. Philanthropy, commerce, and patriotism should unite to do him honor. Contributions to the memorial fund, for which the sum of $25,000 is set as appropriate, may be sent to the treasurer, Mr. Charles J. Bell, president of the American Security and Trust Company, Washington, D. C.

NEWFOUNDLAND REVISITED.

ST. JOHN'S, July, 1904.

Newfoundland has recently again come prominently before the world as the beneficiary in the treaty between England and France, and to our summer tourists it is becoming more and more popular as a fishing-resort and a place of relief from oppressive heat. Until within the last few years it was unapproachable in its northern isolation, except by a long sea-voyage. But now the Reid Railroad steamer *Bruce* makes tri-weekly trips in six hours between Sydney in Cape Breton and Port au Basque, the most southwesterly point of the island. There this good boat makes connection with Reid's Transinsular Railroad, one of the links in the chain of Reid's railroad and steamboat lines, the most amphibious system of transportation in our hemisphere. This main line runs along the west coast for 150 miles, dropping you at a dozen points where exist the best salmon pools available anywhere to the unprivileged fisherman. It then crosses, on its way to St. John's, the centre of the island, over a low, moss-clad, scantily forested plateau, to the head of Notre Dame Bay, one of those deep fjords into which the whole Atlantic coast of the island is carved, and which Norman Duncan, in one of his graphic tales of the 'Ways of the Sea' and the ways of its primitive toilers, aptly calls the frayed edge of the continent. Over these barrens so few trains pass that they have not frightened away the herds of caribou, which may be seen from the car windows like the buffalo and antelopes in the days of early Western railroading. From the eastern section of the main line some short branches diverge to Placentia, Carbonear, and other places famous in the early history of the island during the period of struggle between England and France for the control of the continent, when the value of Newfoundland and Cape Breton as strategic points was more fully appreciated than it seems to be now. But the 42-inch-gauge railroad, the only one of that gauge in the western hemisphere, is subsidiary to the steamboat lines of the same private company, which connect railroad termini, enter every important port on the south shore that the roads fail to reach, and encircle the northern half of the island, thus serving as the only medium of intercourse with the outside world of numberless fishing hamlets, which eke out a precarious living from the harvest yielded by the ocean. Another line of comfortable steamers runs up the Labrador coast to the village of Nain, whose very name bespeaks its Moravian parentage. There the good brethren are impressing docile Esquimaux more successfully than they did our Indians with the teaching of the Prince of Peace.

So much for the Reid system from a geographical point of view. Its political history is even more interesting. Some fifteen years ago the Government let a contract to an American company to build certain lines of railroad on the east coast. The company failed, leaving a legacy of incompleted road on the hands of the Executive, which, in its innocence, undertook to complete and then operate it. Ere long it discovered its incompetency, and was glad to let another contract to a Mr. Reid, who had won wealth and knowledge as a railroad contractor in this country and in Canada. He fulfilled all his obligations, to the great embarrassment of the Government, which had not yet learned how to run its own railroad, and therefore made a very liberal contract with Mr. Reid to run it for them. After being liberally paid for building it, he did not object to being liberally paid in money and land for operating it. Under these circumstances, the Parliamentary Opposition did not lack arguments for attacking the railroad policy of the Government. When, therefore, the Opposition came into power it decided to rid the country of the onus of ownership, seeing that it involved the expense of a subsidy, by accepting from Mr. Reid a million dollars in cash for what had cost it, as it stands on the Provincial accounts, nearly $11,000,000. In consideration of the relief which this purchase by Mr. Reid gave them, they increased his land grant, which already consisted of alternate blocks of ten square miles for every ten-mile section of road.

Mr. Reid then owned the road out and out, but with certain restrictions as to transfer of ownership. A hue and cry was immediately raised by the party out of power that this enormous land grant and the control of all transportation meant that Mr. Reid owned the island and all that it contained. It was a telling electioneering theme, and carried the old party back into power. Negotiations were then reopened with Mr. Reid to satisfy the electorate, and he was nothing loth to get back his million, and to sell the additional land at a price substantially higher than the other public lands were bringing, and to accept something like $120,000 a year, and whatever he could make out of the traffic by running the railroad, now again nominally owned by the Government. Mr. Reid, however, retains the sole ownership of his several lines of steamers. By every successive move made by the opposite political parties, Mr. Reid gained financially, the politicians gained politically, while the island lost pecuniarily. Each party has recovered power more than once through the railroad, and Mr. Reid would certainly not be averse to continue to buy and sell the same piece of property at an advance on each transfer, if it should so please political managers and their constituents, who are good fishermen, brave fellows, but very simple voters. Meanwhile, however, Mr. Reid of the Reid Newfoundland Company runs the boats and the railroads to the satisfaction of the travelling public, the through train being well equipped with sleepers and dining-cars, both well served, and he is using every means and effort in developing the scanty resources of the island.

Not only the railroad problem, but the management of the fisheries and of every department of Government, affords an interesting commentary on the working of representative institutions when conducted in small, ignorant communities, where no strong, intelligent, united public opinion can be brought to bear on the political leaders. Political partisanship seems even to follow denominational lines of cleavage. The present premier is a Methodist, and he not only carries his own church with him, but is said to have formed an alliance with the Catholics as against the Presbyterians and others. And education is still given in denominational schools, greatly to the economy of the treasury, but as greatly to the detriment of the people, a large proportion of whom cannot even read or write.

But if these fishing-folk—for but a very small proportion is engaged in any other calling—are poor scholars, they are sturdy, courageous men. A training-ship for the royal navy is anchored in St. John's harbor, and last winter some 450 men, who had received some preliminary training on the ship, joined the fleet on its southern cruise. Not a man on the fleet could handle an oar like them. They won every race without exception. These men of the naval reserve return to their fishing-boats in summer with their winter's earnings in their pockets, after having had a glimpse of the world and acquired habits of punctuality and tidiness which will not make them worse fishermen, though it is to be feared their morals will not be improved.

The railroad has made little impression on the industrial life of the people. Some copper continues to be made at Tilt Cove; Trinity Bay ships some iron pyrites, and Belle Island supplies the Sydney furnaces, when their men are not on strike, with iron ore. Coal exists, but has not yet been profitably worked, and we hear of gold and argentiferous lead and chrome ores; but none of them have attracted capital. Most of the island is covered by a forest of small coniferous trees, too small to supply much dimension timber, but well suited for paper-pulp making; and, as nearly one-twentieth of the island must be covered by rivers and lakes, which afford waterways for the cheap transportation of the lumber to central pulp works on the railroad, this industry might, to the saving of our own rapidly vanishing forests, be advantageously transferred to Newfoundland.

Farming on a large scale is unknown. A very small proportion of the area of the island is fertile, and agriculture is not a congenial occupation to seamen. Fishing, like cow-punching, is an occupation conducive to general idleness, though creative of rough and rugged virtues. The man who for short periods is exposed to great hardship, dangers, and intense exertion, considers himself entitled with reason to lounge during the rest of the year. Some of the fishermen have small patches of shallow ground fenced in as gardens or pasture. In the springtime when the caplin are caught in excess of the requirement for bait, they are simply strewn upon the land to decay, defiling the atmosphere with an incredible stench instead of fructifying the soil. Fishing always has been and always will be the occupation of the people. In the old days the English Government discouraged settlement on the island, because permanent residents fished in season and out of season, and used appliances which the transient summer fleet of codfishers did not employ, and thus destroyed the inshore fishing. To-day the fringe of settlements whose total population is not that of a second-class town, besides worrying the Imperial Government about French fishing-rights and other questions, recklessly destroy the source of their own livelihood by using nets of smaller than regulation mesh; and they do so with impunity, for the lawbreakers are so numerous that any Government venturing to enforce the law would offend so many voters that it would be summarily turned out.

But now fishermen of another sort are maintaining the reputation of the island as the best fishing-ground of the world, and the island's treatment of this new horde of summer fishermen is another of the many anomalous idiosyncrasies of this most original of modern communities. Maine, Canada, Norway, Great Britain, lease their lakes and rivers, and derive large revenue from wealthy fishermen. Newfoundland invites every one to come and fish gratuitously, and the invitation is cordially accepted, and her magnificent salmon rivers are being diligently thrashed by guests from Canada, the States, and England. But the guests themselves, especially those who return year after year, are proceeding, by the simplest process conceivable, to neutralize the hospitality of their hosts. They are framing a code of rules which they call the "etiquette of the rivers," and which they expect all new-comers to obey. One of these is that he who first pitches his tent on the bank of a pool should have exclusive right to it as long as he remains. Of course he cannot enforce his assumed rights, but if he can afford to hire guides enough, and make them wade out before dawn and occupy every favorite haunt of the salmon, the unfortunate fellow who comes along to enjoy "free fishing" enjoys simply the moral benefit of keeping, as best he can, his temper under control. The Government may just as well derive some revenue from the sale of fishing-rights, unless it can prevent this preëmption of the rivers by wealthy freebooters. Interference and irritation there must inevitably be, but rules might be made which would minimize the friction, and permit all to enjoy some good fishing; for in the pools, when the water is low, the salmon lie as thick as the boulders, and if they refuse to be beguiled by your fly, the inducement on your part to allow your fly to drop under them and commit the unpardonable sin of jigging is almost irresistible. There are, in fact, some very reputable fishermen who, as they mysteriously always catch twenty-pounders, lay themselves open to the suspicion of not resisting the temptation.

Of course, fishermen's luck and ill-luck follow a guest even to this country, and he is bewildered to know when the fish will rise, for one guide assures him that it will happen when the wind blows from the west, another when it blows from the east, one when the sky is clear, while another assures you that the salmon can then see you, and will not touch your fly unless the sky is overcast. Or the water is too high or too low; it is rising, or it is falling. At last one is forced to admit that some inexplicable, perverse spirit does possess betimes the whole breed. Be it how it may, a few days' salmon-fishing brings out the best traits of some human characters, and certainly the most reprehensible and selfish of others; and confirms the conclusion which a devout preacher, who was also an ardent fisherman, came to when preaching "on the marvellous draught of fishes," that "the ways of fish in the water are as mysterious as the ways of Providence itself." We five, however, had fair luck, considering that the water was low and clear and that the fatal easterly wind was blowing. We caught eighteen fish; but, allowing five casts per minute, it must have required between 4,000 and 5,000 casts to catch each salmon—nearly as many casts as bullets are fired in war to wound a man. Reducing them to horse-power, which is the energy required to raise 33,000 pounds one foot per minute, as we were fishing with both hands in whipping the stream with long sixteen and eighteen-foot rods, weighing, with their heavy reel, three pounds, we must have expended about one and a half horse-power in catching each poor fish. All but enthusiastic fishermen may be forgiven for doubting whether the game is worth the candle.

But the burning question on the island is the French Shore rights. Great Britain, with the concurrence and advice of the Newfoundland Ministry, supposed she had made a satisfactory settlement by conceding to the French certain fishing-rights, giving them a large share of Nigeria, and undertaking to pay for all the buildings owned by French fishermen on the French Shore, provided France would abandon all claims to proprietary rights in that portion of the island. Unfortunately, the Government of the island, in its haste (in advance of the confirmation of the treaty by the Chamber of Deputies) to secure all the political benefit it could from the treaty, issued notices last spring which were understood by the fishermen to mean that the French had abandoned the French Shore, and they might immediately occupy it. This the Newfoundlanders proceeded to do, and are now up in arms because "the British warships," as the Opposition press puts it, "are protecting French interests in British waters against British subjects." Then there is local agitation against a clause forbidding herring fishing after October, which the British legal authorities interpreted as referring only to foreign fishermen, not to Newfoundlanders, who are by the treaty at liberty to make their own regulations. Among others there is great agitation over the right of Frenchmen to catch lobsters; but, seeing that they cannot can them as formerly, on the shore, the right cannot be of great value. The treaty must be confirmed before October 8 to become operative, but there is no reason to suppose that two great Powers which by the same treaty are endeavoring to settle the Egyptian and Morocco complications, as well as the Siamese, the Nigerian, and all other imminent outstanding sources of international irritation, will allow the French Shore question to interfere. One cannot, however, fail to recognize the magnanimity of France in thus yielding, for the sake of peace, her last vestige of sovereignty on the continent which she once had reason to expect she would control. All she now owns is two little islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon,

at the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. D.

POPULAR EDUCATION IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, July 12, 1904.

The bill on elementary education, entitled "Provisions for Schools and School Teachers," presented by the Minister of Public Education, Signor Orlando, on the 30th of last January, has, with sundry modifications in committee, been sanctioned by the Chamber of Deputies and by the Senate, and has duly received the royal signature. Insufficient as are the reforms herein proposed, one must admit that, in the present state of indifference of the well-to-do classes towards the education of the masses, the fear of disturbing the barely attained equilibrium of income and expenditure, and the admitted impossibility of increasing taxation, any more radical measure for diminishing illiteracy would have been rejected by a large majority of the Chambers. The Minister was wise, therefore, to cut his coat according to his cloth, even though the garment produced is the scantiest existing in any civilized nation in the Old World or the New. Cavour, to whom old Piedmont chiefly owes its first radical impulse on educational lines; who, as early as 1850, taunted the Chambers with their constant "rhetorical declamation about the supreme necessity of popular instruction, without ever concreting a rational system for effecting it"; to whom we owe the first fundamental law (that of 1859, called the Casati law), said in the last year of his life: "If you want to waste the time of the Chambers, bring in a bill for public elementary instruction." As it was in his day, so it is at the present hour; hence Italy still enjoys the *primato* of illiteracy.

While all other civilized nations consider five years the minimum for enforced attendance at elementary schools, Italy contents herself with three; and as there is no penalty for non-attendance during these years, more than one-third of the children between the ages of six and nine do not attend any school at all. While other States spend from 6 to 11 lire for the instruction of every 100 children, Italy doles out 2 lire and 46 centimes for the same number. While she could find, in 1899, 303 millions for her army, she spent but 45 million for education; of this sum only 3,962,549 lire was spent for primary instruction, the provinces, on their part, spending 372,973 lire, and the communes 64,105,306; total, 68,440,828.

The question whether State or commune should direct and control elementary schools has long been and is still under discussion, but in reality now such discussion is useless. The large communes in Piedmont, Lombardy, and Liguria, which have spent enormously to bring their elementary schools to perfection, would not hear of State interference, while the communes of the middle and southern provinces which do not perform their duty in this respect (often because they have not the means) cannot be placed on a different footing from the flourishing towns and cities of the north. When the first census of Italy (minus only Venice and Rome) was taken, it was shown that more than two-thirds of the population were totally illiterate—actually did not know their letters. But little or nothing was done to wipe out the stain. After 1866, when Prussia's victories and Italy's humiliating defeats were apparent, Pasquale Villari and Aristide Gabelli, devoted educationalists, proclaimed the schoolmaster rather than the needle-gun the chief factor in Prussia's success, showing that in that country, for nearly a century, primary instruction had been made really compulsory and carried to a point which no other European nation had attained. But Italy, after a brief season of rhetorical declamation, left things as they were, and in 1872, two years after Rome was entered, was "shocked" to learn that she had eighteen millions of *analfabeti*, or total illiterates. The numbers were reduced to fifteen millions by deducting the children under six years of age, but even fifteen millions was an alarming figure. In 1876, the old Moderate party, which had held power exclusively for sixteen years, fell, and the Liberals inaugurated their rule with an effort to render gratuitous primary instruction compulsory. But the law of 1877 did little to better, and some things that worsened, the old Casati law of 1859. It abolished religious instruction unless specially demanded by the parents of the children, leaving the communes to decide the question, and, with the passion for decentralization which possessed them, left the communes absolutely free, reduced the primary instruction from four to three years, called it obligatory, but provided no authority and no penalty for rendering it so; gave the communes a free hand in the choice and pay of teachers. The natural result was that, during the next fifteen years, the diminution of illiterates for the whole of Italy amounted to only one per cent. annually in some provinces.

The Socialists, Republicans and Radicals cry with one voice, "Reduce the expenses of the army, and hand over the savings to the Minister of Public Instruction"; but they also agree in admitting that the ministry which should propose such a reduction would be overthrown on the same day, and that an appeal to the country would send up supporters of a grand army and navy in immense majority. Strange it is, but Italy clings to the "idea" of military greatness and glory as did old Rome herself, and, until this dream shall vanish, it is useless to strive against it.

The Minister of Public Instruction could get no assistance from the finance or war departments, though the preface to his bill detailed the state of other nations, proving Italy to be behind the lowest on the list, and referring, as did the commissioners in their report, to the very serious question of emigration (Italy has four millions of her people in foreign lands, and the tide of emigration increases yearly)—"now that the United States and Australia are resolved to exclude all illiterate emigrants." Unable to compel all the communes to open two upper grades (fourth and fifth), the attendance on these grades, where they do exist, is rendered obligatory on all children between nine and twelve. The syndic is bound to publish the list, and the prætor to enforce a fine of from one to ten lire on all parents who do not send their children to school. The communes are permitted to exceed the legal limit of their expenses in order to assist indigent children with "school breakfasts," clothing and books where no charitable institution or association exists for the purpose. This clause will benefit poor children when a majority of the "popular parties" forms the municipality. The fourth article proclaims the principle of mixed schools, to which the clerical factions are utterly hostile. Can anything be more ridiculous? While the two sexes mingle at all the secondary and classical schools and the universities from sixteen years upwards, what evil can result from their mingling between the ages of six and nine or up to twelve years of age? They mingle only too freely in the overcrowded habitations where two and more families are packed into one room, and in the streets where they chiefly congregate. The economy in the small communes and in scantily populated rural districts is obvious: instead of two classes for boys and girls, one suffices with one master or mistress. As the *Critica Sociale* observes, if the Government would offer only two lire for all children who pass the examinations for the upper grades, the communes would be more disposed to open them; but this would involve the immediate expense of a million, which would increase yearly, and hence is not to be thought of.

Important are the articles relating to the evening and Sunday classes to be opened for the instruction of children over twelve years of age who are found to be still illiterate because they have never attended primary schools, or because they have forgotten what they learnt there. The syndic is charged with finding out these; but how much better would the work be done if a commission of citizens would undertake the task! The State promises to open these schools in the communes where illiteracy is most prevalent, and the commissioners have raised the number from 2,500 to 3,500, the teachers to receive 150 lire in addition to their ordinary salary. The illiterates are to be examined at the end of the first year, and, if found wanting, to attend a second; failing to "pass" then, they are to be fined from five to twenty-five lire. While the certificate of attendance and successful examination at the end of the three compulsory years of primary instruction suffices for the right to vote in political and administrative elections (at the age of twenty-one), the license to carry arms will be refused to any one who, in 1905, cannot, in the presence of the prætor, write his name, stating age, occupation, and address. Many have proposed that the possessors of good educational certificates should be exempted from six months of military service, that no illiterate should be exempted from conscription save for physical imperfection; that none should be allowed to undertake contracts for the State; that the parents should be excluded from any public charity, and so on.

The provisions of the meagre bill are approved of by the "reforming Socialists," who regret that Orlando's ideas were thwarted by the categorical refusal of supplies, and pledge themselves to sustain his original proposals at the next elections, which, according to present rumors, will take place next autumn.

On the whole, the fixed salaries for male and female teachers are satisfactory, though many are disappointed that the salaries of women are not equalized with those of men. Possibly the reluctance to do this arises from the fact that women have in a great measure attracted to themselves the larger

share of the elementary educational department. In the olden days such was not the case; but if you look at the current statistics of normal schools, whence issue the elementary teachers, the attendance of females over males is surprising. As a year's practice in infant schools is now added to the programme, and as in these beneficent and too rare schools only female teachers are employed (about three thousand throughout Italy), this may account in some measure for the figures; but the fact is that, taken at their highest, the salaries are so low—so much lower than the wages of a skilled mechanic—that men do not care to compete for a pittance on which they cannot keep a wife and family in decency, whereas many, nay most, of the female teachers obtain a position in the towns, cities, villages, and rural districts where their families live, or, if married, generally get a position in the place where their husbands live, so that the difference in salary is not so unjust as it seems. Everywhere, we believe, and in Italy assuredly, women are the best instructors of boys as well as of girls.

To normal-school graduates, who can become teachers only at the age of seventeen and eighteen, the present bill accords a minimum of 1,200, a maximum of 1,500 to male teachers in towns and cities, 1,000 to 1,300 to female teachers. For the rural schools, a minimum of 900 and a maximum of 1,000, and about 500 lire to teachers in "unclassified" schools. Be it noted that this is an increase on former stipends, and that the Government is resolved at least to compel the communes to pay the sum monthly at the appointed day. By giving double classes to the same teacher—of course at different times of the day—by evening and Sunday classes, some benefit will accrue to a certain number; but with the income tax and the sums retained for future pensions, the position of teachers in elementary schools is not an enviable one. At the present moment, however, the supply exceeds the demand, all the more so as many women (I speak from personal knowledge) who hold diplomas from universities and the superior institutes, present themselves as candidates for positions in the elementary schools, having no hope to obtain any in the normal and complementary schools for which their diploma capacitates them. J. W. M.

Correspondence.

RICHEPIN AND MANGAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have lately been interested in the resemblance between two rather unusual poems: "Le Bohémien," by Richepin, and "The World's Changes," by James Clarence Mangan. Mangan died in 1849, the year in which Richepin was born, so that if either of the two poets is to be charged with imitation, Mangan could certainly prove an alibi. The resemblance between the poems in their story, expression, and construction is so close that the theory of coincidence seems untenable, but perhaps not too close to be explained by the suggestion, which has been made to me, that both poets took some Oriental poem for a model.

The city, the plain, the sea, and the forest, each has a verse in both poems, and the refrains which follow them have this close resemblance:

Mangan:

"And after a thousand years were o'er
The shadow paused over the place once more."

Richepin:

"Cinq mille ans il s'écoule,
Je suis repassé par là."

Can any of your readers throw some light on this matter? I have the two poems before me in the following publications: 'Les Poètes Français du XIX. Siècle,' edited by C. Fontaine and published by William R. Jenkins, and 'Selected Poems of James Clarence Mangan,' edited by Louise Imogen Guiney and published by Lamson, Wolfe & Co. The editor of Mangan's poems prints "The World's Changes" among Mangan's original poems as distinguished from those adapted or translated from Gaelic or Oriental sources.—Very truly yours, L. C.

Baltimore, July 25, 1904.

JONSON'S "ALCHEMIST."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In connection with Ben Jonson's "Alchemist" analyzed in your last issue (p. 74), it is possibly worth while to mention a play of the same name by the well-known Turkish playwright, Feth 'Ali Akhondzade, published in Tiflis in 1860, reprinted in the *Journal Asiatique* in 1886, and translated in the same year in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society. The rôle of Bruno's painter is here taken, however, by a poet—Haji Nuri—who, after unsuccessfully reproving the audience for giving credence to the Alchemist, retires with the Turkish proverb "Dōru söz ajy olur" (A true word is bitter) on his lips.

Yours very respectfully, O. T.

Notes.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce for autumn publication 'Recollections and Letters of General Lee,' edited by his oldest son, Capt. Robert E. Lee, from his return from the Mexican war to his death; 'A Belle of the Fifties,' being the memoirs of Mrs. Clay of Alabama; 'Confessions of a Club Woman,' by Agnes Surbridge; and Kipling's 'Traffics and Discoveries.'

Harper's fall announcements embrace volumes i.-v. of the coöperative history "The American Nation," edited by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart in a total of twenty-six volumes; 'Imperator et Rex: William II. of Germany,' by the author of 'The Martyrdom of an Empress'; and 'River-Land,' by Robert W. Chambers.

The Oxford University Press looks to publish next fall two volumes, edited by L. G. Wickham Legg, of documents on the history of the Constituent Assembly (1789-91), drawn mainly from the Paris newspapers of the period, with a selection from the more important decrees of the National Assembly, proceedings of municipal assemblies, etc.

Mr. Thwaites's latest addition to his series of reprints, "Early Western Travels" (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.), is John Bradbury's 'Travels in the Interior of America in the Years 1809, 1810, and 1811' (second London edition, 1819, with a map, on which Missouri Territory stands for everything west of the Mississippi, except Louisiana). One of Bradbury's footnotes contains the dramatic story of John Colter's race for life with the Indians, which used to be current in our school readers. The English botanist met Colter, and also Daniel Boone. His narrative is further remarkable for his graphic description of the great earthquake of 1811, which destroyed New Madrid; for tales of buffalo, and of Indians, whose loose sexual notions in particular are illustrated. Bradbury's style is that of an educated man, and his journal is thoroughly interesting, as well as historically valuable.

Mr. Joseph B. Bishop has revised a trio of articles contributed by him several years ago to the *Century Magazine*, and has made a book of them with the title, 'Our Political Drama: Conventions, Campaigns, and Candidates.' They are purely popular accounts of the way Presidents have been made and candidates disappointed, and quote textually from a variety of sources of uneven authority. Reproduced at this time, they have a certain interest and convenience, and a moral if a machine-ridden constituency had any eyes for morals. Mr. Bishop sets forth Lincoln's efforts on behalf of his first nomination, as any candid historian must. When he says that Lincoln had no Presidential aspirations in 1859, he does not quite convince by citing a letter from Lincoln discouraging his friends from putting him in nomination, on the ground of unfitness. But the move was premature—a year in advance. Lincoln professed the same sense of unfitness to Mr. Villard in their now famous box-car interview in 1858, but he may well have been sounding a newspaper correspondent; and at all events he did not withhold the fact of his wife's domestic nomination of him. The illustrations, chiefly caricatures, are not printed as well as in the magazine. Two series are added—those of *Harper's Weekly* satirizing Lincoln's flight to Washington, and Gillam's presentation in *Puck* of the tattooed Blaine.

The story of Sophonisba, the Carthaginian Queen, seems to have had an unusual attraction for the tragic poets of Europe as soon as her adventures, described by Livy and Appian, were diffused by the revival of learning. The two earliest examples of "regular" modern tragedy, Trissino's in Italy and Mairet's in France, were devoted to this theme, and up to the present day playwrights have found pleasure and dramatic material in the episode of Massinissa and Sophonisba. It is to these reworkings of Carthaginian history that an Italian scholar, writing in French, has devoted the two hundred-odd octavo pages of 'Sophonisbe dans la Tragédie Classique Italienne et Française' (Turin: Paravia). The author, Dr. Carlo Ricci, has traced the story from Polybius to Dalban, almost in our own generation, with considerable care and acuteness. The value of such a comparative study, especially in making clear the differentiæ of racial imagination, would have been enhanced by the inclusion of other besides two Romance literatures. In England, for example, John Marston, Nathaniel Lee, and others have written Sophonisba tragedies. But on the whole the monograph may be commended as an impor-

tant study of the evolution of a poetic theme.

We would call attention to an interesting note which Mr. Alfred Marks has recently published in the *Athenæum* on the subject of the Popish Plot trials. It is not unknown to careful students that the printed reports have been garbled in the process of revision, or at least that they cannot be accepted as verbally authentic. This imperfection of the record is due less to the carelessness or incompetence of reporters than to malice prepense, and represents an attempt to put the evidence of informers like Oates, Bedloe, Prance, and Dangerfield in the best light. Mr. Marks, by comparing the report of a typical trial as given in Howell with a contemporary pamphlet now in the British Museum, secures a basis for testing the extent of the "revisions" made. The trial in question is not one of the most important which resulted from Oates's alleged disclosures, but Mr. Marks's collation shows clearly that the tangle of the Popish Plot (intricate enough at best) is made even more intricate by a wilful alteration of the reports that pretend to give a faithful account of the trials.

The *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch* volume 40 (Berlin), edited this year with even more than the usual care and thoroughness so as to give a complete and ordered conspectus of all the literature in its field, in pursuance of its current policy furnishes, in addition to other leading articles, a reprint of the pre-Shaksperean satirical morality, "All for Money," competently edited by Ernst Vogel. This curious drama presents (lines 606 ff.) a sort of "disputison" on the comparative advantages of learning and wealth,obviously imitated in form from John Heywood's play of "Love." Marie Gothein writes at length upon the subject of "Women in the English Drama before Shakspere," and Prof. F. W. Moorman makes clear Shakspere's indebtedness, in parts of two or three of his History Plays, to Daniel's 'Civil Wars.' W. Bang makes an ingenious suggestion in regard to the use of the "traverse" in the staging of Shakspere's plays—a suggestion which assumes the recent in-and-out stage theory as proved. Conservative scholars, however, may still be permitted to entertain doubts on that point. American and English students of their own literature can afford to leave Shakspere and Shakspere literature in the hands of the German Shakespeare-Gesellschaft and of the competent editors of its *Jahrbuch;* but it does seem a pity that the vast and increasing literature in the general field cannot be similarly summarized and classified in a yearbook planned and organized upon the same lines, but published in an English-speaking country.

The report of the Geographical Society of Berne for the years 1900-1902 contains six papers, of which the purely scientific are on the distribution of the medium altitudes in Switzerland, with numerous measurements and two charts, by Dr. H. Liez, an anthropo-geographic study of the canton of Graubünden, by Dr. H. Zivier, and an account of the "black waters" of South America, with the theories as to their cause, by Dr. J. Reindl. Of more general interest is the late Dr. E. von Fellenbergs's report of his archæological researches in Bosnia-Herzegovina. The "finds" are numerous, and include remains of buildings on piles, pottery, articles fashioned from deer's horns and bones of the Stone Age, and Roman baths, tombs, and roads. Some notes of his explorations in Spitzbergen are given by M. A. Brun, and a tour in Norway is described by M. Albert Gobat. He closes with a fine tribute to the Norwegian woman: "Not only was she one of the most active agents in the strife against alcoholism and the saloon, but for a long time she has given her strength to the work of education. She is upon the school committees; she supplies the deficiency of the school, which, in a country where thousands of children have to go more than three kilometres to recite their lessons, where the snow often cuts off all communication, is not easily accessible. Thus Norway, in spite of so many difficulties, occupies the first rank in Europe for popular instruction."

The *National Geographic Magazine* for July contains a statement of some of the work of the Bureau of Insular Affairs in the Philippines, by its chief, Col. C. R. Edwards, with facts relating to the new monetary system of the islands. In an abstract of a recent report by Prof. A. J. Henry will be found a description, illustrated by photographs, of the principal phenomena of the clouds and the air to be observed in order to forecast the weather. A provisional programme of the Eighth International Geographic Congress, to be convened at Washington on September 7, contains the titles of nearly 200 papers which have been submitted for presentation before the congress. Lord Kelvin will send a paper on oceanographic instruments, and Sir Harry Johnston is to speak on "Colonial Development in British Tropical Africa." Sir W. Willcocks, noted for his irrigation work in Egypt, will read a paper on the "Hydrography and Economics of the Nile Basin." Commander Robert E. Peary is to be president of the congress, and the diplomatic corps at Washington and the presidents of previous congresses, including Sir C. R. Markham and Baron von Richthofen, honorary vice-presidents. Sessions will be held at Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and at St. Louis in conjunction with the International Congress of Science and Arts. The New York session will be opened by an address on oceanography by Sir John Murray.

The story of the English and Swedish Antarctic expeditions is told in the *Geographical Journal* for July by their leaders, Capt. Scott and Dr. Otto Nordenskiöld. The impression left is of admiration for the men who, in the interest of science, could voluntarily endure hardships and face dangers almost incredibly great. In a striking passage the Swedish explorer describes the meeting, when on a sledge journey, with two of his fellow voyagers, who had started the preceding summer from the ship to join them, but had been overtaken by the winter which they had passed in this awful solitude. The biological and geological results of the English expedition will be organized and published by the British Museum. Major Powell Cotton tells of a journey in Uganda, in which he discovered a small tribe living on a mountain-top in two-storied huts, unmolested by their neighbors on the plains because of their supposed magical powers.

In the Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund for July, Mr. Macalister makes his eighth quarterly report of the excavation of Gezer. This completes the two years for which the firman was originally issued. The Turkish Government has now extended the life of the firman for one year, and the Fund appeals for special subscriptions to enable it to conduct the work on a larger scale. At the present rate it would require ten years to complete the excavations. Mr. Macalister has commenced work on the higher western hill, where he finds thirty-eight feet of débris, as against about twenty-eight elsewhere, and eight overlying strata, as against six at the deepest point on the eastern hill. In Palestine, as in all other places where archæological explorations have been conducted, the result of continued work has been to push back dates. When Lachish (Tel Hesy) and Gath (Tel es-Safi) were excavated, it was suggested that the earliest traces of a pre-Semitic troglodytic occupation might go back to about 1800 B. C. Macalister's earlier work at Gezer pushed back the date of the pre-Semitic occupation to a period before 2000 B. C. His later discoveries seem to show that the earliest city wall, of earth faced with stone, which he ascribes to the pre-Semitic inhabitants, may antedate 3000 B. C. This would in general synchronize with the results obtained by Babylonian exploration as to the date of Semitic occupation of that region. Large numbers of scarabs and other objects from Egypt testify to a close connection of Gezer with Egypt. Among the scarabs noted in this report is one of the great Hyksos King Khyan, one of Thotmes III., and one of Amenhotep III. and his Syrian wife Thii. Most of the Egyptian objects noted in this report belong, according to Petrie, who furnishes a note on the subject, to the Hyksos period, Dynasties XIV. to XVI. The cuneiform tablet discovered in May, and reported in a preliminary letter in the London *Times*, proves to be a fragment of an ordinary Assyrian contract for the sale of house, land, and slaves, dated in the year 649 B. C.—evidence of the Assyrian domination of this region in the reign of Ashurbanipal, and probably of the occupation of Gezer by an Assyrian garrison at that period.

The quarterly *Mitteilungen der Deutschen Orient Gesellschaft* for June contains reports of the German explorations at Babylon and Ashur from February 16 to May 2. From Babylon there is nothing of interest or importance except the discovery, in the hill called Homera, of a theatre of the Seleucidan period, the first thing of the sort heretofore found on Babylonian soil. At Ashur the explorers have found the south wall of the ancient city, and, in and by it, phallus-shaped clay cones containing building inscriptions of various monarchs from Tukulti-Ninib (1300 B. C.) onward. The excavations at this site proved from the first far more successful than the excavations at Babylon in the discovery of inscribed material which has thrown much light on the history of this city and of Assyria. Some of the recently discovered inscriptions show that the previous supposition of scholars that the earliest rulers of Ashur were priest-governors, dependent upon Babylon, is incorrect. These inscriptions designate the same rulers indiscriminately as king or *patesi*, hitherto rendered priest-governor. The two titles belong to the same man, considered according to his pontifical or his secular office, and it would

appear that from 2000 B. C., and even before, the rulers of Ashur were independent sovereigns. One inscription shows that the famous king Esarhaddon bore also the name Ashur-etil-ilani, and it may be that some documents found at Nippur and elsewhere heretofore ascribed to the reign of the son of Ashurbanipal bearing that name, should have been ascribed to the reign of his father. Among other objects the explorers report the discovery of two interesting alabaster stelæ of the Parthian period, which show the effort on the part of the Parthians to imitate and adapt Assyrian art and also the Assyrian religion. These reports also contain a plan and description of a small two-roomed shrine or temple, almost exactly similar to one found at Nippur by the University of Pennsylvania Expedition to Babylonia. From the University of Chicago expedition at Bismya in Babylonia, Dr. E. J. Banks, field director, reports, in the *Biblical World* for July, the discovery of large numbers of inscribed clay tablets of a date as old as or older than the extremely ancient inscriptions found at Nippur. Inscribed bricks found at a low level identify Bismya as the city of Adab or Ud-nunki, and not Isin, as was conjectured. Most unusual for Babylonia is a temple, also of very early date, constructed, in part at least, of stone, instead of the clay or bricks which have been the universal building materials of that country from the beginning until now.

We believe our readers have heard enough for the present about jū-jutsu, and we must therefore ask Mr. Lafcadio Hearn to excuse us from printing a controversial rejoinder to some remarks we made in our issue of June 2. We extract, however, a bibliographical passage: "A paper prepared by Mr. Jigorō Kano (a member of the Japanese Higher Educational Council, and for many years a very celebrated professor of Jiujutsu), with the aid of the Rev. J. Lindsay, appeared in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan in July, 1888. It was entitled 'Jiujutsu: The Old Samurai Art of Fighting without Weapons'; and it dealt with the general history of the art both in China and Japan. In 1892, a more elaborate paper, by Mr. T. Shidachi, fully illustrated, and explaining various details of the grips, throws, etc., appeared in the Transactions and Proceedings of the Japan Society (London), entitled 'Jiu-jitsu [*sic*]: Self-Defense by Sleight of Body.' "

—The August *Scribner's*, according to well-established custom, is devoted almost entirely to fiction. The roster of short-story writers for the number fairly bristles with names of distinction, though but two of the stories are calculated to make any lasting impression upon the reader. Mr. Kipling's contribution shows a tender, spiritual element in his make-up which the reader of his most characteristic work might well suppose to be lacking. Perhaps the idea—a blind woman, childless, but with a mother's yearning, attracting to herself in an out-of-the-way mansion the ghosts of dead children—might have been more deftly handled by a pen less accustomed to run in material rather than spiritual lines, but it is a good piece of work, nevertheless. Easily next to Mr. Kipling's story, if not ahead of it in vital interest, is Katharine Holland Brown's story of a broken-down physician going into camp in winter on an island in the bleak Straits of Mackinac, and regaining control of his physical and mental self through the necessity of immediate and skilful professional service to another in distress. In the field of art Ernest Flagg urges a radical improvement in the general plan of New York city, the narrowing of Central Park to a strip one thousand feet in width, with a traffic way of one hundred and sixty feet running through its centre, and the acquisition of the lands necessary to extend this parkway from Christopher Street at one end through to the Harlem River at the other, a distance of ten miles. The expense, he argues, could be met by the sale of the lands thus detached from the present area of Central Park, and the increased taxes upon the enhanced value of the property all along the great traffic way which would thus be created. There need be no fear of the realization of this fancy, so far as Central Park is concerned.

—The continuation of Andrew D. White's reminiscences of his service with the American legation at the court of Russia during the Crimean War is the one piece of serious interest which will attract special attention among the contents of the August *Century*. The blockading fleet at the mouth of the Neva, a visit to the old capital, the death of Nicholas I., and the accession of Alexander II., are among the themes. Both these rulers made a very powerful impression upon Mr. White; the former, with his imposing stature, his dignified and yet kindly bearing, seeming to be "the most majestic being ever created." The son had the towering Romanoff frame, the beauty and the dignity, but less of the majesty and none of the sternness of his father. "Of all the ghastly miscalculations ever made, of all the crimes which have cost the earth most dear, his murder was the worst," throwing Russia back into the most stringent reaction ever known, which has already lasted a half century and bids fair to continue for generations yet to come. The lighter contents of the number are unusually inviting, the descriptive papers including an account of the recently discovered colossal natural bridges of southeastern Utah, by W. W. Dyar; Lombard Villas, by Edith Wharton; and a reception by the Empress Dowager at the Chinese Summer Palace, by Minnie Norton Wood. Readers will await with interest more authoritative and complete measurements of the Utah bridges, but it seems to be proved that they are so gigantic as to dwarf out of all comparison any structure of the kind heretofore known, the largest of the three being high enough to clear the dome of the Capitol at Washington by fifty feet. Mr. Dyar's article is based upon notes by a mining prospector, Horace J. Long, who viewed the bridges in company with a cattleman named Scorup, early in 1903. So far as is known, only three or four white persons have ever visited the locality, which is very difficult of access, both from the roughness of the ground and from the lack of water. A survey of the region should be made under Government auspices.

—Prof. John Bassett Moore's sketch of our early struggles with piracy, and with the British claim to the rights of search and impressment, is followed in the August *Harper's* by an account of the efforts to find relief from more purely commercial restrictions, such as the discriminating duties which were once so common a manifestation of the spirit of national monopoly. Our efforts to secure reciprocal concessions give him the occasion to take a fine shot at the "reciprocity" of the present day, as "a policy recommended by free-traders as an escape from protection, and by protectionists as an escape from free trade, but distrusted by both and supported by neither." Martin Hume brings forth little that is new to his easy task of impeaching Queen Elizabeth's right to be called "good." The reflections from the Editor's Study continue their characteristic note of optimism concerning the literature of the present age. We have greater simplicity than our literary ancestors, crave more the trait of direct appeal, rejecting the unessential. The vesture of our thought may have every fold called for by the involutions of the thought inself, but no ruffles and tucks for mere adornment. Lincoln at Gettysburg, not Everett, is the ideal of the present age.

—The Ruskin-Norton correspondence, in the *Atlantic*, deepens in interest with the passing of the years which it covers, commensurately with the increasing personal intimacy between the two men. The death of Ruskin's mother and his entrance upon the Slade professorship at Oxford are the most important events of the period covered by the letters of the August instalment. George W. Alger contributes a timely paper on unpunished commercial crime, comparing in a very suggestive way our severe attitude towards crimes of violence against individuals with our easy tolerance of the wrongs perpetrated against large numbers by the slippery methods known to modern commerce and finance. David Starr Jordan and Vernon Lyman Kellogg are the joint writers of an article on Tutuila, our inheritance from the Samoan entanglement. Credit is given to our authorities there for the beginning of an effort to stamp out the mosquito which has been discovered to be the disseminating agent of the scourge of elephantiasis. More than one-third of the native population are said to be afflicted, and no remedy has thus far been discovered. On the other hand, the insistence of the missionary on clothing as a *sine qua non* of Christianity, irrespective of other conditions, has brought upon the natives a second scourge in the form of pneumonia. The rain upon the shining oiled back and shoulders of the half-naked native fell harmlessly, but the cheap shirt or jacket "clings wet and clammy to the skin, the quick chill strikes through the blood, and the end comes with appalling swiftness and certainty." The clothing demanded by the missionaries is flatly pronounced injurious both to health and to morals, and well calculated to enable the converts "to test quickly the power of their new religion."

—Mr. Craigie's second instalment of R in the Oxford English Dictionary (H. Frowde) carries on the letter from Reactively to Ree. The prefix re- naturally dominates the situation, and introduces much old matter in the root word; but much new, also, as in the series beginning with Recrudescency, for which there is no parallel under C. This word is cited from 1651, along with Recrudescence (1721), Recrudescent (1727), Recrudesce (1884). So Recurrency (1611) antedates Recurrence (1646), and Redundancy

(1623) Redundance (1638). The distinction of Recollected and Re(-)collected might well have been illustrated from a classic passage in Crabbe: "Smile at the recollected games. . . . And then the recollected soul repairs Her slumbering hope, and heeds her own affairs." Our parliamentary mode of gaining the floor by catching the speaker's eye is set down under Recognize, after Mr. Bryce; but the corresponding meaning of Recognition is not allowed under that word, as, "He failed to obtain recognition." The use of Recognize (in the sense 'to perceive clearly, realize') with a clause for its direct object—"that," for "the fact that"—is not illustrated; but in this country at least it is common. For example, at page 395 of the first volume of Mr. Frederic Bancroft's Life of Seward (1900) we find: "The anti-slavery men of New England did not recognize that there were different parts to be played." Recondite is here stressed on the first syllable, and pronounced with long *i*. Bailey and Sheridan stressed it on the final syllable, Johnson on the penult, all with long *i;* some recent dictionaries indicate clipped *e* for the first syllable and either long or short *i*, stressing on the penult. This is surely to go as you please.

—Reason is one of Mr. Craigie's major rubrics. "Hit standeth with reason" is met with in 1528—"to good reason" in 1632. Very full, and full of interest, is the treatment of Red. It can, we think, seldom occur to the general that the proper name Read(e), Reed, Reid is a color name. Our American red cent is said to have been "formerly" made of copper, but the process still goes on. The correctness of the epithet as applied to our Indians (Red man, Redskin) "has been denied by some writers"; but only by a narrow definition of Red. "The precise shades of color to which the name Red is applied," says Mr. Craigie, "vary from bright scarlet or crimson to yellow or brown." The use of Realize in the sense of "to conceive or think of as real" finds contemporary English and American exemplification in John Newton and Abigail Adams (1775)—"realize what we suffer" wrote the lady; but it was "frequently condemned" as American "by English writers about the middle of the nineteenth century." Record, "the leading facts in the life or career of a person, especially of a public man," was long a stumblingblock to our British cousins, but is "now in common English use." Greeley is quoted for it in 1856. "I reckon," used parenthetically or finally, was "formerly in English literary use; still common in English dialects, and current in the Southern States of America in place of the Northern 'I guess.'" Rebeldom is borrowed from the gentle but intensely loyal Asa Gray. Under Rebellion we should have liked to find quoted, if only for the regimen, which is matched in Shakspere, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God"—most unfashionable doctrine in our Imperialistic time. Finally, let us direct attention to the multifarious significations of Rector as an officer, here set down in a manner characteristic of 'A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles,' and of no other.

—All subjects nowadays tend to grow so bulky that a busy man finds it impossible to keep up his interest in them without the aid of a periodical summary which will keep him up to date. And now that the publications of the Society for Psychical Research extend over a couple of yards of book shelf, there is need for popular compilations which will bring out the salient points from this mass of material. Accordingly, M. Sage's study of the strange case of 'Mrs. Piper and the Society for Psychical Research,' which has been translated by Miss Novalie Robertson, officially prefaced by Sir Oliver Lodge, the Principal of Birmingham University, and for some years the President of the Society, and published by the Scott-Thaw Company, should prove decidedly serviceable. It is a skilful, lucid, and readable condensation of the detailed reports of Dr. Richard Hodgson and Professors Hyslop and James; and though the serious student will still have to go to the original records, the ordinary reader will get a very fair notion of the evidence from this little book. We have noted only one inaccuracy in it, which represents "George Pelham," Mrs. Piper's noted "communicator," as having been killed by a fall *from his horse*. In his interpretation M. Sage abstains from excessive theorizing, but seems to incline, like most of those who have gone into the matter thoroughly, to the spiritist view. At the same time he realizes that far more investigation is needed, and that this costs money, ingeniously suggesting (p. 186) that "if a thousandth part of the sum devoted in a year to the art of killing were devoted to the solution of the problem of immortality," the question could be settled in ten years. This seems sanguine, even though a deduction of a tenth of 1 per cent. from the sums annually squandered on militarism would mount up to anything between two and three million dollars. Still, the advocates of peace might easily adopt less expeditious and efficacious means of convincing mankind of its present folly than inquiries which might end by discrediting the noble art of killing by discovering that, after all, enemies could not be annihilated in such fashion.

—Like an orchard, the Asiatic Society of Japan has an occasional "lean" year, and the past year has been such. Its Volume XXXI., with but sixty-eight pages of text, is the thinnest yet issued, but Dr. E. Baelz's paper on "A Visit to Tonkin," where, in December, 1902, he attended the Congress of Orientalists held at Hanoi, the capital of French Indo-China, is rich in matter, for Dr. Baelz, so worthily decorated by the Emperor of Japan, is one of the leading authorities of the world on Far Eastern anthropology. He shows what the French have done for the making of settlements, and that, while from the point of view of hygiene and general modern smartness they have succeeded handsomely, yet commercially these colonies do not pay, for the French merchant does not travel from home. Tonkin lies outside of the great routes of travel, not one of the great steamer lines of the Far East touching there. Although the distinguished Orientalists of France had in Paris formed the committee of initiative of the Congress, not one of them put in an appearance at Hanoi. Tokio sent more numerous representatives than any other place, the four delegates having each an important and carefully prepared paper. Dr. Baelz believes that the general characteristics of the yellow race are so pronounced that there is no decisive difference between the Japanese, Chinese, and Koreans on the one side, and the so-called Malay races on the other. As matter of fact, neither he nor his Japanese fellow-travellers could distinguish Tonkinese dressed in European style from Japanese. In one case, concerning which Dr. Baelz was in doubt, the three Japanese delegates felt certain the man was a Japanese, but he turned out to be a pure Tonkinese. Dr. Baelz notes that from Borneo to Saghalien the island races, except the Japanese, are given to tattooing their cuticle. While praising the French Government, he sees too much officialdom everywhere and too little private enterprise. Furthermore, the general spirit of the French press in Tonkin itself is too much that of the proverbial emigrant who was "agin' the Government." Nevertheless, Tonkin, being so rich and fertile, ought to have a brilliant future. Mr. Kawaguchi tells of his experience in Lhassa. He entered the forbidden city of the Lhama in the garb of a Tibetan, and lived there two years as a Chinese physician. He describes the Lhama, of whom he had audience, as a man of twenty-six. He prophesies that England, if she only pursues the right method, must inevitably become the protector of Tibet. The new president of the Asiatic Society, Professor A. Lloyd, presents a critical chapter on Indian history, fixing upon the year 481 B. C. as the exact date of Buddha's death.

WAR AND NEUTRALITY IN THE FAR EAST.

War and Neutrality in the Far East. By T. J. Lawrence. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Mr. Lawrence writes with clearness and a mastery of the principles of international law. His only blemish is a style occasionally a little too vivid and rhetorical to suit the gravity of the subject. The effort to fix the reader's attention drives him into the use of metaphors and similes which may be picturesque, but are certainly not juridical. To say of the "leasing" of Port Arthur to Russia without prejudice to China's "sovereignty" that the language employed disguises "the reality of territorial transfer" is true enough; but to liken it to "the jam which renders palatable the child's powder, or the courteous formula which conceals the social rebuff," really obscures the true point. The fact is, that juristic ideas and conceptions cannot be popularized by such means.

His present volume is a very good popular account of the leading international questions suggested by the outbreak of the Eastern war, and also gives an intelligible statement of the causes which have led to th quarrel. The book foreshadows the trouble which has arisen since its publication over the right of search. Of course, the right of search for contraband, and the right to condemn ships for carrying contraband, in rare cases, exists to-day in as full force as ever; but with every advance in civilization and the peaceful arts and intercommunication, the extreme exercise of these belligerent rights is becoming more and more impossible. The Suez Canal is neutralized—that is, its waters cannot be used for any warlike purpose; but the Gulf of Suez, which is merely a natural prolongation of the artificial waterway, can be so used. The result is, that the fleet of a belligerent

can lie in wait in the Gulf, and overhaul the entire neutral commerce of Europe as it issues from the canal. This involves the stoppage and search of mails, and a general paralysis and dislocation of commerce appalling to contemplate. Mr. Lawrence thinks that by neutralizing the Gulf the difficulty would be got over, as, "once out in the wider expanse of the Red Sea, a trading vessel could take her chance of search and seizure under the ordinary rules of maritime warfare." But is this so clear? Cannot an active belligerent so patrol the Red Sea as to make it practically unnavigable by neutral merchants except by its permission? The situation is one which, during the present war, can be made tolerable only by much forbearance and concession, and, looking to the future, the neutralization of the Gulf would probably be merely a palliative.

What is the true solution of the difficulty? It does not lie in the exemption from seizure on the high seas of private property, for this measure (always favored by our Government, and by treaty with Italy adopted into practice) contemplates as a permanent exception the right of search for and seizure of contraband. Yet it may be doubted if the right to seize enemy property at sea and destroy enemy commerce is not a far more valuable right than that of marine search for contraband. The latter is a right which has had little or no effect on the issue of any modern war, but the exercise of which falls with ever-increasing weight upon neutral commerce; without its abrogation, it is difficult to see how the constantly recurring turmoil over its exercise with every recurrence of war is to be avoided. Possibly the present war may bring it home to both England and Germany that the right of belligerents to arrest neutral commerce on the high seas "costs more than it comes to."

To put the matter in a different way, is it not at least worth discussing whether the interests of the modern world do not require the abandonment of the right of search for contraband? Is not this a more immediately feasible and important reform than the abolition of the right of capture of enemy ships and property? Suppose it abandoned in the present war, would either belligerent be a sufferer? The right of blockade, and confiscation for violation of it, would still exist—this is necessary, so long as war is necessary; so would the right to destroy enemy commerce. The only privilege which either Japan or Russia would lose would be that of throwing the whole commercial world into a turmoil, breaking up its postal service, and doing irreparable injury to thousands of innocent merchants and travellers, in order, perhaps, to seize a few packages of gunpowder or sticks of dynamite or cases of cartridges, so trifling in quantity as to have no possible effect on the result of the war. If the right of search were effectively exercised, *e. g.*, at the outlet of the Suez Canal, it would drive neutrals into becoming parties to the war, for no powerful neutral nation will submit to *Trent* affairs or *Malacca* affairs every day in the week, nor to its mails being habitually stopped, nor to its "liners" being carried into prize courts. Yet of the existence of the right there is no question.

Mr. Lawrence's observations on the subject of wireless telegraphy are very much to the point. The pretension that correspondents sending wireless dispatches containing information obtained by cruising on the high seas can be treated as "spies" is, of course, baseless; they are not within the lines; they are not gathering information for the benefit of the enemy, and they are not carrying on their operations secretly or in disguise, or on false pretences. But he suggests the case of neutral territory being used by a belligerent for wireless stations by permission of the neutral, which would apparently be as distinct a violation of neutral duty as the use of a port as a base of naval operations, or a line of railway for transportation of troops.

To the question of coal, Mr. Lawrence gives much consideration. He is the supporter of a theory that the use of neutral ports by war vessels for the purpose of obtaining a supply of coal "to get to the next port" opens the door to a great abuse. Under cover of it, a belligerent which has few ports may send a fleet round the world to attack its enemy, getting its motive power from neutrals on the way. There is no doubt that neutrals *may* close their ports to belligerents; and Sweden and Norway, we believe, have done so in the present war. Why should not all neutral ports be closed except to ships in distress? Mr. Lawrence thinks this question entirely distinct from the other, how far coal is contraband; and so it is. Coaling a belligerent ship is a different operation from sending a cargo of coal to a belligerent country for the peaceful use of the inhabitants. One answer to the question asked is, as he perceives, that the adoption of his rule would greatly redound to the advantage of England, a country having an abundance of ports of its own, and be very inconvenient to a country like Russia.

But, after going over the various questions interestingly discussed in this volume, the reader sees in the end that the one which overshadows all the rest is the irrepressible conflict between the right of neutrals to carry on their commerce, notwithstanding the existence of a war, and the right of both belligerents to harry and interrupt this commerce in the search for contraband. It is a curious fact that England's interests have been for three generations nearly continuously neutral, while it was in great measure through English adjudications during the Napoleonic wars that the right of search was established on its present foundations. One consequence of this English origin of the rules is, that English writers still discuss the matter as if the relation of England to it had not entirely changed. It is of the rights of neutrals, commercial nations, that England is the great modern champion, and, as every one sees in the present war, she must uphold them. The right of search is nowadays the great anti-English weapon, and so it will continue to be just as long as England remains a great commercial nation—no matter how large her navy, nor how "imperially" her statesmen may learn to think. To make the right of search of any actual use to England, that country must become involved in a war of such proportions that the mere contemplation of it appals the world—a war, too, which would probably transfer her commercial supremacy to more prudent rivals. No matter how the present disputes growing out of the seizures in Eastern waters may be arranged, this right of search must become a greater and greater menace to the repose of the world, and a more and more intolerable international nuisance.

THE SOUTH BEFORE THE WAR.

A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States in the Years 1853-4. With Remarks on their Economy. By Frederick Law Olmsted. [Originally issued in 1856.]. With a Biographical Sketch by Frederick Law Olmsted, jr., and with an Introduction by William P. Trent. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

Of the various monuments to the senior Olmsted erected by his own modest self, the three books of ante-bellum Southern travel and observation, of which the one here reprinted was the first in order of publication, have the special immortality which belongs to the printed book. A statue to the pulse of our Sanitary Commission machine, or to the creative genius of our public parks, would do less to perpetuate Mr. Olmsted's renown than the journals of his tour through the section about to stake everything in arms for the perpetuity of what Professor Trent calls "the plague of slavery." These journals were fortified by unimpeachable Southern evidence of "the blight [again to cite Professor Trent] slavery was casting over the immense region stretching from beyond the Potomac to the Rio Grande." The later volumes grew polemic in response to criticisms which, without success, sought to discredit the earlier—"We must, unless we are wedded to partisanship," says our Southern introducer, "accept, however reluctantly, his [Olmsted's] general picture of Southern conditions." This controversial matter might seem omissible in a reprint, and if the new edition proceed further the question of omitting may arise; yet it would be a pity to have the shortened work handed out over the counter of public libraries, even in more elegant form, rather than the original weapon in the great struggle between the two civilizations.

The calling in of Professor Trent as a sort of sponsor seems calculated to propitiate Southern readers and bookbuyers; and he must surely have had them in mind in intimating that Mr. Olmsted was no abolitionist. Everybody at the North knows that the abolitionists desired peaceful emancipation by the masters themselves, as of course Mr. Olmsted did likewise, whether from a humane or an economic point of view. John Brown, not a technical "abolitionist" any more than Mr. Olmsted, would have welcomed the same consummation as a substitute for Harper's Ferry. Until the Southern mind can digest this simple proposition, it will to no purpose be invited to review these faithful Southern panoramas, so graphic, so moderate, so just, so benevolent to all classes in the South. But, in fact, Professor Trent falls short of inviting it; nor does he hint at the profitableness of comparing the South today with that of fifty years ago—how much it has changed, how much remained the same.

We propose, therefore, by a handful of extracts, to make good that omission,

for the sake both of those who knew slavery and of the generation, North as well as South, that, like Professor Trent (born in the second year of the civil war), knew it not. We believe the extracts can be left to speak for themselves. Not a few of those for whom we cull them will probably wonder why Olmsted thought it worth while to record, and we to copy now. Still, we will

"help them try
Familiar things to view with a peeled eye."

"While calling on a gentleman occupying an honorable position at Richmond, I noticed upon his table a copy of Professor Johnson's Agricultural Tour in the United States. Referring to a paragraph in it, where some statistics of the value of the slaves raised and annually exported from Virginia were given, I asked if he knew how these had been obtained, and whether they were reliable. 'No,' he replied; 'I don't know anything about it; but if they are anything unfavorable to the institution of slavery, you may be sure they are false.' This is but an illustration, in extreme, of the manner in which I find a desire to obtain more correct but *definite* information, on the subject of slavery, is usually met by gentlemen otherwise of enlarged mind and generous qualities" (I., 61).

"Mr. W. also said that he cultivated only the coarser and lower-priced sorts of tobacco, because the finer sorts required more painstaking and discretion than it was possible to make a large gang of negroes use. 'You can make a nigger work,' he said, *'but you cannot make him think'* " (I., 101).

"What would Frederick Douglass [or Booker Washington] have been had he failed to escape from that service which Bishop Meade dares to say is the service of God; had his spirit been broken by that man who, Bishop Meade would have taught him, was God's chosen overseer of his body? What has he become since he dared to commit the sacrilege of coming out of bondage? All the statesmanship and kind mastership of the South has done less, in fifty years, to elevate and dignify the African race than he in ten" (I., 148).

"Among the police reports of the [Washington] City newspapers, there was lately (April, 1855) an account of the apprehension of twenty-four 'genteel colored men' (so they were described), who had been found by a watchman assembling privately in the evening, and been lodged in the watch-house. The object of their meeting appears to have been purely benevolent, and, when they were examined before a magistrate in the morning, no evidence was offered, nor does there appear to have been any suspicion, that they had any criminal purpose. On searching their persons, there were found a Bible, a volume of *Seneca's Morals; Life in Earnest;* the printed Constitution of a Society the object of which was said to be *'to relieve the sick and bury the dead';* and a subscription paper *to purchase the freedom of Eliza Howard*, a young woman whom her owner was ready to sell at $650. . . . One of the prisoners, a slave named Joseph Jones, he ordered to be flogged; four others, called in the papers free men, and named John E. Bennett, Charles Taylor, George Lee, and Aquila Barton, were sent to the Workhouse, and the remainder, on paying costs of court, and fines, amounting in the aggregate to one hundred and eleven dollars, were permitted to range loose again" (I., 16).

"It was a large log-cabin, of two rooms, with beds in each room, and with an apartment overhead, to which access was had by a ladder. Among the inmates were two women; one of them sat at the chimney-corner, smoking a pipe and rocking a cradle; the other sat directly before the fire, and full ten feet distant. She was apparently young, but her face was as dry and impassive as a dead man's. She was doing nothing, and said but little; but, once in about a minute, would suddenly throw up her chin, and spit with perfect precision across the ten-foot range into the hottest embers of the fire. The furniture of the house was more scanty and rude than I ever saw before in any house, with women living in it, in the United States. Yet the people were not so poor but that they had a negro woman cutting and bringing wood for their fire" (I., 368).

"A planter told me that any white girl who could be hired to work for wages would certainly be a girl of easy virtue; and he would not believe that such was not the case with all our female domestics at the North. The Northern gentleman who related to me the facts repeated on the last page, told me he was convinced that real chastity among the young women of the non-slaveholding class in South Carolina was as rare as the want of it among farmers' daughters at the North. . . . I am not unaware that it is often asserted, as an advantage of slavery (in the elaborate defence of the institution by Chancellor Harper, for instance), that the ease with which the passions of men of the superior caste are gratified by the loose morality, or inability to resist, of female slaves, is a security of the chastity of the white women. I can only explain this, consistently with my impression of the actual state of things, by supposing that these writers ignore entirely, as it is a constant custom for Southern writers to do, the condition of the poorer class of the white population" (II., 145).

"A fine-looking, well-dressed, and well-behaved colored young man sat, together with a white man, on a seat in the cars. I suppose the white man was his master, but he was much the less like a gentleman of the two. The railroad company advertise to take colored people only in second-class trains; but servants seem to go with their masters everywhere. Once, to-day, seeing a lady entering the car at a way-station, with a family behind her, and that she was looking about to find a place where they could be seated together, I rose and offered her my seat, which had several vacancies around it. She accepted it without thanking me, and immediately installed in it a stout negro woman, took the adjoining seat herself, and seated the rest of her party before her. It consisted of a white girl, probably her daughter, and a bright and very pretty mulatto girl. They all talked and laughed together, and the girls munched confectionery out of the same paper, with a familiarity and closeness of intimacy that would have been noticed with astonishment, if not with manifest displeasure, in almost any chance company at the North. When the negro is definitely a slave, it would seem that the alleged natural antipathy of the white race to associate with him is lost" (I., 19).

"A friend of mine once said to a Georgian: 'I confess, whenever I am reminded that your power in our Congress, by reason of the hundred slaves you own, counts as sixty-one to my one, because I happen to live at the North and choose to invest the result of my labor in railroads instead of niggers, I have a very strong indisposition to submit to it.' 'I declare,' answered the Georgian, 'I should think you would; I never thought of it in that light before; it's wrong, and you ought not to submit to it—and, if I were you, I would not' " (II., 170).

PIANOFORTE TONE-PRODUCTION.

The Art of Touch. By Tobias Matthay. Longmans, Green & Co.

"Up to now," we are informed by the author of this elaborate treatise, who is a professor at the Royal Academy of Music in London, "owing to the prevailing ignorance of the whole subject, it has been only the few gifted ones who have arrived at beauty and variety of tone" in pianoforte playing; consequently, the art of touch has been regarded as a special "gift" of favored individuals. In Professor Matthay's opinion, it is no more a gift than is the art of articulate speech itself, and "can be acquired by every person of average intelligence." If this be true, it is the most important news communicated to the musical world in many years, even if we do not go so far as the author, who defines the art of touch as "command over the means of expression." His aim is to place the problem on an entirely new and scientific footing. The old method of pianoforte education consisted in choosing exercises and pieces and setting the pupil to perform them; the failures resulting from his helpless flounderings being "corrected" by scolding, bullying, or encouraging him to try again. The author's plan consists in analyzing the subject to be taught, analyzing also the doings of successful artists, and thence deducing the laws governing successful playing; then directly communicating such laws of procedure to the pupil, instead of leaving him to discover them for himself. He has exemplified this plan in the present volume, which is to be followed by similar ones on Practice, Performance, and Teaching.

His aim is best made clear by comparing organ playing with pianoforte playing. The reason why, among the many semi-automatic musical instruments in the market, those of the organ class are more satisfactory than those involving the use of a pianoforte, is that in an organ the power is supplied by the bellows, and the depression of the key is always a purely mechanical act—like opening a valve or tap; whereas at the pianoforte the sound is the direct outcome of the performer's own physical energy, delivered to the key during descent. The author thinks there are no fewer than forty-two distinct kinds of key attack in the case of the pianoforte, whence we get a chameleon-like variety of tone-colors. At the one extreme we have the brilliant but short tone; at the other the singing or sympathetic tone, of good carrying power. The first has its uses, but the second is what makes the best impression, and what so many pianists lack. The main object of Professor Matthay's book is to show how to acquire it. His thesis is that all differences in tone-result depend on the speed attained during the short transit of the key from its surface level to its full depression, and on the manner in which the ultimate degree of speed is attained: if the total energy is applied suddenly we have the brilliant tone; if gradually, we get the rich, singing tone. The cause of this difference is that too sudden application of energy makes a string vibrate in segments, thus sounding the higher, harsh overtones, whereas gradual attack of the string results in whole-length vibration, which gives a rich tone of good carrying quality.

It seems at first thought almost incredible that we should be able to grade the motion of a key (as demanded for a rich, sympathetic tone) during the minute interval of time expended during key descent; but, as the author remarks, many of the muscular acts of our every-day existence are found, on analysis, to be equally minutely graded. The actions of baseball, cricket, tennis, and billiard players afford analogies. Or, take this:

"If we desire to give a person seated in a swing a good 'shove-off,' it is useless to endeavor to do so by means of a sudden jerk or knock. . . . The only (and familiar) way to secure an effective result is to apply force gradually: by allowing our hand gently to come into contact with the

person—without concussion therefore—and realizing the degree of the resistance to be overcome, we increase the energy of the push given, as the speed is felt to increase by virtue of it."

The author is equally illuminative when he makes fun of the pupils who, after having learned that they must "aim" the propulsion of the key during its short descent, follow the example of novices with a gun who, after aiming carefully, close their eyes at the moment of pulling the trigger. Unfortunately these illuminating sentences are rare in Professor Matthay's book. His treatise, indeed, would be a clumsy specimen of literary composition even for a German professor. His best and most instructive remarks are apt to be in the footnotes or appendices, and of perspective he has no more idea than a Chinaman. He frankly concedes that there is much tautology and repetition in his pages, "and no doubt many other literary sins," and he excuses himself on the ground that he wanted to produce a useful rather than an ornamental work. But the utility of his book is precisely what he has destroyed by his atrocious method of composition and his illogical sequence of ideas. On reading him one cannot but recall Goethe's

"Mir wird von alle dem so dumm
Als ging' mir ein Mühlrad im Kopf herum."

Nor is this confusion much improved by the amazing number of analytical chapter introductions, preambles, summaries, recapitulations, and re-recapitulations. It is doubtful if many, even among the most serious teachers and pupils, will have the courage to wade through Matthay's 328 pages; and this is to be regretted, for even if one may not accept all his views, it must be conceded that he has written a book which stimulates thought; and, notwithstanding its forbidding style, pianists cannot be too strongly advised to study it as a guide to the art of tone-coloring. By directly acquiring a tone-palette (or touch-palette) they may thus, as the author justly claims, save years of time, which would otherwise be wasted in futile experiments and in forming bad habits.

Professor Matthay never tires of condemning the habit of key-striking, or hitting, and he devotes a special appendix to it. He has much to say about the way the tone quality is influenced by the attitude the pianist adopts with his fingers and upper arms—the clinging, or flat-finger attitude, which makes for beauty of tone, and the thrusting, or bent-finger attitude, which results in brilliancy. He doubtless goes too far in asserting that "not even in fullest *forte* is there any real occasion to make the finger tip impinge upon the key with more force than could be borne with impunity by one of those glittering balls of thinnest glass so much in evidence at Christmas." Indeed, he rides his hobby rather hard at times, as on page 27, where he makes expression practically synonymous with tone-shading. He incidentally admits that hardness of hammer and the make of the instrument have much to do with the quality of tone; but he does not seem to realize—and this is by far the greatest blemish of his book—the very important part the sustaining pedal plays in the production of a beautiful tone. We feel inclined to maintain that the feet have even more to do with the attainment of a rich tone than the fingers and arms. But, while failing to emphasize this point—which deserved a special chapter—the author makes partial amends by his tirade against those pianoforte manufacturers who, for the sake of convenience and cheapness, omit the mechanism for playing on one string only *(una corde)*, and by his violent condemnation of that "execrable contrivance," the strip of felt shoved between the hammers and the strings. He also, in a footnote (p. 19), qualifies his extreme view regarding the manner of tone production by admitting that a beautiful tone does not necessarily denote "musicality" on the performer's part (being simply one phase of the music produced—the sensuous). Another truth, too often overlooked, is that "a bias towards music does not always bring in its train those valuable muscular talents that render the acquisition of technique so much more easy of attainment." One more point, and we must take leave of this suggestive if badly written book. The remarks in the first appendix, on incapacitating nervousness at a public performance being usually only the result of inattention to the music, are alone worth the price of this volume.

The Balkans from Within. By Reginald Wyon. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1904.

It is not from very far within that Mr. Wyon views his subject. Many of its most curious and basic elements—the remarkable survival, for instance, of the ancient Aryan family-tribe—he scarcely hints at. Statistics, too, and such dry, though occasionally useful, matters are beneath his notice. But for what may be termed the rapid-fire picturesque, be it in scenery, manners and customs, or the fascinating game of politics, he has a quick eye and a facile hand. Nor is he merely the ordinary tourist. Given that wonderful modern product known as a special correspondent, let him be an Englishman, a fair linguist and a good shot, arm him with triple brass, add some previous knowledge of the country and an enviable capacity for absorbing apparently unlimited "tots of raki," and you have his nearly ideal qualifications as an observer in the Balkans. Mr. Wyon speaks, therefore, with considerable authority of persons, places, and occurrences not easily accessible to the average globe-trotter. And while he manhandles his native tongue rather more than we expect of a true-born Briton, yet his enthusiasm and descriptive force are fairly infectious. He carries the reader along for dozens of pages at a time on a single rush of narrative or incident that can no more be interrupted or left unfinished than one of his own rifle balls in mid-flight.

He opens, however, in stock-market parlance, rather dull, with a series of disquisitions on the latest developments in Turkey and the insurgent provinces. Like every one else who would speak of the Unspeakable, he falls into violent extremes, sounding a raucous blast in the advance-guard of the Turkophobes. Every crime in the Newgate calendar he sets down to the Turks, and many more. He dwells with disproportionate fury on the ragged uniforms of their army. Their very virtues are mere cloaks for vice—hospitality for treachery, loyalty for fanaticism, and so on. Per contra, the Bulgar insurgents are the incarnation of chivalry, intelligence, and heroism. Their campaign last year was a triumph, this year's will be the Turk's Waterloo. And with sundry wise waggings of a head weighted down with insurgent secrets, Mr. Wyon rushes into print to bid us watch the developments of the spring of 1904. This evident haste explains, but hardly extenuates, all manner of slips in composition, both his and his printer's. Now, most unfortunately for his pose as a prophet, recent "understandings" between the parties have rendered the spring of 1904 particularly peaceful in European Turkey; so that this portion of the book falls doubly flat.

The real meat of the volume follows—a series of brief and brilliant impressions, instantaneous pen-photographs, as it were, of life to-day in Macedonia, Southern Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Albania, obscured occasionally by "newspaper English," and with practically no relief from the present tense, yet admirable for fidelity, sympathy, vigor, and variety. To one who knows something of the country, especially, they appeal irresistibly. Many and cordial were the welcomes our author received—from smart officers of Bulgarian garrisons, who learned with immediate gusto how to sing "Auld Lang Syne" with one foot on the mess-table; from holy hermits in well-nigh inaccessible mountain monasteries; from perspiring consuls in bedraggled border towns, hag-ridden with fear of a fresh outbreak; from lean, hawk-eyed mountaineers, inseparable equally from their Martinis and their politeness (and why will he persist in speaking of their white coats and leggings as made of "serge"?); from sole survivors of unspeakable massacres, huddled in dim corners of ravaged hamlets, and telling their awful tales in sobbing whispers; from the happy inmates of the Podgorica prison, whence if one escapes the others are sent out to look for him and lead him gently back to the fold; from village revellers on saints' days, when the all-overshadowing blood-feud is forgotten and sworn enemies kiss in the streets; and even from the much-telegraphed-of Vali of Monastir himself. As a fit climax, he winds up with a short trip into Albania, the "bad man's country" of the East. True, he was chaperoned by the itinerant Italian priest of the region, and even then did not get very far, but he kept his eyes open and made the most of his time; and it is a good deal to say that you have crossed that border at all.

The bulk of the volume, which is not remarkable as a piece of bookmaking, is distended with over a hundred rather poor photographic reproductions. An appended map considerately indicates some, though not many, of the places mentioned in the text. There is no index.

Aristote et l'Université de Paris pendant le XIIIe Siècle. Par G. H. Luquet. Paris: Ernest Leroux. 1904.

In this brochure, issued lately from the École des Hautes Études under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction, Professor Luquet discusses with learning and lucidity the attitude of the University of Paris towards Aristotle in the thirteenth century, and the relations, friendly or the reverse, which existed between the Church and the supreme authority in philosophy. The Faculty of Arts was at that period preliminary and subordinate to the Faculty of

Theology; the method of instruction in each faculty was the same—a method based on authority. The sources of theology were the Scriptures and the Fathers; the sources of scientific instruction were the works of classical antiquity, with the interpretations of Latin or Jewish or Arabic commentators. The alchemists alone conducted *research*, in the modern sense, such as it was; but in the schools each science was studied, not from nature and observation, but in a book, which was supposed to sum up all that was known on the subject; the study of any particular science was identified and confounded with the study of the treatise in which it was summarized. Not only did the Faculty of Arts follow the method of the Faculty of Theology; its investigations and decisions were also limited and prescribed. The students and instructors must walk in a straight and narrow track. Certain fundamental doctrines, such as that of the Trinity and the Incarnation, they must not presume to question or discuss; others which bordered on theology they must decide "according to the Faith." The study of philosophy they must regard as a useful gymnastic to train the intellect for the defence of the Faith; it is a sword of defence and attack—a mundane ornament and jewel, which, say St. Augustine and Gregory IX., as a spoil from the Egyptians, the faithful may wisely appropriate for the enrichment and adorning of the Church and its chosen people.

In spite, however, of ecclesiastical bars and warnings, each Faculty tended in its teaching and discussions to trespass and to stray beyond prescribed limits. In 1277 the Bishop of Paris, Étienne Tempier, complains that certain members of the Faculty of Arts are maintaining heresies, on the pretext that "though false according to the Faith, they are true according to reason." By a delicious imbroglio, he condemns in the same epistle some proposition of St. Thomas, who himself castigates a zealous tyro, ensnared by the teaching of Averroes, for declaring, "By reason I necessarily arrive at one conclusion, but by faith I firmly hold the opposite." Such were the somersaults and acrobatic feats of the unfortunates condemned to ride two horses that pulled in opposite directions.

So immense was the vogue of Aristotle at this period, so completely did it dominate the minds of men, that, after a brief struggle, it imposed terms even on the Church itself. In 1210, a council held at Paris condemned his works, except the treatises on Logic, and their reading was prohibited under pain of excommunication. But this prohibition was practically removed in 1237; and from the middle of the thirteenth century the entire range of his writings not only are tolerated by the Faculty of Arts, but make part of the official programme. From this date he becomes an honored ally, and, as it were, a thirteenth Apostle. His treatises on formal logic had always lent themselves easily to the methods of theology. When applied to certain premises drawn from Scripture texts whose truth was assumed, they led to orthodox conclusions; they played admirably the rôle of *ancilla theologiæ* which the Middle Ages ascribed to philosophy in general.

The strictly philosophic works, however, received through the medium of the Arabs, presented very serious stumbling-blocks. They seemed to impugn the doctrine of a Creator and of the immortality of the soul. What was to be done with this formidable opponent? After a brief period of denunciation, a *modus vivendi* was brought about, and an alliance was secured with so great a name. This was accomplished by the labors of Albertus Magnus, and especially of Thomas Aquinas, who by their commentaries tried to purge the Peripatetic philosophy of the errors of Averroism, or at any rate to reconcile it with Christian doctrine. Such a policy, M. Luquet remarks, has often been pursued by the Church—to attack and proscribe, so long as she believes herself the stronger; to make terms, if she cannot conquer; to conciliate adroitly; to pass over differences; to create a perhaps illusory *modus vivendi*. From Galileo to Mivart, from Aristotle to the Abbé Loisy, these tactics have been consistently followed; and at this very moment Pius X. is scolding France and discovering the virtues of "that great and noble nation, Germany."

There is nothing controversial in Professor Luquet's dissertation; he simply cites from contemporary documents and draws conclusions dispassionately. The present study is the forerunner of a work in which he promises to discuss the knowledge of the works and teaching of Aristotle possessed by the Middle Ages, and incidentally to sketch the development of thought in that period, with its anticipation of modern ideas. Such a treatise would be distinguished by the merits of this preliminary chapter—ample learning, constant reference to original sources, precision, clearness, and sobriety of judgment.

New England in Letters. By Rufus Rockwell Wilson. A. Wessels Co. 1904.

The contents of this volume represent a series of actual visits to the spots associated in a more or less intimate degree with New England writers of all sorts. The pilgrimage which covered so much ground was not continuous, but apparently considerable sections were included in each separate itinerary. The emphasis of Mr. Wilson's journal is much more personal than topical. Little is made of the scenery of any given writer's region or of the character of the local situation (whether town or country) in which his childhood or his later years were passed. What results is some brief and superficial account of the more prominent writers, with briefer mention of the less prominent, but without any nice corresponding proportioning of space. In many instances there is a word of honorable mention and no more. A good deal of pains has been taken to identify, with street and number, the houses in which the different poets and other writers of the extended catalogue have lived and died. Over and above the satisfaction of such curiosity as there may be with regard to these particulars, the prosperity of the book depends very much upon the ignorance of the person reading it. One must know very little of the life and work of New England's principal men of letters who does not know a great deal more than is here meagrely set down.

A very general impression of Mr. Wilson's book is likely to be that he is resolved to "claim everything" for New England, but it should be remembered that he avails himself of every circumstance of birth, residence, and literary association to lengthen the roll of his *dramatis personæ* and to increase its interest. Poe may have been the least New Englandish of American writers, but accidentally he was born in Boston, and his early 'Tamerlane and Other Poems,' published in Boston, was avowedly "by a Bostonian." Mr. Howells was born in Ohio, but for a time he lived "as far away as Belmont," Mass., from his native town.

The personal association has been worked, perhaps, more carefully than the literary. The Isles of Shoals, for example, fail to suggest Lowell's splendid "Appledore," and Marblehead is silent except for Agnes Surriage and Skipper Ireson, though Longfellow's "Fire of Driftwood," Whittier's "Sea Dream," and Lucy Larcom's "Hannah," are all Marblehead poems. It is, perhaps, hardly worth while to correct so persistent an error as "Floyd" Ireson. The skipper's name was Benjamin, and Mr. Wilson's correction of Whittier's ballad is as far as that from the literal truth of Ireson's history. Moreover, the Fountain Inn, of which Agnes Surriage was the pretty maid, was "down town" and not, as Mr. Wilson writes, "in the upper reaches of the town." Similar errors that obtrude themselves here and there suggest a fear that Mr. Wilson took little pains to verify his local information. When we read of Salem that "there was reared 'The House of the Seven Gables,' " we might think the tale was written in Salem if we did not know that it was written in Lenox, especially as it is ignored in connection with Hawthorne's Lenox year. It is a good story that tags the frigate *Constitution's* escape from her pursuers with Dr. Bentley's famous text, "There go the ships," but we had supposed the occasion for this text was Jefferson's famous embargo.

There is considerable loose writing in the eleventh chapter, "The Berkshires and Beyond." The uninformed are permitted to believe that Cummington, the birthplace of Bryant, is in Berkshire County instead of Hampshire. More positively misleading is the statement, "The site of the house in which the poet was born is not in Cummington." What is meant is that it is not in the present village street. It is now, and always was, in the township, and at the time of Bryant's birth was in its more thickly settled part. There is not a word concerning the interesting building which was Dr. Bryant's office, and in which he discovered the manuscript of "Thanatopsis" in that form in which it was first printed in the *North American Review*. The advice to travellers from Cummington to Pittsfield to "shape their course through Plainfield and Lanesboro," is queer, to say the least, or would be if the exigencies of a literary pilgrimage had any respect for the conveniences of ordinary travel.

The index is of personal names only, and as there are about three hundred of these, the extent of Mr. Wilson's inquiries and his information is evidently so wide that even the best informed must find here many items that will refresh their memories if they do not increase their knowledge.

South Carolina as a Royal Province, 1719-1776. By W. Roy Smith, Ph.D. Macmillan. 1903. Pp. xix., 441.

Mr. Smith's attractively printed book naturally suggests comparison with the late

Edward McCrady's great history of South Carolina, the second and third volumes of which deal with the same period. As a matter of fact, however, the two works have comparatively little in common either in subject-matter or in method of presentation. While Mr. McCrady gives us a detailed political and military history, Mr. Smith devotes himself to a study of the political and administrative institutions of the colony during the period of direct royal control. In the choice of material, too, there is a noticeable difference. Mr. McCrady appears to have relied almost wholly upon printed matter, while Mr. Smith has made careful and painstaking use of the manuscript records and Assembly journals of the province. The result is a volume which not only is a welcome and valuable addition to the still scanty literature of American institutional history, but also opens up a considerable mass of historical material hitherto little used, but of first-rate importance.

After a brief introductory chapter on the events of the Proprietary period, Mr. Smith proceeds at once to a detailed examination of the land system of South Carolina, with particular reference to the land frauds to which the early system of grants gave rise, and to the long and bitter controversy over the payment of quit-rents. Then follow instructive chapters on the development of governmental activities, executive, legislative, and judicial, the duties of the colonial agent, the organization of the militia and colonial defence, and the financial history of the province, ending with a chapter on the downfall of the royal Government and the events leading directly to independence. The survey of the financial history, with its paper-money controversies and its steady resistance (on the part of the commons House of Assembly) to the claim of the Council to a share in financial legislation, is particularly full, as is the account of the critical years from 1760 to 1776. We could have wished for a fuller treatment of the colonial agent, but as a whole the apportionment of space is adequate.

We must leave unnoticed most of the numerous matters of detail on which Mr. Smith's researches shed a needed light, and confine ourselves to one or two general observations. Mr. Smith, as he tells us in his preface, has had in mind more than simply an institutional history of colonial South Carolina. To him, the whole period has added significance because of its bearing on the causes and nature of the Revolution. We are not, indeed, now told for the first time that the causes of the Revolution are to be sought far back of 1763, but few scholars have as yet applied themselves to a study of the neglected years subsequent to 1688, in which the preparation for revolt and independence was everywhere being made. It is because of this point of view that Mr. Smith's volume will have, for students of the Revolutionary age, unquestioned value. In the quarrels with the Crown over land grants, quit-rents, and official salaries and fees, and with the Governor and Council over the control of legislation and the colony purse; in the contempt for the crowd of needy place-hunters who monopolized executive offices in the colony; and in the stout insistence on the rights of Englishmen, albeit those rights were in the eighteenth century as much theoretical as actual, South Carolina learned through two generations the power of stubborn and united resistance. No more than other parts of the empire was it mindful of consistency or scrupulous about means, but it was at one with its neighbors in opposing external restriction and control. It is surprising that historians should so often have treated the American revolt as an outbreak developed *de novo* in ten or a dozen years, instead of as the culmination of a development whose beginnings are not far from the establishment of the colonies themselves.

In one or two respects Mr. Smith's book is (perhaps designedly) incomplete. There are two reactions, if so we may call them, in American colonial history to which no writer has thus far paid adequate attention. One is the influence of political and social events in England on the colonial policy of the Board of Trade and the Crown; the other is the relation between local conditions and local opinion in the colonies and the policy of the colonial assemblies. So far as England is concerned, we do not yet know very much about the effect of public opinion, as itself largely determined by changing political and economic conditions in the eighteenth century, on the growth of colonial policy; while in no colony are we yet sure as to the accuracy with which the representatives of the people reflected the real attitude of the people themselves. On neither of these points does Mr. Smith's book afford great additional light. The colony rather than England is the object of his scrutiny, and that, too, on the colonial rather than on the local side. We still want to know, on the one hand, not only what England did, but also what she thought she was doing; and, on the other, to what extent colonial officials and assemblymen recognized a colonial public opinion. Mr. Smith has set forth so admirably the institutional side of the case as it appears in South Carolina that we should be glad to anticipate a broader treatment of the same period at his hands.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

"Ask Mamma." New ed. D. Appleton & Co.
Brassey, Lord. Fifty Years of Progress and the New Fiscal Policy. 4th impression. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.40 by mail.
Crashaw, Richard. Steps to the Temple, and Other Poems. Cambridge (Eng.) University Press; New York: Macmillan.
Edmonds George. Facts and Fancies concerning the War on the South, 1861-1865. Memphis, Tenn.: A. R. Taylor & Co. 50 cents.
Ferree, Barr. Pennsylvania: A Primer. New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co. $3.00.
Grimm, George. Pluck: The Fortunes of a Little "Greenhorn" in America. Milwaukee, Wis.: Germania Pub. Co.
Herrman, Wilhelm. Faith and Morals. Translated from the German by Donald Matheson and Robert W. Stewart. (Crown Theological Library, Vol. VI.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
Illustrated Catalogue of a Loan Collection of Portraits of English Historical Personages who died prior to the year 1625. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. $2.
Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, U. S. A. 2d series. Vol. ix. L-Lyuri. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Kilburn, N. The Story of Chamber Music. London: Walter Scott Pub. Co.; New York: Scribners. $1.25 net.
Leroy-Beaulieu, Pierre. Les Etats-Unis au XXe Siècle. Paris: Armand Colin; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer. 4 fr.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1904.

The Week.

Alton B. Parker's resignation of the highest judicial position in the State is characteristically fine. He declined to yield to the wishes of those of his fellow-judges who believed that he could properly and legally retain his office until the election, and urged him to do so that the State might not lose his valuable services. Moreover, he chose to resign before August 8, thereby laying down his office for all time. Had he vacated his position after that date, he could have become a candidate to succeed himself next autumn in the event of his defeat in the fall. This is merely fresh proof that with Mr. Parker office-getting is entirely subsidiary to considerations of good taste, courage, and straightforwardness. No fair man could have criticised him had he chosen to resign a few days later. Every fair man, even if he be a chained Republican editor, ought to acknowledge the manliness of his present attitude. But this is too much to expect. Doubtless we shall be told that no other course was really open, and that his secrecy in not announcing the date of his resignation until he actually handed it in, is highly reprehensible.

We had always supposed the Paris *Temps* to be an intelligent and sedate newspaper, and, in particular, had thought of M. de Pressensé, its foreign editor, as a man of singular sobriety and poise. Yet we find him writing in the *Temps* of July 25 that "the name of Judge Parker, wholly unknown six months ago, has now made the round of the universe." It was his telegram that made the change. It showed the world that "a calm and simple gentleman," who was "neither a soldier nor a cowboy," could display surpassing courage. "Enfin, il s'est fait connaître. Et voilà sa candidature lancée." There is more of this sort of thing. It simply shows, of course, that the *Temps* has, in one mad moment become "hysterical," "ecstatic," "gushing," and "wildly exaggerated." And any rash man who suggests that we have the verdict of posterity in such contemporary foreign judgment, will get the trimming down he deserves.

To inform a man that he has been nominated Vice-President is, as things go, not an inspiring task, and Mr. Root in six hundred words found little to say about Senator Fairbanks, except that he was likely to keep his mental faculties for the next four years. That he keeps them carefully in reserve was shown in the speech of acceptance. Mr. Fairbanks had evidently been warned against the rhetorical figure called anti-climax, and his address of acceptance was beyond all cavil duller than Mr. Roosevelt's. "Uncertainty undermines confidence, and loss of confidence breeds confusion and distress in commercial affairs," was a characteristic gem. In fact, if safety is to be measured by insipidity, its apostles should have nominated Mr. Fairbanks for the Presidency to begin with. Mr. H. G. Davis, as Mr. Root did not fail to remark, was born under President Monroe, and may or may not be capable of a sustained effort. For an oratorical spurt, however, he need ask no odds from Mr. Fairbanks. We warrant him, when his notification comes, to show a younger wit, and possibly a personal idea or two wherewithal to enliven the stipulated party platitudes.

There will be little cheer for despondent New York Republicans in the announcement that the President and Chairman Cortelyou have determined to put it squarely "up to Odell" to carry this State for the ticket. Odell and what he stands for count as one of the chief reasons why the Republicans are in danger of losing New York. He has made himself nearly as hated as Hill, and on much the same grounds. Therefore, to put him in charge and make him all-powerful is merely to inflame a condition already feverish. We have heard a disgusted Republican official in this city say, "Why, it begins to look as if, in case Odell comes down here and applies his methods to the campaign, we shan't get any votes at all." Moreover, Odell is in a position not to care a straw about all the grim talk of holding him sternly "responsible" in the event of Democratic success. It would be the easiest thing in the world for him to say that the finest and most loyal organization on earth could not pull through such a load as Roosevelt; and then, having meanwhile made his position as Republican boss absolutely unassailable, he could enjoy himself dictating nominations and selling legislation.

The effort to smoke out Lodge on reciprocity did not amount to much. He showed, in his Saturday's speech before a Massachusetts Republican club, that he was prepared to cover the whole question—to stand on both sides of it at once. He quoted the Chicago platform's declaration for reciprocity that shall not injure "any" American industry. He agreed to that. Then he cited President Roosevelt's restatement of this passage with the word "any" left out. He agreed to that also. Next, he faced the demand of the Massachusetts reciprocity advocates that our business with the Provinces shall "not be confined to non-competitive products," and added: "With that, too, I am in full agreement." Of course he is, for any reciprocity agreement with Canada "must of necessity involve competitive products." There you have the whole of Lodge's reciprocity philosophy—you must and you must not. Surely, no good Republican could ask for more. If any member of the party thinks he has a grudge against Lodge, he is mightily mistaken. This whole fuss is the result of a wicked Democratic plot. The 15,000 or 20,000 Republicans who have signed the petition for Canadian reciprocity are being pulled around by the nose by the Parker leaders. Lodge urges them "not to be led by Democratic misrepresentations." Such dense ignorance among Massachusetts Republicans will certainly startle the country.

President Roosevelt has declined to commute the death sentence imposed upon a negro ravisher, and has improved the opportunity to comment both on the crime itself and on the conventional plea of insanity advanced to palliate nearly every crime of passion. Mr. Roosevelt rebuked the tendency to attribute brutal crimes, not to depravity, but to mental derangement. In the case of "a crime so revolting that the criminal is not entitled to one particle of sympathy from any human being," the President felt that the punishment should be stern, sure, and swift. He deplored the law's delays in such cases, and hoped that, in order to remove the last provocation to lynching, the courts might adopt a special swift procedure for the abominable crime in question. The President's comments should do good in the South, where the monstrous opinion has grown up that what it calls "negrophilism" in the North regards rape by negroes with an almost apologetic toleration. On the other hand, apologists for lynching will find small comfort in characterization of that practice as "of equal infamy" with the outrage it avenges.

Secretary Hay's note on contraband, addressed to the American ambassadors in Europe, has been published. Against the theory that "conditional contraband"—food, fuel, cotton, horses, etc.—may, wherever found, be seized by a belligerent, he excepts vigorously. There must, he holds, be reasonable evidence that such conditional contraband actually is intended for military uses. To maintain an absolute right of confiscation over commodities that might become

contraband would be to put all the trade of neutrals with a belligerent in the position of contraband. It would amount "to a total inhibition of the sale by neutrals to the people of belligerent States of all articles which could finally be converted to military uses." In other words, any nation with a few active cruisers and as broad a definition of contraband as, say, that of Russia, would be able to effect by a mere definition that general embargo which international law admits only where an effective blockade is proclaimed. Secretary Hay's lucid presentation of this principle is in accordance with the best traditions of our diplomacy, which has ever tended to limit the pretensions of belligerents as against neutrals. But there is still needed something like a code by which neutrals and belligerents may act in specific cases. For this reason one must hope that some of the late Russian seizures may come before the Hague Tribunal, and that later that body may pass authoritatively upon the whole question of contraband.

As anticipated, the Russians have maintained their right of search in the Red Sea, and have not admitted any irregularity in the status of their volunteer cruisers. In the case of the *Malacca* they had the good fortune to be able to prove that the captain had refused to show his manifest. In short, we have the familiar phenomenon of an apology without explanations or pledges for the future. In remarkable contrast with the tension over the *Malacca* is the quiescence of Germany in the face of the detention of mails carried by the *Prinz Heinrich*. In all ways this was a graver international offence; there was no reasonable suspicion of contraband in the mail bags, and no insubordination of the captain gave color to extreme measures. Germany herself has leaned to the theory that international mails are inviolate. When the British seized the mailboat *Bundesrath* during the South African war, the German ministry took the ground before the Reichstag that the post is an international service with which belligerents may not interfere. But it makes a difference who does the holding up, and the phlegm of the German Foreign Office in the days just past is a very significant sign of official friendliness between the two Empires.

It would be a dull year in Turkey that did not see one or two minatory descents of Christian fleets upon Smyrna. In the present case, the Sultan is probably congratulating himself that no little bill is being collected, and that accordingly no custom house is likely to be seized. The infidel, as represented by Mr. Roosevelt, is simply seeking concessions that cost nothing but the sacrifice of a little dignity. Our claims are just. Our diplomatic representative at Constantinople should have direct access to the Sultan; their unaccredited envoy at Washington should assume the full responsibility of an Ambassador; our schools, colleges, and missions in the Turkish Empire should receive the treatment of a most-favored nation. In worrying these concessions out of the Porte, the President and Secretary Hay are following established precedent. We cannot wonder that Ottoman diplomacy has worn out their patience, but we deplore the necessity of a naval demonstration simulating warfare. Everybody loves to scare the Sultan to death; nobody really wants to fight him. Some day the Osmanli coon may refuse to come down, and that will be an awkward pass for any Captain Scott who then happens to have his guns trained on Smyrna.

The Boston Steamship Company is doing yeoman's service in the ship-subsidy cause. Its president, Mr. Alfred Winsor, labored hard with the Merchant Marine Commission in the East, and Mr. Frank Waterhouse, its agent at Seattle, has taken up the work in the West. "There is no time to experiment," he said at the Seattle hearing of the Commission; "the case demands relief which will be prompt, specific, and sure." We must have subsidies in order to overcome the high cost of constructing and sailing American ships. Mr. Waterhouse does not confine himself to glittering generalities; he gives figures which speak for themselves. For instance, the daily fixed charges of the steamer *Shawmut* include $19.90 for corporation expenses and taxes, while a corresponding steamer of the Japanese transpacific line eats up only $8.79; the insurance and interest are also much heavier; and as the American ship costs a great deal more than the foreign, its depreciation charge towers high above that of its rival. It is not right that our shipowners should have to worry over such details. It is their business to sail steamers, and the Government's to pay the bills. One way to solve the problem, says Mr. Waterhouse, is for Uncle Sam to lay up all his Pacific transports—on which he has spent $20,000,000 in the last six years, exclusive of first cost—and use subsidized vessels. The Boston Steamship Company would save the Government a large amount of money in this way—if you do not count the subsidy.

It is to be hoped that the Republicans will not have many more such flag-raisings as the one in Fall River. There were actually timorous souls among the party leaders who believed it would be wiser not to unfurl the national emblem, certainly not to have a band concert and a parade. There could, of course, be no doubt about the attendance. About 25,000 persons are out of work in Fall River, and the streets seldom are as thronged as at present. But the local Republican leaders were undoubtedly afraid that the cry might go up, "Do wages follow the flag?" But to ignore the ceremony altogether would, of course, occasion equally embarrassing questions. The flag was flung out, but very quietly. Then "several local members of the party" adjourned to a hall and listened to speeches. The orators spoke of the "glorious past and glowing future" of the party. But it is not recorded that any one quoted President Roosevelt's remark that "wages were never higher."

Mr. Charles M. Schwab is obviously a thorn in the flesh to the steel manufacturers of this country. Their industry, though not exactly an infant in years, is nevertheless a weakling in strength. Everybody has had a chance to know that; for has not a high tariff always been needed to protect our steel rails, ingots, and billets against the more virile products of Europe? Even the tariff was incapable of accomplishing this single-handed, and a billion-dollar Trust was necessary to put the finishing touch upon the work. The public have scant liking for Trusts in general, and, of course, they jumped to the conclusion that, if large dividends could be paid on vastly inflated steel capitalizations, there was really not so much need for tariff duties, after all. Friends of protection have been working hard to show the people how mistaken this view is, but now along comes Mr. Schwab and plays right into the hands of the "enemies of prosperity." Landing in this country on Friday from an inspection of the Krupp works, his first words were: "My observations in the works at Essen confirmed my belief, stated many times, that the American steel manufacturer can make better and cheaper steel than any other on the face of the earth." And Mr. Schwab has been accounted by some people the ablest steel manufacturer in this country, if not in the world.

The full report of Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Commission on the iron and steel trades brings to light some important facts not disclosed in the summarized accounts. The earlier statements made much of the feature that Germany and the United States have greatly outstripped the United Kingdom since 1876 in the production and consumption of steel and iron. We were told that average consumption of pig iron in Great Britain had grown from 5,430,000 tons in 1876 to 7,880,000 tons in 1903; but this was as nothing compared with an expansion in Germany from 2,210,000 tons to 9,640,000 tons, and in the United States from 2,200,000 tons to 18,580,000 tons. The summarized statements, how-

ever, ignored one salient feature: On a per capita basis, the United Kingdom increased its consumption of pig iron from 361 tons to 412 tons, Germany from 114 tons to 367 tons, and the United States from 101 tons to 517 tons. To be sure, there is to-day a larger per capita use of steel in both this country and Germany than in Great Britain; but undoubtedly this is largely due to the much greater railroad mileage required by the two former than by compact and densely populated England.

As to "dumping," the report does not make out a good case after all. It abounds in such assertions as these: "We are not conscious of having suffered any diminution of trade in foreign and colonial markets or *at home*"; "no goods which we manufacture are sold in this country below cost"; "we gain far more from cheap foreign billets than we lose from competition in our own manufactures." It should be stated, too, that in many cases the information imparted to the Commission is of a hearsay character. The evidence, on the whole, is as valuable to the free traders as to the Chamberlainites. The situation could easily be duplicated in this country. No end of affidavits could be secured from American manufacturers regarding low prices made by foreign competitors in our market; and yet we are not living under British free trade, but under that most beneficent of human enactments—the Dingley tariff. The fright over dumping springs from an hallucination. The people seized with it are like the people who "enjoy" poor health, which is generally imaginary. According to Board of Trade estimates, the total iron and steel trade of Great Britain amounts at least to $700,000,000. The imports, however, are only $25,000,000, and many of these are indispensable to the success of the British ironmaster. Certainly, if the Commission's conclusions regarding other trades are no better founded than those on iron and steel, they will, as British critics point out, be worth little.

Mr. Chamberlain touched his lowest depth on Thursday night when he promised the Nottinghamshire farmers protection equal to that which manufacturers are to enjoy under the fiscal-reform plan. One can imagine the joy of the honest leaseholder when he was assured of 50 cents a quarter on all foreign grain (about 10 per cent.), and a prohibitive duty on foreign flour, with 5 per cent. on dairy, poultry, and garden products. Moreover, Mr. Chamberlain promised abundant and profitable employment, and he enunciated the novel doctrine that the general depression preceding the repeal of the Corn Law was due, not to the price of food, but to lack of well-paid work. The speech was apparently an open appeal to the self-interest of his hearers. Fortunately, there are Asquiths to explain how rubbishy the promise of agrarian protection is, and also the ascription of hard times to lack of employment. Ten per cent. on grains may look very grand, but England, in the nature of the case, can grow only an inconsiderable quantity of grain, and of that very little wheat. Grain taxes, particularly if they are remitted in behalf of the Colonies, are a mere pretence. As for lack of employment causing hard times, it is probably a jest in Notts as elsewhere that shortness of breath is a universal cause of death.

In the mouth of a less potent individual than Mr. Chamberlain, this nonsense would be negligible. He, we believe, cannot long continue to promise the farmer dear food without falling foul of the factory workman. Foul of Mr. Balfour, who has steadfastly opposed food taxes, he is already. Three weeks ago he predicted that the "whole-hogger would beat the half-hearter." Later, he gave ironical thanks for Mr. Balfour's sympathy, saying that he would on the whole prefer his support. Mr. Balfour believes that fiscal reform should be discussed at length; Mr. Chamberlain believes in an immediate appeal to the constituencies. When these two pots meet in the parliamentary rapids, the Brummagem pot will have no need to dread the collision. Such unquestionably is Mr. Chamberlain's thought when he shifts the fighting from iron schedules and Imperial unity to the food tax.

With the opening of the Subway Tavern, under Bishop Potter's auspices and with the singing of the doxology, begins a very interesting social experiment. The promoters assume that the chief evils of liquor selling to-day are the inordinate profits that can be made by selling vile stuff and encouraging the habit of drinking at a bar. Accordingly, this model saloon is planned to pay its stockholders 5 per cent., any surplus going towards similar taverns. The site chosen, Bleecker and Mulberry Streets, is admirable for experimental purposes. If a model saloon can remain exemplary in that region, the case for the model saloon is proved. Probably no scheme of this sort has reposed such confidence in the people; there is no discrimination in favor of fermented against distilled beverages; there is no attempt, unlike Earl Grey's "Trust" public houses, to make the managers' profit depend on the sale of food; in short, there is no paternalism of any sort in the plan. The public-spirited gentlemen who have financed the scheme fly simply the flag "Good whiskey and good order." Superior worldly wisdom appears only in the installation of a soda-water fountain for women—a feature as likely to shed a certain domestic aura about the Tavern as it is to repel confirmed topers.

The beauty and beneficence of a Chinese wall tariff seem to suffer a sad sea change when it appears in Rio Janeiro. The Brazilian Chamber of Deputies has passed on its first reading a bill which raises the Brazilian customs tariff to a prohibitive height. This would seem to imply, according to the Republicans, that the canny Brazilians knew a good thing when they saw it. One would suppose that we ought to rejoice at this evidence of advancing civilization in the tropics. But just the opposite view is apparently taken by our high-tariff Administration. Our representative in Rio Janeiro, along with the representatives of Germany, France, and other Powers, "simultaneously approached the Government, asking it to use its influence" for the maintenance of the present Brazilian tariff. The force of hypocrisy could no further go. A high tariff is the sheet anchor of prosperity north of the equator, but a sad mistake, even an international menace, to the southward. One can picture the repressed exultation with which the Brazilian Government might suggest to the representatives of the Powers, that the one among them without sin may properly cast the first stone at the wicked Brazilian Congress.

That must have been a thrilling moment for Younghusband and Macdonald when their brigade halted under the walls of Lhasa. At a blow they had knocked over century-old traditions of inviolability; their quick-firers were ready to reduce by one the not overgreat supply of holy cities in the world. Meanwhile, their mission lags. The Dalai Lama has fled, and only the Chinese Viceroy remains to treat with the conquerors. One would like to believe with Lord Curzon that the expedition is bringing to the Tibetans anything better than they have had. But we are forced to recall the fact that only a diplomatic point of honor is at issue; that the harmless fanatics of the mountain tops have been mowed down because negotiations of nearly twenty years' standing were not moving quickly enough to suit Lord Curzon. That was a point of honor; now let us watch the test of honor on the British side. Mr. Balfour has declared that the expedition seeks nothing but a satisfactory treaty with the Lama. That attained, nobody may demand a resident at Lhasa, cite the tea trade and the treachery of the Russians, prate of introducing the blessings of civilization among this "miserable, priest-ridden people" (Lord Curzon's words), without convicting himself of using the old cant to cover a new usurpation. We shall see.

A DISSOLVENT CANDIDACY.

It is already evident that Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy is to be like Mr. Bryan's in 1896 in at least one respect—that of breaking up the previous alignment of parties. A series Republican defection exists. It is not nearly so great as the falling away of the Gold Democrats from Bryan; it is not organized, and will not be; but it is both undeniable and extensive. Many Republicans openly declare that they will not vote for Roosevelt; more say so privately; still more express their dislike of the President's methods and policies, and admit that they are uncertain what to do in November. No candid friend of the President's can go about the country without discovering Republicans of all these classes. The *Evening Post's* special correspondent at the Chicago Convention, after mingling with delegates from all parts of the land, reported it as a well ascertained fact that "many Republicans" would refuse to support Mr. Roosevelt.

That many Democrats, on the contrary, would vote for him was a conclusion embodied in the same dispatch. Events have since borne it out. The dissolvent candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt has already won Democrats as well as repelled Republicans. A few Gold Democrats of high standing, like Mr. Oscar Straus and ex-District Attorney Philbin, have declared for him. Their preference is frankly put on personal grounds. But their numbers are certainly not great, and invite, of course, comparison with the thousands of their way of thinking who came out for McKinley in 1896. Looking at their class alone, Roosevelt would appear wofully weaker than McKinley. But the expectation, and the evidence, is that a great many Democrats at the other end of the line will go over to Roosevelt. Several ferocious Bryanites have noisily proclaimed their allegiance to him. Others are saying more quietly that "Roosevelt is good enough" for them. So are a horde of Populists and Socialists, people with crotchets and nostrums and short-cuts to the millennium. For every high-toned Democrat that Roosevelt wins, he will get a dozen of the agitator kind with wild notions in their heads.

Now, why is this? Why do so many rolling-eyed Democrats feel themselves gravitating to Roosevelt. It is not that they are angry and spiteful on account of the waning of Bryanism within their own party. They are moved by no special hatred or special distrust of Judge Parker. No; the fascination of Roosevelt for them is to be explained on the ground that they perceive a real affinity between him and them. He is one of their kind, they think. It is not a question with them of free-and-easy manners or of likes and distastes, but of the fundamental attitude towards political problems. They see the President rash and heady like themselves. In his impatience of study or deliberation; in his impetuous desire to apply a political remedy instanter, without waiting to see if it be not worse than the disease; in the hospitality of his mind to radical suggestions; in his way of looking at law, too, as something to be got over or knocked down if it stands in his path, they feel themselves strangely in sympathy with him. If they could have their wish, they would employ his rapid-fire method in all branches of public administration, letting nothing alone, making footballs of ancient landmarks, and reading their duty in their own transient whim or wish, not in statute or Constitution.

The upshot of the whole is, clearly, to make that dividing asunder of parties for which Mr. Roosevelt stands appear painfully like a separation between steady intelligence and impulsive ignorance. The candidate drives away thoughtful Republicans; he makes the vacancy good by welcoming the half-baked upheavers who, whether they call themselves Democrats, Populists, or Socialists, perceive in Mr. Roosevelt something which attunes him to them. Like another Lord Randolph Churchill, he has flung himself upon the raw passions of the country, instead of appealing to its reasoned convictions, and he has his reward. He has created a sort of Tory Democracy, fed on promises of a social heaven on earth. By a sure instinct, the visionaries and destroyers are drawn to the man who has shown himself willing to let the educated classes go, if only he could entrench himself in the affection of the unthinking multitude.

This kinship between Rooseveltian ideas and the residuum of Bryanism, as developed in the readjustment of parties going on under our eyes, is a political phenomenon of the deepest significance. It goes far to explain the profound distrust of the President which he has inspired in so many who were once his ardent admirers. They are ready to say of him, as David Hume said of Sir Robert Walpole: "As a man I love him; as a scholar I hate him; and as a Briton I calmly wish his fall." That is to say, Mr. Roosevelt's personal charm cannot conceal from a penetrating eye the fact that he has proved recreant to his antecedents and training, and has so made himself the protagonist of all who are for hazardous experiment, lawless method, swollen outlay, and a dulled sense of honor in public affairs, that his political rejection would be for the good of the country.

AFTER "THE MANDATE."

One of Hearst's campaign managers, A. S. Dulin of Washington, declares that many of the army of discontent and disturbance which was rallied under the Hearst banner are going to support Roosevelt. He is nearer their ideal than is Judge Parker. Mr. Dulin explains that they expect the President, once safely elected, to be more to their mind than ever. "Many of these Democrats believe that, with a popular vote as his endorsement, he would feel that he had a freer hand to punish all Trust transgressors." This intimation that an accession of strength is coming to the Republicans from a source which they were a little while ago describing as a grave peril to the country is printed with every appearance of satisfaction in a leading organ of their party.

Now, of course, no candidate for the Presidency is bound to refuse the support or votes of men whom he dislikes or even thinks dangerous. Roosevelt has to accept the aid of Quigg and Payn and such Republican cattle; Parker cannot decline the support of Devery or McCarren. Men put up to be voted for have to take the votes that are offered. In so far, therefore, Mr. Roosevelt is under no obligation to disclaim with indignation being made the residuary legatee of the Hearst movement. If the enemies of property and of society who were carried along with it propose to vote for him, there is no way of stopping them. They cannot be enjoined from casting their ballots for him. At the same time, the fact that they prefer him, that they believe their unsettling policies more likely to be furthered by him than by Judge Parker, is a fact which may fairly, and should be carefully, taken into consideration by those who wish to vote, not to gratify their personal or party prejudices, but to consult the best good of the country for the longest time.

The effect of the coming election upon the wild-eyed, agitating classes in this nation—the men who dream of the vast exaltation of labor at the expense of capital, who are, at heart, levellers and destroyers, who would recast all laws bearing upon property, and would pull down the social edifice in a night so as to make it over according to their visionary plans—the effect upon them of the choice of the next President is one which every thoughtful citizen should take seriously into his reckoning. One thing is evident: if Judge Parker is defeated, the tendency will be to throw the control of the Democratic party into the hands of the revolutionaries of the baser sort. They will say: "Oh, you tried being respectable and conservative, but failed. Now give us our turn." Hence we should be apt to get Hearst or worse four years from now. That is a contingency before which patriotic Americans may well stand aghast; and the argument that such a calamity might be forever averted by the election of Judge Parker, with its inevitable result of steadying and solidifying the Democratic party in sound political methods,

is certainly one which must weigh heavily with the reflective.

But, it will be said, to suppose that President Roosevelt is a Hearstite is absurd. Doubtless. Nevertheless, it may be true that he has done much to feed the hopes of those who are looking for sweeping changes in the laws affecting property and individual rights. Mr. Roosevelt has, in fact, shown once more how true it is that concession to an unsound agitation is the poorest of all ways of meeting it. Instead of causing it to abate, you only inflame it. Take the present arrogant and perilous attitude of organized labor: who can doubt that the President's obsequiousness to the unions, with his unconcealed catering to the labor vote, has been one efficient cause of the epidemic of senseless strikes this year? His loose talk about the need of new laws in control of private property has also helped on those whose recipe for social happiness is confiscation. We are not arguing for a policy of repression, or for maintaining an absolutely unyielding attitude in the presence of complaints and of political unrest. But the way to meet agitation is not by rash personal intervention, but by the application of the old resources of liberty and law, by patient discussion, by the slow working out of appropriate remedies, and not by off-hand panaceas. A man of Judge Parker's temperament would strive to allay discontent by the deliberate use of the healing measures in the treasure-house of the law; and would not be so disposed as Mr. Roosevelt to create ten new demands where he yielded to one.

We are frank to say that we do not think, with the sanguine Hearstites, that the President, after getting a mandate from the people, would at once start out on a mad career of "Trust-busting." His real temptation would come in another way. If elected, he is going to be plunged into severe financial troubles. Income will be far behind expenditure. To retrench would be intolerable to Mr. Roosevelt. He has a thousand lavish schemes to put through—rural free delivery, higher pensions, more irrigation, a $500,000,000 canal, a bigger navy. New taxes will have to be laid, and what kind the President would favor is little in doubt. Taxes that the people would directly feel he would never think of; and to foot the bills for all his paternalistic plans he would turn to socialistic taxation. Along that line—that is, in the form of confiscatory legislation—corporations have much more to fear from him than in the way of spectacular (but exceedingly prudent) "busting" of Trusts. And that would please the followers of Hearst just as well.

WAGES AND THE COST OF LIVING.

The July Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor makes possible an estimate of the changes which the last decade has witnessed in the ability of the average family budget to keep pace with what has generally been an upward movement in the expenses of living. It may be said at the outset that the effort to make political capital out of this report of the Bureau of Labor will prove wholly nugatory. Nowhere in the statistics cited is there even the shadow of an attempt to indicate the causes of variations in either incomes or prices. The figures do not cover the present calendar year, and the estimates of wages are not of aggregate wages, but only of the comparative rate of wages for given time-periods, like the hour or week, without prejudice to the inquiry whether the total hours or weeks of employment are greater at one time than another. It is fortunate, from the scientific point of view, that the tables are mere bloodless statistics. They are thus protected from current partisan misrepresentation, and allow as dispassionate study and analysis as the *Nautical Almanac*—though it is to be hoped of somewhat more general interest.

What we have in the Bulletin is practically a summary and forecast of the eighteenth and nineteenth annual reports of Commissioner Wright's Bureau. What it gives us, therefore, is an abridged account of three investigations which have been in progress since the winter of 1900-1901. They were made by special agents, and had for their object to ascertain, first, the cost of living in 1901, or, more accurately, the analysis of the average family budget of expenditure for that year; second, the statistics of retail prices from 1890 to 1901, though it was found possible to include also 1902 and 1903; and, third, wages and hours of labor for the same period.

The first inquiry was of a character similar to the study of family budgets first begun by Engel. Some 2,467 families, distributed throughout the country, and receiving incomes never in excess of $1,200, were approached by special agents and induced to give information of the percentage of their total expenditure which went for specified objects in 1901. The families averaged 5.31 persons each, and, of the total average family expenditure of $768.54, the distribution upon particular objects was as follows:

Food	42.54 per cent.
Rent	12.95 per cent.
Clothing	14.04 per cent.
Fuel and light	5.25 per cent.
Furniture and utensils	3.42 per cent.
Miscellaneous	21.80 per cent.
Total	100.00 per cent.

The second inquiry was an investigation of the course of retail prices of food for the period 1891-1903. The prices tabulated and averaged were those of thirty different articles of food sold to consumers in the same places where the study of family budgets had been made. This is the first extended investigation into retail prices over a considerable period that has been made in this country. The result as to retail prices of food in the period 1891-1903 shows that in general they were least in 1896 and highest in 1902, the level of last year being 15.5 per cent. above that of 1896.

From the ascertained variations in the prices of food and an inspection of the relative wholesale prices of other items of family expenditure, the conclusion is drawn that the "increase in the cost of living, as a whole, in 1903, when compared with the year of lowest prices (1896), was less than 15.5 per cent." The expert statistician is apt to remark here that "the inductive hazard" involved is taken very lightly. There seems no reason in the nature of things why the cost of housing could not be ascertained in the same places where the cost of food was discovered. And when we remember that 57.46 per cent. of the family expenditure is not itemized in the same method as the cost of food, and that clothing (14.04 per cent. of the total outlay), and fuel and lighting (5.25 per cent. of the total outlay) are presumed to conform to the rise in foodstuffs, we are bound to wish that before the appearance of the final report there may be a more careful inquiry into this rather inconclusive procedure.

The last inquiry, into wages, is the necessary supplement to the investigation into prices. The method pursued was to obtain access to the payrolls in 3,429 typical establishments in manufacturing and mechanical industry. From the examination of these records the attempt is made to ascertain for the period 1891-1903 the number of hands employed, the hours of employment per week, and the wages per hour. The most serious criticism, from a statistical standpoint, to be passed upon the report connects itself with the method made use of to calculate the percentage of employment of hands at different years during the decade. In the calculation of the prices of foodstuffs, it was eminently proper to take as a norm or base of comparison the ten-year average price of each commodity, in order to eliminate the various accidents that in any given year reflect themselves in the price of a single commodity. But in comparing the numbers of employees for each year of a period, it is wholly illusory to take as a base of comparison the average number employed for the period. The reason is that while there is a certain normal price for each commodity which will, barring accident, be the same one year with another, the number employed per annum, barring oscillations of prosperity and adversity, is *growing with the annual growth of the population.* To illustrate: if in 1850 there were 10,000,000 people in gainful occupations, and to-day there are 20,000,000, it would be manifestly absurd to take the average—let us say 15,000,000—as a base wherewith to designate the relatively greater

or smaller percentages employed at the two extremes. The employment of this method would inevitably show that employment in 1850 was 66 2-3 per cent. and in 1900 was 133 1-3 per cent. of "the base." The base of comparison in this case is a ghostly penumbra of "an hypostatized abstraction," which is bound to disclose increased employment for the latter years of the series.

So far as the deduction concerning the hours of labor per week are concerned, the showing of the investigation is wholly unimportant. At most a decrease of 4 per cent. appears. To interpret even such a decrease as evidence of improved conditions of employment is dangerous. For, notoriously, short orders and slack employment often reduce the working day. When, finally, the relative purchasing power of weekly earnings per employee is tabulated, the variations in the statistical average wage for the last decade are remarkably small. Thus, the purchasing power of the weekly earnings of the average employee appears to have varied from 96.9 in 1893 to 103.0 in 1900, the figures for 1903 being 101.8. Taking a comprehensive view of the entire phenomena of the period, it is clear that wage incomes on the average have not very greatly varied. If they have not shown a continuous growth upward, neither have they shown any indication of a normal tendency to decline. Another fact which the report proves is the inability of statistics of average wages to indicate even faintly the sufferings induced by hard times among large sections of the laboring class. Pascal's remark that the ordinary man judges of most things rightly because he is in "the natural state of ignorance," seems applicable to the common-sense verdict passed by the man on the street upon the nature of industrial depressions.

WORLD'S FAIRS AND TARIFFS.

The managers of the World's Fair at St. Louis continue to complain that it is not sufficiently advertised. The press of the country has not, in their opinion, devoted enough of its space gratuitously to the ventilating of the wonders of the Exposition, which ought to appeal to the editors as news.

On that point the management of the Fair must concede to the management of the press the right to a difference of judgment. Newspapers, like shows, have to be conducted on a practical business basis in order to succeed; and editors are in the best position to discover what interests their readers. They long ago ascertained that the public at large had ceased to crave information of the conventional sort about world's fairs. It now requires something out of the common order to stir the pulses when that subject is concerned. The Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia followed so long an interval of quiescence, and had so many sentimental considerations in its favor, that people gladly flocked from all parts of the United States to attend it. The gap of a half-generation between that and the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, the admirable location of the latter, and its combination of magnitude with compactness and artistic unity, attracted great crowds. But the St. Louis Fair, magnificent as all accounts agree in representing it, trod too close upon the heels of its immediate predecessor to hope for a general revival of public interest in its behalf; and the funds appropriated for its publicity department were spent for the most part on the preliminaries —in the glorification of projects rather than the exploitation of achievements— so that when an artificial stimulus to the flagging curiosity of the world seems necessary, the managers are short both of advertising and of money wherewith to procure it.

There is one way in which the Exposition Company can set people talking again about the Fair and get all the advertisement desired. Let it come to the front with a frank statement of the troubles of world's-fair management as it has found them out by experience. Let it confess that at the bottom of everything lies a protective system which insists upon plucking both fruit and flowers from the same tree at the same time: the fruit of profit by an excessive margin of tariff taxation, and the flowers of display in a barmecide feast called a universal industrial exhibition. On its industrial side, where is there anything at the St. Louis Fair from which either Americans or foreigners can derive practical business advantage? American producers have nothing to gain from the study of products which are not permitted to compete with theirs in their own market, and therefore are not to be feared; and foreigners certainly have nothing to incite them to a show of skill in comparison with people who will not give them a chance for rivalry on an equal footing. It is an open secret that the rest of the world did not, as a rule, take at all kindly to the idea of another world's fair in the United States when it was first broached to them a couple of years ago, and that the so-called diplomacy which finally won them over was but thinly disguised begging. In some instances, it is said, it became necessary to hold out an implied promise that the present Fair should be the last of its kind in whose behalf the charity of the outside world would be solicited in this manner. It was a humiliating concession, yet the only response that could be made to the question raised abroad on every side: "Of what use will such an outlay be to us? As long as our American rivals in trade control the conditions on which our goods may enter your markets, what reason have we for showing our handiwork to your people? As for showing them to others, there are better opportunities nearer home."

In keeping with the spirit which excited these complaints is the treatment accorded the exhibitors who have charge of foreign departments. The idea that even museum specimens and curios must wear a customs label, though never intended for sale, impossible to appraise had they been so intended, and perfectly easy to identify if, through theft or carelessness, they escaped from the hands of their custodians, is absurd on its face. It is rendered still more obnoxious to the æsthetic sense by the rule which requires the plastering of ancient shields and Oriental silver work, lent by royal collectors, with little disks of paper as emblems of the vigilance of our customs officers. Even the wrappings in which these unique objects came into the country must be preserved so as to cover them when the time comes for sending them home again; and a four-dollar-a-day employee of the Treasury Department will stand guard to protect the Government of the United States against the assumed willingness of some eminent man of science to float through the junk-shops a relic or two of priceless value which he is in honor bound to return to the collection from which it was borrowed as a favor to the American people!

It is such things as these that do more damage to a world's fair than could be undone by any amount of advertising. The managers of the St. Louis Exposition are not to blame, individually, for the shortcomings of our tariff system, with its universal premise of the dishonesty of all mankind outside of our own country, as well as of any of our compatriots who, in Stanley Matthews's classic phraseology, "have to do with abroad." Every world's fair held while such a system remains must suffer from its effects. The conductors of the one now open could jog the memory of the public as to its existence in no more effective way than by speaking their honest minds on this phase of the subject.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

Despite the calmness with which the German Government and people have received the news of the taking of the mails from the *Prinz Heinrich*, the capture of the *Arabia*, and the sinking of the *Thea* by the Russian cruisers, there is a noticeable change in the general tone of press and public towards their Eastern neighbors. From the first, the sympathy of the army has been with the Russians. "They are our only friends," is the way the officers have put it. With certain commercial classes the war has been popular, notwithstanding the falling off in trade with the East and the Baltic ports, because of the enormous sums which the Czar's ministers have spent and are spending in Germany. The

Krupp shipbuilding yards in Kiel, the Schichau works in Elbing and Dantzic, the great Loewe Arms Factory, the Vulkan Ship Works in Stettin, and several torpedo factories have received enormous orders for ships and weapons, while the cable brings news of fresh efforts to acquire German vessels for immediate naval purposes.

More weighty than all these influences has been the attitude of the Government. As if there were a survival of the old Kaiserbund, the Emperor and his Chancellor have left no stone unturned to show their friendship for the embattled Czar. The Kaiser's telegram to his Russian regiment, on its departure for the front, and the comparative ease with which the Russian commercial treaty was renewed, bespeak the friendliness of the two governments quite as much as does the polite way in which the German Ministry has proceeded in regard to the questionable actions of the Russian warships. Indeed, so far has this amicability been carried as of itself to cause a popular reaction, and to create a widespread belief that there is some secret agreement between the Emperors, if not between the nations, although this has been denied on good authority.

Perhaps the most important factor in bringing about a change in sentiment has been the recent trial at Königsberg of a number of German subjects on the charge of high treason in sending incendiary and nihilistic documents across the frontier. It was alleged that this was a crime as prescribed in the treaties and laws of Germany. But it speedily appeared that, as Russia had never agreed to undertake the same procedure in the case of German citizens, there was no obligation whatever on Germany's part to do police work for Russia within the dominions of the Kaiser. The case at once recalled the readiness with which the Chancellor last winter expelled from Berlin Russian students of both sexes who had participated in mass meetings criticising their own Government. The suspicion then aroused that Von Bülow, to attain his own ends, was quite ready to do any dirty work required by the Russian bureaucracy, was confirmed by the treason prosecutions. The best that the Government's friends could say was that its prosecuting officials in Königsberg had been a little blind in their zeal. As it turned out, the trial resulted in the acquittal of all the prisoners on the charge of high treason, and the conviction of three of the nine for conspiring in secret, for which offence they were lightly punished. This fiasco has naturally reflected credit on neither Government.

As if this were not enough, the revelations of Russian methods brought out in the course of a trial of two weeks—whose proceedings appeared verbatim in the leading German dailies—have been truly sensational. It appeared that the state's prosecutor called in the Russian consul to help him translate the offending documents, and that that honorable official had inserted in his German copy of one pamphlet sentences demanding the murder of the Czar. This was, of course, deliberate cheating and forgery. But, not content with that achievement, this worthy, in translating a portion of the law of Russia upon which the prosecution was based, carefully omitted the all-important phrase that such a procedure must depend upon mutual agreement between Russia and the other nation involved. Naturally there was a storm of indignation that the German officials should thus have become parties to or victims of Russian deceit and subterfuge.

As is so often the case when tyranny seeks to suppress the truth, even with the aid of the law, its procedure has become a veritable boomerang. The prisoners, defended by the most skilful counsel, were able to introduce a flood of evidence relating to the horrors of Russia's internal rule. The long list of assassinations of Russian officials was brought out in full, together with the terrible cruelties which gave birth to the party of terrorism. Among other revelations, it was sworn that the attempt to assassinate Prince Obolenski by Katshur was due to his having had the men of an entire village flogged and having turned their women over to the brutalities of a band of Cossacks. And this Prince is the new governor-general of Finland, appointed by the Czar to bring about the absolute submission of its people! Needless to say, the atrocities at Kishenev were gone over again in great detail, particularly with relation to the complicity of the officials, in order to prove the truth of the revolutionary documents at issue.

It was brought out, moreover, that each assassination, save that of the Czar Alexander II., was due to some definite act of cruelty or tyranny on the part of the victim. Thus, the death of Minister Bogelpow was the result of his having ordered hundreds of students at Kiev to be forced into the army because of their public demonstrations. When Tsipiägin then ordered the military to shoot the students if they made any further trouble, a Kiev student promptly ended this official's career. Similarly, when Governor von Wahl of Wilna had innocent onlookers at a demonstration given thirty blows from the knout, on their bare bodies, he was instantly shot at.

All of these and a host of other gloomy pictures of Russian conditions have now been sent out through the world because of the stupid insistence of the Russian authorities that Germany proceed against the Königsberg offenders. Doubtless the Nihilists are giving thanks today that such publicity beyond price has come to them, and are rejoicing that this misstep of their enemies has gone a long way towards depriving Russia of the friendship of the German people.

THE 600TH ANNIVERSARY OF PETRARCH'S BIRTH.

FLORENCE, July 24, 1904.

Arezzo is one of the most pleasantly situated Tuscan hill towns. Perhaps no other place of its size in Italy can boast of so many illustrious sons, all the way from the prince of literary patrons, Mæcenas, to the genial artist and architect and man of letters, Vasari. But Arezzo's chief glory is that here was born, during the temporary exile of his father, Francesco Petrarcha, justly styled the first modern scholar. He was born July 20, 1304, and this day has been celebrated in a fittingly impressive manner by not a few eminent scholars and men of letters from all parts of Italy as well as from abroad. That the Aretines fully appreciated the importance of the occasion itself as well as the tribute paid by the presence of so many distinguished outsiders, was evidenced by the gala appearance of the whole town. From all the windows hung gay drapes of silk brocades and damask stuffs richly embroidered. The street from the railway station to the heart of the town was lined with painted banners and large medallions of Arezzo's fourteen greatest heroes. Every night for a week appropriate illuminations have taken place.

The festivities began on the morning of the 20th with the arrival of the Count of Turin, who came to represent the King. He, with his staff, as well as Orlando, the Minister of Instruction, the orator of the day, drove to the Municipio, in the antique rooms of which a reception was held under the auspices of the Petrarch committee and the chief dignitaries of the town. After the guests had partaken of iced refreshments that served to abate in part the great heat of the day, we all went across the beautiful piazza to the palace of the prefect adjoining the Via dell' Orto, in which is situated Petrarch's birthplace. From the balcony of this palace Commendatore Gamurrini pronounced a brief address at the unveiling of a commemorative tablet.

We then adjourned to the Politeama Theatre, where Minister Orlando delivered an animated address upon Petrarch. The specially invited guests, delegates from abroad, and the Aretine officials were comfortably seated on the stage, grouped about the Count of Turin. The pit and boxes were packed with an attentive throng of enthusiastic spectators. For more than a month the papers have given abstracts from various lectures and addresses made in various parts of Italy in commemoration of the Petrarch anniversary. More recently still there have been reported the festivities celebrated at Avignon and Vaucluse. But none of the various speeches have approached the oration of Minister Orlando, in point either of eloquence or of substance. The elegance of his diction was very marked, even in the land of oftentimes over-elaborate periods. A more adequate, more forceful, clearer, or more stirring address on his subject could not be imagined. And it is a subject that richly merits scholarly and thoroughly sympathetic treatment. As the minister justly remarked, Dante (who, to

so many Italians as well as to nearly all foreigners, represents the *summum bonum* of Italian literary art) was, after all, not so universal a poet as at first sight he may appear. He was intensely patriotic, but often in that peculiarly local (I will not say provincial) sense best expressed by the singularly apposite word *campanelismo*. His fancy ever and ever reverted to his "bel San Giovanni"; and while no one has ever reviled Florence as did Dante, no one ever loved it so well by half, ungratefully exiled from it though he was. Petrarch, on the other hand, loved *Italy* as Dante loved Florence. To Dante, Italy was an abstraction; to Petrarch, Italy was a far more clearly realized possibility.

In the evening a dinner was given in honor of Minister Orlando. At this there sat down some seventy persons, most of whom, in common with all who could gain admission to the opera-house, attended a gala performance of "Tosca."

The morning of the 21st was devoted to the inauguration of a Petrarch Congress, presided over by Minister Orlando, who announced a new edition of the great humanist's works, to be undertaken under Government auspices with the best editorial talent obtainable. Then followed the introduction of delegates, who, amid lively applause, tendered their university's or their city's cordial greeting. It was a matter of great satisfaction to see that the American representatives outnumbered those of the other and nearer countries. Foremost among them was Prof. Minton Warren, who brought the good-will and hearty greeting of Harvard. Professors McKenzie of Yale and Joselyn of Boston spoke a few moments each in extemporary Italian, which was warmly applauded by the appreciative audience. The Countess Evelyn Cesaresco Martinengo (whose masterly life of Cavour and other works have rendered her as well known in her adopted country as she is in England) being mentioned by name, the entire audience rose and burst into frenetic demonstrations.

In view of the recent cementing of a logical and genuine friendship between France and Italy, it was pleasant to observe the numerous French delegates' enthusiastic reception. Baron Guillebert, secretary of the Academy of Aix (who, at the close of Minister Orlando's address on the 20th, offered a beautiful wreath of flowers culled from Laura's garden near Avignon), the mayor of Avignon, and others, were cordially received, but none more so than the famous Petrarch specialist, M. Pierre de Nolhac. In the evening the Patronesses of the Committee held a delightful reception, somewhat after the informal manner of a garden party. The unwearied kindness and hospitality shown in every way by the Aretines will be long remembered by their grateful guests.

The 22d, Friday, was devoted to the reading of papers before the Congress by French, English, and Italian scholars. In the afternoon Monsignore Salvadori, a Petrarch scholar in Rome of Aretine birth, delivered an inspiring address upon the poet, both learned and eloquent. Following close upon the heels of this came a very delightful pageant intended to portray Petrarch's return to Arezzo in 1350. The costumes were brilliant, that of the Podestà being especially gorgeous. The Petrarch very successfully counterfeited the accepted portrait. A joust then took place. An account by the romanticist, T. Grossi, was followed, in the presentation, by the breaking of lances on horseback against a *quintin*, the likeness of a Saracen's bust mounted on a pedestal and serving as target.

On Saturday the 23d a party of ninety persons were taken by special train into the Casentino, that wonderful region so full of present beauty and of Dantesque associations. At Poppi we were driven in carriages to visit the castle dwelt in of old by the "fair Gualdrada"; and there the mayor most courteously offered us refreshments. Thence, after a brief inspection of the library, we were driven by way of the battlefield of Campaldino to Romena, another of Dante's temporary resting-places during his exile. This impressive hill, flanked by a beautiful abbey church as well as by the Fonte Branda and crowned by its ruined castle, is owned by the Florentine Count Goretti-Flamini, who had ready for us a sumptuous lunch on the green turf of the court. A threatened shower which did no more than threaten kept the air cool, and the clouds racing past gave most wonderful effects all the way from the peak of Falterona and Porciano's towers that once held Dante, to Poppi, Bibbiena, the mountain of La Verna, and the Pratomagno range, beyond which lies Vallombrosa. Our return to Arezzo, in the late afternoon, brought to a close one of the pleasantest anniversary celebrations of recent years.

THOMAS D. BERGEN.

MORILLOT'S LA BRUYÈRE.

CHANTILLY, July 27, 1904.

There has not been much change in the park which surrounds the castle of Chantilly. The castle itself was demolished in part during the Revolution and rebuilt on a new plan by the Duke d' Aumale; but there are still the great parterres, as they were designed by Lenôtre; the great alleys; the great canal, where flows the water of the River Nonette, the work of the Great Condé, the hero, as he was called in his time. How often, during his long retreat at Chantilly, he must have taken a walk in these immense gardens, to the pleasant murmur of "Ces eaux qui ne se taisent ni jour ni nuit," as Bossuet said in his celebrated funeral oration on Condé. Here, also, he saw familiarly La Bruyère, who was so long attached to his house.

I brought with me to Chantilly a Life of La Bruyère, written lately by M. Paul Morillot, a volume which takes its place in that excellent series, "Les Grands Écrivains Français," published by Hachette. As usual, this study of a great French writer is subdivided systematically. The author deals successively with "l'Homme," "l'Écrivain," "le Peintre," "le Philosophe." I must confess that I do not much approve of this method. I find it difficult, for instance, to separate the man from the writer, and the writer from the philosopher. I prefer the old-fashioned biographical method, which follows a man from the cradle to the grave and gives us his development in full, according to the accidents of his whole life. It is true that a biography of La Bruyère is difficult to write. We know hardly anything about the thirty-nine first years of his life, and he comes to light only towards 1684. Where was he born, and when? It was for a very long time impossible to answer these questions with any certainty. His baptismal act was found only in our time: we know now that in the Church of Saint Christopher, near Notre Dame, in the heart of Paris, was baptized, on the 17th of August, 1645, "Jehan, son of *noble homme* Loys de la Brière, comptroller of *rentes* of the city of Paris, and of demoiselle Izabelle Hamonyn."

The La Bruyères were among the "Ligueurs" at the time of the League. One of them was a member of the famous Council des Seize. They were not real noblemen, but Paris *bourgeois*. It is supposed that La Bruyère was a pupil of the Oratorians in his youth; like Racine, he knew the Greek language, and the Oratorians were the best teachers of Greek, together with the Port-Royalists. At the age of twenty, he took his degree of Licentiate in Civil Law, and wrote a thesis "De tutelis et donationibus." He was admitted to the bar in Paris, but there is no trace of his having long remained a lawyer. In 1673, we find him general treasurer in the financial bureau of the generality of Caen; this charge allowed him to entitle himself Esquire. He did not sojourn much in Normandy, and in 1686 he resigned. He was now forty years old, and so far had remained unknown and obscure. After the death of his father and his uncle, he continued to live quietly with his mother, a sister, two brothers, a sister-in-law, nephews, and nieces. He seems to have been in easy circumstances, for a curious document found by M. Servois (who edited with much care La Bruyère's 'Caractères' in the large and beautiful edition of Hachette) shows that he had servants, a carriage, and horses.

La Bruyère entered the household of the Great Condé at that time. In what capacity? "Was it as a preceptor?" asks M. Morillot. "Nothing in his past seems to have predisposed him to this exceptional life. On the contrary, everything seems to have withdrawn him from it. He had ordered his life well; he was free, he could philosophize and write at his ease; he had no calling for the life of a professor, and he liked children only moderately." Had he suffered any loss of fortune? Did he have the plebeian desire to enter a court? Did he wish to have a new, a larger field for his powers of observation and his general study of the society of his time? The Abbé d'Olivet says that "Bossuet generally gave to the princes the men of merit whom they needed." Did Bossuet indicate La Bruyère for Condé's choice? We can only make conjectures on this point.

The philosopher had from this time two apartments—one in Paris, at the Hôtel de Condé, the other at Chantilly. The Great Condé did not like the Court, and preferred to any other the society of littérateurs. He suffered much from gout, and had the disposition of an invalid. His son, the Duke d'Enghien, had not realized the hopes which his father formed of him. Saint-Simon, the severest of judges, has left a portrait of him which is terrible:

"There never were so many useful talents, there never was so much genius, put to no use. Only fit to be his own executioner and the scourge of others, . . . a bad son, a cruel father, a terrible husband,

a detestable master; lacking friendship, destitute of friends, incapable of having any; jealous, susceptible, . . . of an angry disposition, and carried by his anger to the utmost excesses, keeping everybody trembling before him."

His wife, Anne of Bavaria, one of the daughters of Anne de Gonzague, the Princess of Clèves, was "alike ugly and virtuous," says Saint-Simon. Bossuet, in the famous funeral oration on the Palatine, says of her: "She often paid visits to her mother, and received consolations which made her forget the evils from which human life is never exempt."

La Bruyère's pupil was Condé's grandson, the Duke de Bourbon, who had inherited many of the traits of his father's character; he was impetuous, self-willed, despotic. Great pains were taken with his education; La Bruyère was not his only preceptor. We have a few letters of La Bruyère to Condé on the subject of the young prince, which tend to show that his education was too often deranged by amusements and by the necessity of joining the Court. The prince was as often at Versailles, at Paris, at Chambord, at Fontainebleau, as at Chantilly. He had to figure at balls during the carnival of 1685, at the very time when La Bruyère was expounding to him the 'Principles' of Descartes. He was soon afterwards married, at a very early age, according to the fashion of the court. The Great Condé died on the 11th of December, 1686, and the work of education was completely interrupted; it had lasted not more than eighteen months. La Bruyère remained, however, in the house of Condé. For what reason? He became a "gentilhomme" of the prince, with vague and ill-defined functions. He had few real friends among the other gentlemen of the household; we can hardly give that name to Canon Santeul, who was very expert in Latin verses, and who was one of the *familiers* of the house. La Bruyère liked him for his easy and simple ways, but he pitied and probably despised him. "Imagine," he says of him, "a man simple, credulous, playful, a child with gray hair. . . . He talks like a madman and thinks like a sage; he says true things ridiculously, and sensible and reasonable things madly." There is a single portrait of La Bruyère by Saint-Jean, which shows him to have been plain, with a harsh and contracted face. The fear of appearing too serious and pedantic sometimes led him into an opposite ridiculousness. The young minister Phélippeaux de Pontchartrain alludes in a letter to these maladroit outbursts of La Bruyère. Valincourt has a line on this subject which is significant: "During all the time he spent in the house of M. le Duc, people always laughed at him." They undoubtedly also esteemed him, and regretted him after he was gone.

Fortunately, La Bruyère could find consolation in letters. In March, 1688, there appeared at Estienne Michallet's, first printer to the King, a volume entitled 'The Characters of Theophrastes, translated from the Greek; with the Characters and Manners of this Century.' This first edition, which appeared without the name of La Bruyère, has become exceedingly rare, and fetches a very large price, especially when it is found in an original morocco binding. The volume begins with a "Discourse on Theophrastes," which is followed by the translation of the great moralist; the "Characters" come modestly only in the last two hundred pages. The name of the author of these admirable "Characters" was not long a secret; their success was immediate. Bussy, who was a good judge, wrote to La Bruyère: "The book will greatly please people of any wit, and in time it will please them still more." A second and third edition appeared the same year as the first, and are also much prized by bibliophiles. The encouragements of the public were so great that La Bruyère decided to add new "Characters" in every successive edition; the fifth edition, published in 1690, had 154 new ones; the sixth, published in 1691, had 77 more, some of them of very great importance; the seventh, published in 1692, had 77 more; the eighth, published in 1694, had 42; the ninth appeared three weeks after the author's death. It had been corrected and revised by him, and is therefore the most complete and the definitive edition. The genesis of this great work of La Bruyère has its importance, and bibliophiles take care to collect all the nine editions. As the work, so to speak, *crescit eundo*, La Bruyère becomes by degrees more independent, more bold in his criticisms; it is quite possible to find in every new edition a trace of some of the events which have taken place in recent years. Moreover, the succession of the editions has an indirect historical importance, and throws light on a period of the "grand siècle." La Bruyère was elected a member of the French Academy, not without difficulty, as the "Characters" had made him as many enemies as friends. He spent his last years in quiet meditations, seeing little of the world and of the agitations of Chantilly; he had a paralytic shock on the 10th of May, 1696, in Paris, and expired the next day. He was buried in the Church of Saint-Julien, in the Rue Sainte-Geneviève. The inventory of his rooms in the Hôtel de Condé at Versailles and at the Petit-Luxembourg is still preserved, and shows the great simplicity of his life and his habits. About five hundred volumes were found in them, on wooden shelves, and were sold at an average price of 14 *sols* apiece.

Correspondence.

PHILIPPINE OFFICEHOLDERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your paragraph in the issue of July 28, on the "Official Roster," leaves one with a very unpleasant feeling; with an impression that somebody must have, either carelessly or wilfully, made a mistake.

When we read in Mr. Roosevelt's reply to the address of the Notification Committee: ". . . . but we are governing the Philippines in the interest of the Philippine people themselves. . . . The great majority of the officials of the islands, whether elective or appointive, are already native Filipinos" (I quote from a Chicago daily), we were inclined to the feeling that we, the conquerors, were acting a generous part, and that the Administration deserved credit for its course. Then comes your paragraph and spoils it all. It may be that such a government is for "the interests of the Philippine people themselves," but that "Official Roster" gives such a prepotent idea that the Government is very much more for the interests of some others that Mr. Roosevelt's cue is a little hard to follow. In the next place, perhaps you, Mr. Editor, have made a mistake. You say: "Take the Executive Department. Here we find 175 American officeholders and 111 natives. . . . In other branches of the Government the comparison would bear still harder upon the natives." There is a positive clash here, for 111 is not a great majority, and if the other branches bear still harder upon the natives, what does Mr. Roosevelt mean? Perhaps you have blundered.—Yours, etc.,

F. J. LeMoyne.

Isham, Tenn., August 3, 1904.

GENERAL STARK'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Can any of your readers give information regarding correspondence of General John Stark before the battle of Bennington?

The letters desired are:

(1.) From John Stark to the New Hampshire Committee of Safety at Exeter, N. H., August 7, 1777; received at Exeter August 12, 1777.

(2.) From John Stark to General Benjamin Lincoln, August 13, 1777; acknowledged by Lincoln August 14.

(3.) Letters said to have passed between John Stark and General Philip Schuyler relative to Stark's plan to stay and fight at Bennington, between August 7 and August 16, 1777.

These letters are not in print, and they have not been found in the libraries of the State Historical Societies of New Hampshire, Vermont, or Massachusetts; the State Library at Albany, the Boston Public Library; the Boston Athenæum, the American Antiquarian Society, the Portsmouth Athenæum Libraries; or in the Sparks manuscripts in the Harvard Library. Search, so far unavailing, is being kindly made among papers in Manchester, N. H., and Hingham, Mass. Perhaps some of your readers may know of the existence or possible presence of the desired letters among private papers. It would be of great service in the preparation of an historical address if access to such letters could be had or copies made, and the courtesy would be very gratefully acknowledged. Herbert D. Foster.

Dartmouth College. Hanover, N. H., August 2, 1904.

RICHEPIN AND MANGAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "L. C.," in his recent communication, under the title of "Richepin and Mangan," is right in his supposition that both poets took the idea of the "Bohémien" and "The World Changes" from the same poem—namely, from Friedrich Rückert's "Chidher," first published, I think, in his collection, 'Oestliche Rosen,' in 1822.

The poem consists of five stanzas, four of which have the refrain;

> "Und aber nach fünfhundert Jahren
> Kam ich desselbigen Weges gefahren;"

and the last concludes:

> "Und aber nach fünfhundert Jahren,
> Will ich desselbigen Weges fahren."

Max Landsberg.

Rochester, N. Y., August 6, 1904.

Notes.

Tolstoy's article on the war, "Bethink Yourselves," which appeared in the London *Times* of June 27 with thrilling effect, will be shortly printed in book form by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

P. S. King & Son, London, will soon have ready 'Canada and the Empire: An Examination of Trade Preferences,' by Edwin S. Montagu and Bron Herbert, who write from local studies.

An interval of two years separates the appearance of the second part of Mrs. Devonshire's translation of Taine's Life and Letters (E. P. Dutton & Co.) from that of Part I. The present instalment covers the period 1853-1870. The rendering is, as we formerly remarked, painstaking and correct, but not idiomatically free. Always we feel ourselves following closely the French—"Why do you not also try your hand at it, you who have plenty of leisure?" for "Why don't you too try your hand at it, since you have plenty of leisure?"

The latest volume in the series reviving the fiction of the day of colored illustrations (D. Appleton & Co.) is Surtees's '"Ask Mamma"; or, The Richest Commoner in England,' which first appeared in 1858. This date shines in the crinoline of Leech's heroines; and Leech's numerous designs, partly in color (though these suffer by reduction as the readability of the letterpress by condensing), are the chief attraction of this reprint apart from its reflection of contemporary manners.

Mr. G. W. Headlam's edition, in the original text, of Tocqueville's 'L'Ancien Régime' (H. Frowde) is now issued in a handy volume of 338 pages, including the editor's notes as well as the author's, and a brief index. The superiority in typographic accuracy over the French editions we will not question, but the necessity of compression into a single volume has deprived the page of some attractiveness. A brief biographical introduction is provided.

There is no particular reason why a foolish man should not be interested in writing a foolish book, but it is difficult to imagine a canny publisher persuaded into publishing such a baseless tissue of vagary as 'The Alternate Sex,' by the late Charles Godfrey Leland (Funk & Wagnalls). If every incongruous idea that entered anybody's head were allowed to expand into something that has all the seeming of a book, this world would be even a more difficult place to live in than it is now. It is a pity that the friends of the genial author of the Breitmann Ballads were so ill-advised as to let this manuscript ever see the light of day.

It is not surprising that Lord Avebury brings his good sense to bear on the proposition that England should adopt a protective tariff. Under the title 'Free Trade' (Macmillan Co.) he states the facts of the case, and the obvious conclusions therefrom, in his usual lucid way. It is now almost impossible to say anything new on this subject, but Lord Avebury directs attention to a point hitherto little considered. Almost the only complaint of the Protectionists that deserves serious examination is that of the "dumping" practised by the German Kartells and other foreign agencies. But the report of the Board of Trade for 1903 shows that this policy has enabled English manufacturers of the finer grade of goods to undersell their German competitors. The latter are now complaining bitterly to their Government that their foreign market has been ruined by the Kartells' policy of selling abroad cheaper than at home.

The reproach that free trade is a doctrine of theorists is met by an *argumentum in homine* in the person of Prof. William Smart of the University of Glasgow. In the preface to his book entitled 'The Return to Protection' (Macmillan) he tells us that he was a free-trade manufacturer in England and a protected manufacturer in the United States long before he became a teacher. His book is based on a series of popular lectures, and is very well adapted to ordinary comprehension. It is perhaps distinguishable from others on this subject by the attention given to Protection, "especially to its aspect as delegated taxation. There are two sides," he observes, "to the question now before the nation: the gain or loss, economically and politically, of the return to Protection, and the gain or loss, economically and politically, of the abandonment of Free Trade. It is only . . . when these two sides are fully considered that the dangers of the present proposals reveal themselves."

Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu's 'Les États-Unis au XXe Siècle' (Paris: Librairie Armand Colin) resembles many other economical volumes in being mainly descriptive. We get for the most part a picture of a great industrial community, as seen by a statistician. What we miss is conclusive deductions; at the end we long, not for more facts, but for more light as to what they mean. The author's general theory seems to be, if we understand him, that the present moment divides an era of the past from one of the future—the past epoch having been that of a great exportable agricultural surplus, that of the future being destined to be mainly industrial. In other words, population is catching up with agriculture; there are no longer abundant supplies of virgin soil to be worked almost for nothing. It is rather "very new countries," *i. e.*, Canada and Argentina, which, in the century to come, will supply what the rest of the world lacks in wheat; but our industrial period is only just begun. Of the Trusts, M. Leroy-Beaulieu thinks the importance exaggerated. In our internal free-trade he sees one great source of our prosperity. The whole book is rather conservative than startling, and none the worse for being so.

The colleagues and disciples of Prof. Adolf Noreen of the University of Upsala have recently done him the honor of dedicating to him on his fiftieth birthday (March 13, 1904) an imposing volume of 'Nordiska Studier.' It comprises forty-one short articles, dealing for the most part with details of Scandinavian philology, in which field Professor Noreen has made himself a distinguished authority. He is the author of many learned and popular articles on various aspects of the Northern languages, including the admirable account of their history in Paul's 'Grundriss der Germanischen Philologie' (1901). The best-known of his larger works are his indispensable Old Icelandic and Old Swedish Grammars, and his Old Swedish Reader. To his previous reputation as an inspiring lecturer, the 122 scholars whose names are subscribed to the address of dedication in the 'Studier' bear new and abundant witness.

The *Meteorologische Zeitschrift* reports that an observatory has been established on Monte Rosa, and is, next to that of Vallot on Mt. Blanc, the highest in Europe, 4,560 metres above the sea. The Italian Alpine Association, with the financial assistance of Queen Margherita, the Duke of Abruzzi, and the Italian Cultus Minister, has established the observatory, where not only meteorological, but also physical researches are to be made. In connection with it there is an annex hut open to foreign as well as to Italian savants. This is the third mountain observatory in Italy, the other two being on Mt. Etna, 2,492 metres high, and Monte Cimone, 2,167 metres. Observations will be made during the present summer on Monte Rosa.

The association at the back of the J. J. Rousseau Archive in Geneva has decided to begin its work by publishing a new critical edition of the philosopher's writings. The prime mover in the propaganda is Prof. Bernard Bouvier. The society's scope being international, all lovers of Rousseau are asked to join it and to send material for the collections. The annual fee is twelve francs; life-membership costs 100 francs, to be sent to M. M. Tremby, Geneva. The society has displayed exceptional vigor and enterprise, and has a comparatively large enrolment of members.

At the recent annual meeting of the Association of Sciences in Christiania, Professor Brogger reported that the Nansen fund, established eight years ago, amounts to 2,000,000 kroner, and that, according to the statutes of the Association, a Norwegian Academy of Sciences could now be founded. The fund has already been used for scientific investigations; 76,000 kroner has been spent in the preparation of the scientific reports of Nansen's explorations. The last two volumes are about ready, and will appear before the close of the current year.

The death of Antoine Tcheckoff at Badenweiler, Germany, of consumption, is announced. He was a physician, but also a writer of very great talent. The wonderful account, in one of his novels, of the last days of a medical-school professor who has been obliged to give up his post from ill health, and who lives with a sentence of death hanging over him, will be recalled with emotion at this time. The much overestimated Gorky could better have been spared. The moment is opportune for a translation of Tcheckoff's novels.

G. Bourgin, member of the French School in Rome, has published a comprehensive report on the destruction of the library at Turin, in which so many valuable documents were burned. The library contained 4,183 manuscripts, and in this department the fire did the greatest damage. Only about one-fifth of the collection could be saved. Among others the flames devoured four manuscripts of the 'Roman de la Rose' of the fourteenth century. Of curious interest are the saving of the single Provençal MS. of the collection, 'Bladin de Cornvalha,' through the error of its being classified with the Latin codices; and the finding, almost uninjured, of the early French translation of Dante. A numbered list of the lost manuscripts has been prepared. Immediately after the fire it became neces-

sary to avert another danger. The manuscripts threatened to rot on account of the dampness and fermentation in the soaked parchments. The Academy of Sciences in Turin has, accordingly, asked the Cultus Minister for the necessary credit to have photographic reproductions of the most important manuscripts saved made at once.

The progress of civilization in Uganda, the country which Stanley first brought to the notice of the Western world, is perhaps the most remarkable instance in history of the rapid uplifting of a savage race. It was in 1875 that the great explorer, in response to King Mtesa's entreaty, "Write, Stamlee, and say to the white people that I am like a child, sitting in darkness, and cannot see until I am taught the right way," sent the appeal to his countrymen. Then the only dwellings were dark huts, with a single opening in which a wholesome life was impossible. Now, though these are still to be seen, they are fast giving way to European houses with several rooms, a home in the true sense of the word. Systematic labor was a thing unknown to the native of that day. Close by his hut grew the bark-cloth tree which supplied him with clothing, and the wondrous plantain tree which gave him food and drink, and the women were the sole cultivators of the ground. Now the lesson of the dignity of labor is being learned. The Government offers every encouragement to agriculture, and there are ready sales at remunerative prices for all the produce of the soil. Trades are being taught, such as carpentering, brickmaking, building, and printing, and the people are proving apt and ready pupils. So the sloth and idleness, deeply rooted in the native character, are being undermined. Only a quarter of a century ago the woman was simply a slave to the man with whom she lived; and the children, in obedience to a peculiar belief that parents could not bring up a child, were given to others to care for, and grew up practically strangers to their fathers and mothers. To-day in thousands of homes there is family life similar to our own, husband and wife looking upon their children as gifts from God, and caring for them accordingly. Last year 21,687 children, more than a third of them girls, an increase of 9,118 over the previous years, were scholars in the 170 schools. Stanley found a most cruel people, king and chiefs punishing the slightest offences by mutilation, flaying, and burning. Eloquent testimony is borne to the character of native rule by men and women still living who are without hands, noses, lips, ears, teeth, or eyes. No one was safe. Slavery was an integral part of the people's life, and the surrounding countries were periodically raided for slaves, who were absolutely at the control of their owners. Now cruelty is a thing of the past.

"I send you," writes a subscriber, "some correspondence from 'The International Magazines Association,' in the course of which I am promised ten volumes of Ridpath's Library in return for a favorable notice of that work. As my opinion can be worth very little, I suppose the Library must be worth less."

—The Boston Athenæum has published, as the first number of the Robert Charles Billings Fund series, 'Le Forestier's Relation: Autobiography and Voyages of François Le Forestier (1749-1819), a Refugee from Mauritius and a Teacher in New England.' It is a work of seventy-seven pages, in large and agreeable type, and gives in French the story of the author's life, which he wrote out in 1812 in his ship voyage from Salem, Mass., to Mauritius, for the benefit of a young pupil of his, Miss Mary Cobb of Portland, Me., where the author had been French teacher for about a year (March, 1811-12). Le Forestier was well connected and educated. His father had been lieutenant of the marshals of France in Normandy, which office made him manager of duels for the nobility in the province. After twenty-five years of wedded life, and when father of eleven children, his wife, a rich Picard lady, sought and obtained a divorce. This event proved unfavorable to the son François, who had taken his father's part in the quarrel, and, in 1780, some years after the latter's speedy death from chagrin, he concluded to sail for Mauritius, where an elder brother was already established. He practised law there, was successful, obtained other Government employments, reared a family, and sent to Phillips Andover Academy one of his sons, whose portrait adorns its walls. After some years, however, he fell into financial difficulties, and as receiver of taxes had to account for the mysterious disappearance of about $21,000 of public funds. To avoid arrest, he thereupon sailed for the United States, and, proceeding to Salem, was hospitably entertained for nearly a year by Gen. Elias Hasket Derby. Gen. Derby in his young days had made two voyages to Mauritius as supercargo. While there, in 1788-89, he fell sick, and was taken care of on a sugar plantation, presumably Le Forestier's, though on one side and the other a precise statement seems to be wanting. After two years more in Andover and Beverly, just mentioned, he concluded to try teaching French in Portland. He had some success and good introductions; but, Mauritius having become a British colony, it was now safe for him to return home. The volume tells a variety of entertaining adventures. It is edited by Dr. Hasket Derby, and is illustrated with portraits of Gen. Derby, of Le Forestier's son, and two of his pupils. Notes about the Portland people mentioned are furnished by Gen. John M. Brown. The French MS. was found about two years ago by accident in the attic of the Boston Athenæum.

—The journal of an exploration of the Red, the Black, and the Washita Rivers, made by William Dunbar in 1804, at the instance of President Jefferson, has been published in handsome form under the title 'Documents relating to the Purchase and Exploration of Louisiana' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The original manuscript was given to the American Philosophical Society in 1817, and is now printed for the first time, with an admirable map, based on the Journal, and portraits of Jefferson and Dunbar. The expedition formed a minor incident in the series of ventures planned by Jefferson. Lewis and Clark on the Missouri, Pike on the Mississippi, and Freeman on the Red River were the greater undertakings. Freeman was unsuccessful, and Dunbar, a "citizen of distinguished service," living in Natchez, engaged to explore the Washita to the already famous Hot Springs. The story is a plain, blunt record, interesting now for the information it gives on the social condition of the country, rather than for its scientific qualities. The immense grants by the Spaniards (one being twelve leagues square), the few French stations, individual settlers rather than a community of people, and the Indians within the neighboring territory, are described very briefly, but enough is told to show why progress was hopeless while Spain controlled the land. The natural indolence of the people was aggravated by absurd regulations, such as prohibiting the working of mines. Salt, mineral coal, millstones, and clay suitable for pottery were found, and the most important was salt. The fur trade still constituted the principal employment of the few settlers other than Spanish, the furs being left exposed on forked sticks on the river banks, to be gathered on the return journey. "These deposits are considered as sacred, and few examples exist of their being plundered." Arriving at the Springs, the party remained a few days, and, taking advantage of the rising waters, floated down the stream in much less time than had been consumed in the ascent. The description of the boat, which was badly designed for such a voyage, and the estimates of the loads proper for a man to carry, are suggestive of the difficulties attending these explorations, even though the woods supplied abundant food. The helpers were soldiers, and were not so efficient as Canadian woodsmen would have been, besides being indolent under the lax discipline. They demanded whiskey, and, hoarding their rations of the spirits, they celebrated a holiday on December 25th, "which terminated with inebriety, but no ill consequence ensued." The publishers prefix a rather inconsequential paper by Jefferson on the limits of Louisiana, a subject which he confused. The dozen letters in existence which passed between Jefferson and Dunbar relative to this exploration would have been much more pertinent, as well as an addition to the information given in the Journal. The absence of an index is hardly excusable.

— G. P. Putnam's Sons publish the second volume of Prof. Paul Wernle's important book, 'The Beginnings of Christianity.' Thanks to the subject-matter, possibly, the presentation is simpler and more effective here than in the former volume. That dealt with the rise of Christianity as manifested in the personality and teachings of Jesus and his immediate followers. "This was the creative period, the period of great men." In the present volume we follow the fortunes of the new faith when to its great early founders succeeded the formality of a vast ecclesiastical organization. The attempt is to exhibit the religion of Jesus striving to perpetuate and extend itself within the hampering limits of the ecclesiastical forms. Professor Wernle views the ecclesiastical period as a period of decadence, while at the same time he regards the institutional development as the necessary outcome of the conditions of the sub-apostolic times. In his opening chapters we see the successors of the first Christian teachers gradually falling into disrepute, and the Church organizing itself on an episcopal basis. "It is interesting to watch the rise of the bishop from an humble and subordinate place in the community to a position of dignity and power, which ultimately makes him the centre of the new ecclesiastical system." Once organized, the Church was confronted by Judaism, Hellenism, and Gnosticism, and

Professor Wernle's account of its struggle with these three great forces is an excellent piece of work. We see that in each case the price of victory was the admission of the most characteristic elements of the inimical force into the body of Christian thought and worship. "The Theology of the New Testament" is discussed in an admirable chapter, which did not appear in the first German edition. Scant reverence is paid to Paul's theology or to that of the Fourth Gospel, which is, we are assured, substantially Pauline, subsequent to Paul, and not by any means to be considered the work of the Apostle John. The Pauline and Johannine writings are differentiated from the Synoptic Gospels as immensely inferior. But, even in the Synoptics, "it is but a broken impression that we obtain of Jesus." "No writing of an eye-witness of Jesus has come down to us." A concluding chapter, "Personal Religion in the Sub-Apostolic Age," pleads for the superiority of Christianity to the surrounding paganism, from which, nevertheless, it took over much impurity, in addition to the defects of its own characteristic qualities.

—Since Macaulay, no one has condemned the Restoration court and its sovereign with more effect than Dr. Osmund Airy, whose 'Charles II.' has just been republished in a new and cheaper edition (Longmans). In this volume the moral question is made preeminent, and the King receives such unmeasured censure as belongs to one who sets a flagitious example before the eyes of the nation. Since Charles's cleverness has dazzled several of the recent writers on his reign, it is interesting to see the old view of his character set forth with fresh force, and justified by an overwhelming weight of evidence. Dr. Airy says in his preface: "The narrative has been founded entirely upon contemporary authors, whose words I have generally preferred to quote rather than paraphrase." This statement is fully warranted, and it should also be said that the severity of Dr. Airy's tone is not to be associated with a capricious use of the sources. Charles II. may have had enough sense to let his opponents hang themselves with their own rope, and he may even be credited with some political intuitions of an unusual order; but when we come to write his epitaph there is little to set down except the record of brilliant and wasted opportunities. Gifted with many of the qualities which carried his ancestor Henry IV. to the hearts of the French people, he had all of Henry's failings without his strength of purpose. Dr. Airy thus sketches his character as it had developed down to the date of the Restoration: "From the age of sixteen he had given the rein to his animal passions. He was without love, save for his child-sister; without friendships. Too healthy and too indolent to be ill-humored, he concealed under the easy good temper which so fascinated little minds an inveterate selfishness, and an Oriental ingratitude. . . . He had grown accustomed to beg with effrontery, and to betray without shame. . . . For the rest, he had a cool head, much astuteness, considerable insight into character, adaptability, and imagination, a certain curious individuality of view and of action, and a sense of humor." Seeking, as he does, to maintain the standard of moral currency, Dr. Airy is careful not to admit the plea of extenuating circumstances except in the matter of early training. Clarendon's sad but graphic account of a society unsettled and debauched by revolution has evidently weighed with him, but he holds the King guilty of his own demerits, and pictures with abhorrence the degradation of his age. This sketch of a wasted life is tellingly, even brilliantly, written, and with the apparent purpose of giving no quarter to evil, however veneered by intellectual keenness.

—The bulky volume which Dr. I. K. Funk has humorously entitled 'The Widow's Mite, and Other Psychical Phenomena,' is written round a pleasing tale of how his firm borrowed a specimen of the said coin from Prof. C. E. West, for the purpose of illustrating with it the Standard Dictionary; preferred to use an unauthentic coin (because it was smaller, apparently), and forgot to return the genuine coin to its owner, who, though he valued it at $2,500, forgot to reclaim it, and subsequently died. Nine years after, Dr. Funk was told at an ordinary spiritualistic séance that Mr. Beecher wanted him to return the "Widow's Mite" to its owner. Dr. Funk denied the imputation, and was told that the mite had got lost in a safe. On being told to search the safes, the cashier of the Funk & Wagnalls Company produced an envelope containing *two* coins, of which the smaller and lighter had been used for the Dictionary. On confessing to this at a later sitting, Dr. Funk was further told that he had used the wrong coin, that its owner had been a friend of Beecher's and had had a school on Brooklyn Heights, all of which proved correct. Then follow affidavits and assurances from the cashier and other parties concerned, to show how completely the whole transaction had been forgotten. Around this little incident (which may conceivably be traceable to a hoaxing of Dr. Funk by some one who had accidentally discovered the omission to return the coin and did not venture to own up when he saw how seriously the matter was taken), Dr. Funk has constructed a volume of over 500 pages, by reprinting a selection of the best psychical literature of the last thirty years and adding copious comments of his own.

—One of his best ideas was to circularize a number of professors of physics and psychology in order to elicit their opinions of the affair. A considerable number responded, and, though their answers often exhibit the strength of their antecedent prejudices, the patient reader will find in them suggestions for every conceivable theory of the event. Unfortunately, none of them took occasion to tell Dr. Funk that single incidents can always be disputed and never be established against antecedent objections. A science is a coherent body of propositions, and until the facts cohere in a system, they can form no science. But there is an easy trick to prevent them from cohering, viz., to take them and explain them away one by one. To meet this and to render possible the cumulative growth of proof, Dr. Funk must not only put the evidence for each case into the best form, but must also provide for the continuous and systematic recording and study of such evidence. Probably, indeed, he realizes this; for in his preface he admonishes all his readers to join the Society for Psychical Research. In this he is quite right, for it is becoming manifest that here, as elsewhere, nature will yield her secrets only to sustained investigation, to which, whatever the merits of this particular case, the book may certainly be said to contribute the doctor's mite.

—Dr. A. J. Evans's campaign of this last season at Knossos has been chiefly concerned with the opening of one hundred tombs evidently dating from the last period of the House of the Double Axe. The most conspicuous of these was on a height about two miles away, and seemed at first quite plausibly to associate itself with the legendary tomb of Idomeneus. But although a smaller tomb of about the same date was unearthed near by, nothing came to light of sufficient magnitude to be identified with the tomb of Meriones, so that the more non-committal title of Royal Tomb has been finally adopted. Among the numerous vases in this tomb was found one fashioned in brilliant porphyry. The shape of it is unmistakably Egyptian, and alongside of it were found a number of alabaster vases which were certainly imported from Egypt at the time of the early Eighteenth Dynasty, and show the then persisting style of the Middle Kingdom. Among the other tombs excavated on a hill nearer to the palace, the largest contained a skeleton crowded into a rectangular cist, in much the fashion exemplified at Mycenæ. Near by were remains of an ivory casket, a bronze dirk, and a tripod-hearth of plaster with charcoal above. A curiously primitive type of bronze tripod with two riveted handles and three legs soldered onto the caldron sides was also found, along with a remarkable assemblage of vases, all of bronze. In other tombs, stirrup vases of the familiar Mycenæan type were constantly found. One example of a stirrup vase had previously been found, not in the palace, but in the royal villa northeast of the palace, while on one clay tablet in the palace proper had been found an outline sketch of this same type of stirrup vase. Forms approximating to this were found at Hagia Triada by the Italian excavators, so that the Mycenæan stirrup vase or *Bügelkanne* seems to have been evolved in Crete at about the end of the latest period of the House of the Double Axe. The style of decoration and modelling of these funeral stirrup vases shows affinities with the latest pottery of the palace, but must be separated from it by an interval of time. These tombs, then, belong to a period shortly after the destruction of the palace. One long sword (like all the rest of them, made for thrusting, and not for cutting) has rich chasing in gold upon its handle, which shows a definitely "Mycenæan" design. In general, the traces of Mycenæan design unearthed in these tombs belongs to the maturer period of that name, as contrasted with the earlier phase exemplified in the latest period of the palace. Taking this into consideration, and also the fact that no fibulæ have come to light anywhere upon the site, one must conclude that there was no great break or change in Knossian handiwork and civilization immediately after the palace at Knossos was sacked. Another year's campaign, to be devoted mainly to the opening up of a series of magazines just discovered northwest of the palace, and some further investigation of tombs, will be necessary before work on the site is closed. Only in the tombs and these remaining magazines

can handiwork in metal be recovered, since the palace itself, including its magazines, has been completely denuded—as every site has been—of everything of the kind.

RECENT POETRY.

Not the least interesting of the volumes before us are 'The Poems of a Child,' "being poems written between the ages of six and ten," by Julia Cooley (Russell), and 'The Sea Gulls, and Other Poems' (Putnams), written, as the preface tells us, by Enid Welford, "between the ages of six and ten years." Miss Cooley's age at the present time is, as Mr. Le Gallienne informs us in his rather excessive introduction, exactly eleven. Miss Welford's is not given, but her portrait shows her to be strictly a contemporary of Miss Cooley. We are not quite prepared to be so astonished at the performance of either of these poets as their respective introducers wish. A mystical fancy is not at all a rare attribute of the age when common sights still wear "the glory and the freshness of a dream," while the disposition to lisp in numbers and to rhyme is the commonest of phenomena in the childhood of the individual, as of the race. Given only a little more than the ordinary individuality of imagination and suavity of metre, and we have verses like those in these two volumes.

The æsthetic and psychologic implications of these compositions need not detain us long; it happens, however, that the two books illustrate the cleavage of two great modes of poetry with extraordinary clearness. The American, Miss Julia, represents the primitive, immediate, quasi-Emersonian style of poetification, while the British Miss Enid composes distinctly in the academic, mediate, Tennysonian mode. For the most part Miss Julia eschews regular rhythms and rhyme, she has few reminiscences of other poetry, and her little pictures of nature, for all their faëry mythology, their "bright shoots of everlastingnesse," are drawn directly from the object. Yet, despite the outdoor setting of nearly all her verses, there is something a little spooky, so to say, in the quality of her mind; and the queer pseudonyms which she favors, "Praecros Belmarz," "Pronvae Valese," intimate strange subliminal visitations as from the personages of the Ouija board. Nevertheless, the eeriness of this infant muse is not without its true charm of wonder, which may be felt in these characteristic verses entitled "Magic Music":

> When I stand on the mountain top,
> When I stand on the mountain top, I gaze
> O'er the country wild, and wonder
> If some great thing will happen there,
> If some battle will be conquered there,
> If some spirit will alight in its woods.

Compared with the writing of Miss Julia, the writing of Miss Enid is strikingly considered and, in the better sense, literary. Her metrification and syntax are more accurate, and she more frequently attempts rhyme, even adventuring some fairly difficult stanzaic schemes like a b b b a and a b a b c c. She also employs the remote verbal echo and the nearer repetend with considerable felicity, while assonance and alliteration are child's play for her. Though she rarely imitates other poetry slavishly, there are many reminiscent images and cadences which show that she has had the advantage of hearing good poetry read aloud. Indeed, it is possible to put a finger on stanza after stanza which, by their movement and color, recall definitely specific passages in Tennyson, Longfellow, Poe, Kipling, Burns, and Robert Greene. She has also some dramatic imagination, and where Julia is all for flowers and fairies, Miss Enid concerns herself with the lost souls of Vikings, and expresses the emotions of bereaved husbands and wives. In short, Miss Enid stands for the humanist mood in poetry. As in her artistry she works, whether consciously or not, with tried colors, so in her envisagement of life the world looms before her through the golden, dust-laden atmosphere of poesy. She writes herself,

> "Like a mist before my eyes,
> Dreamy, dreamy poetry lies";

and in her lines called "Genius and the Child" her sense of her poetic impulse is yet more clearly shown:

> "Grand Genius, with her forehead of flame,
> Is calling, dear child, to thee;
> In the heat of her fire thou shalt rise higher,
> O'er city, hilltop, and lea.
> She will bear thee away from the haunts of men
> To a home by the sounding sea;
> And thy music wild shall blend, dear child,
> With the roar—with the moan—of the sea."

We wish her very well.

After the work of these old little girls the volumes by various young men which we have to consider seem oddly artificial and immature. 'Arcades Ambo,' by Richard Mott Gummere and Charles Wharton Stork (privately printed), contains, we are told, poems composed in the "Arcadia of college life." The verse attempts no Icarian flights. It follows the more wholesome models of the undergraduate muse, and it has for the most part a great sprightliness. The immaturity of it is shown by the lack of integrity of tone, the tendency of any given piece to go shrill or flatten toward the end, a fault of which Miss Julia and Miss Enid are rarely guilty.

The anonymous author of 'The Last Days of Theodoric the Ostrogoth, and Other Verses' (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) is obviously a rather recent graduate of Oxford. He has a fair aptitude for poetic reflection, which is all but sterilized by his passion for a deadly and copious explicitness.

In the first poem of his 'Secret Nights' (Nutt) Mr. J. A. Nicklin thus describes his Muse:

> "A sudden silent horror in the night,
> A heavy hand that grapples at the throat,
> A masked face leering with a maniac's eyes."

Mr. Nicklin seems to have endeavored more or less consciously to be the lyrist, not of the pathos, but of the horror of life. Despite his considerable ability as a versifier, Mr. Nicklin does not contrive so to express horror as to afford his readers any considerable pleasure of any kind. In the larger, Lucretian mood of sad wonder he is sometimes a little more successful, as in

THE QUESTION.

> When this dull moaning in my ears
> Has ceased, and ceased for evermore,
> When, done with all the vacant years,
> At last life's lingering torment's o'er,
>
> I wonder, when the breath of Spring
> Sends throb and thrill through man and maid,
> I wonder, can Desire still sting
> Down in the dust where I am laid?
>
> And when, in Autumn's hovering mist,
> Old dreams and fantasies are lurking,
> Does longing need an exorcist
> Where the blind, hungry worms are working?
>
> I wonder, when the feeling veers,
> In friends, from mourning round to mirth,
> If there is any room for tears
> In that corruption in the earth?

An appropriate companion volume to Mr. Nicklin's is Mr. J. Redwood Anderson's 'The Music of Death' (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.). Mr. Anderson's text seems to be a sentence in his prose apologue, "Azrael's Dream." "But what is the horror of death unto the horror of life?" Yet the effect of his poetry is less macabre than that of Mr. Nicklin's. Mr. Anderson has a stronger poetic impulse, and his quality is fine enough to suggest some honorable literary analogies. In "Love and Death," the most notable poem in his volume, a temper not unlike James Thomson's goes along with a luxurious sensuousness that recalls Keats, and a kind of symbolism that is Shelleyan; and there are passages which suggest qualities as opposite as the monumental gravity of Blair and the sweet lyrical wildness of Beddoes. It is inevitable that poetry of this sort written by any hand not perfectly master of poetic craft should contain many morbid and some ridiculous lines. Mr. Anderson's book contains lines of both sorts, but his workmanship is on the whole so sincere that we prefer to pass these by and content ourselves with exhibiting a single representative passage. We select that in 'Love and Death' in which Death enters the Love-bower, which has just been described in an ample pre-Raphaelite manner:

> "Death entered silently that silent hall,
> Musingly gazed around him, while a smile
> Curved the pale corners of those sensitive lips;
> For well he knew that time, in season due,
> Would grant these things to him—the sculptured roof,
> The marble pillars and the frescoed walls.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And on each side a veiled form appeared.
> A man with arms outstretched, a woman fair,
> Longing to fold each other once again;
> And sorrowful cries broke on the startled gloom.
> 'O come, O come, my Love,' the woman cried;
> 'Alas! alas! I cannot! Misery!'
> These wailings smote the delicate ear of Death;
> He looked no more, but, with a heavy sigh,
> Entered the dim recess. Behind him fell
> The purple folds; 'twas as the wind had passed,
> The balmy, fragrant wind of Summer nights."

This curious idealization of Death is certainly not a very good kind of poetry, but it *is* poetry, and good of its kind.

We regret to have to record that Mr. Cale Young Rice's tragedy 'David' (McClure, Phillips & Co.) shows a retrogression from the ability of his 'Charles di Tocca,' of which we lately had to speak. The earlier play—if it was the earlier—had two decided merits, vigor and individuality of phrase, and a true tragic fable. In 'David' there are passages of fine poetry, but vigorous phrasing too often passes into that which is violent and uncouth. Thus, at the very end of the play, where if anywhere there is need of faultless diction, we have the perverse line,

"Hush now thy woundedness, my Michal, now."

The handling of the plot is of a piece with the phrasing. Sincere tragic impressiveness is sacrificed to striking melodramatic situations. Some of these are excellent of their kind; yet the tricky emotional intensities of melodrama are out of place in presenting the story of Saul and David, round whom the centuries, despite the prosing of preachers, have spread something of the purple gloom of high tragedy.

'The Red Branch Crests,' Mr. Charles Leonard Moore's privately printed trilogy of plays based on old Irish legend, has the interest of narrative rather than of dramatic poetry. We have nothing but respect for his pains in writing nearly three hundred pages of verse in the trochaic, three-and-four-beat couplet; yet, despite its speed, the measure grows wearisome. The

darkening of fate over the busy scene of love and hate and war is well managed, the Celtic wonder of wizardry and enchantment is well employed, and there are many crisp turns of dialogue. Yet the ensemble fails quite to convince us. The total impression is of an able *tour de force*.

The 'Ballads of Valor and Victory' (Revell), composed by Clinton Scollard and Wallace Rice, have a similar hothouse flavor. Nevertheless, though they miss the woodsy tang of true ballad literature, the workmanship is good in a pedestrian sort, and we are conscious that the poetic chronicle of notable American deeds from the time of the first American Sailors to the death of Colonel Liscum of the Ninth may prove useful for declamation. At times, as in these stanzas from "Richard Hakluyt's Men," by Mr. Rice, the verse, despite a stanzaic scheme unduly complicated for ballad-poetry, has the true poetic lift:

"What of grey dangers afar
In spaces uncharted, untrod?
What though the heav'ns are a-change,
And engulphed is the Cynosure-star?
What though the sun has grown strange,
And the deep has been made molten brass?
At their peak flies the Cross of their God,
And, wherever their rudders may range,
'Tis His voice in the tempests that pass.

. . . . . .

"Here, from the page of a priest,
The friend of these seamen of old,
May be heard the reverberant cheer
That the centuries have but increased
Till it comes like a blast to the ear.
Rest they well, these invincible dead.
Ships' captains and companies bold,
For the ocean itself is their bier,
And the continents stones at their head."

We regret that motives other than æsthetic have so prevailed with the authors that a full third of the pieces have to do with the "valor and victory" of the strenuous years since 1898.

'War Songs and Poems of the Southern Confederacy,' compiled by H. M. Wharton (Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.), is a volumé of considerable historic interest, and one not without instruction for the student of sectional tendencies in American poetry. The æsthetic standard of the volume is naturally low. There is no poem in it that carries quite the solemn music and righteous conviction of "The Washers of the Shroud"—not to mention Lowell's Odes—nor is there any to compare in vividness and power with the incomparable battle-pieces of Henry Howard Brownell. Yet all the songs and poems are noticeably fervid and facile, with a characteristic preference for the poetic diction and swinging metres of Byron and Moore; those by such men as Fontaine, Hayne, and Simms are excellent specimens of effective occasional writing; and the selections from Timrod are poetry of a fine and individual quality, though inspired by a more general poetic impulse, and but accidentally related to the war. It is unfortunate that the collection should be marred, not alone by the contemptuous execration of the "invaders," but by some extraordinary editorial interpretations of history. Such notes as this which follows are not quite negligible by even the critic of poetry:

"Another gentleman present [at a recent gathering in London], speaking of the war, turned to me and said, 'Give me a history of that war,' to which I replied that it might be done in one sentence: 'The people of New England brought slaves from Africa, and traded them to us in the South for molasses and sugar and cotton, and then came and fought us and took them away from us.' This seemed to satisfy my questioner, and I hope it will not be denied or severely criticised by my reader. Amen."

Mr. Sheridan Ford's 'The Larger Life' (Croscup) is remarkable chiefly for the author's original conception of the nature of poetry.

"The real man of letters is *en route*,
To laughing Truth he clings,
He has turned from the mummery of words
To the poetry of things."

How successful Mr. Ford has been in eliciting the poetry of things will be seen in this specimen of his work as a poetic observer:

"The new Title Guarantee companies
Reveal the restful rise
Of the competent governing organs
That men of insight prize."

Or take him as a seer:

"The telephone and the telegraph lines
Will come in time to be
But extensions of the post-office Trust
When functioned full and free."

It is pleasant to come at the end of our survey to three volumes of poetry thoughtful, imaginative, and lovely. Mr. Sturge Moore has elected to print his work in shilling volumes in a form that recalls the issue of Browning's 'Bells and Pomegranates.' The three volumes that have thus far appeared in stout paper covers of brown are 'The Centaur's Booty,' 'The Rout of the Amazons,' and 'The Gazelles, and Other Poems' (Duckworth). The salient quality of Mr. Moore's work is a fine originality. This first appears to the reader as a matter of metre. In the beginning his verse strikes one as abnormally harsh and awkward, like Donne's redundant with consonants. Yet as the ear becomes accustomed to his curious movement this impression wholly wears away, and we become aware of a strongly marked beat that falls as insistently upon the ear as the march of the staves in 'Boewulf.' This alone gives Mr. Moore's work a masculine distinction in our day of suave cadences; yet the color of the imagination that furnishes the content of the verses is still more remarkable. 'The Gazelles' may be taken as typical. The poet describes the hunting of a herd of gazelles by a troop of Persian princes in a series of vivid and lovely pictures; then at the end he proceeds to make plain his symbolism in the following stanzas:

"Why are they born? ah! why beget
They in the long November gloom
Heirs of their beauty, their fleetness,—yet
Heirs of their panics, their pangs, their doom?

"That to princely spouses children are born
To be daintily bred and taught to please,
Has a fitness like the return of morn:
But why perpetuate lives like these?

. . . . . .

"Like the shadows of flames which the sun's rays throw
On a kiln's black wall, where glaziers dwell,
Pale shadows as those from glasses they blow,
Yet that lap at the blank wall and rebel,—

"Even so to my curious trance-like thought
Those herds move over those pallid hills,
With fever, as of a frail life caught
In circumstance o'er-charged with ills;

"More like the shadow of lives than life,
Or most like the life that is never born
From baffled purpose and foredoomed strife,
That in each man's heart must be hidden from scorn.

"Yet with something of beauty very rare,
Unseizable, fugitive, half discerned;
The trace of intentions that might have been fair
In action, left on a face that yearned

"But long has ceased to yearn, alas!
So faint a trace do they leave on the slopes
Of hills as sleek as their coats with grass;
So faint may the trace be of noblest hopes.

"Yet why are they born to roam and die?
Can their beauty answer thy query, O soul?
Nay, nor that of hopes which were born to fly,
But whose pinions the common and coarse day stole.

"Like that region of grassy hills outspread,
A realm of our thought knows days and nights
And summers and winters, and has fed
Ineffectual herds of vanished delights."

This startling subtlety of thought and image runs through all three of Mr. Moore's books; it often gleams into a flash of natural humor, and at the end it seems to have put before us something very like an original view of modern life. This is clearest, perhaps, in "The Centaur's Booty," wherein is set forth how two Centaurs, the last of their race, holding a stern creed,

"Nothing is pitied of the Gods and Fate,"

steal a human child and propose to rear him into a being quite superior to the effeminate race of men. Something of the same meaning of the desirability of the return to the healthy pagan gust for out-of-doors lurks, though more implicitly and by the suggestion of opposites, in 'The Rout of the Amazons.' A faun who has seen it tells of the destruction of the Amazonian army by Greek horsemen, in something of the same pitying spirit that guided the hands which loved to carve this scene on the sides of ancient tombs:

"It were better to have been a horse in that battle;
The strong steed knew not
Where he planted his hoof;
He ruined bosoms
That should have suckled heroes,
The children of a god;
But he knew it not.
If he broke the thigh of beauty,
Or crushed the loins
That had sate him so firmly,
With such elegance as the moon has—
The moon that rides white clouds—
Or the sea-nymph whom a dolphin
Bears with pride as with pride he bare her,
This the dumb steed knew not;
But they, the men,
Knew what they did."

The class of subjects that Mr. Moore has chosen to treat in these volumes is full of insidious dangers. A preoccupation with animal pain, or with such half unwholesome creations of the old-world imagination as centaurs and Amazons, a preoccupation so intimate and hypersensitive, is likely to lead a poet into a realm of morbid phantasmagoria. Cases have not been wanting of poets so preoccupied who have shut themselves into a Shalott of "curious trance-like thought" to weave poetry of a pallid, unhuman beauty. We look to see Mr. Moore saved from this danger by his joy in out-of-doors, his strong intellect, and his sense of humor.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Crossing. By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co.

Romance. By Joseph Conrad and Ford M. Hueffer. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Lychgate Hall. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Longmans, Green & Co.

The Cost. By David Graham Phillips. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Gates of Chance. By Van Tassel Sutphen. Harper & Brothers.

A Case of Sardines. By Charles Poole Cleaves. The Pilgrim Press.

The Woman Errant: Being Some Chapters from the Wonder Book of Barbara, the Commuter's Wife. The Macmillan Co.

The Givers. Short Stories, by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Harper & Brothers.

Old Hendrik's Tales. By Captain A. O. Vaughan. Longmans, Green & Co.

The Castaway. By Hallie Erminie Rives. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

In the choice of events and characters for his latest book, 'The Crossing,' Mr. Churchill is less fortunate than in his former romances founded on American history. His subject is the white man's

movement across the Alleghanies, settlement on the eastern side of the Mississippi, and relations between the English settlers and the older French and Spanish establishment in Louisiana. He has given three years of labor to the book, and tried to combine many elements and types enumerated in an "Afterword" (page 597). He expresses his sense of the "incompleteness" of his achievement, but the word is less fitting than incoherence or ineffectiveness. He has tried to do too much, and rather exaggerated, if not the ultimate importance, at least the exceptionalness of Col. George Rogers Clark's campaign against the Indians and French in the Kentucky wilderness. Our pioneers were courageous men, fond of adventure, reckless of life, but they existed in great numbers, and their character and exploits were very similar, so it is almost impossible at this late day to invest them with enough interest to carry a long novel.

Such criticism may, however, imply nothing more than personal indifference to frontier scrimmages, which is hardly a valid reason for belittling the result of so much conscientious toil. A better explanation for failure may be found in the author's statement that he has tried to give an historically true account of events, an account "trammelled as little as possible by romance." Why should a man who sits down to write a novel assume such an attitude? Should he not rather take pains to trammel his romance as little as possible with history? A great solicitude for fact is inimical to imaginative freedom and intuition—qualities which were rather conspicuous in Mr. Churchill's earlier work, but are barely discernible in 'The Crossing.'

It might be supposed that the only reason for a successful author's taking a collaborator would be to have his weakness supported by another man's strength. Such supposition does not account for Mr. Conrad's choice of Mr. Hueffer in the wild book entitled 'Romance.' Mr. Conrad's constructive faculty is so weak that his long novels are always inconsequent; 'Romance,' written with the assistance of Mr. Hueffer, is positively chaotic. The tale of mad adventure in the West Indies a century ago is put in the mouth of John Kemp, a sturdy English lad who made a mistake in packing his marvellous experiences in one volume; he should have taken at least ten, and doled out his wares at discreet intervals to the joy of his youthful compatriots. Though John Kemp lives in his deeds, in the words used to describe them, he vanishes, and there remains Mr. Conrad, unrestrained by Mr. Hueffer, letting loose his lurid imagination and his amazing vocabulary in defiance of probability or even reason. There is a prodigality of action, of vitality, of color, a revel of deviltry—in fact, an enormous waste of power, and neglect of the commonest rules of literary art.

'Lychgate Hall' is the story of a beautiful young lady named Dorothy, who lived in England during the reign of Queen Anne. Lychgate Hall wanted a tenant. It was barely habitable, and was infested with family ghosts, so when Dorothy asked for it, offering her rent in advance, she was promptly accepted. The unfolding of the mystery that surrounded Dorothy makes the tale, which is spun through 400 pages. Dorothy appears as good as she is beautiful. The respectable yeomanry cherish her; Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand makes love to her, and she challenges contemptuously his mother's curiosity. A noble lover visits her and rides away in despair, and in the dead of night an ancient servitor drives through the darkness with a load of human bones, which he deposits in a graveyard near Lychgate Hall. Whenever highwaymen are mentioned Dorothy starts and trembles, and there are moments when one suspects that the innocent-seeming maiden is in league with gentlemen of the road. But in the end her association with them is shown not to be criminal, and she comes honorably out of all complications, even the mystery of the bones. All the circumstances are highly improbable, but they are pleasantly narrated, and the action is broken with good descriptions of the country, and of rural festivities common in England when it was still ostentatiously merry.

'The Cost' belongs to a class of works which are coming in hundreds from Western publishing-houses. They turn on the financial or political triumphs of some shady boss, ending or not in downfall, but invariably possessing a young and high-minded wife and a rival candidate who is the incarnation of the wife's ideals, and who, if the author kills off the boss, marries the widow. One act of the drama is usually played at the co-educational college where the true hero and the heroine exchange ideas and ideals; and of course there must be always a scene in the New York Stock Exchange where millions are tossed about like beanbags. 'The Cost' has all these features and in addition a few new ones. In the broker's leading scenes he is found shut in with his home telephone instead of on the floor of the Exchange, thus converting the play into a sort of Punch and Judy show. In addition to the farm and the college and the opera we are introduced to the novel institution of a "Western School for Book Agents," where we see the teacher of the agents declining an offer of ten thousand a year and a commission in a publishing-house. Another leading feature of these books is the scorn heaped upon "Europeanized Americans." Thus, a certain flouted Arabella is described as one who "married a rich man, lived in the city, and, under the inspiration of English novels and the tutelage of a woman friend who visited in New York and often went abroad, was developing ideas of family and class and rank." All the characters who set foot in New York go more or less to the dogs, while the independent hero, who as a collegian, in his wrath against caste and faction, had bolted at a society meeting and had sprung upon the convention the nomination of Frank Adee of Terre Haute, is kept, with a few temporary aberrations, in the path of straightness by absenteeism from any point east of Indiana and by election to the Governorship after nomination in "the second largest auditorium in the State." There are side touches in 'The Cost,' when it strays from geography and dimensions, that show a certain degree of originality and of skill in reading motive. Machine politics and questionable fortune-making, however, even when as well drawn as Mr. Phillips undoubtedly draws them, begin to pall upon the palate.

The opening chapters of 'The Gates of Chance' excite a sense of looking at a cinematograph which has gone wrong. But, once having accepted the pace, the reader is whisked agreeably along through ways of entertaining adventure and ingenious mystery. Into the composition of the stories go a foundation of the Arabian Nights, a strong flavor of Sherlock Holmes, a seasoning of latest-day science, and all the intimate knowledge of New York, old and new—and it is a goodly store—that the author had in the house. Mr. Esper Indiman truly describes himself as a "connoisseur of the adventure grotesque." The stories are told as a gentleman would tell them—as naturally as they are unnatural; they offer clean and rational absurdity for the season's reading. The adventures overlap the chapters, so that each ending plunges us into a fresh tangle; and as we leave Mr. Indiman vanished into the wide world screwed up in a clockcase, we are sure we may look forward to the pleasure of meeting him again, for on such adverse environment the Esper Indimans of story grow fat and prosper.

'A Case of Sardines' gives a picture of the sardine industry in a town of the Maine coast. Not only the details of the canning factory are furnished forth, but the local manners, morals, dangers, and salvations that flourish either indigenously or as imports. A cynically disposed young city doctor takes his vacation at Echo Bluffs, and records his experiences, which, needless to say, range from fish to love. Prominent features of the sketch are the fight with the liquor traffic in the State of prohibition, and the uplifting, through song and sermon, of the factory workers, by the musical heroine and the athletic minister. Any reader who thinks "this down-east tale is overburdened with moralizing and philosophy" may at least admit that both are sound and sweet, and not without humor. Witness the native who says: "Ez fur ez my observation goes, the population here ain't tryin' to resist temptation. The majority of 'em's 'round hunting it up."

Friends of Barbara, the commuter's wife, will welcome her utterances on homemaking and the modern woman. "The woman errant, God help her," explains Barbara's father, the Doctor, "it seems to me, is she who either from choice, hazard, or necessity, seeks a cause outside of the protecting wall of her natural affections." Barbara pictures the woman who is errant from choice, and makes her most conclusively unlovely. She, the fascinator, of the "strange eyes with topaz glints," who leaves her betrothed and goes forth to college and to the life of assistant to an editor, burns her own fingers so badly that she may be left to point her own moral. Next to the leading lady, the woman doctor whose prejudice sacrifices her own child, may be put in the same category. The case really deserving attention is the brief eposide of poor Delia Mullins, who couldn't marry her best young man because her own sister Rose got his job at the iron works, supplanting him, for the reason given by the Boss—"She's all right, and she's cheaper." This is an economic puzzle which calls for deeper consideration than the very black and white cases more conspicuously presented, where the situation is comparatively clear, but the individual reprehensible beyond the pale of

sympathy. In truth, we find Mrs. Barbara's philosophy rather onesided, though she herself is so manysided. Her richest wisdom is found in the nuggets sparkling on the path, as is her highest literary attainment. The hoof and horn of purpose are rather painfully evident, and the array of virtues and graces and rewards suggests an arrangement in sheep and goats. But, off and on, as they journey, she and her friends are human and not unprofitable. What there is of sentimental and of slipshod in the story is offset by much of sound and sensible in the story-telling. The saying (in relation to an elderly man): "The secret of his lingering at the point of perfect ripening is his wisdom in dropping the little non-essential tasks that add to the day's fatigue," is good enough to make the reader forget about "the rhythm of the home heart-beats." "I am convinced that it is the *life mussy* that very largely passes current for the simple life," offsets the "flower greeting table in the hall." "If you take personality out of teaching, and regard the children as a progressive lot of *its*, I'm afraid interest does go," breathes a wisdom that supports one while reading that the laughed-at importance of Easter millinery "comes from the underlying eagerness for renewal in all its variations—the turning of the back on cold darkness and despair, and blooming forth anew." To some readers the horticulture and ornithology will seem superabundant. To others the fine arts may appear primitive. For every one there is something wholesome and suggestive. A few will hope to see Mrs. Barbara in a future volume the mother of a daughter who shall reconcile her to the sex.

The Christmas-story form usually handicaps the writer who feels in honor bound to certain traditions. All molasses is not too much sweetening for the occasion; philanthropy, evolved from curmudgeon hearts, flows like wine. Mrs. Freeman's Christmas stories are singularly and happily not open to this charge, and, of eight short stories in her latest volume, five hang on Christmas trees. In every one is found the homely element which it would be a public shock to miss; and characteristically the homeliness is by turns comic, pathetic, tragic—sometimes all at once. There are only two standards with which to compare Mrs. Freeman's work—herself and Nature. Judged by the former gauge, "The Givers" and "The Last Gift" are at the high mark of finish and pungency. Nature there is, in profusion, in all the stories. The details of village life are not more true than those of the inner man and woman. The human beings as well as the houses have their kitchens and best parlors, their spring and fall renewals, their attics with old memories stored in hair trunks, and this without too great a complexity of structure. Complex they are, to be sure, to the dramatic point, but they do not invent their own complexities nor glory in them. The writer is content to let nature straggle without torturing it into motiveless vagaries. Tucked cautiously into the middle of the book lie one or two stories which suffer by comparison with either of the suggested standards; notably "Eglantina," which has a strong motive, but is of an almost comically rantipole execution.

In 'Old Hendrik's Tales' we have a volume of animal stories collected by Capt. Vaughan from the Hottentots during the late Boer war. They bear, suitably, the mark of the beast and of authenticity—the latter all the more from their resemblance to the Uncle Remus stories. To this likeness the publishers call attention, surmising that both sets of legends are from a common source. The sly or "slim" hero of most of the tales told by the old Hottentot Hendrik, is 'Ou' Jackalse," who combines the astuteness of Br'er Fox with sundry individual traits of his own. "Ou' Wolf" is usually his foil and his pal in crime till it comes to dividing the spoils, when "Ou' Jackalse" is sure to be a solo performer. "Little Hare," or "Klein Hahsie," is called by the children "such a skellum," but Old Hendrik softens the aspersion by saying "he is a bit smart, but den he don't get nob'dy's bones broke anyhow"—a refinement which cannot be affirmed of the Jackal, the Wolf, or the "Baas King Lion." The Kaffir dialect is toned down to the readily comprehensible point without so disappearing as to forfeit the strongly local garb that all such stories should wear. The oddest note, perhaps, in the transcription is the modern slang of which, no doubt, there is a plenty ready-made to the hand in South Africa, but which reads queerly in legendary tales. Such phrases may be specified as "Git a move on you," "Where's that meal for the breakfas' I don' know" (assuredly Irish this). "A gall darn sorry" (Stars and Stripes please observe), "So twenty-shillins-in-de-pound comfy like" (Britannia rules the wave). The stories are readable and amusing. They have a decided value as a contribution to animal folk-lore, and within limits are suited to children, though from the nature of the *dramatis personæ* the vehemences are more prominent than in nature tales of a temperate zone.

"My history will furnish materials for a pretty little romance. . . . I hate things all fiction. . . . There should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric, and pure invention is but the talent of a liar." Thus wrote Lord Byron, and thus quotes him Miss Rives for the prefatory mottoes to her romance, 'The Castaway,' a story built on Byron's life. She has adopted its outlines from his boyhood to his death, and has brought to the filling-in many of the actual incidents of his career, though by no means always placing or timing them in accordance with the facts. "The Gentle Reader," says our modern essayist, likes history to be reproduced through the imagination. Miss Rives interprets Byron and his times for us rather through dislocation. For example, the well-known incident of a prayer for the unknown poet's conversion, written by an Englishwoman and found among her papers after her death, is transferred to the Countess Guiccioli, and is made the beginning of the acquaintance with George Gordon, he finding it written in a copy of "The Prisoner of Chillon," near a shrine in an olive grove. Again, the actual suggestion of the Countess that she should take a Juliet-like potion and "pass for dead," is in Miss Rives's romance carried out in fullest details. It is not strange that, having embarked upon embellishment, she should take the Countess of Guiccioli to Missolonghi, with a friar from the Armenian convent, in time to receive Gordon's latest sigh. But romance itself writhes in pain when Teresa finds Byron's "River that rollest by the Ancient Walls"—nine verses—newly etched by the author into a fungus at the root of a tree. Debarred, however, by the authoress's motto from complaining of fiction, we can only shift the impeachment, and say that she has given us far too much truth. To meet by name Shelley and Moore and Sheridan and Godwin, not to speak of Miss Milbanke, Lady Caroline Lamb, Jane Clermont, Marianna and the Countess Guiccioli, is to be entitled to the plain facts of the case. But if invention is to rule the hour, let the characters be called John Doe and Richard Roe. Miss Rives has shown reasonably good taste in treating the more obvious difficulties of her subject, shielding her Gordon, to be sure, by making him the defendant in most of his *causes célèbres;* and she has exercised discretion in her touch upon what could neither be omitted nor defended.

Of her style there is little to be said in extenuation. It shines the more luridly from its contrast with her theme, for if Byron's style was sometimes lurid, it was never viscid. Compare the real Byron on himself: "It is odd, but agitation or contest of any kind gives a rebound to my spirits and sets me up for the time," with Miss Rives on her hero: "In that night at Geneva the tidal wave of execration which had rolled over his emerging manhood had left as it ebbed only a bare reef, across which blew cool, infuriate winds of avid recklessness." What would have been Byron's feelings at reading that his hatred of his country "had darkled in the silt of ignominy"? Everywhere we meet the cool, infuriate and avid. A short anthology may serve to support this statement: "The mullioned worship that to his life seemed only the variform expression of the futile earth-want." "A night of Italian sorcery, the sky an infinite wistaria canopy nailed with white-blown stars." "The polar glaze spreads its algid mockery." A curl of "litten gold." "The buzz of undammed talk crisped by the tap of the gavel." Nor absent are the adverbs usual in such cases, the "wetlys," "palelys," "leadenlys" and their kin; the adjectives like "heaven'd." Truly, as Maurice Hewlett has said, "The adjective is the natural enemy of the verb."

Through all of too little and too much, there is no denying that the story holds the interest, nor that Miss Rives has caught and conveyed, in however artificial a tone, some points of the Byron likeness—the wilful wish to appear worse than he was; the "sheer sense of justice and hatred of hypocrisy"; the kindness, the courage and the passion for freedom. As to her treatment of other traits, Byron's characteristic dislike of "refutation" would certainly find much to batten on in 'The Castaway.' Does Miss Rives remember what he once wrote to Murray?—

"It is enough to answer for what I have written, but it were too much for Job himself to bear what one has not. I suspect that when the Arab patriarch wished that his 'enemy had written a book,' he did not anticipate his own name on the title-page."

TWO FISHING BOOKS.

Book of the Black Bass. By James A. Henshall, M.D. New edition, revised and ex-

tended. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co. 1904.

Trout-Fishing. By W. Earl Hodgson. With frontispiece by H. L. Rolfe, and a facsimile of a model book of flies. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

The twenty-three years since the original publication of Dr. Henshall's book have not served to cool his enthusiasm. The black bass is still, for him, "inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims." However widely anglers may differ from him on this particular point, there is no question as to the service which he has rendered to the cause of angling in general by his enthusiastic devotion to the development of tackle for bass fishing, and to the propagation of bass in countless lakes and streams previously devoid of game fish, or at least of any species which the introduction of the black bass could injure—for Dr. Henshall is better supplied with sense and conscience on this point than many who have meddled in the business. A new edition of his book is therefore an event to be welcomed, and the fire which hastened this event by the destruction of the old plates need not be lamented.

Without exception, we imagine, readers of the volume will welcome the radical excisions which have reduced the first two chapters ("Scientific History of the Black Bass," and "Nomenclature and Morphology") from 134 pages to 44. It would be unfair to Dr. Henshall, however, not to state that this shortening is due to the scientific acceptance of that for which he contended so earnestly in the original edition, viz., the restoration of the generic and specific names given by Lacépède in the original edition of his famous 'Histoire Naturelle des Poissons.' There are many other excisions not of sufficient importance to be noted here, much has been rewritten, and many additions have been made. Under the latter head, we notice a very earnest maintenance of the assertion that the large-mouthed variety of the black bass is fully equal to the small-mouthed in its fighting capacity. Various explanations are attempted to account for the prevalence of the contrary opinion, and several anglers are quoted in substantiation of our author's own view, but the argument remains unconvincing. If the two will fight equally, "all things being equal," then the average bass angler will wonder why all things are so persistently unequal. Certainly, experience on lakes and streams where the two are found together leaves most anglers with the firm conviction that the small-mouthed bass is quicker in its movements, fights nearer the surface (thus avoiding the deadening effect of a long stretch of line under water), is much more prone to jump into the air, keeps up the struggle longer when well hooked, and gets off more frequently when not, than the large-mouthed. Possibly Dr. Henshall is too enthusiastic for the "Black Bass" in general to admit a defect in anything entitled to the name.

The chapter on rods is considerably expanded, and the previous claim of priority for Samuel Phillippe in the construction of the split-bamboo rod is now established beyond cavil, while the date of the invention is pushed back three years, to 1845. The chapter on reels gains by the insertion of a detailed account of the evolution of the Kentucky reel. Much of the material for clearing up these historical problems was collected by Dr. Henshall for the Columbian Exposition, where he was appropriately in charge of the angling exhibit. On the subject of hooks, we are glad to note in the new edition an emphatic protest against the murderous gangs of hooks so commonly displayed by the dealers for trolling and casting. The practised angler finds them really no more effective than the single hook, and they unquestionably lacerate many fish which are not taken. Dr. Henshall still retains his sane opinion that much that is written of artificial flies is sheer humbug, and is correspondingly modest in his own observations. We think, however, we detect one of the commonest fallacies of the fly enthusiast in his contention that the live grasshopper should be used exclusively as a surface bait, always on the windward side of the water, and only when a stiff breeze is blowing, because it is under such conditions that the bass naturally secure these insects as food. Many an angler can testify that the small-mouthed bass, as well as other fish, take them readily under entirely different conditions.

When the original edition was reviewed in these columns, regret was expressed that Dr. Henshall had not kept clearer of the sentimental side of fishing. The sentiment has not departed with years, however, and "good old father Izaak Walton" is drawn upon rather more than less. The original poetic description of "The Capture of the Bass" is retained, but the rhythm and metre have evidently been the object of much loving care in the meanwhile; still, we cling to the opinion expressed twenty-three years ago, that by this specific evidence the author is proved to be no poet. We can also repeat, concerning the new edition as a whole, what was said of the old, that it is the only source of full and reliable information on the habits and pursuit of one of the finest of American fresh-water fishes, and supplies a great want.

We strike a very different type of angler in the author of 'Trout Fishing.' If Dr. Henshall tends to weary us with his rhythmic "Capture of the Bass," what shall we say of Mr. Hodgson, who insists upon dragging us through the mazes of Fate and Free Will, Calvinism, Agnostic Evolution, and what not, in pursuit of the brook trout? We are perfectly willing to take the trout on trust, leaving to some future state of existence the settlement of the question whether "the First Cause intended trout to be caught by the methods of sport, so that men might find pleasure in the capture of them"; nor do we feel the need of bolstering up our devotion to the rod by the knock-down argument that the whole idea of design in nature must be abandoned unless our sport be admitted to have no less a sanction than that of having been a part of the creative plan. If this too must be a part of the higher order of angling, then let us hark back to the days of our boyhood, and go fishin' off the river bank with a willow pole and a can of worms.

Mr. Hodgson has a good deal for the reader after all this is cut out. The only difficulty is that, like his own village anglers along the lowland streams in time of flood, you cannot be quite certain in any given case whether it is a good, juicy trout or a wriggling metaphysical eel at your hook. Out of it all the discriminating angler may pick many valuable suggestions of practical value in his sport; but along with the metaphysical chaff already noticed he must also sift out a considerable element of faulty natural science. Curiously enough, the one bit of really vivid writing in the book deals not with trout fishing at all, but with the capture of a salmon. We have mentioned Dr. Henshall's incredulity on the subject of flies; doubtless he would look askance at the model book of flies reproduced in facsimile which forms the introduction to Mr. Hodgson's volume. There are over one hundred and fifty varieties, each carefully reproduced in its original colors, under the supervision of Mr. Mortimer Menpes. It must be said, however, that Mr. Hodgson is in general no stickler for "fads" in angling. He counts it no blasphemy to assail the "dry fly" craze; nay, he will even fish with a live minnow or a worm on due occasion—that is, when the large trout of any given locality can be lured forth in no other way. The interest of the strictly American angler in the book will of course be diminished by the fact that it deals with the sport only as practised in the British Isles. The dedication is to the memory of the Marquess of Salisbury, to whom the book was to have been inscribed by his own permission. And here we are reminded that the author's familiarity with persons of note, generally indicated by initials, is occasionally obtrusive. In mechanical execution the book is all that one could ask.

Lectures on Classical Subjects. By W. R. Hardie, Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh. Macmillan. 1903.

Every schoolboy knows that nowadays classical studies are everywhere put upon their defence. Fortunately for them, arraignment is not the same thing as conviction: history can point to a number of scholastic acquittals. Yet it is a curious coincidence that the four new books on classical subjects that we have last had occasion to open, begin each with a deprecatory preface. Whither is gone the Roman belligerence and the Greek calmness of self-assurance? Can it be that he is only a myth of ancient origin, that Oxford don who welcomed with such superb scorn the founding of the newer English universities because they would provide for modern trashy subjects, and leave Oxford and Cambridge to pursue their solid and comfortable way in peace? Mr. Hardie need not apologize for the unambitious character of his book, for, even though he traverses for the most part familiar fields, and plucks his posies in leisurely fashion, it is such toil as his which brings to the much-scorned average reader the fragrance of the ages. We cannot all in this workaday world keep up our earlier sauntering over the fields of Enna without a guide, but we welcome all the breaths from that faery land that kind Favonius may grant us.

Of the ten lectures, or essays, that Mr. Hardie puts before us, the first six are of distinct interest to all intelligent students of human feeling as it is expressed in literature. They trace in easy manner from age to age, and set forth in a clear style, the feeling for nature in the Greek and Roman poets, the beliefs of the Greeks

and Romans concerning a life after death, the supernatural in ancient poetry and story, the older ideas concerning an age of gold, the vein of romance in Greek and Roman literature; and finally discuss, from the standpoint of classical literature, that ever-interesting theme of the language of poetry. In a number of instances these topics tempt comparison of Mr. Hardie's treatment with that of others. One cannot forget Von Rohde's 'Psyche' in any discussion of the ancient belief in immortality; Friedländer's essay on the Roman feeling for nature, though not sympathetic in touch, has been to many a source of suggestion; the discussion of the romantic element in literature will call to mind the writing of Mr. Hardie's colleague, Professor Butcher, in his 'Aspects of the Greek Genius.' With the second edition of the last-mentioned work Mr. Hardie was unacquainted at the time his own essay was written. On these and the allied themes, however, Mr. Hardie's purpose was narrative and descriptive rather than critical and constructive; yet the reader who assumes from the modesty of the preface and the simplicity of the method that he has before him only such stunted and dry-as-dust collections as juvenile candidates for the doctorate occasionally succeed in accumulating, will be pleasantly undeceived. Mr. Hardie's essays embody much more than he professes. They abound with lucid and suggestive analysis and comment pleasantly expressed. The characters of Plautus, so said Aelius Stilo, speak as the Muses would if they spoke Latin. Mr. Hardie's writing is such as we should like to find in the statistical dissertations of our students of literature, but they would need closer kinship with both the wisdom and the grace of the Muses in order to compass it.

A good example of the author's critical manner and good sense is found in his treaatment of the sixth Eclogue of Virgil:

"It is full of echoes from the past, and yet it is at the same time a new thing. Virgil transmuted what he touched. . . . Old memories and fancies of an age of gold he has woven into a new idyll, a vision of Italy as it might be under happier conditions. In this respect, though there are many points of divergence, the eclogue resembles Shelley's poem on the regeneration of Greece, which would be treated with equal injustice if it were resolved into the classical ideas or allusions which appear in it. Both poems have in some degree the vagueness or obscurity which belongs to a prophetic vision: the seer is trying to read the story of a strange future, and has no language in which to express it save the ideas and traditions of the past, which are of necessity inadequate. It would be as idle to try to identify Shelley's 'loftier Argo' and 'new Ulysses' as it is to rationalize with prosaic literalness the dream of Virgil."

Yet the *puer* Mr. Hardie finally inclines (with Skutsch) to think is a real child, the expected offspring of Octavian and Scribonia.

Sometimes we must be allowed to differ with Mr. Hardie's conclusions. He remarks, for example, that "the epithets applied to mountains by the Greek poets would show, if they were collected, a wonderful appreciation of the varied features of mountain scenery—"many-fountained Ida," "clad in waving woods" (*εἰνοσίφυλλον*), "full of wooded glens" (*πολυπτύχου ὑλήεσσης*), "snow clad," "touched by the sun's first ray" (*πρωτόβολον ἀλίῳ*), etc. But may it not be said, after all, that the feeling thus indicated seems to be aroused by elements that are not essentially connected with mountains? Nor can we quite accord with the idea that one of the "ways in which mountains did exercise a spell over the Greek" was in arousing his emotion of patriotism. The instances Mr. Hardie cites are all those of return from absence, where either the mountains are merely the landmarks first seen, or else the traveller's actual home is among them, in which latter case he would experience the same emotion had his home been in the plains, if only he could have caught sight of it as easily. The mountains in each case are but accidents of the situation.

Again, the essay on "The Vein of Romance" seems to us not quite as clear-cut and fruitful as it might have been if the author had framed more narrowly and sharply his definition of romance. His own conception seems to be lacking in precision. He says:

"I do not think that we can really include the poems of Sappho under this head. The white heat and glow of real passion, the expression of what one feels at the moment one's self, this is hardly what is meant by romance strictly. . . . Romance results rather when we sympathize with the emotions of a hero or heroine of story—when the emotions are not the actual ones of the moment, not those we are ourselves feeling intensely, but at most our own feelings projected, as it were, into a remote region, idealized and reproduced in new conditions. In romance we are, to a certain extent, outside of our own emotions—thinking about them, making much of them, looking at them."

Part of what Mr. Hardie thus says does not seem to us sufficiently exclusive of other qualities to serve as even part of a definition of romance. Sympathetic emotion is not necessarily romantic, though romance must surely have a personal appeal and captivation. Of course, on the other hand, no one could possibly take exception to the statement that "the white heat and glow" of passion, like that of Sappho or of Sulpicia, is not romance. Mr. Hardie need not have spoken with such unusually awkward hesitation on this point. We should be disposed to avail ourselves of some of the elements that he suggests, and to discard others, insisting that romance, though the sublimation of passion, the idealization of emotion, passion lifted above both sensuality and realism into the purer and remoter regions of a sort of mystery, is yet truly and intensely personal and absorbing. The difference between our conception of romance and that of Mr. Hardie is perhaps better shown by examples. He includes under romance mere passionate or pathetic stories of love. Apollo's amours are hardly what we should call romantic.

The last four essays of the book are of less general interest. The one on the metrical form of poetry, though doubtless meant as a companion piece to that on the language of poetry, yet discusses almost exclusively certain detailed and technical questions of ancient metrics. The special student will find it the most interesting of all. The lecture on literary criticism at Rome treats in a sketchy way the theme that was more solidly handled by the late Professor Nettleship in the *Journal of Philology* for 1890, and was later included in the second series of his Lectures and Essays. Mr. Hardie's sketch of the revival and progress of classical studies in Europe is clear and just, but calls for little remark, and the concluding lecture on the aims and methods of classical study is not concerned with philosophical or pedagogical questions, but summarizes didactically the way in which the classical student should go about his work. These last three are ordinary class-room lectures, and that is all; the book evidently exists for the first seven, and we trust Mr. Hardie will some time give us more of the same excellent sort.

Kings and Queens I Have Known. By Hélène Vacaresco. Harper & Bros. 1904.

A lady-in-waiting seldom publishes her diary; probably it is not often that she has the time or the spirit to keep one. One does not look to a valet for the imagination that will transform his master into a hero; and to a *dame d'honneur* her royal mistress is usually, no doubt, a perfectly commonplace person who causes her acute physical discomfort. She sees the seamy side of court life too close to idealize it, and realism in such a connection would be ill-bred. Fanny Burney's revelations are quite exceptional. She belonged to the English middle class, and naturally felt that in sacrificing her literary career to become the Queen's dresser she made a brilliant exchange; but she had truthful instincts and a weak constitution, so that the interlude at court was brief and her record of it sincere. Mlle. Vacaresco is no less out of the common run of ladies-in-waiting. Her poetry, though not equal to that of "Carmen Sylva," has been crowned by the French Academy, and she has a vivid and picturesque imagination, which her close association with the Queen of Rumania has done nothing to suppress. The conception of royalty is not usually attractive to poets. You will not find Homer idealizing his kings—what appeals to him is the youth and strength and passion of Achilles, the beauty and grief of Helen; and though many a court poet since Homer has enjoyed the friendship of kings, he has usually preferred to sing of something else. But Mlle. Vacaresco is more royalist than all the kings and queens she has known. The most trivial incident connected with a royal personage thrills her imagination because it symbolizes the power of kings, or illustrates their divine condescension to inferior mortals. Her style is highly rhetorical and her point of view wholly feminine, so that two-thirds of the volume before us will appeal chiefly to the readers of periodicals devoted to the fashions and fashionable gossip, such as one encounters in great variety in the average British drawing-room. No one else, one imagines, could read with patience Mlle. Vacaresco's description of the wonderful eyes of the German Emperor—

"eyes whose color and depth and sternness can be compared to jewelled Toledo blades, where gold and iron blend like blazing rays of the sun and cold flashes of stormy lightning . . .—that look, as it lingered and plunged to the very depths of the assembled people, made every nerve thrill like the muscles of the Arabian steed who feels his master's fingers creep lazily through his mane. . . . The firm gaze of the imperial sun-god is not abased before the brilliant rays which concentrate their fierce light upon him."

Or again, of the Queen of Italy's smile—

"so subtle, so pure, so lavishingly spent—a smile at the same time fascinating and

haughty, careful to betray royal serenity, yet anxious to hold the popular favor, a jewel which the lowest and most obscure might find on the road to daily labor, as welcome as bread or flowers."

Few twentieth-century courtiers, few of any century, could write like this at close range and be sincere. But Mlle. Vacaresco is thoroughly sincere. We cannot doubt that the moment in which the Princess of Wales handed her a shawl on a chilly evening in the Highlands will, as she asserts, remain alive in her memory forever; nor does her extravagant praise of her own mistress, "Carmen Sylva," read like flunkeyism. From childhood she has devoted an extraordinary capacity for hero worship and a transfiguring imagination to the chief personages of the European courts. But for certain political considerations, she might herself have taken her place among them—a fact to which she more than once alludes. The Queen of Rumania, her poetic gifts and private sorrows, have been described once for all by Pierre Loti. Mlle. Vacaresco's extravagant rhapsody can add little to the impression given by the author of 'L'Exilée,' though her picture of the Rumanian court in the Carpathians is interesting.

The most dramatic figures in these sketches are the mysterious Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria and his unfortunate mother. The former, Mlle. Vacaresco describes from a childish but vivid recollection of an unpleasant and degenerate personality, whose mysterious death has made him a hero of romance. The romance is, of course, all that she consents to see. An upstart queen like Draga of Servia is quite another matter. In her chapter on "The Sovereigns of Servia," Mlle. Vacaresco describes Madame Draga Maschin at a garden-party in Paris, in attendance on Queen Nathalie:

"Her countenance was well calculated to charm, though not to command attention; the features, though delicate, lacked refinement, and there was about the nose a deficiency of classical lines, while the mouth twitched in a nervous way as if moved to smile without the courage to do so. The glossy black hair waved round a low forehead, where furrows were already settled, traced not by age, but by stern, resolute, thought and action. The eyes and eyebrows alone were perfect and spoke of an Oriental houri's power. 'I would never go to Servia again,' she said, 'if I could help it. It is my country, but I have enemies there, whereas here every one loves me. But you understand the Queen is such a devoted mother. She will one day desire to see more of her son than she does at Biarritz, where he comes only for a short time. She will return to Belgrade, and then I shall have to accompany her, and if she settles there—oh, then farewell flirtations, farewell all hopes of marriage. But I won't marry again; I am too old and plain and I don't flirt. I am getting so cosmopolitan that, only think, the young King, when he came to Biarritz this summer, discovered that there were many words in Servian I did not understand, and he laughed—he teased me. But then he is so young—quite a child.' "

Perhaps the most interesting, because least rhetorical, pages are those in which the lady-in-waiting who has not married the Crown Prince of her court dissects the lady-in-waiting who has actually mounted the throne. The minor royalties furnish on the whole more amusing gossip than the exalted personages. Mlle. Vacaresco occasionally shows a gleam of humor, as when she describes the petty German princes and princesses assembled with some of the lesser Hohenzollerns under the same roof with the German Emperor, who may or may not deign to admit their vague kinship; they uncertain, meanwhile, whether to behave as vassals or relatives, outwardly obsequious, inwardly chafing—a most unattractive house party.

Therapeutics of Mineral Springs and Climates. By Dr. I. Burney Yeo. Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co.

From immemorial times thermal and chemical waters have been invoked for the relief of disease, and Dr. Yeo's is the latest geographical dictionary on this subject. The famous English physician has written for English invalids, and his view is chiefly, not exclusively, of places easy of European access. It is not astonishing that the "samples of weather" which pass for climate in Great Britain should impel invalids (who are able) to change their skies, especially in the drearier seasons; a trustworthy volume is therefore valuable alike to those who would fly and to those who should advise their flight. But we do not find, as we might expect, stress laid on the character of the soil as well as on atmospheric humidity and temperature, as an essential for wholesome residence as well as a factor of climate itself. That change of air is in great degree change of soil, and, when helpful, is largely an escape from the noxious conditions of damp and ill-drained sites, is no new conceit.

The United States is dismissed with scanty reference to California and Colorado, where we find "Boulder in the heart of the Rocky Mountains" (p. 606). But Egypt, which has become, "since the British occupation," a very popular winter resort, is well treated, with an impartial account of the sanitary disadvantages of Cairo. One of the most interesting chapters discusses sea travel, so changed on steamers from what it was on ships under sail. Merited stress is laid on the remarkable improvement that tropical intestinal complaints, otherwise lifelong or fatal, undergo in a month or so at sea when undertaken promptly. Such convalescence in military patients has been misinterpreted (where intelligence did not equal authority) as clinical deception or professional ignorance or both. In the longer voyages between European coasts and Asiatic ports the author ignores every line but the P. and O., quite forgetting that both the North German and the French ships from China surpass in all points of attractiveness those pioneers so long and formerly so justly celebrated in British story.

To the greatest number of invalids the chapter on the mountain-air cure for consumption, which is practically that of dry and unpolluted air, the "open-air" of selected localities, is probably the most valuable. As Dr. Yeo remarks, Sydenham's "sufficiently long journeys on horseback," which he thought the best remedy for consumption yet discovered, was an anticipation of the advantages of the open-air treatment. This very favorable combination is as useful now as it was two hundred and fifty years ago, for the horse implies money, and is the germ from which develop the more abundant fresh air, the dry soil, and the reasonable food that constitute the wealthy consumptive's special "climate" of to-day. But the horse is a luxury, delightful but not essential in the treatment.

The action of medicinal springs and especially of baths, as distinct from the same elements artificially combined, is still a puzzle. There are famous baths in this country where analysis shows little more than that they are wet and hot; but unless all observation is fallacious, they are important therapeutical agencies. It has been suggested, and Dr. Yeo in his preface quotes the suggestion without disapproval, that the "newly-discovered property of radio-activity" may account for much of the profitable balneal action of "indifferent" springs. It may. And the same may be true for those waters that are best "taken" on the spot. But as radio-activity is an evanescent quality, experiment to determine its presence must be made at the source, and the transported waters should be less efficient than those used as they emerge from the earth, as indeed is sometimes the case. The great group of mineral springs that have made the geological fault at Saratoga celebrated are not mentioned, any more than are other natural sanitaria of this country.

James Lawrence, Captain, United States Navy. By Albert Gleaves, Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

It is not likely that another life of Lawrence will be written, so thoroughly has Lieut.-Commander Gleaves performed his task of searching the Navy Department archives and of drawing upon private sources of information, many of which were not available to his predecessors. He has presented the results of his painstaking labors in a narrative accurate in statement and of marked fairness in criticism, so that little remains for others to tell concerning one of the most picturesque and popular characters in our naval history, and yet one of whom, he says, "less is known . . . personally than any of his contemporaries, except, of course, his immortal order, 'Don't give up the ship.' "

Lawrence's life may be said, quite truthfully, to consist of but two episodes—his victory in the *Hornet* over the British sloop-of-war *Peacock*, February 24, 1813, and his loss of the frigate *Chesapeake* to the *Shannon*, on the first day of June, the same year. To the former, Mr. Gleaves devotes enough space to secure a satisfactory setting for his picture of the brilliant action which placed Lawrence's name high on the roll of our naval heroes, and raised hopes for his future, and confidence in his combination of luck and capacity, that were quickly changed to national grief for his untimely fate, mortally wounded at the very opening of his last battle.

To construct a biography of such scanty elements was by no means easy, and this should be borne in mind as we read the opening chapters, penned with the intent of giving a general idea of the service into which Lawrence entered in 1798, while yet in his seventeenth year, and of the political situation during the early part of the nineteenth century. The padding is very evident; but if it had to be used at all, this padding is excellent, although sometimes rather trivial. We are interested to learn that ships of that day had already discarded casks for tanks to carry their water supply; we wonder whether the author really meant to say that when Capt. Broke was made a Knight Commander of the Bath

he was admitted into the peerage; we are led to inquire when "Commodore" John D. Sloat, the annexer of California, changed his name to James B. Sloat; and we fear enthusiasm for his subject has carried Mr. Gleaves too far in asserting that, as a frigate captain, Lawrence "had no superior in the service."

It is pleasant to think that young Lawrence's remonstrances to Admiral Collingwood, when three of his men were forcibly taken out of his little gunboat "No. 6," by Capt. Rotheram of H. B. M. S. *Dreadnought* off Cadiz in 1805, may, possibly, have borne fruit two years afterwards, as that splendid type of the officer and gentleman wrote:

"When English seamen can be recovered in a quiet way, it is well; but when demanded as a national right which must be enforced, we should be prepared to do reciprocal justice. In the return I have from only a part of the ships, there are 217 Americans. Would it be judicious to expose ourselves to a call for them? I see in the journal of the —— that when cruising they spoke an American from Leghorn, bound to Salem, and the only remark about her is, that they pressed a man out of her. What should we say if the Russians were to man themselves out of English ships?"

It would appear from the beautiful letter written to Lawrence by the surviving officers of the *Peacock* thanking him for his "kindness, attention, and hospitality," that American naval officers, in their courteous reception and treatment of Cervera and his men, but followed the honorable traditions of a humane service, which in this respect continues to be without a rival.

The luckless story of the *Chesapeake* reminds us that, in flagrant violation of international ethics, we have given to a new vessel that title which we lost in a fair fight, and to which we therefore have no shred of claim; and it suggests an inquiry into the mental condition of the Congress which perpetuated, in one of our newest and best battleships, the equally unfortunate name of *Maine*. The average reader will be chiefly interested to know the reasons why the *Chesapeake* was the only one of our frigates to suffer defeat in an engagement with a British ship of her class, and whether the allegations of Cooper that "some disaffection existed among the crew. . . . The ship had an unusual number of mercenaries in her. . . . It is known that Capt. Lawrence went into this engagement with strong reluctance. . . . In addition, the *Chesapeake* had an unusual number of landsmen in her, etc.," together with the whispered suggestion that Lawrence weighed his anchor and bore down upon his adversary in a state of vinous exaltation following a noonday banquet on shore, would be substantiated or refuted by Gleaves's more recent investiagtions. We must refer the reader to the book and its admirably clear and impartial account of the action for the proof that all these statements were erroneous, and that the *Chesapeake* was lost, primarily because her captain committed the tactical blunder of not raking the *Shannon*, which lay still in the water on the approach of the *Chesapeake*, and of closing to such a distance on the weather beam that, when the first broadsides of the *Shannon* carried away her headsail, she flew up into the wind, was taken aback, and promptly driven astern on top of the Englishman, an easy target and at the latter's mercy. An overwhelming disaster followed swiftly upon the heels of an initial blunder, as is frequently the case.

The publishers have done their full share towards making this an attractive book, while to the care of preparation the author has added a smoothness of style and evidences of wide and varied reading, not usually to be found in the kit of the seafaring man.

Natural Music Course. By Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper. American Book Co.

This course consists of a Harmonic Primer and Harmonic First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Readers. There is considerable repetition, both in the reading matter and in the musical illustrations, but this is intentional, for purposes of review and to enable the slower pupils to keep up with the procession. Less justifiable is the use, in several of the volumes, of one of Schubert's "Miller-Maiden" songs with Longfellow's inapposite "Tell me not in mournful numbers," and of the wedding march from "Lohengrin" to the words "Flag of the free, fairest to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war"; etc., which would have made Wagner's hair stand on end. Apart from these infelicities, little but praise is due these volumes, which will doubtless serve their purposes very well.

The leading American pianist of the fair sex, Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, recently wrote in the *Music Trade Review* that "women have done the lion's share of the work in developing a love of good music in this country." How true this is, especially in the schools, is emphasized by the fact that the authors of these Harmonic Readers take it for granted that they are addressing a feminine audience chiefly, and therefore always refer to the teacher as "she." The lessons and songs are for both boys' and girls' voices, and special directions are given regarding the critical period when boys begin to suffer from the break in the voice. The Fifth Reader includes songs with bass. "Some boys," the authors state, "anxious to emulate the example of their bass-voiced companions, demand the bass clef for exclusive use. Still other boys, and this class includes nearly all those who show some changed tones, have two registers, and can sing either soprano or bass within limited ranges." Sections are devoted to solfeggio work, ear training, eye training, enunciation, part singing, dictation exercises, etc. The music in the First Reader is intended to make pupils familiar with the best of the American folk music, but there are also, as in the other volumes, many miscellaneous tunes; harmony plays a more and more prominent part in the successive Readers. The preface of the last volume contains a strong plea for music in schools, concluding with this noteworthy sentence:

"When, therefore, we reflect upon the fact that nine-tenths of all the crime that is committed is the direct result of ill-spent leisure, and that nearly all of our poverty is due to the lack of personal resource or creative power, we must agree that a study which, properly conducted, affords innocent amusement for leisure moments, and at the same time arouses and cultivates those faculties upon which creative, original, and independent action is based, cannot safely be disregarded by those who have our national welfare at heart."

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1904.

The Week.

The President has taken the proper stand in publicly rebuking the Federal district attorneys and marshals in Alabama who have attempted to remove subordinates for political reasons. He justly says that "of all offices of the Government, those of the Department of Justice should be kept free from any suspicion of improper action on partisan or factional grounds." Without meaning to detract in any way from the credit the President deserves for these words, we venture to hope that no Southerner will be so unkind as to assent to their correctness and then ask Mr. Roosevelt why he does not apply the same doctrine at home. There is the District Attorney's office in this city, for instance. Why should not it also be protected from any suspicion of improper action? Most persons are apt to think that this branch of the legal arm of the Government is quite as important as that of Birmingham. Why, then, should it have been burdened with William M. Byrne, lately a Federal district attorney in Delaware, and now a full-fledged assistant here? No one has yet discovered why Mr. Roosevelt should go out of this State to fill the position, except the more than suspicious fact that this tool of Addicks was very useful in reassuring in 1900 and 1902 certain Irish Catholic circles which had become very uneasy over the Administration's attitude towards their Church in the Philippines.

The semi-official defence of President Roosevelt's action in appointing a civilian fifty-four years of age to a majority in the army only puts the President in a worse light. Congressmen Bradley of Newburgh and Secretary Cortelyou—not Governor Odell, it appears—obtained the promise of the job for their friend, so ready to don the uniform after thirty years of laborious practice of the law. The President, then, is giving away eagerly sought army offices to oblige a Congressman and the chairman of the Republican National Committee. The statement that Mr. Fowler was not Mr. Roosevelt's own choice, and that he would rather have given the place to one of those Rough Riders for whom he has so thoughtfully been providing offices ever since he entered the White House, only aggravates his renunciation of the appointing power. Nor does the excuse that the place in question was previously filled by a civilian help matters. It is a highly important military office. As a veteran officer writes us: "The position is one that can be properly filled only by an officer who has had long experience, as it is really an appointment in the Adjutant-General's Department." The truth of this statement appears in the fact that Major Fowler will be promoted to the position of lieutenant-colonel and assistant adjutant-general of the army next year—after only one year's service.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have an ungrateful" bantling must be the reflection of the Administration over the unpleasant reaction against the United States again manifest in Panama. On Friday President Amador invited a number of prominent citizens to the Government palace, and a declaration was then launched that "the Panama Government should firmly demand a full compliance with the text and spirit of the treaty, and should by no means tacitly permit its violation in any shape or manner which would be derogatory to the nation's dignity before the world." The Panamans persist in thinking that the President is unwilling to relinquish control over Panaman ports, and to comply with the treaty which recognizes Panama as an independent and sovereign State. If Panamans think that this Administration, after violating its treaty obligations with Colombia, and after having overthrown Colombian sovereignty under the pretext of our guarantee of the neutrality of the Isthmus, is going to be sedulously regardful of the rights of such a comic-opera republic as Panama, we fear they are doomed to disappointment. It will only be necessary to trot out the stalking-horse of an "international easement" in Panaman ports to grab just as many of them as may be convenient.

The mighty fabric of our Imperial judicature is slowly but surely rising. Already there has emerged into distinctness the general principle that an appeal lies from the decision of South American courts to the Executive Department of the United States. Thus, in Venezuela, where the Castro Administration has brought suit for damages against the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company, although our State Department admits that "the course of the Castro Administration is entirely within the law," our State Department proposes to "examine with the utmost care the proceedings of the Venezuelan courts." If the allegations of gross injustice made by the New York concessionnaires are found by our State Department to be correct, Minister Bowen will at once receive word to inform Castro that "the property of the Americans must be promptly and wholly restored." There is here a curious analogy to the bifurcated prætorian jurisdiction developed under the Roman Empire. The *praetor urbanus*, whose code regulated the procedure of the city, has a parallel in our Supreme Court with its restricted continental jurisdiction; while the jurisdiction of the *praetor peregrinus*, whose code held in suits to which foreigners were party, seems to be devolving upon the Secretary of State and the Secretary of War.

"Reconstruction in Samar" has a familiar sound, bringing up sweet memories of "Hell-Roaring Jake" Smith, the cold-blooded killings of Major Waller, and some other attractive happenings in the spring of 1902. Then we were told, particularly after the capture of Lucban, that the war in Samar was over, that peace reigned over a desolate country. We have been repeatedly informed since then by Gov. Taft and others that only the Moros were in arms against the triumphant United States. But the children under twelve, who alone were to have been spared by Gen. Smith's orders, have apparently grown up and taken arms into their small hands, for Gov. Wright, in despair of subjugating this pacific island, has ordered the immediate forcible concentration of the populace into those hateful camps which disgraced Spain in Cuba and England in the Transvaal, and about which we were once so terribly indignant. When is the war in the Philippines to end, and when is the needless waste of American lives to stop?

Turkey has yielded, as usual, to the naval demonstrations at Smyrna, and American institutions will receive the most-favored-nation treatment. Secretary Hay will record another facile "triumph," and everybody will be pleased except Minister Leishman, who has no assurance that next time he will not be obliged to pass again through the circumlocution office. Most of all, perhaps, the missionaries will be delighted, for have they not proclaimed, in the land of the Koran or the sword, the Gospel or the battleship? Everything is settled until next time, and with this instance of American intervention, which fortunately has ended well, the Concert of Europe has one more argument for undertaking the regeneration of the sick man of the East.

The Federal Government's employment policy is very properly that of "the open shop." The strike of the union bricklayers on the buildings of the War College at Washington, because of the employment of a non-union negro certified to the superintendent by the Civil

Service Commission, has collapsed. On the 10th instant seventeen additional non-union bricklayers from Philadelphia were at once set to work upon alighting from the train, thus securing the full complement of forty-five first-class men —all that were required to finish the job. The majority of the strike-breakers are negroes, and the report comes from Washington that "they lay more brick and are less inclined to discuss labor questions and hours than their striking predecessors." The Government's policy in this matter of making no distinction between unionists and non-unionists not only is required by the spirit of the Constitution, but is eminently politic, so long as only a very small fraction of wage-earners are unionists. To adopt the policy of "the closed shop" in Federal employment would be to invite speedy political destruction.

The Reign of Terror in Colorado has been challenged, and the return to sanity and the reign of law promises to begin. The Rev. Thomas S. Leland, pastor of a Methodist church at Cripple Creek, who has taken no part in the industrial disturbances except that about a month ago he inveighed against the lawlessness of the deportation system, was warned recently by masked men to leave the Cripple Creek district. He has very properly and courageously declared that he intends to remain, and, if necessary, to defend himself against mob violence. The situation in Colorado has ceased to be a local disturbance, and has become a national peril. Between the unionists who originally used dynamite to murder their non-union competitors, and the Ku-klux Klan, which, in the interest of the operators, has terrorized whole sections and deported suspects without warrant of law, there is as little to choose as between the negro ravisher of the South and the miscreant mob that roasts him. It is time that both were made to bow before the majesty of the law. It is also significant that the brave stand of the Rev. Mr. Leland and the support which he is receiving at the hands of the non-combatant residents of Cripple Creek, follow so closely upon Judge Parker's emphatic insistence upon the menace to our republican institutions which comes from the disregard of law.

The establishment of the open shop would considerably clear the somewhat polluted atmosphere in the Building Trades. From it not only would honest labor gain, but honest capital. For years unions and employers in Manhattan have worked together in an unholy alliance. The unions have aimed at controlling the labor market; the employers at controlling all contracts. By working together both parties have succeeded. In return for the employers' favor of putting only union men on jobs, the latter have refused to work for outside contractors. As a result, building contracts in Manhattan have been kept in the hands of a few. Many out of town concerns have attempted to get business, but have almost invariably retired in bad condition. Their success has been impeded by strikes and boycotts, and their affairs have frequently been settled in the bankruptcy courts. The adoption of the arbitration agreement a year ago was regarded by some as the fine flower of this system. Its foundation stone was the exclusive employment of unions. The open shop, however, means the end of the non-competitive era; if it is enforced, outside builders can take contracts. For this reason it may seem incredible that the employers should favor it. There have been many signs, however, that the employers have had to pay dearly for their monopoly of union labor. Under it, building is about 50 per cent. more expensive in Manhattan than in other American cities; and, on a large scale, has all but ceased. Thus the builders as well as the public would gain by a return to early conditions.

A bolt from the blue has carried consternation to the friends of protection. Lodge has turned traitor and has been denounced by the American Protective Tariff League. His recent reciprocity speech has been placed in the Index Expurgatorius by that high keeper of protectionist orthodoxy. Lodge's fall from grace is complete. When a large number of Massachusetts Republicans declared that Canadian reciprocity was of "vital" importance to the United States, he jumped up and affirmed that he and all his Republican colleagues from the Bay State were of a similar mind. He recanted all he had previously said about the superiority of the "American idea" to the "Massachusetts idea." But he grossly misrepresented Republican sentiment "when he asserted that there is no disagreement with the Massachusetts idea." To have stated otherwise in the hope of placating an enemy "bent upon the downfall of himself and the Republican party was," in the opinion of his austere critic, "an act of folly, an act of cowardice." Indeed, we are bluntly told that Henry Cabot Lodge may fail of reelection to the Senate.

Every man on the list of names which comprises the officers and founders of the new Parker Constitutional Club is a lawyer of note in this community, and many of them, like Wheeler H. Peckham, John E. Parsons, W. B. Hornblower, and Austen G. Fox, enjoy the highest standing at the bar. Every one of these showed his independence and courage in the Bryan days by opposing that candidate for the Presidency. Now they believe that the issue of Constitutional as against personal and autocratic government in the United States is so pressing as to demand their best efforts, precisely as did the gold-standard issue in 1896 and 1900. They cannot be sneered at as mere alarmists, nor can their motives be questioned. Here is plain proof that men accustomed to dealing with matters judicial and legal have responded to the clear notes of Judge Parker's speech.

Two more human beings burnt alive at the stake—in Statesboro, Georgia; black, of course; the mob striking a proper attitude to allow of the photographer's seizing the psychologic moment; small boys looking on, imbibing the higher education in race hatred and cruelty; the crowd fumbling in the ashes for bone souvenirs. There was nothing new in this, or, alas! in the dreadful crime avenged; but the men (part of a gang) had been tried, convicted, and sentenced without delay. The Rev. H. A. Hodges, brother of the murdered man, was permitted to offer a petition before the regular session of the court, praying Christianly "for the spirit of a sound mind, a godly judgment, and an unbiassed verdict." He also prayed for the observance of the laws of the land. Judge Daly admirably seconded this appeal by urging discrimination between the innocent and the guilty. "The entire country applauds when you observe the law, but no one is with you when you violate the law." The military precautions against mob violence were prompt, but the soldiers were armed with Quaker guns—unloaded. This discovered, the mob had its way. Once more is disproved the false pretence that tardy justice is the cause of lynching. Not justice, but torture, but terror; and, above all, the "spectacle"—*panem et Circenses.*

The frantic buying of wheat reminds one of the cotton situation in 1903. That there will be a considerable reduction in the American crop is beyond doubt, but that conditions at the moment warrant the present high quotations is by no means certain. With the Government's August 1st figures as a basis, experts figure out a total wheat crop of about 605,000,000 bushels. But since the first of the month there have been reports of injury to spring wheat in the Northwest, and there is the greatest difference of opinion as to how far the actual yield will fall below 600,000,000 bushels. Mr. J. J. Hill estimates the harvest at 500,000,000 bushels. The most that can be said is that this year's yield will be the smallest since 1900, when the crop amounted to 522,229,505 bushels. As the world's wheat harvest is likely to be small rather than large this year, prices bid fair to range comparatively high for the next twelve months. But recent quotations have been based on what

speculators think of the future, not on the present actual demand for consumption. As the cotton manipulators figured that the staple would go to 20 cents a pound, so wheat boomers are in some cases predicting $1.25 a bushel. The world will gamble. When the stock market collapsed, it turned to cotton, wheat, and coffee, and is now taking up wheat a second time.

Spanish cotton manufacturers are among the latest to fall under the fascinating spell of "dumping." According to the Manchester *Guardian*, the loss of her colonies has greatly hampered Spain's cotton mills. They are now without an outlet for a part of their production, and an agent has been travelling over Europe to find out for them how to remedy the situation. As a result of his inquiries, the Barcelona spinners have been asked to form a syndicate and by common action export the surplus, which amounts to about 20 per cent. It is frankly proposed to sell this at a loss of 10 per cent., if need be; but it is asserted that this can "easily and without appreciably enhancing prices" be recovered in the sale of the remaining 80 per cent. Very likely the Spanish people will not protest. But if they were so disposed, they might say: "Perhaps prices of cotton goods at home will not be 'appreciably' enhanced, but how will it be if the cost of everything else is also increased by 'dumping'? If 'dumping' is good for one set of manufacturers, it is good for all, but in that case it would ruin us." According to Mr. Chamberlain, nations on whom foreign goods are "dumped" ought to be ashamed of themselves for buying them. But their shame is not likely to be so great as the anger of the countries whose manufacturers supply these odious goods. Bye and bye the cry may go up, "Dump and let dump!"

Mr. Balfour's refusal to call a colonial conference sets him more than ever at odds with Mr. Chamberlain, who only the other day affirmed that the colonies desired preferential trade, and practically dared the Premier to poll them on the subject. Mr. Chamberlain is for prompt action; Mr. Balfour for delay. How under these circumstances a clash can long be avoided it is hard to imagine. The two men are not only preferring different policies, but pursuing opposed ends. Mr. Balfour desires to save the Unionist organization as it is, and makes it a point of loyalty to postpone an inevitable defeat. Mr. Chamberlain would throw over the Unionists to-day as cheerfully as he did the Liberals twenty years ago. Again he is willing to build his political fortunes on secession. Delay he feels only strengthens the Liberals —a view emphasized by the return of North East Lanark to Liberalism—and so puts off the triumph of the new Protectionist party. So Mr. Chamberlain has been pleading with Mr. Balfour for a prompt reference of the fiscal issue to the constituencies and to the colonies; and the strength of Mr. Chamberlain's position is that he does not need to beg. He votes two hundred of Mr. Balfour's majority, and may turn the Premier out whenever he pleases. Mr. Balfour must appreciate as never before the proverb, "Needs must when the devil drives," and nobody can regard it as a happy lot to go half-way with Mr. Chamberlain.

The fact that Lord Cromer calls for $107,000,000 for irrigation and railroad schemes in Egypt and the Sudan does not mean that anything like that amount will be borrowed now, if ever. It is stated that about $40,000,000 will be needed for Egypt and $65,000,000 for the Sudan, but that the work of improvement will be carried on gradually. The White Nile is to be used for the wider irrigation of the one country, and the Blue Nile for the benefit of the other, and the Suakim-Berber Railroad has still to be completed. Nature has imposed a limit to the canal and railroad development of Egypt. It is conceivable that the irrigating capacity of the Nile may be reached at no distant date. And as for railroad expansion, the larger part of the work has already been accomplished in Egypt, though the Sudan may call for a good deal of new mileage from time to time. How are these improvements to be paid for? In his last annual report Lord Cromer discussed this question, and, as regards Egypt's part in the programme, was of the opinion that it ought to be possible to obtain all the capital that would be needed in the near future without borrowing. It will astonish Americans to learn that he proposed to do this by rigid economy in the handling of his receipts from year to year.

Since the wreck left by the Commune was repaired by Thiers and his associates, no man has done more for republicanism in France than the late Waldeck-Rousseau. He was a man to whom the country looked in emergencies. Wealthy both by inheritance and by his great skill as an advocate, it is probable that he honestly preferred his leisure as a cultivated man of the world to political triumphs. Like our own Mr. Whitney, he dispatched his political duties with supreme ability and ease, almost with indifference. A Gallic Cincinnatus, M. Waldeck-Rousseau turned reluctantly from his paint-brushes to the tiller of the State. All the world knows that he took hold of the French Republic in 1899 when it had fallen into the perilous staleness of early middle life. That is often a bad time for an individual or a nation. It was a bad time for France. Under the fanatical Dupuy and the complacent Félix Faure, the Dreyfus affair had stirred the dregs of the ugliest passions that afflict the French soul. All that was most violent or most frivolous in the republic had come to the top. The old Moderate Republicans were helpless in the confusion; the Déroulèdes wildly hoped that the day for a new *coup d'état* was approaching. At this point M. Waldeck-Rousseau consolidated into a Party of Republican Defence practically all the Radicals, many of the Moderate Republicans, and the Socialists.

The accession of the Socialists has been beneficent. It has changed a faction that might have been subversive into a party of gradual social reform. To M. Waldeck-Rousseau's sagacity in making M. Millerand a Minister and M. Jaurès an adviser, is due the absorption of the Socialists into the normal political life. Incidentally, this left the Nationalists in an insignificant minority. The appeal of the Dreyfus case, although inconclusive morally, was one of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's finest achievements. How far he would have gone with his Socialist allies we can only guess. He passed the famous act dissolving the religious associations, but, later, criticised M. Combes's harsh application of the law. He had promised old-age pensions —a promise still unfulfilled. It is probable that he would have kept a tighter rein on his Socialists than M. Combes has wished or dared, and would gradually have built up out of the coalition a progressive republican party. France can ill spare him. She has abundant political capacity, but no such high political intelligence in reserve, for the next emergency. That, however, may come later, and less ominously, because M. Waldeck-Rousseau undertook the reconstructive work of 1899.

From every point of view the capture of a Russian destroyer in the Chinese port of Chefoo was an outrageous act. It was due, apparently, to the officiousness of a Japanese lieutenant who assumed in enforcing the neutrality laws to act for the Emperor of China, and to the hotheadedness of the Russian commander who descended to fisticuffs and the mock heroics of preparing to blow up his ship. But because this most foolish and indecent exploit puts Japan in the wrong before all civilization, it should not be forgotten that only China in the first instance, and Russia through China, have the right of formal protest. We assume that Japan will give the fullest satisfaction; she is so far in the wrong that she cannot afford to do otherwise. It is a case for apologies, damages, and the cashiering of the Japanese officer who gave so discreditable an exhibition of hotheadedness.

JUDGE PARKER'S SPEECH.

Ever since Judge Parker's telegram declaring that the Presidency must come to him right or he would not have it, his greatest peril has been that of an anti-climax. Could he hold the ear of the country which he had so instantaneously gained? Or would his act of bold initiative be followed by timidities of speech? His highly dramatic first appearance on the national stage made it the harder, yet the more necessary, to fix the eye of the spectators when he stepped forth a second time. But all doubts of his ability fittingly to follow up his great stroke are solved by his speech of acceptance. It is the utterance of a man who does his own thinking, who has something to say, and who says it with the utmost frankness. The country will pronounce him a man worth listening to, and will gladly hear him further.

His speech is long, but not rambling, and a single conception runs through and vitalizes the whole. It is the old American conception of liberty under law. Not for nothing has this man been giving his mind to the study and exposition of jurisprudence. From it he has drawn that doctrine of American government which never was so much in need of being proclaimed and enforced as to-day, and which he expounds and illustrates so powerfully—the doctrine, namely, of a free people decreeing orderly liberty by law, and determining the authority while limiting the powers of those set to execute the law. Judge Parker applies it with vigor and pungency. He shows how it cuts both ways, striking alike at grasping oppression and mob violence, protecting the workingman against arbitrary deportation at the same time that it inhibits his interference with "the right to labor" which others enjoy. The growing impatience of the restraints of law has alarmed Americans who stop to think, and Judge Parker puts his finger surely upon that ailing spot. He names no names. He does not say who those executives are that have rashly done what seemed to them good, law or no law. His attitude is that of Chapman, who characterized an offender without naming him, and added: "I have stricken; single him as you can."

This same idea of law as at once bulwark and weapon, guarantee and remedy, Judge Parker carries into his discussion of Trusts and the tariff. He has no nostrum to offer. None of the conventional candidate's promises of a millennium after his election fall trippingly from his tongue. He calls simply for the enforcement of the laws we have before flying to others that we know not of. To him no way of orderly government is conceivable except due process of law. The absolutely honest way in which Judge Parker's mind works is shown by his words about the tariff. He will not promise what he knows his party cannot perform. Emphasizing the existence of gross tariff injustices, he frankly admits that the Senate will remain for a time an insuperable barrier to sweeping revision, and says that the best a Democratic House and Executive could do would be to dash at the doors of the Senate with bills repealing the more flagrant tariff schedules, in the hope that an aroused public opinion would compel even that fortress of monopoly to surrender. This may be an humble tariff programme, but it honestly faces the facts as they are.

The money question is treated most happily. Judge Parker reaffirms his own declaration for the irrevocable gold standard, but does it incidentally as a part of his acknowledgement of the honor done him in nominating him with his convictions upon that subject known. That is all, but that is enough. Why linger upon dead issues? The silver question is defunct. Let us turn to subjects in which the people take a live interest.

It is a noble passage of the speech which shows how un-American is the tawdry militarism which the Republican party has of late been flaunting. And in speaking up so emphatically as he does in behalf of Philippine independence, Judge Parker shows how precious to him are American traditions. It is the casting away of our ideals, the stretching of our Constitution to the breaking-point, the abhorrent thought of a free people having subject peoples, which are to Judge Parker the grievous things in our Philippine delusion. The ring of indignation in his voice as he speaks of that wandering away from the true path is unmistakably honest. We happen to know that he was warned by some timid Democrats against putting such plain-spoken words in his speech, but he merely said: "Make votes or lose votes, those are my honest views, and I shall state them."

Sincerity and elevation of mind appear unmistakably in Judge Parker's explicit declaration of intention to serve but one term, if elected. Much may be said for or against making a President ineligible for a second term, but nothing can be said against the reasons which Judge Parker gives for his own decision. He wishes to be above suspicion. To him, any attitude but the judicial is intolerable. That he should ever be approached as President with the argument that the course he thought right would lose delegates, is a prospect which he will not contemplate for a moment. Consequently, he takes his clear stand. If *he* is chosen President, we shall not witness an Executive feverishly working night and day to perfect the machine for a renomination. There will be many cheap jests about Judge Parker's putting aside what may never be his, but nothing of that kind can obscure the simple dignity of his announcement that, if his fellow-citizens elect him President, he will devote himself for four years entirely to their affairs.

Not that Judge Parker placed himself in a holier-than-thou position as regards his competitor. He was quick to say that he made no criticism of any President who had served two terms or sought to do so. Yet the very reasons that he gave for reaching this conclusion—which so astonished the professional politicians—have made thoughtful men run over in their minds the actions of President Roosevelt within the last year or year and a half. Why the *rapprochement* with Addicks? Why the readiness to sign the famous pension order merely to save Congress the trouble of legislating? Why the installation of Senator Quay's notorious son in the Naval Office in Philadelphia? And, since the nomination, why the reconciliation with "Lou" Payn and the appointment of Gov. Odell's white-haired civilian neighbor to a majority in the regular army over the heads of hundreds of officers of long and faithful service? Do these and many similar acts bespeak the President who is, in Judge Parker's words, "unembarrassed by any possible thought of the influence his decision may have upon anything whatever that may affect him personally"?

The speech at Esopus makes it plain to all that Judge Parker was the right candidate with whom to oppose President Roosevelt. The two men stand for antithetic ideals, and it is for the nation to make its choice between them. It is Constitutionalism versus Imperialism. It is law against impulse. It is the man of calm and poise and judicial habit against the impetuous meddler who leaps first and asks afterwards what the law is, who violates a treaty and thinks it defence enough if he says his own "sense of honor" was satisfied. If Americans have got tired of all the fret and sham of militarism and the meretricious glitter of Imperialism, they will turn with relief to Judge Parker. But, whether they do or not, he has shown himself a man worthy of their confidence and their suffrages, and has already wrought a great work for his country by pointing it to the things which make for peace and true grandeur.

THE WISCONSIN TANGLE.

Now that the Wisconsin difficulty has been brought into court, many loyal Republicans will breathe easier, regarding the dispute as in a fair way to be settled. Such confidence that, however complicated the knot may be, a lawsuit will untie it, comes naturally out of that pervading respect for the courts and belief in the supremacy of law which lies at the root of the American character. The prophecy which is most respectfully listened to regarding the Wisconsin situation is, that if the Su-

preme Court gives to Gov. La Follette's faction the label of regularity, he will win, while if the Stalwarts are successful in court, they will draw from La Follette not enough votes to win, but enough to divide the party vote somewhere near the middle and thus elect a Democratic Governor. In other words, the balance of power is held by those Republicans who are waiting for the voice of the Supreme Court and will vote as it decides. The plausibility of this view lies in the fact that the issue which caused the split was such a matter as the courts are especially qualified to decide with authority.

Two years ago the "Stalwart" faction saw just the same dangers as to-day in La Follette's hostility to the railroads, his ignoring of all precedents in his demand for primary legislation, and his generally radical programme. Dissatisfied factions of both State and national parties have bolted in the past on grounds of much the same sort without pretending that they constituted a majority of the party. Yet in Wisconsin, Spooner and Quarles and Babcock have given at least their nominal support to the Governor in his two campaigns. It was not until the question arose whether Gov. La Follette was entitled to 497 5-6 or 574 5-6 votes in the State Convention that his opponents walked out and formed an organization of their own. Now, if anybody can bring order out of the chaos of conflicting claims which it takes some 400 printed pages merely to state, it is a court of justice.

If the court does undertake to go through the voluminous records and the precedents—which it is by no means certain to do—and then decides that under the party rules and precedents the Spooner men were justified in bolting, or that La Follette's committee acted within its rights, fair-minded citizens everywhere will be disposed to believe that the court has found the truth as to which faction was right in the second week in May. But how will the voter regard this in the second week in November? To decide the merits of the complicated and technical issue which furnished the pretext for a bolt, is not the same as deciding the merits of the larger but simpler issues which made the Stalwarts desire to bolt.

Combined with his reverence for legal process, the American voter has an extremely practical and direct desire to accomplish results. "Grant that La Follette dealt high-handedly with his opponents," he may say. "Grant, if you please, that he deliberately stole the State convention. Nevertheless, I believe in the policies for which he stands, and the other side represents everything that I abhor." The question, "Which of these two men do I want for Governor?" will overshadow, in the minds of nine men out of ten, when principle is involved, the other question, "Which of these two men got his nomination in the regular way?"

Gov. La Follette's surprising tactics at the National Convention were, in fact, based on a truer understanding of the considerations which influence voters than those of his partisans who are now devoting all their arguments to the merits of the State split. What the everyday man likes above all things is an excuse for disregarding technicalities. "I decline to present my case," said La Follette to the credentials committee at Chicago. "You have prejudged it against me." Very well. The next day the committee did decide against him. "That's what you expect in politics," says the voter. "When one side controlled the committee, it 'won out.' When the other side controlled it, that side won out." So he sets the two decisions over against each other, and forthwith prepares to vote for the side in whose principles he believes.

As to the State tickets in Wisconsin, then, we feel sure that the practical effect of the forthcoming Supreme Court decision has been much overestimated. How will it influence the electoral ticket which alone gives this Western squabble its exceptional national interest? Here, again, there is no reason for expecting much from the courts. The contestants are vying with one another in protestations of loyalty to Roosevelt. If the Democrats carry the whole or a part of the State's electoral vote, it will be due partly to the difficulty of securing a full vote when every Republican must split his ticket, voting for eleven electors in one column and two in another, and partly to the resentment of La Follette men against the treatment they have received at the hands of the national party. Democrats in large numbers will unquestionably vote simultaneously for La Follette and for Parker electors. There will be, at the same time, a group of Stalwarts voting for Roosevelt electors and a Democratic Governor, which may counterbalance these. And while they are adjusting their various views on the Presidency and the Governorship, almost anything may happen with respect to the Legislature which chooses a Senator for the seat of Mr. Quarles. Apparently, a majority there will be almost impossible for any one of the three parties to secure.

That some voters will interpret a Supreme Court decision as a final pronouncement on the merits of the whole controversy cannot be doubted. There are some, indeed, in every State who never look farther than the word "Republican" on the ballot sheet. But voters in general can be trusted, after four years of continuous agitation, to know what they want and what is the simplest way to get it. If certificates of regularity could change the minds of men fighting for a principle, J. Edward Addicks, to look no farther from home, would have a united party behind him in Delaware.

FALLACIES ABOUT FOREIGN TRADE

"Next to love and religion, nothing has filled so many lunatic asylums as money and the exchanges"—particularly the foreign exchanges. Almost every popular utterance upon this subject is infected with error, and the complexities of the matter itself would deceive the very elect. The recent publication of the statistics of our exports and imports for the last fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, has been the fruitful occasion of a renewal of this crop of fallacies. The condition of the error-crop for the current season is, indeed, far above the average.

The truth of first magnitude in the firmament of international trade is that, on the whole, merchandise exports pay for merchandise imports. No considerable fraction of our imports do we purchase, nor can we purchase, with gold, inasmuch as our annual merchandise imports exceed in value our total stock of gold. Moreover, if we were foolhardy enough to make the attempt to pay for imports solely with gold, long before the process had continued for six months the enhanced purchasing power of gold in this country, due to its relative scarcity here, and the diminished purchasing power of gold abroad, owing to its relative abundance there, would turn the gold outflow in our direction, and set up a goods efflux to every nation on earth. Exports, therefore, pay for imports. What lessens the volume of one is bound to lessen the volume of the other. They are chained together by a causal nexus, and any denial of their inevitable correlation is merely the blind preference of darkness to light. It is unnecessary to say that a tariff, especially a tariff as unreasonably high as the Dingley abomination, results in making both exports and imports less than they would otherwise be. If in 1894-5 our exports were $807,000,000 and in 1903-4 they were $1,460,000,000, the growth was in spite of the obstruction to the free exchange of commodities. To the *Tribune* this is unthinkable. That journal would argue that a growing boy who in a decade has attained the stature of a man despite his over-indulgence in whiskey and cigarettes, must necessarily have grown because he smoked and guzzled. This is Error No. 1, and shows its victim to be in the bond of economic bitterness and in the gall of financial iniquity.

Another deduction, somewhat more involved and therefore more excusable than the first, has come from the analysis of our exports for the last fiscal year. More than 60 per cent., it appears, of our total exports are of agricultural products, and in particular we are found to export 65 per cent. of our cotton and 30 per cent. of our wheat. This is a

cause of sorrow to those economic wiseacres whose analysis extends about as far as their noses. They can see that the raw cotton which is here converted into textiles creates, first, a demand for the labor of the cotton-raiser, and, second, a demand for the labor of the operative in the cotton mill. They imagine that when we export a bale of raw cotton we thereby surrender all further employment for our laborers who might otherwise have made cotton cloth out of the bale in our New England or our Southern cotton mills. That this is the naïve doctrine propounded, the following extracts will demonstrate. The *Times* says:

"The nation would gain immensely in the economic sense by a policy which would tend to increase the home consumption of its agricultural products. It is better that wage-earners engaged in our industries should consume our wheat and corn, in order that, instead of exporting foodstuffs and raw cotton, we should send into foreign markets a vastly greater annual volume of manufactured products."

And the *Sun* sets its seal to the *Times* being true in the following passage:

"Of course, we should be the gainers if every pound of it [raw cotton] were exported in manufactured form. Every process through which the raw material passes in its conversion into fabrics would mean employment for American wage-earners. . . . It is better for the country to sell $200,000,000 worth of boots and shoes, hardware and tools, sewing-machines and typewriters, cotton cloth, and print goods, and a miscellany of manufactured wares, than to sell $300,000,000 worth of raw cotton, copper ingots, and mineral oil."

Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that the amount of employment afforded is the ultimate index of the profitableness of foreign trade, this argument will not hold water. We sell $300,000,000 of raw cotton, copper ingots, and mineral oil for what, let us ask? Not for money ultimately, esteemed contemporaries; for let us remind you for the second time that international trade in the last resort is barter, *barter*, BARTER. For our cotton and copper and oil we buy raw sugar and raw silk and unmanufactured tobacco, among many hundreds of other articles. Does the conversion of this raw material in our sugar refineries, our silk mills, and our tobacco factories occasion any employment for labor? That is the side of the matter which this short-sighted argument always fails to grasp. J. S. Mill puts the matter tersely when he says:

"The alternative is not between employing our own people and foreigners, but between employing one class and another of our own people. The imported commodity is always paid for, directly or indirectly, with the produce of our own industry; that industry being, at the same time, rendered more productive, since, with the same labor and outlay, we are enabled to possess ourselves of a greater quantity of the article."

THE FIGHTING AT SEA.

Russia had little to expect from the sortie from Port Arthur. Wittsoefft, like Cervera before him, preferred to go down fighting to being pounded to pieces in harbor. The most he could hope was to sell his fleet dearly, and possibly to get a handful of the swifter vessels through to Vladivostok. On every count such hopes have been disappointed. The flagship *Tsesarevitch* and the armored cruiser *Askold* are being dismantled in Chinese ports. Of the torpedo flotilla, numbering thirty-two originally, only eight, most of which are out of action, took the sea with the fleet. Several of the torpedo boats, which apparently followed at a distance and attempted to slip past in the confusion, lie wrecked on the Shantung coast. Five battleships and one armored cruiser have crept back to Port Arthur, where their dockyards are swept by the Japanese batteries, and must lie in the outer roadstead subject to attack from a victorious fleet. Add to this that Kamimura on Sunday sunk the *Rurik* and drove the great armored cruisers *Rossia* and *Gromboi* back to Vladivostok, and that in all this fighting no Japanese vessel of the larger classes appears to have been disabled, and the measure of the Russian disaster is complete. Command of the sea, which, had the Russian fleet been kept intact until reinforced from the Baltic, would have been seriously in question, now belongs unqualifiedly to Japan.

The battle of August 10 was the first engagement between fleets of modern armored vessels fighting on approximately equal terms. Wittsoefft's line of battle included six battleships, four of which had undergone serious repairs; three armored cruisers, one protected cruiser, and eight torpedo craft. The powerful armored cruiser *Bayan*, for reasons unknown, was left behind, and the torpedo fleet apparently had orders to avoid a fight and run individually to Vladivostok. Togo's fleet comprised five battleships, the entire complement; three armored cruisers, and the *Chin Yen*, a coast-defence vessel of heavy armament; three protected cruisers, and a great flotilla of destroyers and torpedo boats, which, as the battle was mostly fought at long range, were practically out of the reckoning. Togo's nominal inferiority of one battleship was more than made up by the damaged condition of at least half the Russian vessels, and more particularly by the superior armament of the Japanese cruisers, which mounted main batteries of 8-inch guns. Since the Russian warships commanded nothing between twelve and six inches, they were at a great disadvantage in long-range firing.

Togo, who may later need his fleet to meet the Baltic squadron, pursued his usual cautious tactics, and his victory was due to the accuracy of the Japanese gunnery and their greatly superior weight of metal at the long distance. An observer reports that the *Askold*, at Shanghai, had over two hundred shell holes; the *Tsesarevitch* lost a third of her crew; the *Retvizan* had her great guns silenced—these items give some idea of the punishment the Russians received. It seems probable that of their five battleships still afloat only the *Peresviet* and *Poltava* can be fit to go into action. And the shattering of the fleet has cost the Japanese only a few score casualties and not a single ship.

A great dread is removed from Japan, for there has always been the off chance that the control of the sea might pass to Russia. Had the Vladivostok and Port Arthur squadrons made the Japanese give ship for ship, a new fleet from Russia could have easily commanded the sea, and cut off the Japanese army from its military supplies. Such a disaster seemed hardly possible when one considered the often demonstrated incapacity of the Russians on the water, but the sensational raids of Skrydloff had taught the Japanese not to despise even a clumsy foe, and had shown that their naval superiority hung wholly on the success of Togo. Now the long waiting is over; nothing, apparently, can menace their control of the sea; the siege of Port Arthur is no longer urgent; a great victory about Liaoyang would put the Russians in a position in which they might have to sue for peace. In other words, the incalculable element of the war has been largely eliminated, and the Japanese are apparently beyond the point where they need fear any sudden or overwhelming catastrophe such as hitherto has impended.

Scientific deductions from the sea-fighting, experts will make in due time. Already it is apparent that the effectiveness of dirigible torpedoes has been grossly overestimated. Frequent hits have been made under the most favorable conditions, but no vessel struck was sunk, and five of the Russian ships which on Wednesday week underwent the far severer ordeal of gun fire had been torpedoed at Port Arthur. The battle of last week seems to show that, barring that treacherous weapon the mine, the gun is still the most destructive arm, and the battleship still the master of the seas. Persons who are not experts will read of the shambles aboard the *Tsesarevitch*, and, shuddering at the death that left only a red blot where a brave admiral had stood, will pray that some method may yet be found to turn to peaceful uses the valor and intellect which in such a battle are focused for purposes of slaughter.

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED MERCHANT.

The full extent of the late Samuel P. Avery's usefulness may never be known. Conspicuous as his position here in New York was, he gave modestly from the surplus of his collections to many coun-

try institutions, ever fostering the love of art in its feebler beginnings. When one recalls that his considerable wealth was made in the sale of pictures, it is remarkable how true his professional conscience remained to his personal taste. The humbug that so often surrounds picture-dealing he was incapable of practising; he would no more have thought of following the more permissible methods of puffery than of practising the baser exploitations of the artist and the public.

To the art dealer who is also a true amateur of the beautiful there must be a constant tragedy in the thought of the beautiful things that have passed—if profitably—out of his hands. Unlike his colleagues, Mr. Avery was permitted to build something like a permanent monument to his taste through his fortunate association with the late W. H. Vanderbilt. With an uncommon humility Mr. Vanderbilt interposed between himself and the importunities of the commercial world of art the trained skill of Mr. Avery. What is still called *par excellence* the Vanderbilt collection represents, in the main, what Mr. Avery would have done a generation ago had he been collecting for himself. The greater part of these pictures are now loaned to the Metropolitan Museum, and every one may judge how carefully Mr. Avery executed that trust. There hangs "Les Gorges d'Aprémont" of Rousseau—one of the most impressive landscapes ever painted; the "Sower" of Millet, Diaz in all his modes, besides admirable examples of Couture, Meissonier, Alfred Stevens, and the military painters. Taste has changed in a generation; the brilliant and somewhat metallic qualities of Fortuny, Villegas, and Zamacois are now depreciated, yet no one can say as he runs over the list that the examples are not the best of their kind, nor deny that the collection has a permanent artistic value. "I never have seen so many good bad pictures in my life," said a connoisseur who dislikes the art of the Institute. That was a handsome compliment to a discernment that always contrived to find the grain of art in the desert of its academic counterfeits.

We have dwelt somewhat at length on this professional phase of Mr. Avery's activity because it shows how little compromise the connoisseur ever made with the picture dealer, and because it illustrates the fact that the element of personality was as strongly felt in the business man as it was later in the gentleman of refined leisure. The Avery Architectural Library at Columbia University, which was founded in memory of Mr. Avery's architect son, and chosen and catalogued in the most careful manner by the donor himself, was naturally the benefaction nearest to his heart. He made its enlargement a personal care, and found a librarian most inventive in devising helps and conveniences for the student. Every year this gift becomes more valuable. Hardly less a service to the cause of art was that of starting a print department of the New York Public Library. To this cause Mr. Avery gave the large collection of nineteenth-century etchings which he had been accumulating for forty years, and to the day of his death he made it a pleasure to add rare specimens or to fill gaps in the portfolios. By this one donation the new department gained importance in the world of art—a reputation that subsequent gifts, prompted, no doubt, by Mr. Avery's initiative, have further enhanced.

In both of these cases Mr. Avery gave far more than the money represented by the foundation; the experience he had won as an art dealer was the essential feature of the benefaction. This is perhaps the pleasantest feature of his remarkable career—that it would be quite impossible to say just where should be drawn the dividing line between his personal interests and public services. He never presented the somewhat pathetic spectacle of the man of great riches who brings money only, but no personal idea as to its proper spending. In all his association, as trustee, with the Metropolitan Museum he loved to think out and arrange personally the little collections which he gave or lent. In fact, he was, for a philanthropist, individual almost to excess; more set upon carrying out the many plans that came to him than eager to associate himself actively with the hundred and one organizations that make for art. Even so, this aloofness was not invariably successful (the Grolier Club managed to make him their president); but it cost him something of public appreciation, while, on the other hand, it spared him much talk and nonsense that would have been distasteful to him.

His long and honorable career seems to us peculiarly exemplary because of the dignity with which he filled public positions, and more especially because of the ease with which he turned from his business to public service. There is often a feeling that philanthropy of whatever sort is a formidable occupation. This is so only because benevolent people often rush ill-advisedly into causes which their regular pursuits least fit them to understand. Mr. Avery's discriminating use of his own special abilities may well remind us all that we are responsible only for our own talents, but for those strictly; and that a willing heart is all the better for being backed up by a wise head.

"OBLIGATORY AUTHORS."

That certain books, which, however, need not necessarily be read, should be in every gentleman's library, is generally admitted. The agreeable essayist and poet, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, in a little handbook, 'The Masters of English Literature,' takes the austerer view that "in English literature there are certain authors who may be classed as obligatory—concerning whom total ignorance is a defect at least to be concealed." His book will point out these obligatory authors to the ambitious, or supply the indispensable minimum of information to the indolent. To be well read, then, a person must know something about every author treated by Mr. Gwynn; to be totally ignorant of any of them, is to display a horrid gap in one's literary culture.

The questions, When is a person well read? and, What ignorances are compatible with culture? are worth pursuing for their own sakes. For if there is really a determined body of reading to which we may all measure up, by which we may regulate an order to the bookseller, it greatly behooves us to learn the list and fall to and read. If, on the contrary, there are great numbers of important authors whom one need not read at all, why, then, we shall be the easier in our minds, and reading will become no longer a stern matter of literary salvation, but rather of irresponsible pleasure. But no man may follow Mr. Gwynn without taking things seriously. Peruse the tablets of your memory; do you find thereon engraved Edward Young, of the "Night Thoughts," James Thomson—not of the "Dreadful Night," but of "The Seasons"; Blake, Cowper, Crabbe? If not, go down in poetry. In prose the case is hardly better: Smollett you must have read, and Charlotte Brontë, Cardinal Newman is obligatory, and eke Macaulay; Gibbon and Burke may not safely be neglected. In modern poetry the burden is lighter to be borne: of the Victorians, only Tennyson is indispensable. *A bas* supererogatory Browning Clubs.

Now, all this formalism may be very good for the people Mr. Gwynn addresses. We are willing that the literary riot act should be read to all lovers of *Tidbits* and readers of storiettes, though we doubt if it will draw them to any more consecutive joys; but what, in the name of Jemmy Thomson, has this summation to do with us who are free of the republic of letters? Who shall tell us that on our immortal souls we must read 'Perigrine Pickle' before the year is out? For him who knows how to read there are no obligatory authors. Of Egyptian darkness concerning that indispensable poem, "Night Thoughts," he is no more ashamed than he is of not owning, say, a motor boat; while if you tell him that any particular combination of poets and prosers is necessary to his reputation as a reader *teres atque rotundus*, he will disrespectfully liken you to equally grave counsellors who disadvise combinations of yachting caps and long coats. And his

ridicule will be warranted, for the measure of culture through reading is not the obligatory, but the unnecessary, authors one reads. Show us a man who keeps to the Hundred Best Books, and we will show you a well-informed fool, perhaps, but a fool. Show us, on the other hand, the lad who devours Malory or Sidney's Sonnets; find us a drummer who travels with Sir Thomas Browne or passes his evenings with the subtleties of Dr. Donne, and we would show you one whose culture in books need fear no reproach, though he had not read a novel of George Eliot or a line of Tennyson.

But to give the literary propagandists their due, they must needs have a programme wherewith to impress the indifferent. Mr. Gwynn, a charming humorist at times, perhaps chuckles well when he writes down Crabbe and Smollett as obligatory. It takes such beating of the drum to get some people to do so much as to read Shakspere. Crabbe, among severely prescribed authors, is perhaps the fraction of a convict's term that may be remitted for good behavior. And there is, after all, this amount of truth in the theory of obligatory books, that the truly well-read man must have adventured in many fields of sentiment. We conceive of sufficient culture in the Bible and Shakspere alone, for each is rather a world than a book. But such concentration would generally mean that neither had been perceived as literature. In a way, then, one may be suspicious of the man who reads no novels or no poetry, is aghast at biography or essays; for the defect in his reading indicates infallibly a blunted side of his mind. Or, again, no person needs to have read Fielding, Thackeray, and George Meredith; yet at least one of these authors may be called obligatory for every reader. Without them he will hardly realize in literature the full graciousness of the worldly point of view, and his personal training to that extent will be halting. But the principle holds firm, that it is less important what we read than how we read it. Sunshine was extracted from such a cucumber as Hobbes by the late Leslie Stephen, yet that is no reason why any one who has read the 'Leviathan' should be puffed up; nor one who has never heard of that admirable monster unduly dejected should a literary gospeller suddenly include it among obligatory books.

POBLET.—I.

MONTPELLIER, June 29, 1904.

The present anti-clerical spirit in France, proceeding against the religious orders with unwearied constitutional activity, offers a striking contrast to the disposition on the other side of the Pyrenees that produced some seventy years ago the devastation brought under my notice five days since by the chances of travel. Amid the passionate struggles for freedom of thought and action that naturally followed the Peninsular War, little heed was paid to the preservation of monuments and records symbolizing or enshrining ecclesiastical rule. One hears often enough in Spain or Portugal how French troopers at Saragossa used priceless manuscripts snatched from monasteries for swabbing horses, and fed camp-fires with the wood-carvings of Thomar; but it must in distributive justice be said that on the Iberians themselves rests a good share of the responsibility for the actual *vacuæ sedes et inania arcana.*

At the foot of the slopes commanding a pretty valley of the Sierra de Prades, within easy walking distance of the railway station of Espluga on the Tarragona-Lerida line, stands the shell of what still remained, less than three generations ago, the most superb example of clerical pride and power in the whole peninsula—a monastery hallowed by constantly renewed papal sanction and benediction, the Pantheon of kings, the treasure-house of Aragon and Catalonia. Its history, preserved in archives now mostly destroyed, stretches back through a succession of splendid generations to the very beginnings of mediæval monasticism in eastern Spain, and, according to tradition, was associated with grants from a Moorish king to a hermit whose inflexible piety had moved the feelings of the Mohammedan chief. Poblet, the anchorite in question, was so favored by Heaven that ministering angels broke his prison fetters, upon which the *wali* (according to one reading) gave him leave to found his simple hermitage, or (according to another) pledged the honor of the Moor not to lift Christian cattle pasturing in the infidel domain. A further legend dwelt, with about equal plausibility, on the sudden appearance of three distinct sets of celestial rays —one, two, and three—of which the last, by reason of its greater intensity, was selected as indicating the site of the monastery yet to be; and it was added that, the early builders running short of supplies at a distance from food-centres, obtained, without special prayer, a miraculous provision from above. Are not all these things, and more, to be found in the 'Historia de Poblet' by Finestras? "El misuro fenomeno observaron los naturales del pais."

Imagination, however, is in our day constrained to exercise itself in other regions than that of history. An uncompromising little pamphlet entitled 'El Monasterio de Poblet,' by D. Adolfo Alegret (Barcelona, 1904), makes short work of it all for want of *testimonio preciso:* there was no *wali*, there was even no Poblet, for the latter term is merely an early Catalan equivalent of *poblacion, pueblo,* or simply "village." There also exists another less naïve tradition in which the choice of site received its direction not through the illumination of a heavenly beam, but in complete harmony with the spirit of practical shrewdness often displayed by cenobites in establishing their *lares.* It is said by the cynical peasants of the neighborhood that the small group of monks proceeded to hang cuts of butcher-meat at various favorable points on the hillside, and erected their first modest dwelling on the spot where decay was latest in appearing; from that time on, many monks of Poblet lived to a great age.

Thus, before the searchlight of contemporary investigation, all the pretty historical illusions flee into the chaos of unverifiable fiction. What seems perfectly established is the fact that in 1149 Ramon Berenguer IV., Count of Barcelona, having become master of the territory about Lerida, gave authorization to a small company of Cistercians to found a house of their order with as much land as might be deemed requisite for the support of their community, which consisted at first of not more than a dozen monks—an example followed without a break by numerous successors, in such wise that the establishment in its growth represented the fullest approval that various powers could bestow. In due course followed honors and privileges. The Church was in time declared a Basilica. Its mitred abbot, besides holding the important office of *Limosnero mayor* to the kings of Aragon (and subsequently to those of Spain), possessed ecclesiastical and civil sway over numerous priories, with absolute feudal right over no less than seven baronies, in a region which to-day offers to the rapid traveller the aspect of a vast garden and orchard. The Aragonese kings sought burial inside its walls, after bestowing and taking honor in royal visits. The blessings of Heaven were shown in repeated miracles. Gifts of money, spent in adornment, streamed in, till the whole became more like a palace than a dwelling for the originally simple sons of God. Its reliquary, one of the richest in Christendom, contained as many as 290 examples which practically-minded irony might catalogue as of the first class; besides hosts of others of lesser importance. An interesting list is furnished in Ramon Salas's 'Monasterio de Poblet' (Tarragona, 1883), the reading of which gives one the impression of an almost inexhaustible ossuary. To vouch for the genuineness of all these is not my purpose; no one has yet invented the hall-mark of the sacred relique, and all these must be taken, as the French patents sometimes run, S. G. D. G. (*sans garantie du Gouvernement*). But to myself, I confess, it argues a certain grossness in religious ideals to accumulate in this way collections including the milk and the hair of the Blessed Virgin, a shred of the swaddling clothes used at the Nativity, pebbles and grass from the Jordan at the holy place of baptism, the circumcision-stone, a handful of earth from the field bought by Judas, and the like. According to the account given in this little work, the fragments of stone supplied to this collection from spots mentioned in the New Testament (including one thrown at Saint Stephen) would in themselves make a small mineralogical museum.

All these, together with riches not emblematic of spirituality, are gone. Such, for instance, were the books—4,300 volumes—presented by Don Pedro de Aragon, who had brought them from his conquests, including no less than 385 codices, from the most famous illustrators of Christendom, many of which were looted by the French during the Napoleonic wars, and fortunately escaped the general ruin. The most precious of all these was perhaps the famous illustrated Bible of the eleventh century. It stands to reason that all the Church furniture, decoration, utensils, etc., were quite beyond enumeration or valuation; as for the buildings, what stands to-day is an ample index of the princely pomp indulged in by the members of what was in

its time as aristocratic a group as the Knights of the Temple, for gradually the monks of Poblet became exclusive, and generally preferred to admit into their ranks chiefly young men of birth and connections, while of course the humbler brethren might come of commoner clay. In the Hospederia, open to all accredited travellers, distinctions were made and lodgings apportioned in accordance with the social standing of the visitor, with a special set of magnificent apartments (still fairly well preserved) for royal personages in the palace of El Rey Martin. One cannot but regret that Beckford, who left such a gorgeous account of his reception at Alcobaça, did not find his way to Poblet, though he calls the former "the most famous temple of gluttony in Europe." I am certain, from my own knowledge of both places, that the whole apparatus and *mise en scène* of feeding at Poblet were, as we shall presently see, much more elaborate than at the Portuguese establishment.

The record of visitors now and again furnishes interesting episodes. Thus, in 1213, we find the tradition of the "Mysterious Monk," who originally came as a knight in battered armor shortly after the battle of Muret, the disastrous nature of which is familiar to the student of history. Remaining in the monastery after conference with the abbot, this stranger continued for years to go about in absolute silence and isolation without ever passing the enclosure wall, and at his death, in order to preserve his secret, all his effects found in his cell were privately transmitted to a great ecclesiastical dignitary, who was probably aware of the man's identity. No doubt similar stories may be told of many another refuge, but this one is authenticated by record. Again, in 1552, it is related that a novice sought an interview with the abbot of that day, confessing with much emotion that *she* was a woman. In this case the intruder was quietly dismissed. There is no explanation of her motive in entering, remaining, or confessing; it is a pretty theme for a fantastic short story. To us English-speaking people, however, much the most interesting presence among such outsiders is that of Philip, Duke of Wharton, who died here, alone save for the kindly ministrations of the brethren, in 1731, at the age of thirty-two, after a career erratic and brilliant enough to call forth a celebrated satire from Pope (Mor. Ess., Ep. I., 3):

"Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion, still to covet general praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways.

. . . . . .

A constant bounty which no friend has made,
An angel tongue which no man can persuade.

. . . . . .

He dies, sad outcast of each church and state."

To be the subject of such an epitaph is perhaps, after all, not to have lived in vain. The local guidebooks are of course silent concerning the young English nobleman, because of the far greater importance of such visitors as the Catholic monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella, whose reception here is detailed with natural complacency in many a chapter well known to Spanish readers. Descriptions of the present general aspect, as well as of the details, of the whole magnificent structure, are to be found in such accessible works as those of Hare and Gallenga. My own impressions, not so leisurely, can pretend to nothing more than recentness, with perhaps the addition of one or two facts of interest disclosed through late investigation.

Correspondence.

JUDGE PARKER'S TELEGRAM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have taken the *Nation* and been a careful and consistent reader thereof for more than thirty-three years, but now find myself utterly at a loss to comprehend how it is possible for a staid paper like the *Nation* to go into rhapsodies over Judge Parker's "Gold Telegram." How is it possible for a sane man to see anything heroic in it? Now that your blood has had time to cool, please explain. Judge Parker voted twice for Mr. Bryan. It is admitted by every thinking man that if all Democrats had done likewise, we should to-day be on a silver basis in company with Mexico and China. After Judge Parker's vote had failed to do the mischief that votes like his were calculated to do, after the gold standard had been "irrevocably" fixed, and after it had become so plain that an ordinary wayfaring man could see that the only possible way of winning the election was to stand flatfootedly on a gold platform, and after it had become too late for the Democratic Convention to make another nomination, Judge Parker sent his now famous telegram. It was good politics to do as he did. It was far-sighted, and it was shrewd, but it was distant *toto cœlo* from the heroic, and of itself it doesn't, to a sane man, furnish the slightest evidence of fixed and lofty principles.

Yours very respectfully,

R. M. Wright.

Fort Dodge, Iowa, August 13, 1904.

[Thousands of citizens voted for Bryan who had no sympathy with his views on silver, as thousands voted for McKinley who abhorred his views and practices in the matter of protection. Our correspondent must know that votes are usually cast for President from mixed motives, with mental reservations as regards both the man and his platform, and from general conclusions as to what is best for the country. We have no apologies to make for Judge Parker's voting for Bryan even as an escape from voting for McKinley, but before condemning him we should need to learn on what grounds he did so. If because he was a silverite, his judgment is open to anybody's censure who has steadfastly adhered to the opposite doctrine. This rules out the entire Republican *party*, historically.

But the question, being historic, is therefore academic. The Republican party has seen the error of its ways; Judge Parker *ex hypothesi* has seen the error of his, and would rather forfeit the Presidency than seem to appear to have relapsed. His previous opinion and votes have no bearing on the question of the manliness of his telegram to the St. Louis Convention. The fact is, that Bryan had all but flung his dead body in the way of the Democratic party's cutting loose forever from silver, and had succeeded in removing the currency from the platform. His quondam New York supporter at the polls firmly put it back without equivocation or disguise, and presented the alternative of adopting the amendment in his own person or of dropping him as a candidate. The Convention might still have persisted, but preferred to be arrested in its course, like

"the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn."

If our correspondent has, during his long reading of the *Nation*, been thrilled by many such examples on the part of Presidential candidates, we can understand his present phlegm. For our part, we adhere to our conviction that, like his namesake at Lexington, Judge Parker "fired the shot heard round the world."—Ed. Nation.]

PROFESSOR MUENSTERBERG'S NEW BOOK IN GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When, about the middle of May of the present year, the first volume of Professor Münsterberg's new book, 'Die Amerikaner,' appeared, it seemed certain that it would attract immediate and intense attention, because here was a work much needed, written by a man who must be highly competent from his long and intimate acquaintance with Americans in the best walks of life. There was a real need of a book of this kind, for the ignorance in Germany concerning things American is great indeed. Besides, it was Professor Münsterberg's avowed purpose to befriend together two nations which really know so little about each other, yet whose nearer acquaintance would without doubt be fruitful of highly desirable results, not the least of which would be mutual esteem. A few weeks after the first volume, followed the second. Both volumes are full to overflowing with information of the most varied kind, the first volume dealing with administrative, commercial and political matters in a fashion of which Bryce's famous work seems to have been the prototype. The second volume is devoted chiefly to scientific and literary matters, to schools, colleges, universities, and American women.

Despite all this, the papers and reviews were and are silent, save here and there a short and altogether inadequate notice. Finally, a few days ago, seeing the book nowhere in the shop windows, I inquired of a prominent book-dealer why it was that Münsterberg's book was nowhere to be seen in the windows. "Oh," said he, "the reviewers all agree that the book is written in a spirit of optimism which knows no bounds. According to Münsterberg, the Americans are beings far above and beyond people as we know them upon this earth. Their self-determination is miraculous, their adaptability beyond comparison, their resourcefulness a never-failing fountain. Their women are all angels, and their men archangels. Almost free are they from those disturbing passions which everywhere else play such havoc in society. Your true American is devoid of passion.

Even money-making is only a kind of sport, and, after accumulating his pile, your true Yankee thinks nothing of spending it lavishly for some pet notion, maybe to found a popular library, or a professorship at some university, or a boxing academy."

Such was the bookseller's glowing account, and upon inquiry I heard similar opinions, though less extreme. Then what is the truth about this matter? Doubtless there are some grains of truth in what the book-dealer said. Professor Münsterberg's more intimate friends and acquaintances belong to the most estimable people that can be found anywhere, and it is possible that for this reason he formed judgments too favorable to apply to the generality of Americans. He falls into the opposite error from that which I have frequently observed in America concerning current opinion about Germans. In both cases judgment is formed upon insufficient evidence—that is, from material much above or considerably below the average.

In the highly meritorious work of making one civilized people acquainted with another, in order that the two may become nearer friends, it will be wise to avoid all exaggeration and not to pass too lightly over the darker portions of the picture. In America we have the great and growing danger of plutocracy invading the best society, lowering the tone in the universities, and setting misleading examples to the rising generation; we have the dying-off of the nation at the top by reason of the insufficiently fruitful marriages. These and other grave matters should not be lightly passed over. Yet, after these allowances are made, Professor Münsterberg's book is a rich fountain of information of the most varied kind, and, it is to be hoped, will in time be acknowledged as such. Meanwhile, many worthy people will begin to ponder over the new revelations. The earnest inquirer will find in Professor Münsterberg an excellent guide in what was hitherto well-nigh a *terra incognita;* he will see that, in the great and rising nation west of the Atlantic, there are many things worthy of admiration and imitation.

Would that some American with equipment similar to that of Professor Münsterberg would write a book about Germany and the Germans! What a mass of popular errors would be corrected and prejudices removed; what light would be cast upon things unknown and unappreciated! But let the author not omit to censure where censure is due; let him duly castigate the abominable drink habit among our students and those who acquired the accursed habit at the universities; let him expose the littleness and the emptiness, the sham and show, in the German bureaucracy. Then let him go below the surface and let him there discover much that is left of those sterling qualities which make for the higher aims and purposes of life, and which have given to the world results of quiet work, of fearless investigation, and works of art for which the German's fatherland is justly renowned.—Respectfully,

WERNER A. STILLE.

LEIPZIG, July 29, 1904.

[Our own too long delayed review of 'Die Amerikaner' will be published next week.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

A ten-volume anthology, "Irish Literature," Justin McCarthy editor-in-chief, to be published by John D. Morris & Co., Philadelphia, aims, in Mr. McCarthy's words, "to give to the reading world a *comprehensive*, if only rapid, glance at the whole development of literary art in prose and poetry from the opening of Ireland's history." The managing editor is Mr. Charles Welsh, who supplies two of the special articles ("A Brief Glance at Irish History," "The Fairy and Folk Tales of Ireland"), while Mr. W. B. Yeats treats of "Modern Irish Poetry," Douglas Hyde of "Early Irish Literature," Morris Francis Egan of "Irish Novels," D. J. O'Donoghue of "Irish Wit and Humor," Stephen Gwynn of "The Irish Literary Theatre," etc. Brief biographical and critical sketches of each author whose works are exemplified will accompany the extracts. Portraits and photographic scenery will constitute the illustrations, in addition to facsimiles of illuminated MSS., old prints and the like. The tenth volume is given up to the Celtic language, and is largely bilingual, the translation facing the text. The total showing will be to many readers a veritable Expansion of Ireland, so many great names are involved for which England commonly gets all the glory.

The narrowness of range and pietistic content of Richard Crashaw's English verse make its interest now chiefly historical. He could thrash the metaphor out of "tears," for example, in a way to leave nothing to his successors, and his hymns and elegies have little in common with the spirit of our age. But he remains in the higher rank of English poets for his diction; and his influence upon his greater contemporaries, like Milton, is well known. Nor has his capacity to contribute to "familiar quotations" been exhausted. Many good lines never repeated nowadays are ready to the hand of the user. Such are these ("out of Barclay"), descriptive of "a religious house and conditions of life":

> "Hands full of hearty labors; do much that more they may,
> And work for work, not wages";

a state of mind over which our irreligious labor unions long ago read the funeral service, as we daily experience. The whole of Crashaw's poems have been collected for the first time in a single volume by A. R. Waller for the "Cambridge English Classics Series" ('Steps to the Temple: Delights of the Muses, and Other Poems,' Macmillan). This means that the Latin and Greek poems, which bulk a good third of the total, have been taken in. Great attention has been paid to textual accuracy, even to following a punctuation which often impedes the understanding. Some manuscript remains have been availed of.

Mr. H. Barton Baker has now brought his 'History of the London Stage,' of which we reviewed the first edition in January, 1890, down to date (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It contains a vast amount of accurate information in convenient chronological form, and will continue to be a valuable and trusty book of reference to students of theatrical history. Beginning with the Elizabethan houses, it traces the development of the London theatrical system, with notes of the principal plays and players, down to the end of the nineteenth century. Facts, of course, are necessarily compressed within the narrowest limits, but are lightened by occasional interludes of description and criticism. It is, however, a book for use rather than for recreation.

A neat little volume which lies before us bears the title 'Authors' Year-Book and Guide to 600 Places to Sell MSS.' (New York, 24 East 21st Street: W. E. Price). Its method is as unlike as possible that of the crabbed annuals with which a journalist is most conversant. Its temper is humane, not statistical; even the obvious calculation of the time it would take a manuscript to pass from the *Advertising World*, Columbus, O., at the head of the directory, to the *Youth's Temperance Banner*, at the foot, is omitted. In lieu of such uninspiring figures, a score of gentlemen and ladies who have successfully sold their MSS. give friendly counsel to those who have not. This advice by no means sticks at insisting on the enclosure of a stamp or on writing on one side only of unrolled paper; it takes higher flights, and guards the aspirant against all the pitfalls on the Heliconian steep. It is salutary to any beginner to be reminded, by a publisher who preserves his anonymity, that many authors "have an inflated and unimaginable conceit," and "hence, whatever royalties publishers may agree to pay, authors may consider that they are having a fair return for their labor." How different this from the view of the publisher as freebooter which the late Sir Walter Besant inculcated in the craft of letters! We like also the dictum of the equally anonymous sage who admits that "short-story writing in itself is a losing game." Few can create more than a dozen a year, fewer yet keep up that output for five years running. Accordingly, the prudent author will hold all his short stories as so many skeletons of novels. For "a well-written short story—one that will last—is really the synopsis of a novel. And a writer capable of producing it may, with more time and effort, expand it to seventy thousand words, and stand some chance of getting returns." To judge by the current novels, this advice merely represents the general practice.

Mr. Barr Ferree's 'Pennsylvania, A Primer' (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co.) makes no literary pretensions, and aims at nothing more than being a handy book of reference. It is abundantly illustrated in a heterogeneous way. It gives the text of no one of Pennsylvania's Constitutions, but summarizes all. It nowhere alludes to party organization, or to the political powers superior to the Constitution. Lists of governors we have, but not of governor-makers. Quay is sought in vain in its index. This is a sad commentary on the ephemeral reputation of a boss. He is not even interred in a Primer dryer than his bones.

'A Notable Libel Case,' by Josiah H. Benton, jr. (Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed), is the title of a rather dry monograph on the criminal prosecution of Theodore Lyman, jr., by Daniel Webster in 1828. The indictment alleged that Lyman had charged Webster with having conspired with other leading Federalists in 1807-1808 to break up the Union and reannex New England to England. The case was tried in the Massachusetts Supreme Court by Chief Justice

Parker, and the trial excited not only local but national interest. The jury disagreed and were discharged, and the case finally nol-pros'd by the solicitor general. The curious fact about it is that hitherto the name of the person prosecuted and the facts of the trial "have been so far suppressed in general history that but few of even the best-informed persons are now acquainted with them." Mr. Benton states that Webster's biographers, with the exception of Curtis, do not mention the matter, while Curtis even suppresses Mr. Lyman's name in printing a letter from Clay to Webster directly referring to "the prosecution against ——." This suppression, "perhaps intended to avoid injury to the feelings" of the defendant's family and friends, "recently provoked inquiry from a prominent gentleman in a Southern State" as to his identity, and led the author of the present brochure to investigate the trial. The affair grew, indirectly, of course, out of the combination in New England against the Embargo acts; the contemporary disclosure by Adams of alleged treasonable designs in Massachusetts being revived some twenty years later by Mr. Lyman in the form of a direct accusation of certain Federalists, including Webster. The story is illustrated with portraits.

The controversy over the English fiscal policy has now attained such dimensions as to require not single volumes but series for its discussion. Under the editorship of William Harbutt Dawson, Messrs. P. S. King & Son of London are issuing a number of treatises on "Protection in Various Countries." The editor discusses protection in Germany, reviewing the fiscal policy or policies of that country during the nineteenth century. Mr. C. H. Chomley treats of the courses followed in Canada and Australia, and Mr. A. Maurice Low considers protection in the United States. All the books have merit, and may be commended to those who wish to be thoroughly informed concerning problems that we must face before long; but, of course, Mr. Low's book is of peculiar interest to American students. We may notice also Lord Brassey's 'Fifty Years of Progress and the New Fiscal Policy,' published by Longmans, a book crammed with facts, argumentatively set forth.

The letter L cleverly fills the whole of volume ix. of the mighty 'Catalogue of the Surgeon-General's Library' (Second Series, Washington). Nearly one-sixth of its 872 pages is devoted to Labor. Of special organs the Liver leads with 86 pages; the Lungs (46 pages) falling behind even the Larynx (76). Leprosy claims 31 pages, Lithotomy and Lithotrity 21, Lupus 16. The acquisition of early medical treatises is steadily maintained. Here is Paulus Lentulus's marvellous tale (1604) of a fasting maid, Appollonia Schreier, of the canton of Bern, with the testimony to her "prodigiosis inediis" of "doctissimorum nec non fide dignissimorum virorum"; and here, too, Licetus's 'De his qui diu vivunt sine alimento libri quatuor' (1612), with its chapter "de siderum, dæmonum, et consuetudinis viribus in inedia." Pope Leo XIII.'s malady and Louis Philippe's mortality also furnish entries. Cremation creeps in by way of the polysyllabic "Leichenverbrennungs-Verein," pure German, if a bit clumsy. Leftleggedness accompanies (on the page) Lefthandedness. Many interesting titles are grouped under Letters, especially a French series. As usual, numerous books and articles not to be expected in medical company are recorded—as, on Library construction, management, hygiene, etc.; Language (Vigor and Expressiveness of Older English, Reasons for the Establishment of a Sanskrit Chair at Edinburgh); Leland's Gypsy Sorcery; Leopardi's Prose Works. A Leipzig periodical for criminal anthropology contains Spitzka's statistics on North American Lynching.

Any American can read with interest and profit the little 'Guide Français aux États-Unis' prepared with special reference to visitors to the St. Louis Exposition, but good for all visitors and sojourners (Paris: Paul Dupont). It does not seek to replace Baedeker, but to supplement it with details of living, dress, and conduct which will help naturalize the foreigner—from a religious renewal of the crease in one's pantaloons (with the cost of pressing), to the size of the waiter's tip, and to the need of ascertaining the points of the compass in almost every American city. "Is this uniform laying out a survival of the time, not very remote, when Americans had to hew their roads through the dense virgin forest, gun in one hand and axe in the other, surrounded by treacherous Indians?" The author has lived in this country, and knows it so well that very little criticism can be passed upon his information. Moreover, he writes piquantly and without malice. His last word is significant, namely, a select list of recent works on the United States: (1) general—Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' justly praised; (2) special, recently translated into French, and "indispensable to read in order fully to enter into the atmosphere of the country"—Booker Washington's 'Up from Slavery' ('Autobiographie d'un Nègre'), and Theodore Roosevelt's 'La Vie Intense' and 'L'Idéal Américain.' These four and no more. So, the other day, we heard two barefooted Italian boys singing "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Old Folks at Home," and "John Brown's Body," and knew that their naturalization was complete.

The Louisiana Purchase furnishes a chapter (viii.) in Baron Pierre de Coubertin's annual 'Chronique de France,' for 1903. Chapter ix. deals with the centenary of the establishment of the French Academy in the Villa Medici at Rome, and with the conclusion of the excavations at Delphi. Chapter x. is a literary *causerie* over the publications of the year. The fourth chapter laments the rows over the setting up of the Renan statue and the Simon statue, with the injection of politics into the former event by roping in the Premier, M. Combes. In chapter three, "A Minister's Cares," six pages are devoted to Difficulties with the Vatican, which will demand in next year's 'Chronique' a far larger space.

With the publication of the second *fascicule* of his 'Manuel de Bibliographie Historique,' Prof. Ch. V. Langlois has completed a work of great value for both the historian and the bibliographer. While the historian will turn with special interest to the second part, the bibliographer has already for many years counted the first part among his most important tools. Two editions have already appeared of it, the first in 1896, the second, much enlarged, in 1901, containing also the introductory chapter to the second part, describing the guides to and histories of historical study. In comprehensiveness, clearness of arrangement and soundness of estimates, this volume stands well nigh unequalled among general bibliographies; it embraces universal (*i. e.*, quasi- and would-be universal) bibliographies, national bibliographies, and the bibliography of bibliographies, as well as that of general and national history and of the history of the sciences. The new *fascicule* begins with a sketch, in two chapters, of historical learning up to the French Revolution. The remainder treats of the last hundred years, beginning with a chapter of general considerations. The author here compares the conditions of historical research in former centuries with those of the nineteenth, when governments vied with each other in the establishment of archives, libraries and museums, in fitting out scientific expeditions, and in devoting large sums of money to defray the cost of scientific publications. The private and social condition of the scholar has also been changed for the better; while in former days he was often the retainer of some great prince or statesman, he holds now honorable positions in the public service, most frequently in connection with some university. The 'Manuel' is not a formal bibliography, rather a continuous bibliographical foot-note to the history of historical writing, enabling the author to intersperse the enumeration of names and titles with sketches of a general and special character, such as on the condition of scholarship in France before the fall of the Second Empire, on the Berlin Academy, on German universities. The titles are mentioned without bibliographical details, too often even without dates of publication, which is a real defect; it is nearly the only defect.

To the other products of the centennial Petrarchan observances has been added a 'Bibliografia Analitica Petrarchesca,' from the expert hand of Emilio Calvi (Rome: E. Loescher & Co.). This catalogue connects itself immediately with Jacopo Ferrazzi's, beginning with Petrarchan publications of 1877, where Ferrazzi left off. Moreover, it summarizes contents as well as records titles and authors' names. The whole forms an admirable picture of scholarly activity in this field during the period in question. Calvi shows a remarkable increase in Petrarchiana by decades. The present rate of publication is thirty a year on the average—of course, not in Italy alone.

Recent bibliographical lists issuing from the Library of Congress are of Books (and Articles) relating to Proportional Representation; of References on the Popular Election of Senators; of References on Recognition in International Law and Practice; and of Works relating to the Germans in the United States. That on Senators contains also extracts from the debates in the Federal Convention of 1787, and from the 'Federalist.' The agitation for popular election dates preëminently from 1891. The compiler of this list has sometimes misreported the pros and cons. The German list does not include biographies.

Every lover of his kind will read with deep interest and gratitude the paper of Dr. Prince A. Morrow (published in the *Medical News* for June 4), in which he urged, and gave most convincing reasons for the necessity for, the formation of a

Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis. In the last number of this journal it is announced that the proposed society has now been formed. If it should do nothing more than cause the wide distribution of this article, and of the one on "Race Suicide from the Gynæcological Point of View," by Dr. E. H. Grandin (read before one of the Washington societies, and published in the same journal, July 9), that alone would be enough to justify its existence. But this will, of course, be only a beginning of its work.

In the *Revue de Paris* for June 15 will be found a paper on "Gluck: Une Révolution Dramatique," full of interest and instruction, by Romain Rolland, author of a history of the opera in Europe. The musical innovation of the Encyclopædists, of Diderot, D'Alembert, and Rousseau in particular, has been obscured by their larger social and political achievements; nor is it commonly remembered that this bond of friendship between the intellects just named was the very basis of the revolutionary career of the greatest of the three. Rousseau's many-sided genius, in fact, needs for its understanding to be studied and exhibited first of all—and last of all, for he was a musician by trade—from the musical side. So far as we know, this has never been done in any formal biography; and the approaching bicentenary of the birth of the author of "Le Devin du Village," the 'Dictionnaire de Musique,' and 'Les Consolations des Misères de ma Vie' might be distinguished by a new presentation of his life with music for the central core.

—Two-thirds of Volume XIII. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898' (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.) is occupied, as was over half of Volume XII., with the first version ever published in English of Father Pedro Chirino's 'Relacion de las islas Filipinas' (Rome, 1604). This is one of the four or five sources (strictly speaking) on the history of missionary conquest in the Philippines—and incidentally of early Spanish-Philippine history and of prehistoric Filipino customs—which have long been obtainable in printed form and which are of real importance. Of course, the 1604 edition of Chirino is now very rare, though available to scholars in various libraries of Europe; a second edition in Spanish was issued at Manila in 1890. The editors of this series have had access to two copies of the original work, owned in the United States, one in the Harvard University Library and the other in the private library of Edward E. Ayer of Chicago. Their translation is the first, not only in English, but in any language. It appears to have been very well done—is, in fact, considerably above the standard hitherto reached in this Philippine historical series.

—Chirino is not of so much value to students of Philippine history as Morga, whose 'Sucesos' is just being reproduced also in this series. He has not the equipment nor experience, hence also not the breadth of view, of Morga; moreover, he is writing primarily of the work of his brother-Jesuits in Christianizing the Filipinos. Hence, such light as he sheds on the history of the times, considered apart from its missionary activities, is purely incidental. He throws more light upon the customs and manners of the Filipinos, particularly of those of certain of the Bisayan Islands, with whom he had come more in contact than with those in Luzon outside of Manila before he returned to Europe in 1602 and addressed this lengthy account of Jesuit activity in the Philippines to the general of that order, Claudio Aquaviva. This is perhaps the best of all the longer missionary relations from those islands; its repetitions, endless recountings of miracles attending the conversions, and naïve outbursts into pious comment are such as are common to all similar writings in the early missionary days, whether in Asia or in America. The reader is to be warned against placing undue reliance upon Chirino's assertions regarding the prehistoric customs of the Filipinos.

—In William Edward Purser's monograph, 'Palmerin of England,' published by Browne & Nolan, Dublin, the battle waged for almost a century and a quarter concerning the authorship of this famous romance of chivalry ends in decisive victory for the Portuguese Francisco de Moraes. This but restores to the once generally accepted claimant his due, for it was not until 1786 that the theory of a Spanish original began to be put forward. Of Moraes's two Spanish rivals, Miguel Ferrer has been the less formidable. He was a Toledan printer of scant culture, who spoiled whatever he touched in the Spanish translation of 'Palmeirim' which had somehow fallen to him. Nevertheless, he issued it as his own in 1547, together with a set of laudatory verses written by another. This other was a man of more talent, who slyly inserted in the four stanzas required of him his own name and a possible claim of authorship by means of an acrostic reading, "Luys Hurtado autor al lector da salud." Although the thirty-two acrostic lines seem now to have constituted Luis Hurtado's entire part in the romance, they have won him doughty champions, from Pedro Salvá y Mallen, who first discovered the acrostic, to Wolf, Liebrecht, and Graesse in Germany; Brunet and Baret in France; Spaniards like Valera, Barrera y Leirado, Arlbau, and Gayangos; and our own Ticknor, Ormsby, and Watts. It is in tilt, then, with such authorities that Mr. Purser essays to break his lance, and, imbued though he may be with the spirit of chivalry, he cannot spare even the ladies, Emilia Pardo Bazán and Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos. The latter's 'Versuch über den Ritterroman Palmeirim de Inglaterra' in the *Zeitschrift für Romanische Philologie* (vol. vi., 1883) is in substantial agreement, however, with his own conclusions. Since the only other aid rendered him has come from uncritical enthusiasts like Mendes, Benjumea, or Southey, Mr. Purser's victory is the more creditable.

—A polemic concerning "the author of a work no one reads" inevitably opens a vista of boredom, but to the student of Peninsular literature this work offers much of real interest—a textual comparison of Portuguese and Spanish versions of the romance, revealing tell-tale errors and lacunæ in the latter; an examination of the episode of the 'Four French Ladies,' as reflecting Moraes's own experience at the French court, where his romance was completed and probably privately printed *circa* 1544; and an ingenious chapter explaining what Cervantes meant in 'Don Quixote' by the verdict upon 'Palmerin' pronounced by the *Cura*. There appear also corrections of Gayangos's familiar 'Discurso preliminar' in the "Biblioteca de Autores Españoles"; a bibliography of 'Palmerin,' its translations and continuations; and notes on affiliated romances of chivalry. But controversial writing anent letters is not of necessity literature; and this book, in its detailed scholarship, its exhibits of documentary evidence and cross-examination of witnesses, its numbered paragraphs, tabulated arguments, and regular summaries, lacks the literary flavor. In its lucidity and coherence, and as a piece of destructive and constructive argument, however, it might serve for a classroom model.

—The Royal Academy of Sciences in Amsterdam has sent forth in two volumes, with page of ample superficies, bearing the imprint of Johannes Muller, an elaborate work of learning by J. J. M. De Groot of Leyden. The author's previous essays on 'The Religious Systems of China,' 'The Code of the Mahayana of China,' 'The Popular Religions of China,' and 'The Chinese Political Unions in the Dutch Colonies,' are already well and favorably known to close students of the Far East. With extended Chinese quotations from the imperial edicts printed on the same page with the English text, and with a first-rate index, the materials are here at hand for a study of the question whether China is, like Russia and old Japan, a church nation, that persecutes dissenters from the religious establishment of the state. In point of scholarship this work may be safely said to outweigh all other writings on this particular subject, for Mr. De Groot sets forth his arguments with prodigious erudition, abundance of illustration, argument and proof. He entitles it 'Sectarianism and Religious Persecution in China: A Page in the History of Religions.' The term "sectarian" does not connote to the ear or mind of the speaker of English exactly what the author intends, which the old word "sectarism" might best express. His use of the term shows that it is rather what English state-church men mean by "dissent," for we have here an account of the Chinese dissenters and the societies which are, in the Chinese official eye, sects, whose meetings are "conventicles" rather than "convocations." Some criticisms have been made upon the work by scholars in China and Japan, both native and foreign, who would attribute the actions of the Chinese Government to a deeper animus against political rebellion *per se*, and less to interest in ritual, dogma, and philosophy, than Dr. De Groot seems to do, and sometimes perhaps with rather too much warmth and fervor for a scientific thesis. Yet this Dutch investigator has certainly explored an almost unknown region of the religious history of Asia, and has shown that substantially there has been no essential difference between human nature, whether in China or in Europe. "Here we find the school of Confucius in close alliance with the State, which has entirely identified itself with its principles, imbued with a fanatical animosity against everything religious and ethical which cannot be traced back to the classics." In a word, dogmatism, in China, as in the Protestant, Roman Catholic, or Russian Churches, is the mother of heresy, intolerance, and persecution. Subjectively, the author's judgments are interesting, because on first going among the Chinese,

without having inquired into the facts, he shared in the general opinion of China's liberality of view. He changed his convictions only after prolonged critical study of texts and history.

WALPOLE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND 1856-1880.

The History of Twenty-five Years. By Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B. Vols. I. and II., 1856-1880. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

These volumes, the work of a writer who long ago established his reputation by his 'History of England, from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815,' are an interesting illustration of the proposition that one good historical treatise need not interfere with another good treatise on the same subject. They cover most of the period which was covered by Mr. Herbert Paul, whose 'History of Modern England' was recently noticed in these columns. They are written from what is, roughly speaking, the same point of view—that of an English Liberal who is decided, through not extreme, in his Liberalism. They are, moreover, the work of one who, like Mr. Paul, approaches public affairs as a practical man rather than as a theorist, though Sir Spencer Walpole was an official, whereas Mr. Paul has been a journalist and a member of the House of Commons. But they are quite different in manner, and they supplement one another rather than collide. Mr. Paul adopts a strictly chronological order, and devotes himself chiefly to parliamentary politics. Sir Spencer masses his facts more broadly, according to their natural connection, and gives far more prominence than does his brother historian to the foreign relations of England. Mr. Paul is bright, dashing, slashing, epigrammatic. Sir Spencer is solid and reflective, yet certainly not less interesting, for his facts are carefully chosen and marshalled, and his quiet style is both luminous and impressive in its equable march.

Lucidity of thought as well as of expression is specially helpful in one who undertakes to trace the complicated movements of diplomatic negotiations, and to these movements a large part, and perhaps the most instructive and novel part, of Sir Spencer's book is devoted. It is, indeed, hardly more a history of England than a history of the process by which a united Italy and a united Germany were created between 1858 and 1871, and perhaps it is a sense of this fact that has suggested for the title the words 'History of Twenty-five Years' instead of 'History of England.' It is by no means a history of Europe in general, still less of the world at large, during the quarter of a century from 1856 to 1880, for the internal affairs of no country except England are dealt with. True, a chapter is given to the American Civil War and to the contemporary struggle of Juarez and Maximilian in Mexico; but these events come in, the former because it affected English politics, the latter because it helped to weaken the power of Louis Napoleon in France and thus became a factor in the evolution of the great European drama in which Louis Napoleon, Bismarck, and Cavour were the three leading figures. Of that drama, however, so far as it was played out on the general theatre of Europe and apart from the internal affairs of each of the European countries, these volumes are probably the best summary account to be found in the English language. We can hardly speak too highly of the skill with which the tangled threads of the long negotiations that went on, first between Louis Napoleon and Cavour, then between Louis Napoleon and Bismarck, as well as between the latter and the Italian Government, are handled and disengaged from one another.

The story is one of surpassing interest, not merely because the results were momentous, but in respect of the characters of the chief actors. No more remarkable statesmen have appeared in Europe since the days of Charles the Fifth than were Bismarck and Cavour, while the French Emperor, however inferior in capacity to the German and the Piedmontese who one after the other played with him and turned him round their fingers, is one of those singular personages in whom talent and weakness, good impulses and basely unscrupulous conduct, are so curiously mingled that it was possible, while his career was running, for him to be, with good reason, both admired and despised, and that even now the judgment of mankind has not finally determined the place he is to hold in history. Mr. Herbert Paul, for instance, to whose book we have referred, never mentions him without some term of contumely or hatred, while Sir Spencer takes a more discriminating and more charitable view. On the whole, we are disposed to agree with Sir Spencer, and rather to blame Louis Napoleon for his vacillation and his want of insight and foresight than to consign him to that lower pit of Tartarus in which Mr. Paul sees him lie fettered. After all, how much Fortune has to do with reputations! Many a man at college fails in one year to win prizes or fame among his comrades which his merits would have secured two years either before or afterwards, merely because chance makes him the contemporary of some exceptionally brilliant person. Louis Napoleon might have preserved till the end of his life the credit for force and wisdom which he enjoyed, even despite his Mexican blunder, as late as 1865, had Prussian diplomacy been in the hands of the mediocrities who guided it from 1820 till 1862. Unfortunately, he was himself not only dreamy and irresolute, but wanting in judgment of men. Had he been served in 1870 by a better diplomatist than the Duke of Grammont and a better War Minister than Marshal Le Bœuf, war would probably have been avoided, and in any case the disasters of France would have been less terrible. Sir Spencer, both here and in his admirable account of the outbreak of the war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria, examines and sets forth with eminent impartiality and precision the share of responsibility which belonged to each of the contending Powers; and he adds, when speaking of Bismarck's famous telegram which set the match to the gunpowder, a remark which might have been written (perhaps may have been written) with the thought of Mr. Chamberlain's and Mr. Kruger's share in bringing about the South African war of 1899: "The King of Prussia shared the unjust prejudice, so common in Europe during the latter half of the nineteenth century, that the man who declares and not the man who provokes war is responsible for the misery and waste which it involves."

Though the account of general European politics which these two volumes present will to most readers be the part most fresh and attractive, the domestic affairs of England are carefully and intelligently described and discussed. Sir Spencer has had access to a certain number of unpublished documents (including memoranda made by his father, who was Home Secretary in Lord Derby's Ministry of 1866); and to some extent he has been able to use his own recollections of the general feeling that prevailed in England at various critical moments. Thus he brings to light a good many facts which are new, or which were not fully understood by previous writers. It is another merit that he has been at the pains to give succinct résumés of the course of legislation on several topics of importance. The Divorce Act of 1857 was an important epoch in social as well as in legal history; and he very properly gives a preliminary sketch of the earlier law. So the Education Act of 1870 is made the occasion for a useful description of the previous efforts to establish elementary schools, though to our surprise the Endowed Schools Act of 1869, an important part of the educational reforms of that day, receives only a passing reference. Nor should the fulness with which financial questions, generally neglected by the historian who writes for a public desiring to acquire knowledge easily, are dealt with and made intelligible be overlooked. He shows, indeed, an unusual mastery of the economic side of history.

So far as we have tested our author, he attains in matters of consequence that accuracy which is, after all, the highest merit, if not the most winning charm, of an historical work. Little errors there are here and there; these no man can hope to escape. For instance, Lord Brougham is spoken of as being in 1860 an "ardent reformer," though his zeal for parliamentary reform had died out before that day; and "the Confederation of the Rhine" is mentioned (vol. i., p. 409) where the Germanic Confederation, a very different thing, must surely have been intended. Some omissions surprise the reader. In the account of the patriotic movements in Italy nothing is said of the work done by Mazzini, though he was, perhaps as much as Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, or Garibaldi, a factor in those movements. When, in describing Lord Palmerston's and Mr. Dasraeli's opposition to the making of the Suez Canal, Sir Spencer observes that "no other country derived so much benefit from it as the United Kingdom," it would have been proper to add that, although English vessels use the canal far more than do those of any other country, because English ocean-going shipping is as large as is that of all the rest of Europe put together, English trade has in one way suffered, because vast quantities of goods which were formerly sent from the Farther East to English ports, and thence distributed over Europe, now go straight to such great Mediterranean emporia as Marseilles, Genoa, Trieste, and Odessa.

The first chapter of the second volume is devoted to the War of Secession, and a word or two may be said upon the author's treatment of a subject especially interesting to American readers. He takes as his chief guide Mr. James Ford Rhodes's his-

tory, and in this he does well, for no more fair or vigorous or trustworthy book on the subject exists. He treats the anti-slavery contest with impartiality and judgment, bringing out in due relief such vital points as the Missouri Compromise, the working of the Fugitive Slave law, and the Dred Scott case. He does justice to the leaders on both sides, though in our opinion bestowing upon Jefferson Davis greater praise than his abilities merit. He has, however, been misinformed when, in speaking of the results of the Civil War as seen to-day, he remarks: "The negro is in some States already predominant, and the time may apparently come when he may control the policy of whole States, and assert the superiority which his numbers are giving him." Those who have followed the course of events in the South will not accept this prediction; but it is of course difficult for an English writer to keep abreast of the changing phases through which the negro problem passes. In describing English sentiment during the course of the war he does not exaggerate the amount of sympathy which the South received from what is called in England "society," *i. e.*, the wealthier classes, but he hardly gives due prominence to the fact that the masses of the people did not share that sympathy. That the bulk of the British nation recognized the Northern cause as the cause of human rights and human progress, is proved by the fact that no public meeting, open to all comers without a ticket, was (except possibly in Liverpool) ever held to express sympathy with the Confederates, whereas countless such meetings were held by the friends of the North.

These two volumes carry the story of English politics down to near the middle of Mr. Gladstone's first Administration. They leave him at the height of his power and fame. The Conservative reaction which gathered strength from 1872 onwards and which triumphed at the general election of 1874, had as yet scarcely begun to show itself. This reaction has been the most remarkable, and also, if the state of popular feeling in 1870 is regarded as it appeared at the time, the most unexpected, phenomenon of recent English history. From 1832 till 1874 the Whigs or Liberals had been usually in power, and had been conspicuously not only the popular party, but the party whose intellectual superiority was generally admitted. Since 1874 the Tory party has held office, sometimes with enormous parliamentary majorities, for twenty one and a half out of thirty years. It will be the task of Sir Spencer, in his next volumes, to explain the causes of this remarkable change; and the excellence of that part of the work which lies before us gives reason to believe that he will deal with this still obscure problem in a manner worthy of the historical power he has shown himself to possess.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

Manchu and Muscovite. By B. L. Putnam Weale. Macmillan Co. 1904.

The conditions in Mantchuria are so complicated that they well-nigh baffle description. The public will therefore welcome, even with all its faults, this volume by Mr. Weale, since the author really has an adequate knowledge of the country and of the main factors so potent in making the history, at the present time, not only of Mantchuria, but, we may say, of the entire East, and indeed of the world. The fault of the volume, if it be a fault, lies in the fact that it is mainly a collection of letters written for the periodical press of the Far East. It is therefore rather diffuse and colloquial in style, but it has the advantage of giving a very fresh view from the field itself, reproducing with great fidelity the scenes of the country just before the breaking out of the present war. At the same time the volume is properly supplemented by a brief and accurate historical survey, and by several chapters discussing with great skill the affairs of the Russo-Chinese Bank and the Chinese-Eastern Railway, and forecasting the course of the conflict which is now in progress. An appendix gives all necessary statistical material, and a map is put down in the index as at the end, but it is not to be found in the volume before us.

The author confessedly depends, for his main facts, upon Mr. Hosie's work on Mantchuria, which we reviewed last month, while he at considerable length exposes the ill-considered statements and misrepresentations of Mr. Wirt Gerrare's 'Greater Russia' and Mr. Alexander Ular's 'Un Empire Russo-Chinois,' which are responsible for a large share of the misunderstanding that now prevails concerning the causes of the present war and its probable issue. Mr. Weale is an Englishman, and is violently opposed to Russia and everything Russian. Of this he makes no concealment. Still, he is evidently honest and certainly well informed, and succeeds in giving a fairly well-balanced account of the real condition of things at the seat of war. Not satisfied with previous visits to Mantchuria, he undertook a systematic personal investigation of the country during the autumn of 1903, and devotes himself largely to telling what he actually saw at that time. His route of travel led him from Port Arthur to Dalny, Niu-Chwang, Hai-Cheng, Liaoyang, Mukden, Teling, Kaiwan, Kuanchentze, Harbin, Petuna, Tsitsihar, Kirin, and Ninguta. Evidently he had not seen the region bordering the Amur or the Argun.

The main impression made upon the author, both by his observation and by his study, is the failure of the Russians to accomplish what they have set out to do in Mantchuria. In his view, the appearance of prosperity along the line of the 1,600 miles of railroad which they have built in the three provinces is wholly due to the lavish expenditure of borrowed money in the construction and equipment of the road in the first place, and later in its use for military purposes. As a business venture, he pronounces it, under Russian management, a great failure. Immense sums have been spent upon costly station houses, where cheaper ones would have served every purpose. Little use has been made of the native population in filling the minor official positions, entailing the support of large numbers of high-priced Russian officials, whereas an English company, as is the case on the Tientsin-Shanhaikuan road, would have got along with a small number of foreign superintendents. The road has likewise failed to secure much of the immense freight in agricultural products which finds its way from the interior to the port of Niu-Chwang, because of the high rates which are charged. It would seem, however, that the Russians might learn wisdom, and remedy these errors in a short time. Two years under such exceptional conditions as have attended the military occupation of the country is too short a time to judge of the ultimate success of the road; for, according to Mr. Weale, there is no doubt that a well-managed company could make the road from Harbin to Niu-Chwang immensely profitable. Now, of course, everything is upset until the war is over. Our author, however, admits the great military value of the road, and easily confutes the prevalent idea both that the road is inadequate for its purposes, and that the army will be dependent for subsistence brought from beyond Lake Baikal. The road is well made, with superb iron bridges resting upon stone piers, which excite the admiration of foreign engineers, and is so amply provided with sidings that it is easy to keep the main line clear.

Mr. Weale is at considerable pains to correct the bundle of misrepresentations of Mr. Ular concerning what he habitually styles "the Blagovyeschensk outrage." But his own unfamiliarity with the situation leaves the task but half done. Mr. Ular represented (and his misrepresentations are repeated over and over again in the periodical press) that the only provocation which the Russians had at Blagovestchensk was that a small band of Hunghutzu, or Mantchurian brigands, crossed the Amur and committed some depredations of small importance, which was "pompously named the Chinese attack upon Russia," and that thereupon the Russians made this an excuse, long looked for, "to officially mobilize the Siberian army, which had really been on a war footing since the month of March." To this Mr. Weale vigorously replies:

> "As a matter of fact, although I am one of the most rigid opponents of the Russian advance south, I cannot let such a deliberate concoction pass. For it is a well-known fact that the Aigun forts, which are under the command of a Chinese military deputy lieutenant-governor, and lie a few miles below Blagovyeschensk, on the Chinese bank of the Amur, fired on Russian ships and practically stopped all navigation for a number of days, in obedience to the Chinese imperial decree which declared war against Russia" (p. 329)."

To show the full extent of Mr. Ular's misrepresentations, it should have been added that several thousand Chinese soldiers entrenched themselves upon the south side of the river, and bombarded Blagovestchensk for several days, while the Russians had nothing but an extemporized home guard to make any show of defence; the Russian troops having all been previously sent away to the seat of war about Peking. It was two weeks before reinforcements came down the river, and the so-called "Blagovyeschensk outrage" occurred during the frantic efforts of this home guard to prevent the capture of the city by an overwhelming opposing force, and the drowning of the Chinese was largely due to an accident which, under the circumstances, could hardly have been avoided. That the subsequent occupation of Mantchuria by Russian soldiers was accompanied by many scenes of violence which seem unnecessary, is repeatedly asserted by Mr. Weale. The details given, however, are so scanty that it is difficult to judge of the real character of the transactions; so that, as is evident

from his understatement both of the seriousness of the crisis at Blagovestchensk and of the efforts of the Chinese Government and of the robber bands to deprive the Russians of their treaty rights, it is a fair question whether the limited amount of severity in the exhibition of Russian power was not necessary for the pacification of the country.

The real obstacle to the successful occupation of Mantchuria by Russia, even if she should be victorious in the present war, is clearly brought out by Mr. Weale's observations. This lies not in the formal, political difficulties of administration so much as in the tremendous inertia presented by the Chinese masses pressing into the country. Already the Chinaman has almost entirely displaced the original Mantchu, so that, as our author estimates, nineteen-twentieths of the population is Chinese, while they are ready to come in in still more overwhelming numbers the moment the country is freely opened to them. Outside of the administrative and military officials, Harbin is practically a Chinese city, 40,000 Chinamen having already gathered there under the folds of Russian protection, to reap the rich harvests that are open to their enterprise in a new country. And the Chinaman is a past-master in every art of making a living. The Russian peasant is utterly unable to compete with him, and has not endeavored to do so in Mantchuria. The report circulated by Messrs. Gerrare and Ular, which has so aroused many of the critics of Russian policy, that there was in progress an extensive colonization of Mantchuria by Russian settlers, is pronounced by Mr. Weale pure fiction. There are, he avers, no Russians in Mantchuria but soldiers, railroad officials, and a few shopkeepers and sutlers, who are ineffectually trying to compete with the natives in supplying the wants of these official classes. The Chinese merchant and banker is more astute even than the Jew, and has been able to drive the paper ruble out of existence in Mantchuria, and to monopolize all the profitable lines of trade.

According to the author's observations, the Chinese learn Russian very much more readily than they do English. This is due, he believes, partly to the smoother and more sonorous sound of the Russian language, but chiefly to the fact that the Russians do not stand off at a distance from the natives, but fraternize with them much more readily than the English do with their subject races. This, however, instead of adding to the influence of the Russians, he believes to be a serious hindrance, while he denounces the Americans for their "foolish sentiment for the 'little brown brother,' which has been nauseating the dwellers in China treaty ports since the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over Manila" (p. 242). The Chinese, he avers, learn the Russian language merely to promote their own interests, and laugh in their sleeves at the insincerity of the patronizing efforts of the Russians to get their good will, and at the ill success of the Russians in learning the language and assuming the manners of the Chinese. But this is merely the author's opinion. Others who have witnessed the success with which Russians have won the good will of the tribes of Central Asia, and indeed that with which they have been able to live in contact with the Chinese for centuries along a border line thousands of miles in length, will hold to the view that the Russian method in Mantchuria might very likely be more successful with the native population than that of the English Government in Oriental countries has been.

Although this volume was printed before the breaking out of the present war, the success of the author in anticipating results is truly remarkable. This appears not so much in his conviction that war was inevitable and near at hand, as in his forecast of the progress of the campaign, which took in the landing of troops in Korea, the crossing of the Yalu, and the slow but sure progress of the Japanese army until it severed the connection between Port Arthur and the main base of the Russian army, and brought things to the present crisis. It will be interesting to note whether his further forecasts will be equally justified. From his personal inspection of the fortifications of Port Arthur he is convinced that it can be taken only after a prolonged siege. From his knowledge of the physical geography of southeastern Mantchuria he was confident that the Russian plan of campaign would be the gradual withdrawing of the army from Niu-Chwang into the interior, carrying on a defensive campaign until Russian reinforcements should be sufficient to enable them to make a stand with a fair show of success. He estimates that the Russian army, can easily be brought up, after a time, to number 500,000, which can readily be supported from the products of the rich country occupied and controlled by them. Even should temporary defeat attend the main Russian army, the situation of the contending forces is such that the war is likely to be prolonged for two or three years, when financial difficulties will probably force both countries to a compromise, with the advantages mainly upon the side of the Japanese.

But the author has evidently greatly overestimated the antipathy of the Chinese towards the Russians. His expectation was that the Russians would have great difficulty in keeping the Chinese residents of Mantchuria from siding with Japan the moment war should be declared. In this he was evidently mistaken. The Chinese show little patriotism, but are everywhere ready to side with the power in possession of the field, and to render service to any party by whom they are well paid. At any rate, they show no sign of having special love for the Japanese; so that Russia and Japan are likely to have a free field in which to carry on their ruinous warfare.

HOBSON'S INTERNATIONAL TRADE.

International Trade: An Application of Economic Theory. By John A. Hobson. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

The controversy aroused by Mr. Chamberlain's proposals has been to a great extent a threshing over of old straw. In this book, however, Mr. Hobson has suggested some novel considerations. They are offered to the British public, but they are of universal interest. They deserve attention in this country, especially, for our tariff policy must before long become a political issue. Strictly speaking, Mr. Hobson presents no new theory, but he departs in one important particular from the treatment of international trade generally adopted by economists. He maintains that foreign trade is governed by the same laws that govern the rates of exchange between commodities in a single nation. To establish this is to simplify greatly a most complex subject, and the argument deserves to be stated at some length. It is substantially as follows:

The end of all industry is to put consumable goods in the hands of consumers. Prosperity is measured by the success of this process. Not the quantity of capital and labor employed in industry is the test of prosperity, but the amount of their product. Industrial progress depends on the economy of capital and labor. Commerce is to be regarded solely as a means of placing commodities where they can be consumed. If, now, we include among commodities all services which are bought and sold, the real income of a nation must consist of all the utilities, whether embodied in material forms or in human services, which it is able to command.

"A nation which devotes a larger proportion of its productive energy to increasing the speed and accuracy of the distribution of material goods, or to the better cultivation of the intellectual arts and the provision of professional, artistic, and recreative services, cannot reasonably be regarded as stationary or retrogressive in industrial prosperity."

Hence, while we may for some purposes use the word "industry" as meaning the production of material wealth for markets, we must bear in mind that non-material wealth is as much a part of the real income of a nation as food and raiment. In early stages of industrial development the provision of food, clothing, and shelter constitutes industry. There is no time to spare for anything else. Agriculture, simple manufacturing, and mining will be the universal occupations. As civilization advances, a larger proportion of energy will be devoted to the more complex industrial processes adapting raw materials or crude manufactures to the more special needs of various classes of consumers.

"This implies the growth of a qualitative economy of wealth; every further increase of wealth will be attended by a reduction of the increase of raw materials. Still more important will be the increasing proportion of industrial energy engaged in the transport and distributive industries, with the expansion of the area and the complexity of markets which belong to modern industrial civilization. Finally, a rapidly increasing proportion of energy passes into the production and distribution of non-material wealth, governmental and other public work, professional and personal services, the fine arts, recreation and amusement."

It follows that a continually smaller proportion of the real wealth of a nation is capable of forming the material of international trade. The volume and the value of this trade may grow, but it will not keep pace with the growth of the wealth of the nation. More and more energy will be employed in internal transportation and distribution and in non-material production; and, as regards material wealth, a larger proportion of workers are occupied in the final processes of adapting goods to the special tastes and habits of local groups of consumers. And, as the proportion of the real wealth of such countries as Germany, England, and the United States which is suitable for external trade is diminishing, this diminution will be greater when the more backward countries learn to manufacture for themselves. There will

be no diminution of external trade; it will increase, but not so fast as the internal industry applied in the satisfaction of wants which are constantly becoming more refined and more largely non-material in their forms.

In Great Britain it is demonstrated that the aggregate income of the nation is growing faster than the export trade. The poorest classes "are the largest consumers of imported goods, because the largest proportion of their money goes for food; the richest classes are, in proportion to their expenditure, the smallest consumers of imported* goods. Every elevation, then, of the general standard of comfort of the people diminishes the relative importance of external trade, and enhances the importance of internal trade." It is, therefore, a normal and healthy symptom when external trade slackens. After the main lines of advantageous exchange have been discovered, specialization of national industry and the trade intercourse which it involves should not be expected to proceed at a rapid rate. The industrial progress of the future will consist more and more in the elaboration of internal trade and industry, and in the diversion of an ever larger share of energy to the creation and distribution of intangible commodities.

We must confine our comment on this argument to a single point. Conceding all that is said, external transportation may grow more rapidly than internal transportation, for the reason that the geographical boundaries of a nation are not its industrial boundaries. The New England States would naturally obtain their coal from Canada, as well as many other goods. Some parts of Canada would obtain their coal from Pennsylvania; and Pennsylvania would get its fruit and sugar from the West Indies. London may be nearer, so far as cheap transportation is concerned, to Denmark or to France than it is to Ireland or to Scotland. Moreover, the habit of travel and even of expatriation has to be reckoned with in computing expenditure for services. These immaterial commodities may be sought in other countries rather than at home. And, finally, as goods become qualitatively superior, because of elegance of workmanship, the cost of transportation becomes relatively insignificant. These considerations do not impair the main argument which Mr. Hobson advances, but they are to be borne in mind when we attempt to apply it to any given case.

While the development of this argument is the most important feature of Mr. Hobson's book, his analysis of the effects of protective duties is admirable. Perhaps no writer surpasses him in the art of stating economic theory. His demonstrations are often beautiful specimens of logic; they may be read with pleasure simply because of their formal completeness. It is hardly too much to say that the doctrine of modern political economy has never been set forth with greater clearness or with more brevity than in this treatise. It is difficult to conceive any answer to the case that is made out.

We cannot help thinking, however, that Mr. Hobson is guilty of a fallacy in maintaining that "the condition of the industrial world has become one in which it always appears more difficult to sell than to buy." The producer, therefore, is more eager to sell than the purchaser to buy. "It is his well-grounded belief that in ordinary times the supply of the goods he offers exceeds, or may at any time exceed, the demand at current prices that prompts his anxiety to sell." This outrunning of demand by supply Mr. Hobson very justly calls a paradox. He attempts to explain it by "underconsumption," due to "maldistribution of wealth." If the money of the rich were taken from them and given to the needy, every one would have to spend his whole income, and the wheels of industry would revolve as steadily as the planet which we inhabit. As it is, there is "over-saving." The rich save because they do not know what to do with their money, and the irregularity thus introduced into business compels people of moderate wealth to secure themselves against anticipated collapses of income in the same manner. "This over-saving . . . implies superfluous forms of capital which, when put into productive operation with labor, cause over-production and the congestion of markets, which is the preliminary to underproduction or unemployment."

Conceding these assumptions, it is plain that a constant force is in operation tending to reduce the prices desired by sellers, and that they are aware of this force and can take it into account in estimating the expenses of production. They are like the farmer who said that he did not sell his potatoes for as much as he expected, but that he did not expect he should. The paradox, in fact, is of Mr. Hobson's own creation. There is no such "accepted tendency of supply to outrun demand"; the tendency is reciprocal. When the crop of cotton is small, the anxiety of the planter is not concerning his ability to get the present market price; he is afraid that he may sell too soon. The buyer, on the other hand, is anxious to buy at once for fear he may have to pay more. Two years ago, buyers had to beg the ironmakers for iron; they were willing to pay almost any price rather than not get their goods. A year later the conditions were reversed; and these alternating currents are a constant feature.

The point is of importance, for it causes Mr. Hobson to make a concession to the protectionists which, in spite of his limitations, they will find sufficient for their purposes. There is in every trade, according to Mr. Hobson, a certain amount of unemployed capital and labor. A duty on imports might call into use this idle force, and thus really be advantageous. Mr. Hobson argues vigorously that it would be impossible to tell just what the duty should be, or when it should be applied or removed. These difficulties have no terrors for protectionists. Grant the possibility of encouraging home industry by levying taxes on imports, and they will not be restrained from undertaking the task. Mr. Hobson is in the position of a temperance advocate who tells his hearers that liquor is beneficial when taken in proper quantities, but that they must abstain totally because they may err in determining how much is proper. In such cases men are apt to feel competent to decide for themselves.

*The text reads "exported," but "imported" seems required in the comparison.

Biographical Memorial of Gen. Daniel Butterfield. By Julia Lorillard Butterfield. New York: The Grafton Press. 1904.

Those who effect important results by means of trifles are usually good organizers. In the spring of 1862 no one knew, excepting through direct and local inquiry, the contents of the great army trains on the Peninsula, which might be carrying anything from medical stores to shrapnel, or from hard bread to horse-shoes. But those who remember that, will also remember that about midsummer some of the white covers bore long broad stripes of blue, red, or yellow, which meant that infantry, artillery, or cavalry ammunition, respectively, was carried within. It sometimes is very important to know, to know without delay, and to know at a distance which is an ammunition train and the kind of ammunition it bears. The young lieutenant, temporarily chief ordnance officer of that army, afterwards showed by a distinguished military and civil career that his simple device was a sign of organizing power. When Gen. Kearny wanted to identify his men, he required them to wear a red flannel diamond on their caps. No one got beyond that until Gen. Butterfield, as Hooker's chief of staff, equipped the army of the Potomac with corps badges of cloth, whose form and color showed unmistakably the particular division of the wearer and became insignia to be respected. He assigned similar designs to mark the headquarters of brigades, divisions and corps. He had previously developed a musical call for communication among the troops of his brigade at a distance or at night. More important, fairly early in his career he prepared a valuable handbook of Camp and Outpost Duty, which concentrated in convenient form numerous details of that kind of service and was very widely used by authority. This, again, was the utilization of particulars in generalization. Daniel Butterfield's father was John, and John Butterfield's natural genius made him a master of organization, as shown in the Overland Stage, the American Express, and the New York and Buffalo Telegraph Companies. The son's inheritance had the advantage of academic association and legal training, and took him into other fields than those of pure commerce, but the organizing faculty came into play in all of them.

When the advocates of secession threatened war in 1861, almost every loyal citizen was incredulous, so that to nearly all the attack upon Sumter was as a causeless blow in the face from a friend. Our present familiarity with arms and arms-bearers makes it difficult to realize the pardonable ignorance of the North at that time as to all means of defence and offence. There were exceptions. Personal observation in the extreme South had led the young colonel of the Twelfth New York State Militia for several years to foresee trouble, so that, devoting his leisure to military studies, he had brought himself and his regiment into fair theoretical preparation for the field. At the first call the command immediately volunteered, and went on a three-months' martial excursion that proved to be bloodless, but the spirit and the "smartness" of the Twelfth encouraged and stimulated those who most required such help. Col. Butterfield was soon made a brigadier-general of volunteers and saw much active service, rapidly developing into an excellent soldier of the second class, shining in bright contrast with more purely political generals of that early period. He had these preliminary qualifications: enough local influence

to have been elected colonel of a city militia regiment, which secured him a certain constituency; a real interest in minor military matters and an appreciation of their importance when correlated; a fortunate age—thirty in 1862; a better education than many, and the command of a fortune that rendered him financially independent of his commission and of the profession that he must temporarily abandon. Added were zeal for the Union cause and an instinctive military spirit, combined with special administrative ability. He commanded a brigade at Gaines's Mill and at Malvern Hill, a division at the Second Manassas, and as major-general a corps at Fredericksburg. One scarcely knows which to wonder at the most—such administration of the War Department as made it possible, or the unabashed self-confidence of the novice who seems to have had no hesitation in ordering in action such educated and veteran officers as Griffin, Sykes, and Humphreys, to say nothing of Buchanan, Warren, Weed and Whipple. Their own behavior under what must have been morally a most trying situation, is a magnificent commentary on the training of those men.

During Gen. Hooker's administration and until after Gettysburg, where he was wounded, General Butterfield was chief of staff of the army of the Potomac, and there his remarkable capacity for organization was admirably employed. He was young and fearless enough, not hampered with traditions, to inaugurate a new and efficient régime. Going west with Hooker, he was on his staff at Lookout Mountain, and acquired a division in April, 1864, again distinguishing himself at Resaca, after which summer he did not serve in the field. Having received an original vacancy in the increased permanent establishment of 1861, he became a colonel therein in 1863, and retained his commission, with duty at New York, after muster-out of the volunteer service in 1865, until he resigned in 1870. For the next thirty years he was conspicuous in business circles as the head of successful transportation and real-estate companies. But money-making had no monopoly of his energy. He frequently spoke in public, usually eloquently and always patriotically, in the broad sense of the word; he maintained for three years a course of lectures for his alma mater, Union, outside the ordinary curriculum; he was magnificently generous otherwise, as his monument to the Fifth Corps at Fredericksburg, his Washington for the Memorial Hall at West Point, and other public gifts illustrate; and he was lavishly hospitable. There is printed one example of outspoken moral courage where friendly counsel was administered with directness and tact to his old chief, the Ishmaelitish Hooker, in whom personal subordination was so difficult of attainment. Doubtless he showed frequent illustrations of this quality, or otherwise he could not have retained the kindly respect that he evidently enjoyed. Possibly General Butterfield might give the stranger too vivid an impression of what may be called the public side of private life; but, after all, that is a matter of taste, and perhaps the tale is merely a little too brilliantly told. His light was frequently set on a candlestick rather than under a bushel, but it was a bright American blaze.

A privately printed volume of many pages sets forth his career, occasionally with repetitions and not always too concisely. But is not a memorial volume, especially when privately printed, a eulogy *ex necessitate*—generally, as in this case, a tribute of love, and as such not amenable to the stricter canons? There is but one allegation to which we should seriously except. Among the reasons that impelled McClellan to change his base from the Pamunkey to the James is cited "the failure of General McDowell to reinforce, with his 40,000 men then at Fredericksburg" (p. 76), in such a way as to imply, although it is not directly asserted, that that was McDowell's own fault. This reëchoes the common belief in the army of the Potomac at that time, that McDowell held back through some disingenuous motive, and did not grasp the hand extended at Hanover Court House. The fact, which never should be forgotten by either the formal or the informal historian, was that Jackson's advance down the valley frightened Washington, and, against his military judgment and his earnest hope, McDowell, who had 30,000 (not 40,000) men, was directed to postpone coöperation with McClellan, and to move his forces toward the Shenandoah on what he foresaw would be a fruitless mission. That very accomplished officer, who was loyalty itself to his superiors and to the Union cause, had misfortunes enough to oppress him without having perpetuated to his discredit purely imaginary shortcomings.

The book is attractively issued by a press which must be annoyed to observe that its excellent reputation is marred by the transposition on page 374 of lines six and eight from the bottom.

The Story of London. By Henry B. Wheatley. Illustrated by W. H. Godfrey, K. Kimball, H. Railton, etc. (The Mediæval Towns Series.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co. Pp. xvi., 411.

We no longer believe, with the old chroniclers, that Britain was founded by "Brutus, the third by descent from the Trojan Æneas," nor that the word "Albion" was derived from a giant of the name, the son of Neptune. But of the origin of the people of the British Islands we really know not much more, perhaps, than did the inventors of these fanciful tales. The legend of the founding of London by Brut has gone the way of much else, and to-day there are those who venture to doubt whether London existed before the time of the Roman occupation. No patriotic Londoner will subscribe to this flat heresy. Mr. Wheatley rejects the theory, surely with sufficient reason; but on the present occasion he does not go very deeply into the question of the origin of London. He has set himself to tell us of the London of the Middle Ages, a period which, for the purposes of this book, extends from the Norman Conquest to the battle of Bosworth, in 1485. However, he does not adhere pedantically to these limits: in an introduction he has given a sketch of what is known or conjectured as to Saxon London, and, in a final chapter, he has touched lightly on the story of London from mediæval to modern times.

From the date when the Roman legions left Britain to her fate till the Conquest there is a long interval of six and a half centuries. For this period all we have is a few scattered mentions of London in the Saxon Chronicle and elsewhere—for a century and a half no reference to London is found in the Chronicle. So scanty are our sources of information! But it seems established that, towards the end of the ninth century, London was a flourishing city, the seat of considerable trade, and the residence of many foreign merchants. Cnut, described by Dr. Stubbs as one of the "conscious creators of England's greatness," died in 1035. A single generation brings us to the date of the Conquest, with which event begins the continuous history of London. The first Charter of the Conqueror, a document of some four lines, is the first record in this history.

Mr. Wheatley insists on the fact that, during the period of which he writes, London was a walled city, and shows how largely this fact influenced the conditions of life of its citizens. By day, the gates were watched, each by two serjeants, who were careful to see that no leper or fugitive bondman entered the city. At the tolling of the curfew bell the gates were shut; thereafter no one was suffered to go about the streets or ways. The serjeants of Billingsgate and Queenhithe had to see that all boats were moored on the city side of the Thames; none were permitted to cross the river at night. The exaggerated fear of invasion, which in our days has prevented the making of a Channel tunnel, is no new thing. Stow, telling of a report that the French King was meditating an invasion of England, laughs at the panic excited by the rumor: "They that in times past bragged they would blow all Frenchmen out of England, hearing now a vain rumour of the enemy's coming, they run to the walls, break down all the houses adjoining, destroy and lay them flat, and do all things in great fear, not one Frenchman yet having set foot on shipboard; what would they have done if the battle had been at hand, and the weapons over their head!"

Till long after the Conquest, the houses, closely packed together, were but low huts of wood, thatched with straw or reeds. It is no wonder that fires were frequent and destructive. What has been called the first English Building Act provided, in 1189, that party walls should be solidly built, but left untouched the question of roofing. In 1212 a terrible fire raged for ten days; part of London Bridge was destroyed, and it is said that 1,000 persons lost their lives in the fire. After this it was forbidden to roof houses otherwise than with tiles, shingle-boards, or lead. Later, tiles became to be generally used, as may be seen from the map of 1588 given as a frontispiece; in this all the houses are covered with red tiles.

An interesting question relates to the population of London. The poll-tax furnishes the means of calculating that in 1377 the population of the city was about 45,000. Trade seems to have been carried on mostly in the open street: hence the names Cheap and East Cheap. Shops were open to the weather, windows being rare. Trade regulations were strict, and the punishment for cheating severe. In some cases the punishment was such as entirely commends itself to modern judgment. Thus, in 1364, a certain John Penrose, convicting of selling unsound wine, was first compelled to drink a draught of it, then the rest of the stuff was poured on his head.

Having given his readers a picture of

mediæval London, Mr. Wheatley takes us round the town with Chaucer, Langland, the author of 'Piers Plowman,' Gower, Hoccleve. Then he takes us to the Bridge, in its day esteemed one of the wonders of Europe. As Howell renders a eulogy in Latin verse:

> "Let the whol Earth now her wonders count,
> This Bridg of Wonders is the Paramount."

The Bridge consisted of nineteen arches and a drawbridge. Under each arch the tide at certain times flowed like a cataract, the force of which was in some cases used to turn mills or to raise water for the service of the city. The bridge seriously impeded the navigation of the river. The fact is crudely expressed in old views which show boats upset and men *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. The drawbridge was London's chief defence in popular uprisings, which always came from the southern counties, then the seat of manufactures. So late as 1554, Sir Thomas Wyat, although he had artillery with him, found the city impregnable on the side of the bridge. He was compelled to lead his forces to the bridge at Kingston before he could cross the Thames and make a serious assault on London. We are not sure that the neighborhood of London Bridge does not better preserve features of Old London than any other part of the city. From Billingsgate one may see the Dutch eel-ships, the successors of eel-ships mentioned in city records of 1412. Near the foot of the Bridge on the northwestern side there is to-day a tavern called the Old Swan. Mr. Wheatley tells us that a tavern with this sign has stood here since the reign of Edward II. Upper Thames Street is still a narrow mediæval lane: the stranger wonders how it can be made to suffice for the great businesses carried on here. The names of wharves and lanes are those found in the oldest maps.

From the Bridge, Mr. Wheatley takes us to the Tower, and tells us its twofold story as a palace and a prison. Other chapters tell of manners, of provision for meeting disease, of the government and governors of the city, of commerce and trade, the church and education.

It is impossible to praise too highly Mr. Wheatley's diligence. He quotes innumerable works giving the discoveries of a host of inquirers. References abound not only to well-known works like those of Mr. Riley, who transcribed and translated many of the city records, but to pamphlets, lectures, and scattered articles. Mr. Wheatley has worked within somewhat confined limits; we hope that some day he may expand this account of mediæval London. We should have liked to find a chapter on law and lawyers. One constant feature of popular risings was, as Mr. Wheatley shows (pp. 51, 55, 56), the fury of the people vented on the lawyers. This violence must have had a cause. If the administration of the law was as corrupt as, later, Latimer, in his sermons before Edward VI., declared it to be, we need hardly seek further. The book has many excellent illustrations, including several reproductions of old and scarce maps. One of the views, the interior of the Middle Temple Hall, is by mistake called Gray's Inn Hall. A fuller index should have been provided.

We advise every reader of this book who may visit London, to inspect, while his recollection of it is still fresh, the London antiquities of the Guildhall Museum. Here he will find, somewhat unworthily housed, a most interesting collection, illustrated by an admirable catalogue lately prepared by Mr. Charles Welch, the City Librarian. Here are flint implements, telling of a time compared with which the Roman occupation is but of yesterday; implements of the bronze and iron ages, Roman pavements, and all manner of household objects, glass, pottery, tools, and so on down to the jovial "Bellarmines" which once held good Rhenish wine.

The Hour-Glass, and Other Plays. Being Volume II. of Plays for an Irish Theatre. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co., 1904.

There are two forces working to-day for the regeneration of Ireland—working, that is, from within—quite apart from the external remedies devised at St. Stephen's. The Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland is an Irish organization that aims at improving the material conditions of the people, at a revival of agriculture and industry. To stop the leak at Queenstown, to replace a listless population whose energies are satisfied with the occupation of watching cattle fatten for the English markets, by a nation of practical farmers tilling the land instead of grazing it—that is the object of the Department. Its promoters are ready to call in experts of every nationality to further these ends, and their agents and instructors are usually Scotch or English, rather than Irish; they realize that national jealousies and resentments must wait until Ireland can hold her own. The only prosperous corner of Ireland is the least Irish. If Cork and Galway are to prosper, it will be by imitating the Scotch thrift and industry of Belfast.

The Gaelic League, on the other hand, attacks the problem from a different point of view. Mr. Yeats and his friends would like to cure Ireland of "West Britonism," to de-Anglicize her national life, to give her a place among the nations not by reason of any successful imitation of English virtues and methods, but by restoring Celticism, which is the antithesis of Anglo-Saxon ideals. Their imaginations are fired by the picture of a small and independent nation speaking its own language, living its own economic life, exclusive as Sparta and honored like Sparta. "What was it put you astray?" asks Bridget of Cathleen ni Hoolihan who stands for the spirit of Ireland in Mr. Yeats's play. "Too many strangers in the house" is the answer of the old woman, who is transformed into "a young girl with the walk of a queen." A nation of poets and dreamers such as the leaders of this Renaissance envisage is probably alien to the ambitions of every practical Irish politician who desires to regenerate Irish national life. But to interest the Irish people in Ireland, to turn their eyes from America, to rouse them from the lethargy that is fostered by their morbid religious life—that must be the aim of every Irish patriot. The Gaelic movement has undoubtedly reached the people and stimulated them to a common interest. Even though, in the future, it is likely to be swamped by more material and practical interests—the interests of an Ireland drawn into the main current—this increase of vitality will not have been wasted.

Mr. Yeats is one of the chief promoters of the Irish National Theatre Society, whose foundation is one of the most hopeful achievements of the movement. The three plays in the volume before us have been performed with great success in Dublin by the Society, and in London their performance has at least roused curiosity. The first play, "The Hour-Glass," was acted, it will be remembered, in New York last April at the Garrick. It is a sort of "morality" play of the type which "Everyman" has made familiar. A Wise Man, who symbolizes the lust of knowledge, has succeeded in expelling religious belief from a whole community. Only Teigue, the Fool, clings to his superstitions. To the Wise Man appears an Angel, who, standing in the doorway, announces that he must die within the hour and without hope of salvation unless he can find a single believer whom he has not perverted. His wife, his children, his pupils have been too well trained by himself. But the Fool, who, because he has never lost his visions, is wiser than the philosopher, saves his soul as the last grain of sand runs out of the glass. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is Young Ireland, who appears as an old woman, the traditional Shan Van Vocht, and persuades a young man on the eve of his wedding to leave his bride and join the French who are landing to fight against England. Michael puts aside the entreaties of his bride and his parents and goes away with the old woman, who, as she leaves the cabin, is transformed into a fair young girl, Ireland, throwing off her decrepitude and renewing her youth when the young men answer her appeal. In the last play, "A Pot of Broth," Mr. Yeats forsakes allegory and symbolism for pure comedy. It is the only one of the three that is essentially Irish, for Young Ireland might as well be Young Italy, and the Wise Man and the Fool are of no nationality. But the humor of "A Pot of Broth"—the beggar who trades on superstition and the miserly countrywoman who lets herself be wheedled out of a dinner by a present of a stone that makes "grand broth" or poteen if desired with the aid of a little boiling water; the husband, only half convinced; the priest, who will lose the dinner that was being prepared for him and is appropriated by the eloquent beggar—these are a faithful reflection from cabin life. It is curious to find Mr. Yeats at his best, on the dramatic side, in comedy. He is to be judged as a writer of plays by the shorter pieces such as the three in this volume. In a long play, such as "Where There is Nothing," which was a signal failure in London last June, when produced at the Court Theatre, he does not succeed in being either coherent or dramatic. But his short plays have so far been spirited and effective.

Queen Elizabeth and the Levant Company. A Diplomatic and Literary Episode of the Establishment of Our Trade with Turkey. By the Rev. H. G. Rosedale, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.L. Henry Frowde. 1904. Pp. xii., 92; 26 facsimile illustrations.

That Queen Elizabeth was of a frugal mind has been amply proved on divers counts, and so it is no special surprise to learn that she made the English trading companies support her ambassadors. Such at least was the case with the Levant Company at Constantinople, as Dr. H. G. Rosedale has developed it for us in this sumptuous folio. It is a tiny bit of mixed com-

merce and history that he treats, but the matter is illuminative and suggestive enough. The agent of the Levant Company was Sir Edward Barton, paid by them, but acting also as English ambassador. In itself this was a hard combination to handle, but Turkish complications made it especially hard in 1595. In 1594 the company had brought itself to the point of sending a large conciliatory present to Sultan Murad III. (Amurath in our annals); but on January 16, 1595, new style, he died, was succeeded by Muhammad III., and the present had been practically thrown away. Get the company to make another, Sir Edward Barton could not; yet, if none were made, he saw that English trade would be killed. His only hope was Elizabeth, and her penuriousness did not allow that hope to be large. However, he set to work, by cunning narratives of the situation at Constantinople and of the virtues of the most virtueless Muhammad, to move the Privy Council and the Queen to pay for another present. But for all this he needed time, and so he had to hold up by various devices the ordinary diplomatic communications on the new accession, that present and congratulation might not be too far apart.

The skein is a tangled one, and this book evidently gives only a few threads. Principal among them is a long narrative—a most evident *Tendenz-schrift*—telling of the death of Murad and the accession of Muhammad, and drawn up for Sir Edward Barton in Italian by a certain Jew, a dragoman and spy of antecedents. This was meant as a most potent lever to bring the Council to terms, yet it was not until the autumn of 1599 that the present, a mechanical organ and gilded carriage, reached the Sultan. The organ-builder, Master Thomas Dallam, has left in his diary a naïve account how he, in terror of his life, had to display it to the Sultan, and came out in the end with forty-five sequins, "not a little joyfull of my good suckses."

Dr. Rosedale has been careful to give facsimiles of many of the documents quoted, but his renderings are not always very exact. On chronology he is weak. New Style and Old Style and the Muhammadan reckoning have bothered him. Thus, on page 5, the date of a letter is given as the first of Rabi'a 1, A. H. 1002, and is rendered as A. D. 1594. The corresponding date was really November 25, 1593. Similarly, on page 59, the middle of Safar, 1004, is rendered A. D. 1596. It was rather the latter part of October, 1595. On page 20, in the translation of the long Italian document, Murad is said to have died January 6, 1595. The Italian gives more fully and accurately January 6, O. S., and January 16, N. S. But on page 23, still in the translation from the Italian, the date is given "in the night of January 6 [according to modern style]"; the Italian has rightly, "di notte alli di Gen. alla moderna." On page 57, in a letter from the "Viceroy of Constantinople" to Queen Elizabeth, is a very obscure passage. "Nel anno 1003 alli di luna di Gumasiul evel" can hardly mean anything but "in A.H. 1003 on the 16th of Jumada 1," *i. e.*, January 28, A. D. 1595. Dr. Rosedale renders this, "During the year 1003, on the 16th of the month of January"; and it is true that Murad died on the night of January 16, 1595, N. S., but the translation is quite impossible. Apparently the Italian translator of the Turkish original must have blundered.

The equipment of facsimiles is most complete, but it would have been better if we had been told whence the portraits were derived. Some are evidently from old prints, but the frontispiece, called a "rare engraving of Queen Elizabeth," and truly a most curious effigies, does not look like an engraving at all.

La Fayette dans la Révolution, 1775-1799. (Politiques d'autrefois.) Par Henri Doniol. Paris: Armand Colin. 1904.

This book differs very widely in manner of treatment from the notable study which the same author devoted some time ago to the evacuation of France by the Prussians. In his monograph entitled 'M. Thiers; le Comte de Saint-Vallier; le Général de Manteuffel,' M. Doniol discusses at great length and with minute scrutiny of detail the diplomatic relations of Paris and Berlin during the years 1871-1873. The series of essays which he styles "Politiques d'autrefois" is conceived in the spirit of criticism rather than of investigation, and will be valuable chiefly as representing a certain type of opinion.

La Fayette has undoubtedly suffered in the eyes of posterity from the nickname of Grandison-Cromwell which was fastened on him by Mirabeau. Few, probably, would go so far as to question the sincerity of his idealistic professions, especially during the period of his American adventures; but to sympathize with the National Convention while at the same time applauding La Fayette is an impossibility. Accordingly, the writers who defend the radical measures of 1792 and 1793 are bound to hold a brief against the commander of the National Guard. Timidity, vanity, lack of humor, and political incapacity have been charged against him by a large number of recent writers. That one who had enjoyed unbounded fame and real influence in 1791 should so suddenly lose his power and political standing in the spring of 1792, may be no more surprising than other vagaries of the revolutionary movement; but the circumstances under which the fall took place have given color to repeated charges of incompetence. M. Doniol, in other respects an unqualified admirer of La Fayette, admits that he was at fault when he began to treat with the enemy in 1792, but for this error he finds extenuation in the relations of the General and the Court:

"Il avait commis la faute par esprit de gouvernement dans l'ordre d'idées qui avait présidé à l'institution nouvelle; le gouvernement pratiqué avec sincérité de la part de la royauté et de celle des sujets, sans esprit d'artifice, conséquemment sans suscipions. Il l'avait commise n'admettant pas d'autre mode que de pratiquer cette institution pour remédier à ses insuffisances ou à ses imprévus et pour préserver des emportements."

For M. Doniol, La Fayette is a true hero of the constitutional age, an enlightened champion of the ideas which triumphed in 1789 only to be overwhelmed by the excesses of the Legislative and the Convention. It is quite possible to espouse La Fayette's cause and principles without having much enthusiasm for him as a political leader, but M. Doniol's appreciation of the man does not spring merely from belief in the justice of his views. It is the personality quite as much as the system which we are called on to revere. A passage from the Memoirs of General Thiébault strikes the keynote of this volume. At the fête of the Federation in 1790, when La Fayette was galloping through the Champ de Mars, a voice from the crowd exclaimed: "Le voyez-vous? Il galope dans les siècles à venir." M. Doniol presents him under the figure of the citizen-soldier riding at the head of the troops of freedom, undaunted by faction, and drawing perpetual inspiration from his pure belief in the principles of liberty. Thinking thus, he lays much stress on his letters from prison: "On en formerait une merveilleuse *Morale en action* pour l'enseignement civique en vogue actuellement. Elles consacrent l'admiration qu'inspira La Fayette à deux générations successives du dernier siècle." It is certainly in this body of correspondence that the La Fayette of the Revolution discloses himself to the best advantage, for here his lack of skill in practical politics cannot obtrude itself, while the nobility of his sentiments carries the more force from its association with his sufferings.

M. Doniol devotes a third of his space to La Fayette's part in the American Revolution, and a quarter of it to a chapter on the eve of the Consulate; but the central section of the study, in respect to both position and importance, is concerned with "The Years of Power and the Years of Gaol." If a man's political career is to be tested by the weakest link of the chain, the first half of 1792 is the critical point for any biographer of La Fayette; and even if we are not inclined to accept so severe a standard, this period is of vital interest. M. Doniol's treatment of it is marked by judgment and candor—qualities which are not absent from the other parts of his attractive essay.

The Pathway to Reality: Being the Gifford Lectures delivered in the University of St. Andrew's in the Session 1903-'04. By the Right Honorable R. B. Haldane. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

Mr. Haldane's 'Pathway,' which has now reached its "second stage," may be regarded from various points of view. In noticing its first volume we regarded it mainly as significant of the intellectual hobbies of prominent British politicians. Its title suggests that it may be an excursion into Hegelian exegetics, a sort of scramble over the terminal moraine left by the retreat of a once imposing but now greatly shrunken glacier of the philosophic world, in conducting which Mr. Haldane acts as an expert "ladies' guide," stopping to emit sympathetic groans about the hardness and stoniness of the path (pp. 13, 18, 95, 271), dallying a little with flowers of poetry he picks up by the wayside, and, when he finally penetrates to the *séracs* and crevasses of the ice-fall, calling on his gratified followers to note the fearful abysses of thought on the brink of which they stand (p. 14). But though this view is suggested also by the easy eclecticism with which Mr. Haldane grasps at post-Hegelian doctrines when he comes to the *mauvais pas* of his route (*e. g.*, Professor Royce's idea of a *totum simul*), yet it would not do justice to his intention. Mr. Haldane has also aimed, more ambitiously, at producing a guide to ultimate reality. Or, rather, since he assures us,

with admirable gravity, that "it is to the history of philosophy [!] that we must turn if we would gain an abiding insight into ultimate reality," he has compiled a sort of guide-book to some philosophic antiquities. He recites the old familiar phrases with the most amiable enthusiasm, and much gush about Hegel, whom he even seems to credit with the portentous discovery that the universe is the "totality of existence" (p. 99)!

But, as he takes no account of criticism, it is not surprising that he should leave the old difficulties much as he found them. Thus, his "proof" that mind is the ultimate reality will hardly seem a successful vindication of idealism so long as it slurs over the fact that it makes relation to a "material" nature as necessary to mind as mind is to nature. Nor does it seem a valid procedure first to argue from the "finite" to the "infinite" mind, and then to conclude that the basis of the inference, the finite mind, has not a real existence (p. 101). Nor does he see that the analogy between the two breaks down, because they have not the same relation to reality, which the one creates and the other accepts. What entitles us, then, to call them both by the same name? Again, on any view of "infinite" mind, how can it have the purposes and ends so frequently ascribed to it (pp. 117, 130, 207)? Mr. Haldane gayly asserts (p. 120) that there is no real difficulty in the problem of evil. But when he comes to it, he merely repeats that it is due to the freedom to choose evil possessed (how and why?) by finite spirits (pp. 129-132). That is, he has recourse to a real indetermination in the universe, which seems incompatible with the absolute rationality Hegelism began by assuming. And how does it mend matters to suggest (p. 133) that anyhow neither evil nor nature exists for "God"? That no doubt destroys the problem *"for God."* But it renders it hopeless *for us.* For we can then no longer look to God for relief from an illusion which does not exist for God. Once more, it is hardly philosophic to reject solipsism because it seems absurd to "instinctive feeling" (pp. 99-100), and it remains obscure why the conception of mind as substance should produce solipsism (p. 60), or how by abandoning this category we are delivered from the perils (what?) of solipsism (p. 70).

Mr. Haldane is hardly more successful in defending Hegelian terminology than in reiterating Hegelian solutions. He repeatedly protests against the scepticism in which Mr. F. H. Bradley's idealism ends (pp. xiii., 73, 265). But he never refutes it, nor even really grapples with it. And it seems curiously naïve to propose that, for the purposes of Hegelian apologetics, *thought* shall be taken to include *feeling,* and shall not be restricted to mere thinking (pp. xiii., 41, 48, 73). For that there is such a thing as discursive thought is not, presumably, disputed; nor that it differs from immediate apprehension. It would seem, therefore, to defy an elementary rule of scientific terminology not to distinguish things which are clearly distinguishable, and for which distinct names exist. Still, Mr. Haldane's motive is clear. A stricter distinction would greatly impair the plausibility of the Hegelian rationalism. Again, Mr. Haldane is, of course, aware that "faculties" are no longer, psychologically, in repute. And this seems fatal to Hegel's play with the antithesis of "reason" and "understanding." But Mr. Haldane thinks that he can save the situation by admitting that they are not faculties but different *modes* of thinking about things (p. 62), and then proceeding to use the antithesis as before!

Now it is hardly credible that if a man of Mr. Haldane's ability had contemplated the Hegelian scheme in the cold-blooded way so often, and so wrongly, supposed to characterize philosophers, he would not have felt these difficulties. But it is clear that he does not so regard it. Hegelism is Mr. Haldane's *religion* even more than it is his philosophy, and what constitutes its value in his eyes is the satisfaction it affords to his religious, rather than to his scientific needs. It is, therefore, from this point of view that his book must finally be judged. Or, rather, it must not be judged so much as respectfully recorded. For the modes of religious synthesis are infinitely various, and often to the outward eye surpassing strange, nor need there be any very obvious connection between the verbal formulation of a creed and its spiritual value. Thus, it is a well-known fact that the monotonous reiteration of the sacred monosyllable "om," or the constant recitation of soul-compelling and mouth-filling cries like "Yah Hassan! Yah Husein!", is capable of throwing some minds into ecstasies of religious conviction. A similar potency is evidently possessed by mystic phrases like (p. 159) "Absolute Mind in itself; Absolute Mind in its hetereity or otherness, under the distinction which it has set up of itself from itself; and Absolute Mind in synthesis, a synthesis which is the real *prius* of the other two." To those who are not born with the Hegelian mind, this will ever remain foolishness, despite all interpreters. But in those who have the proper psychic disposition it may engender a sort of intellectual vertigo, which is the more exquisitely delightful for being communicable only to the elect. Modern psychologists, of course, have discovered that they can mimic and artificially induce these ecstasies by nitrous oxide and the like. But even psychologists could hardly explain the marvel that the religious emotions of the followers of the Guiana Indians' prophet "Jeremiah" should be stimulated by chanting the multiplication table in English, while those of the Scottish lawyer should react rather to the more dubious verities of the Hegelian categories in German. As, however, the intricacies of religious psychology come to be better known, we shall doubtless grow more tolerant and less inclined to limit the pathways by which the soul may seek its spiritual repose.

The Life and Times of Thomas Smith: 1745-1809. A Pennsylvania Member of the Continental Congress. By Burton Alva Konkle. With an Introduction by the Hon. Hampton L. Carson, LL.D. Philadelphia: Campion & Co. 1904. Pp. 303.

Mr. Konkle has given us a good biography of his subject in connection with a careful account of the political conditions of his time. Thomas Smith, surveyor, lawyer, State representative, and member of the Continental Congress, and judge, was what may be called a public man of the second order. But it is well that we should have careful studies of public men of the second order, because the student is usually less concerned with the larger tendencies of the time, and, consequently, is less likely to be influenced by the conventional interpretation of the period. This is particularly true of the Revolution, which has been viewed too exclusively as a movement for independence of England. More detailed studies of local interests and of local men will aid in correcting this error.

A considerable portion of Mr. Konkle's book (chapters v.-x.) deals with the political history of Pennsylvania during the Revolution and the decade following. The keynote to the party struggles during this period is to be found in the conflict between the extreme radicals and the moderate conservatives. The State Constitution of 1776 gave expression to the rather democratic views of the extreme radicals. The conservatives opposed the Constitution of 1776, and resisted radical control of the Government *per se* and not because they were opposed to the war. Yet the radicals maintained their position throughout the Revolution, because they had the immense advantage of posing as the only true "patriots." In withstanding them the conservatives, on the other hand, incurred the stigma of "loyalist." "The very critical situation of public affairs is of much advantage to the Assembly and their friends," Wilson writes to St. Clair. "While we oppose tyranny from a foreign power," he says in another connection, "we should think ourselves lost to every sense of duty and shame, were we tamely to acquiesce in a system of government which . . . will introduce the same results . . . among ourselves." Smith was one of the conservative leaders, and his opposition to the radical Constitution resulted in the loss of his offices. What impresses one in the study of Pennsylvania politics during this period is, indeed, the extent to which interest centred in the question of the organization of the State Government and the policy of the State administration; the war seems almost to have been of secondary importance.

There were bound up in the Revolution, in fact, two great questions, not necessarily connected with each other—the questions of the relation of the colonies to England, and the question of the extension of political privileges to the unfranchised in the colonies. In the colonial period the assemblies were in the hands of the property classes, but, in resisting the royal governors, they were forced to justify themselves by an appeal to natural right and popular welfare. They seemed to stand for democratic principles in government, and their constant insistence upon the rights of the colonists as against the governors fostered the democratic spirit and led the unfranchised classes to hope for political equality. The Revolutionary struggle, because it was conducted in part outside the assemblies, opened the door to the unfranchised, who for the first time became a force in practical politics, but were working, directly or indirectly, quite as much for political equality with the property class as they were for home rule in respect to England. The result was that the property class in the party that had steadily resisted the colonial governors, began, soon after 1765, to take a conservative attitude. They became

conscious of their inherent conservatism; and from 1765 until far into the Revolution the history of factions centres in no small measure in the opposition of this class to the growing influence of those who had previously had no share in political action. The indifference to the war that existed in many States, the bitter factional conflicts, the continued application of the term "loyalist" to many who gave their support to the war, the reaction which is exhibited in the State constitutions and which found its full expression in Federalism—these things cannot be perfectly understood while the Revolutionary period is regarded exclusively from the standpoint of home rule. The question of home rule was complicated by the question whether home rule, if allowed, was to be based on equality or restriction of political privilege.

In tracing the public life of Thomas Smith from 1776 to 1791, Mr. Konkle has done something to emphasize these facts. He has apparently been at great pains to examine the original sources, the most important of which, naturally, are the Smith papers. The public documents at Washington, Philadelphia, and Harrisburg have also been used extensively. In handling this material the author has exhibited good judgment, if not always, perhaps, the skill of the trained historian. His method, we are told, has been the simple one of introducing "the reader at once to the original sources." While one might infer from this that the book is a collection of extracts accompanied with connecting comments, such is far from being the case. A valuable feature is a number of maps worked out by the author from the records, representing such phases of Pennsylvania history as the county organization and the Indian purchases in 1768. In all there are forty-three illustrations, mostly very good ones. The story is interestingly told, in a style which, if it has no special excellence, has no marked defects, except a certain rambling diffuseness. Errors are infrequent. The author speaks of Thomas Smith's brother, William, having published, in 1757, a 'History of New York' (p. 14). So far as we know, there was only one 'History of New York' published by a William Smith, and he, certainly, was not the brother of Thomas. Mr. Konkle has also adopted the common misconception that the colonies were to be taxed to "pay off the great war debt" (p. 16). A more detailed and precise description of the sources used would have been helpful.

Air, Food, and Exercises: An Essay on the Predisposing Causes of Disease. By A. Rabagliati, M.A., M.D., etc. Third edition, greatly enlarged and almost entirely rewritten. New York: William Wood & Co.

In this essay for the laity the author maintains that the chief error in the physical life of man is overfeeding. If one were to assert baldly that he explains in this way the occurrence of barber's itch, cancer, pneumonia, and other diverse serious disorders, we fear that few would spend time or money upon the volume. Nevertheless, he believes "the disease of *sycosis menti* to consist not by any means in the presence of the parasite as in . . . the state of the body and tissues" (p. 492); as to cancer, the rapidly increasing malignant disease of temperate climates, that "the essence of the disease . . . is the hypertrophy [overgrowth]; the occurrence of parasites [pathological cells], the accident. . . . What sources can there be but the environment of the organism . . . and . . . what so likely to be the chief cause of change in the body as the food?" (pp. 397-8). "In many instances . . . persons attacked with pneumonia have had no previous illness at all in years. . . . He lived freely and indulged in the pleasures of the table. I cannot doubt that this was the reason why he was struck down by an attack of pneumonia" (p. 461). The interpretation of these unusual expressions seems to be that errors of diet in the wide sense, not the casual use of unfit food causing temporary indigestion, but habits of eating that persistently oppose the course of nature, lead to a general vital depression which lowers resistance to the agencies of disease. In other words, such errors collectively are important assignable causes. The author goes so far as to say: "I think that the chief predisposing cause of . . . measles, scarlatina, diphtheria, typhoid fever, influenza, and the rest [of the acute fevers] is improper feeding, and chiefly overfeeding." To claim that immunity to the contagious eruptive diseases may be attained by a theoretically perfect dietary seems the veriest nonsense, whereas it is doubtless true that persons fall victims to the infectious diseases at large, as consumption, influenza, pneumonia, and diphtheria, in proportion as their resistance, whatever may be its essence, is lowered.

Dr. Rabagliati seems to have had an extensive practice for a long time, and cites example after example of weak and thin people who have become strong and stout by diminishing the quantity of food, and particularly the frequency with which it is taken. Notwithstanding his Italian patronymic, the author writes primarily for an English environment, and it would be amusing were it not simply affecting to observe by his formal notes how completely life may centre about the table. Where the quantity of food, and particularly of carbonaceous food, was materially reduced, the essayist's patients appear to have done well, whether they had asthma or white swelling. We can accept the author's practice more readily than his doctrine, and faithfully follow the Book of Common Prayer in asking to be kept temperate in our meats and drinks, confident that, if our petition be granted, at least physical blessings will follow. Many may look upon the standards suggested as unreasonably low, but let them be compared with the rations upon which the Japanese army is campaigning, with the regimen of the Bedouin, with the sustenance of our own Indian runner or his cousin the Mexican courier, or with the food that sustains the Italian laboring on our public works. Those who merely eat to live will enjoy a life physically worth living.

We cannot follow our author in his doctrine that "the disease of misery," and also of comfortable life—cancer—primarily depends upon excess of food, even as excess is qualified in the text. But this vagary does not detract from the general value of the paper. The doctrine grows that the balance of unexpended nutriment is more than negatively harmful. That balance does not pass away mechanically and innocuously. It clogs the system, it interferes with the vital machinery, and it reacts. The morning headache from alcoholic excess is an acute symbol of what occurs more slowly when superfluous food is stored within the body, instead of in the larder. These consequences are gradual, but they are persistent. Nevertheless, they seem too slender a foundation for the doctrine "that on the whole the causes of disease, of all diseases, are practically the same" (p. 381), and to be avoided by self-restraint.

The text contains approximately 160,000 words, but it might be compressed, without loss and with more force, into one-sixth as many. The book is attractive except as to bulk. The index is indifferent.

Sir William Henry Flower. By Charles J. Cornish. Macmillan Co. 1904. 8vo, pp. xii., 274. Portraits.

William Henry Flower, third son of Edward Fordham and Celina Greaves Flower, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, November 30, 1831. Much of his father's early life had been passed in America, where he took a keen interest in sport and still more in the struggle for the suppression of the slave trade. After his marriage he settled at Stratford, being the founder of the brewery which is the principal industry of the town, and from which he amassed a competency. In 1871 he moved to London, where he was known for his philanthropy, especially in behalf of the suppression of cruelty to animals, and where he died in 1883.

The subject of this memoir was educated in various schools and at University College, which he entered in 1847, and where, in spite of interruptions due to delicate health, he won many honors; afterwards pursuing medical studies at the Middlesex Hospital, where in 1853 he was appointed junior house surgeon and curator of the Hospital Museum. From his youth he was devoted to natural history, a taste encouraged by his family and by his teachers at college, among whom were numbered such eminent men as George Busk, Campbell De Morgan, and Lord Lister.

In 1854 he joined the medical staff of the army, was attached to the Sixty-third Regiment of Foot, and proceeded to the seat of war in the Crimea. Those who would realize the changes which have taken place in the last half century in matters of hygiene and military equipment, may read Flower's letters from the field with profit. Indeed, the lack of everything like efficiency or comprehension of the needs of the occasion by the British authorities of the day seems to the present reader almost inconceivable, and even then presented a shocking contrast to the equipment of the French contingent of the allied army. Flower did all that could be done under the circumstances, but, after less than four months' service, his health gave way and he was invalided home, with honors. In 1857 he received his surgeon's diploma and returned to the hospital and to private practice.

On April 15, 1858, he married Georgiana, youngest daughter of Rear-Admiral Smyth, well known for his astronomical researches. This marriage proved ideal in its results; for more than forty years its happiness was unshadowed by death or serious misfortune within the limits of the family, to which Sir

William was ardently devoted. In 1861 he gave up practice to accept the post of Conservator of the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. Here he spent twenty-two years, during which he revolutionized the classification and arrangement of the museum, and greatly enlarged it, while constantly contributing to the literature of comparative anatomy, and acquiring the warm friendship of such veterans as Owen, Huxley, Lyell, Hooker, and Darwin. The new Natural History Museum at South Kensington, largely owing to the untiring efforts of Richard Owen, was completed, and the collections transferred from Bloombury in 1881; but Owen's years and infirmities obliged him to retire two years later. By an almost unanimous public as well as official opinion, Flower was indicated as Owen's successor, and began his duties in March, 1884. Early in 1897 his own health, in turn, became precarious, and in June he felt obliged to resign his office; he lingered for two years, dying July 1, 1899, in the bosom of his family. For details of his life and the various honors heaped upon him, we must refer to the volume under review. Here we can attempt but a brief summary of what he was and what he accomplished.

Flower was a man of noble presence, striking manly beauty, and of a most kindly and unaffected nature. This is evident when we note that he succeeded in being at one and the same moment the friend of Huxley and Richard Owen, and that, being one of the early evolutionists, he yet preserved the affection of the Duke of Argyll without in the least receding from the position which seemed to him to be indicated by the facts. He was a devout and humble Christian, a self-sacrificing worker, a miracle of persistent, steady devotion to the profession he had at heart. With these gifts he succeeded where greater men had failed. He was, we may fairly say, the first man in Great Britain to elevate the keeping of a museum into one of the higher professions; was one of the first in the world to introduce modern ideas into the administration of museums, and the originator of many most important advances in the methods of museum administration. He was an excellent comparative anatomist, a specialist in the first rank of students of the Cetacea, a useful contributor to anthropology, a lover of poetry, of outdoor life, of children, and animals. Not a genius, he was lamented more than any scientist of his generation, in his own country, and by those of other lands who had had the privilege of his friendship and knew his worth in spite of his modesty. He was loved by his colleagues and honored by his Queen and those in authority.

It was well that a memoir should be written to keep him and his work in remembrance among those whose professional lines lie in other directions. The volume is well printed, supplied with several excellent portraits, a full index, and a full, but not very workmanlike, bibliography of some two hundred titles.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, Frank Maloy. The Constitutions and Other Select Documents Illustrative of the History of France—1789-1901. Minneapolis: The H. W. Wilson Co.

Baker, H. Barton. History of the London Stage —1576—1903. 2d ed. London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Biometrika. Vol. III.; Parts II. and III. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 20s. net.

Brandl, Alois, und Keller, Wolfgang. Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft. Berlin: Langenscheidtsche Verlagsbuchhandlung.

Brouner, Walter Brooks; and Fung Yuet Mow. Chinese Made Easy. Introduction by Herbert A. Giles. The Macmillan Co. $6 net.

Buchanan, R. The Mathematical Theory of Eclipses. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Busbey, Hamilton. The Trotting and the Pacing Horse in America. (American Sportsman's Library.) The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Clark, John Bates. The Problem of Monopoly. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Cornish, W. F. Studies on Hesiod. No. II.—The Shield of Hercules. Oxford, 116 High Street; New York: Henry Frowde. 1s.

Diderot's Thoughts on Art and Style. Translated by Beatrix L. Tollemache. London: Rivingtons. 3s. 6d.

Draper, George Otis. Still on the Search. New York: Peter Eckler. $1.50 net.

Flanders, Henry. The Life of John Marshall. Reissue. Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co. $3 net.

Franay, Gabriel. La Marraine de Peau d'Ane. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50.

Gwynn, Stephen. The Masters of English Literature. The Macmillan Co. $1.10 net.

Hastings, Rev. J. Dictionary of the Bible. An extra volume, containing articles, indexes and maps. Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.

Hoenshel, E. J. Essentials of Orthography and Orthoepy. Topeka, Kan.: Crane & Co. 15 cents.

Hudson, W. H. Green Mansions. (Fiction.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20 net.

Life and Letters of H. Taine, 1853-70. Translated by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Mann, Horace. The World-Destroyer. Washington: Lucas-Lincoln Co. $1.00.

Mason, Caroline Atwater. The White Shield. (Fiction.) Philadelphia: American Baptist Publishing Society.

Moore, Charles Leonard. The Red Branch Crests. (Drama.) Published in Philadelphia by the Writer.

Moore, Rev. Walter W. A Year in Europe. Richmond, Va.: Presbyterian Committee of Publication. $1.25; postage 15 cents.

Morris, Charles. Historical Tales. American. Second series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Murphy, Jeannette Robinson. Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers, and African Music in America. New York: The Bandanna Pub. Co. $1.25 net.

Myers Grosses Konversations-Lexikon. Volume VII.: Franzensbad to Glashaus. Leipzig and Vienna. Bibliographilchen Institut; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

Nelson, Nels L. Scientific Aspects of Mormonism. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

Price, W. E. The Author's Year Book and Guide for 1904. New York, 24-26 East Twenty-first Street.

Rosengarten, J. G. American History from German Archives. Philadelphia: Campion & Co.

Ruyssen, T. Essai sur l'Evolution du Jugement. (Fondation Thiers.) Paris: Félix Alcan.

Simmonds, F. W. Normal Institute Physiology. Topeka, Kan.: Crane & Co. 30 cents.

Smith, H. The World's Earliest Music. London: W. Reeves: New York: Scribners. $1.75.

Snider, Denton J. Modern European Philosophy. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Co.

Stearns, Frank P. True Republicanism, or the Real and Ideal in Politics. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Stephen, Sir Leslie. Hobbes. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.

Telleen, John Martin. Milton dans la Littérature Française. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Vol. XVI.—1609. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co.

The Poultry Book. Part XI. Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cents net.

Tocqueville's L'Ancien Régime. Edited by G. W. Headlam. H. Frowde.

Weale, B. L. Putnam. Manchu and Muscovite. Macmillan.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1904.

The Week.

The new electoral apportionment which makes a Democratic victory impossible without some Western votes, gives national interest to every new development in Wisconsin. The same point has now been raised regarding the eligibility of three Republican nominees for Presidential electors which was raised in New York earlier in the year respecting certain electors on the Democratic ticket. They are held to be ineligible under the Constitution because they are national-bank directors. As it happens, these three are among the eleven electors who chose to have their names in the La Follette column of the ballot. If they withdraw, several possibilities present themselves. The Stalwarts, who have now on their ticket only two of the electoral candidates, may take the opportunity at once of filling the places of the ineligibles. La Follette's faction, under the law, would then have the choice of leaving these three places vacant, or naming three new men, or taking chances with the men objected to. If they chose either of the last two courses, it would give the Democrats at least as good a chance of three electoral votes as they have now of electing their gubernatorial ticket.

The campaign which opened on Friday in Wisconsin is likely to prove one of the hottest the country over. Certainly Gov. La Follette's opening speech, charging wholesale bribery of his delegates in the State Convention of 1896, is not calculated to narrow the breach between the two factions or make easier the task of those national leaders who would like to patch up a compromise. He also made it perfectly clear that even if the Supreme Court decides he is irregular, he will remain a candidate. His "Stalwart" opponent is expected to withdraw if the decision is against him; but as most of the bitter anti-La Follette men will vote the Democratic State ticket, this may really be of secondary importance in determining the result. In a long continued fight like this, where the arguments and the issues are familiar to every voter, party regularity is not so much coveted as usual for its own sake.

Good Republicans must regard with mixed feelings the accessions of old-time Populists to their ticket. It is not easy to reconcile the conception of a Democracy still immersed in Bryanism and a Republican party standing for all that is conservative and solid, with the fact that some leading radicals seem to find Mr. Roosevelt nearer to their ideal than Judge Parker. Here is ex-Senator Pettigrew sitting on the fence, and ex-Senator Butler of North Carolina an outspoken Roosevelt partisan, while the Populist national committeeman from Texas declares that from his party's point of view the Republican ticket is the lesser evil. Votes are votes wherever they come from, and it does not always follow that because one politician of prominence takes a new position, all his former followers will do the same. Still, the flocking of birds of this particular feather would have been deemed by the Republicans an impressive augury had it only been in the other direction. The support of Pettigrew and Butler would have been taken as proof positive that the Democracy had not yet attained safety and sanity. What does their attitude mean now?

Both Republicans and Democrats were willing enough to put off the Smoot investigation until after election. Meanwhile, the situation in the States where the Mormon vote is heavy has become complicated. Senator Smoot is warned that if he persists in active participation in State politics to the point of dictating nominations and electing his candidates, it will certainly be taken as proof of Mormon domination in politics, and he himself, on probation in the Senate, will suffer the consequences. In other words, if Mormon interference is seen too clearly in a Republican victory in Utah and the neighboring States, the sentiment of the rest of the country, which has been in abeyance since the sensational disclosures of last winter, may demand the unseating of the Mormon Senator. The Utah Democrats have entertained the hope of persuading the Church, for once, to take no part in an election and let the individual members vote as they choose. As to the two parties, it is six of one and half a dozen of the other, but there are contingencies in which the votes of a few Rocky Mountain States might hold the balance in electing the next President.

Few Republicans are likely to be deceived by Governor-Chairman Odell's little joke about an "open convention in which the delegates will select the candidate for Governor." Were he speaking seriously, he would express his conviction that free conventions are the ruin of our present party system, and consequently of our Government. For example, what would have happened to the party of moral ideals in New York had not that eminent moralist, Thomas Collier Platt, assisted by such minor prophets as John Raines and Louis F. Payn, done his best to keep the conventions tight shut? What were the Sunday schools at the Fifth Avenue Hotel for except to prevent such a dire catastrophe as a free scramble for places? Mr. Odell himself is reported to hold strict views as to the necessity of "discipline" within the party, of leaving the settlement of vexed questions to "wiser heads." The foolish privates in the ranks at least know enough not to intrude upon their superiors their crude and undigested opinions as to the availability of Nevada N. Stranahan, Francis Wayland Higgins, and Timothy L. Woodruff—that is, all the privates except the Woodruff shouters, who have always been conspicuous for not knowing anything whatever. Mr. Odell's near and dear friend, the *Newburgh News*, Court Jester for the last four years, loudly declares that there is a strong popular demand for a third term of B. B. Odell, jr. If Mr. Odell listens to this flattering voice—as every Democrat is earnestly praying he may—he can be trusted to close the convention with a snap.

"I should be ashamed to mention McCarren's name in decent society," said Charles F. Murphy on Thursday. Without pretending to Mr. Murphy's intimate knowledge of the usages of decent society, we may safely assert that his judgment of Senator McCarren is correct; and, what is more, Senator McCarren would be justified in using the same words of Murphy. Neither is fit for decent political society. The fact that both are nominally Democrats and presumably supporters of Judge Parker does not alter either their characters or ideals, and does not lessen the necessity of describing them as they are. The chief of a faction of the Brooklyn Democrats and the Tammany boss are wholly destitute of real political principles; they are machine organizers pure and simple; and they are at present engaged in a particularly petty and disgusting brawl over patronage. Their loud wrangling attracts the attention of the country at large, just as a dog-fight draws a crowd on the street. Many people, both within and without New York State, labor under the delusion that because these two quarrelsome politicians are making such a hubbub they are the actual leaders of Democratic opinion, the champions upon whose efforts the success of the ticket in this State depends. Nothing is farther from the truth. They have no opinions except as to spoils; they never have rallied and never can rally a following among men who think; and the success or failure of Judge Parker will rest

upon causes that lie far deeper than the surface squabbles of ward politicians.

The political situation in Massachusetts has seldom been more interesting than at present. The State is in revolt against Lodge, and at the same time is facing the possibility of filling out Senator Hoar's unexpired term (1904-1907). In the event of his death, his successor will be elected on the same day that the Legislature ballots on Lodge's return to the Senate. Never before has a Senatorial election been held under such conditions in Massachusetts. For the moment the question of filling Senator Hoar's place has diverted attention somewhat from the disciplining of Lodge. Will a man of the Lodge type be selected? The junior Senator is admittedly the most adroit character that has figured in Massachusetts politics for many a year; though not a boss in name, he has long had the reputation of "carrying the State in his vest pocket." The question now is, Will his influence predominate in the choice of Senator Hoar's successor; and if so, will it be exerted for good? Time alone will answer, but there is ground for hope. If Senator Hoar passes away immediately, Gov. Bates will appoint a successor, who will hold over until the meeting of the Legislature. That he will choose a man of high standing is taken for granted; the names most frequently mentioned being those of ex-Gov. Crane, ex-Secretaries Long and Moody, and Gen. William F. Draper, ex-Ambassador to Italy. The belief is that ex-Gov. Crane can have the Senatorship if he desires, and the chances are more than even that the Legislature would ratify the Governor's action.

The arrival at this port of the 33,000-ton steamship *Minnesota* emphasizes the fact that there is nothing this country cannot do—if it is prepared to pay the price. The price in this case has been pretty heavy. The boat was built at New London, and cost 28 to 30 per cent. more than if she had been bought abroad. She is a fine product of a protective tariff, but was obviously not constructed to make money. Her mission is to ply the Pacific in connection with the Great Northern Railway. She will come into competition with foreign boats of vastly less cost, and if she should charge the rates necessary for a fair return on the investment she would unquestionably go whistling for cargoes. It is hoped that, as a feeder to the railroad, there may be an indirect profit in her; but even this is doubtful, for President James J. Hill of the Great Northern road told the Merchant Marine Commission in May that the *Minnesota* and her sister ship, the *Manchuria*, were an "experiment." Anybody, he said, who would agree to run them for a certain period could have them "on very liberal terms." A merchant marine of this character will certainly never bring this country the $450,000,000 a year which Great Britain derives from doing the carrying trade of the outside world.

Now that the billet pool has collapsed and wire products have been reduced, it seems only a question of time before other prices in the steel industry will be declared open and rate agreements of all sorts ignored. All this has come about through the cut announced by an independent producer and through the retaliatory measures adopted by the Trust to "protect its business." Everything now depends on the permanence of the rail pool and the ability of the mills to continue the $28-a-ton schedule, which the railroads declare to be excessive. While concessions in this branch have been hinted at, the compact has survived much opposition, and, since it affects the most important branch of the industry, every effort will be put forth to maintain it. The trade knows too well that pool prices in many instances were ridiculously high. While the interests precipitating the struggle are said to have been actuated by ulterior motives and a desire to unload one or two unprofitable plants on the Trust at fabulous figures, the situation was coming to a point where a break would have been inevitable and prices must have been adjusted to a greatly restricted demand.

How completely the old conditions have returned in the Building Trades is shown by the arrest of Philip Weinseimer on the charge of extortion. One would hardly suppose, from this, that the whole industry was purified less than a year ago. The arbitration agreement was directed chiefly against the walking delegate. Unions were liberally recognized, were given access at any time to employers; but it was solemnly stipulated that their representatives should not be business agents. This, of course, implied the obligation of employers to cease paying blackmail. Yet one sub-contractor, according to his own story, has been buying favors since December last. It is true that Essig, the offending plumber, is not directly a member of the Employers' Association, which to that extent escapes responsibility for his acts. But the incident is only another sign that the blame for the present demoralization in the building trades is divided equally between masters and men. As long as there are dishonest employers ready to pay blackmail, there will be walking delegates ready to take it. Evidently the one way to mend matters is to establish the open shop.

The citizens of Bridgeport are getting a taste of ward politics as applied to library administration, and wry faces are plentiful in the city. Dennis Mulvihill, the "stoker mayor," has been looking about to find out how to strengthen his organization. He saw that the superintendent of the public library and the librarian, Mr. and Mrs. Hills, who had been in the library service, one since 1891 and the other since 1879, two years before it became a city institution, did not control a ward or even a block of voters. The death of four members of the board of control and the expiration of the terms of two others gave the "stoker mayor" his opportunity to appoint a majority of the trustees. Among these he included, according to the Bridgeport *Standard*, an undertaker who had once been in the saloon business, a journeyman plumber, a real-estate and insurance agent, and a factory contractor. This majority of choice spirits in the new board, after refusing to reappoint Mr. and Mrs. Hills, elected as superintendent "a man of little education," as the *Library Journal* describes him, "best known to the Bridgeport public as the former manager of a place of amusement popularly known as 'Chippy Island.'" The mayor has explained the appointment in this way: "He[the new superintendent] has had hard luck and needs the salary for a while." Because of the appointment, one bequest of $125,000, which had been promised for the establishment of a branch library, has been lost. As the *Library Journal* observes, the facts point the moral.

Until the British note on recent seizures by Russia, declaring that food in transit in neutral ships is not contraband of war, is published, it would be premature to discuss the merits of the view. No high tribunal has, we believe, taken so advanced a view as that. Generally the English and American courts have held that provisions are contraband when a strong presumption of their military destination can be established. All decisions have discouraged the attempt to trace cargoes of this character beyond the port for which their invoices read. However, it may be said that any regulation which limits interference with neutral vessels on the high seas, and which devolves the duty of intercepting contraband traffic exclusively upon blockading squadrons, is in the direction of civilization. For this reason we are not sorry to see Mr. Hay making similar representations concerning contraband to St. Petersburg. Yet it should be remarked that if the right of search on the high seas is to be so strictly limited as the British note suggests, there must be a corresponding increase in the conception of territorial waters. The obsolete three-mile limit should be extended to a distance covering all reasonable operations of coast defence or blockade under modern conditions. Until the term high sea has been redefined, na-

tions which, like Russia, assert a sweeping right of search and confiscation, will have much on their side of the question. So the British note, representing probably a view of contraband desirable yet more liberal than the Continental Powers can afford to entertain, is one more argument for an international congress to deal authoritatively with the whole matter of neutrality at sea.

The Japanese Foreign Office, defending the capture at Chefoo, asserts the interesting principle that Chinese neutrality is "imperfect"—in other words, fictitious—since China has no means of living up to her duties as a neutral. This is frank, at least, and it corresponds very closely to the facts of the case, but it is dangerous doctrine, because, first, it assumes that neither Japan nor Russia need respect the neutrality of China, and, next, because the United States, with the European Powers, having declared that Chinese neutrality is perfect, must maintain the doctrine or stand discredited. We have, then, the following rather uneasy situation with respect to Chinese neutrality — Russia abusing it covertly; Japan disregarding it openly; the civilized Powers bound to maintain it. If the various assertions of Chinese integrity, inviolability, and responsibility are pure fictions, they are fictions of a useful and even necessary sort. The doctrine most persistently laid down by Mr. Hay is an ideal to which civilization hopes Chinese facts will gradually approximate. And here comes Japan, rudely dealing with Chinese facts as they are, and bowling over humane theories set up at considerable pains. Nobody could blame Japan if her stake in the matter were vital; as a matter of fact, Japan could well have afforded to settle by usual diplomatic methods the cases of Russian vessels now in Chinese ports. All her acts and representations bear the look, not of wise statesmanship, but of impatience, and are calculated to alienate the sympathy of the Occidental nations. The practical question, of course, is, What are the guarantors of international neutrality going to do if Japan proceeds to act upon her theory of the "imperfect neutrality" of China? The absurd rumor that an American vessel had already intervened shows at least that the fabricators at Shanghai have grasped the seriousness of the situation and one of its unpleasant possibilities.

The conference of consuls at Shanghai arrived at no decision on the *Askold* case, but should have convinced both Russia and China that the affair is of international importance. Sharp warning is served on Japan that a repetition of the exploit at Chefoo would be perilous, and upon Russia that she must not again abuse Chinese hospitality so long as she did in the case of the gunboat *Mandjur*. Of course great pressure is being brought to bear upon both China and Russia to disarm the *Askold*. Any other solution, in fact, would be fraught with embarrassments. For England or the United States to undertake the proper duty of China and escort the Russian vessels to the high seas would be to admit inopportunely the impotence of China and to give a false impression of concern for Russia. In the face of the activity of the Powers at Shanghai, Japan is very unlikely to do anything rash. If, however, the official views of Japan on Chinese neutrality correspond with her statements to the press, it is time for Mr. Hay to circulate another note defending not merely the "administrative entity" of China, but also her effective neutrality in the present war.

At last the Germans are able to report the substantial victory in their Southwest African colony for which Emperor and people have so long been eagerly waiting. Just when the best-informed German press had come to the conclusion that Gen. von Trotha's plan of campaign had failed in every particular, he is able to confute his critics by penetrating the mountain fastnesses of the Waterberg and inflicting a severe defeat upon the Hereros with the loss of only ninety-one officers and men. Apparently the backbone of the uprising is now broken. Even if some of Chief Samuel's tribesmen have escaped, they can be hunted down at leisure. Without their stock and without leaders in whom they can trust, their fate can be readily foretold. That it will take some time—perhaps a year—to stamp out the smouldering embers of the insurrection is quite likely. A much longer period will be required to restore the colony to the conditions existing before the break with the natives. Nevertheless the German Colonial Office must be in a happy mood for the first time in many months. Not only has it had nothing but bad news from Southwest Africa for half a year, but its officials in Samoa, New Guinea, and Cameroons have all been bitterly attacked, and, it would seem, with reason.

A member of the Bavarian Chamber of Representatives, one Dr. Heim, has made himself particularly disliked of late not only because of his manners and methods on the floor, but also because of an ability to make trouble for the Government. He recently rose in his seat to ask the Minister of War if he knew anything of a secret order favoring duelling, issued several years ago to the army, which was directly contrary to the anti-duelling decree of the Prince Regent. General von Asch at once rose to his feet, and, without moving an eyelid, announced that there never had been any such secret order. Thereupon Dr. Heim drew out of his pocket a copy of it, bearing General von Asch's own signature. Naturally, the sensation created was so great as to cause the War Minister to resign, but the Prince Regent declined to accept the resignation, in language which can be construed only as a deliberate attack upon the clever Dr. Heim. Of course, the Anti-Clericals and Liberals are up in arms over the retention, but to no purpose. The Prince Regent's slight popularity is not increased by this act, or by the double-faced position in which the Government now finds itself with reference to duelling.

When she loses the Christian protectorate in the East, France will break the last official tie with her mediæval glories. Traditionalists will find some consolation in the fact that no successor is likely to carry on the works of her Catholic monarchs. Austria, it is reported, has declined to accept this distinction at the hands of Pius X.; very sensibly, for she has no fleet or military establishment in Pagan lands to make the protectorate effective. Spain, for the same reason, could not undertake this traditional duty. In passing, it should be said that the proffer of the Eastern protectorate to Austria was a notable movement of conciliation on the part of the Papacy. It will readily be understood that the widening breach with France makes the Pope most solicitous to secure the friendship of the only great Power still enrolled among the faithful. The Christian protectorate itself had become rather a hollow form. Nominally, French consuls stood ready to protect Christians of whatever denomination in Pagan lands. Practically, France long ago lost her predominant position in the Levant, and Germany, disregarding the obsolescent protectorate, avenged the murder of her own missionaries in Shantung. It is a matter of congratulation that, persistent rumors to the contrary, there never has been any chance that the Protestant Kaiser would be made protector of all Roman Catholics *in partibus*. To have given this honorary position to a Lutheran potentate would have been a shade more illogical than to continue it in the hands of a Voltairean Premier of France. Finally, the readiness with which Pius X. has struck at the dearest bond between France and the Church shows clearly that he has not blundered into this quarrel, but has provoked it, and deliberately accepts the consequences. If the Church suffers beyond all expectation from dominant anti-clericalism, the responsibility will lie rather with the head of the Church than with its open enemies in the Palais Bourbon. Christians in the Orient will hardly know that a change has occurred. For a long time they have looked to their home governments for protection, and not to the Vatican or to the French protectorate.

ARE THERE REAL ISSUES?

"The practically assured stability of our colonial and of our tariff policy during the next term, no matter which man may be chosen, of itself creates a cause for the Judge's election. It justifies 'Imperialists' and Protectionists in voting for him. They can do so with a full sense of the safety of their favorite ideas. Those ideas will be safe beyond even the Judge's power to jar them. They can vote for him, and with a full sense, also, of the desirable results to be expected from a division of the Government between the two parties in a way to make neither predominant and both extra-careful or cautious."

We reprint at length these well-meaning words of the Brooklyn *Eagle* of August 15, because they represent a view which Republican advocates are industriously seeking to inculcate and certain worthy persons actually appear to believe. Whenever a prominent Independent or Democrat declares he will vote for Roosevelt, he usually explains his decision by premising that there are no principles at stake in this campaign, and that his choice is a purely personal one. Now if this were actually the case, if there were no better reason for supporting Judge Parker than that it is tiresome to play either red or black all the time, if Democrats had no better rallying cry than "Vote for Parker and general inaction," why, in simple honesty, we should be constrained to admit that his nomination was superfluous and his candidacy an impertinence.

But this is by no means the case; there are major issues in tariff taxation and in the attitude of the two candidates towards law; minor issues in Imperialism and in the Trusts. The attempt to show that the two parties stand on timid common ground as regards the tariff is based on mere juggling with the phrases of the platforms and of the candidates. Now a man is judged less by his professions than by the friends he attracts and the foes he repels; and parties are known less by their official utterances than by the voters they win over. The proof that the Democratic party means honestly by its tariff promises is that protectionists are moving heaven and earth to discredit Judge Parker. Where do we hear of chapters, or single individuals, of the Home Market Club accepting the *Eagle's* assurances that protectionists may be Democrats this year with perfect impunity? Or, contrariwise, where do you hear of a tariff-for-revenue man who on this ground feels that he may safely vote with the Republicans? Even the journals which in one column inform their readers that Judge Parker is a pitiful *fainéant* on all issues, in the next column warn the business world against the impending horrors of tariff-tinkering.

Furthermore, those who insist that Judge Parker's plea for Constitutionalism is precisely what Mr. Roosevelt would cheerfully accept as his official rule of conduct, must account, first, for the frank preference of the socialistically inclined for Mr. Roosevelt, and next for the pronounced dread of him among the believers in law, as well as for their enthusiastic reception of Judge Parker's appeal for a government of law. In other words, a salient personality like Mr. Roosevelt's proves a honey-pot for the entire reckless swarm; while, on the other hand, lawyers unite to support a conservative Democrat on that issue of respect for law which they are most competent to weigh. No army of cart-tail orators or legion of sophistical journalists can persuade the plain people that the ignorant enthusiasm of the Populists and the trained intelligence of the legists have both mistaken their man.

Pursuing this process beyond the clear-cut issues of the tariff and the candidates, one finds the same principles obtain as to the other points of party cleavage. It is not the Anti-Imperialists who are making a to-do about Mr. Parker's statements on the Philippines; it is the Imperialists who taunt him with accepting their own doctrines, and make a crime in him what they would have accounted a virtue in themselves. We shall believe those who say that Mr. Parker would attenuate the promise of "independence" unqualifiedly made in the Democratic platform when we see those who through good and ill-repute have fought for that promise accuse him of cowardice.

The Trusts, except for avowed Socialists, are hardly an issue this year. The problem is too complex and wants much time and investigation. President Roosevelt's sporadic activities have bewildered the popular mind; natural causes have considerably reduced the admitted evils of industrial consolidations. And yet it should be said here also that the Democratic platform has made the only practical suggestion for relief—increase of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission—and that Judge Parker has given a most useful reminder that an abused community has not begun to exhaust the remedial resources of the common law.

Finally, then, a protectionist may vote for Judge Parker only if he is honestly persuaded that the issue of Constitutionalism transcends that of protection; and an Imperialist may rightly support Judge Parker only if he believes the issue yields in urgency and importance to that of tariff reduction and of Constitutionalism. Those who invite either class to vote wholesale for the Democratic candidate offer the people a false pretence, and do Mr. Parker the discourtesy and the damage of presuming that his chief stronghold is his innocuousness. Those who deny that there are real differences between the parties simply forget the elementary principle of human intercourse, that men and institutions are best known by the friendships they attract and the enmities they arouse.

THE REPUBLICAN BIBLE.

The patriarch Job would never have uttered the cry, "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book," if he had ever anticipated being confronted with such a volume as the Republican Campaign Text-Book of this year. One could hardly expect that a *vade-mecum* of this character should prove a permanent addition to our polite literature; and this rakish-looking treatise, shaped—*absit omen!*—like a pocket-book, fathered only by the Republican Campaign Committee as a body, and carefully displaying the union label of the Job Trust on its title-page, might be safely thrown at once into the rubbish barrel if it were not that it is the officially authenticated spellbinder's guide, and reveals the Republican plan of campaign. It is safe to say that no other 550 consecutive pages have ever raised a more continuous pæan of praise to the Republican party.

The relative importance of the respective campaign questions may be judged from the order in which they are treated, and from the space devoted to them respectively. Practically all of the first ninety pages is given to the tariff. That is always the favorite battleground with the Republicans. The next fifty pages sing the praises of Prosperity, and are intended to reconcile the wage-earners to the régime of tariff monopoly. The teeming sea, and the fruitful field, the riches of the mine and the intelligence of the worker, are all ascribed to the Dingley abomination. Then follows a sequel of thirty pages devoted to the Trusts. Here the Republican spellbinder is warned to be on his guard. On pages 15 and 118 there are demonstrations that the Trusts are "utterly unable to control the markets," and in another place (p. 120) it is proved that whereas the competitive products of agriculture have constantly risen in price, the Trust products have continuously fallen; also, that the wages of Trust employees (p. 229) have generally risen. Forty more pages are devoted to material on wages and prices, Commissioner Wright's recent statistics being wrested from their true meaning, and made to keep step with the Prosperity bandwagon. There are frequent lapses in all this rhodomontade which will make the judicious smile. Thus *Sir* Arthur Balfour (p. 94) is dragged at the wheels of the protective chariot; and on page 45 "the Democratic plan" of Canadian reciprocity is described in tones of abhorrence as referring to "*articles of common production in the two countries*," whereas the genial Lodge has just been compelled to declare that he would not limit reciprocity with Canada to non-competitive products. We commend page 45 to Mr. Lodge for perusal.

At page 248 the record, or, to be more accurate, the records, of Theodore Roosevelt begin. We speak advisedly when we

use the plural, for the Outline of the Contents gives pages 241-248 to "the record of Theodore Roosevelt," and pages 248-258 to the "labor record of Theodore Roosevelt." Over these two biographical sketches it is clear that both Mr. Riis and some saner historian have jointly labored, and the effect is bizarre to an astonishing degree. Mr. Roosevelt is described in the beginning with a gorgeousness of rhetoric that leaves nothing to be desired. Besides exhibiting (p. 248) the "bolder constituents of manhood that one finds in the best of Plutarch's men and in the approved figures of all historic periods, . . . he has remained constant and true in the possession and exercise of an added set of virtues, etc., etc." He is (p. 249) "without question the highest authority in this country to-day upon the application of our laws and our system of government to the varied tasks of the chief executive." Alas, poor Cleveland! But the frost begins on page 251. Roosevelt's career as Assistant Secretary of the Navy is given in sixteen lines, with no mention of his proposal to Secretary Long to attack and sink the Spanish ships *en route* for Cuba before war had been declared. "His Service in the War with Spain" occupies exactly eight lines!

"Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man!"

—eight lines for freeing Cuba! By page 252 we seem to be reading of Dr. Jekyll instead of Mr. Hyde, for, 'in place of his expected second term in the intense activities of the governorship of New York, he reconciled himself to the prospect of four years of quiet, self-repressed [*sic*], observant, and studious life in the dignified office of Vice-President." *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Had the Campaign Text-Book ended here with the various speeches of Mr. Hay, Mr. Root, and others as appendixes, there would be little to which exception might seriously be taken. But, unfortunately as we think, a mean-spirited attack of a personal nature is made upon Judge Parker, beginning with page 493 and running to page 508. One must allow for a rough-and-tumble turmoil in an exciting campaign, and a face blow now and then with a lot of stuffed statistical clubs is to be expected, but the malignant attempt made in this last section to sneak behind an opponent and discharge a vitriol squirt-gun in his ear is despicable beyond description. What is termed the "St. Louis Esopus Episode" is recited in the same fashion as attempted by some of the baser partisan sheets a fortnight ago, with insinuation that the gold telegram was purposely delayed after a full realization of the absence of a gold plank in the platform, and until the nomination had been safely landed beyond all peradventure of recall. If this were the sole issue, the Democracy could go in triumph to the polls tomorrow.

To this decayed slander is added another—that Judge Parker himself, by personally assenting to the Trust plank in the Democratic platform of this State, bound himself to certain Trust magnates that they should not be disturbed in their position. It is alleged that the bargain thus consummated was represented by the declaration that "Corporations thus chartered by the State must be subject to just regulation by the State in the interest of the people." This is distorted to mean the abolishing of "national control of Trusts and all similar combinations." It means, of course, nothing of the kind. As well say that the injunction, "Children, obey your parents," implies that the children are to defy their schoolmaster and to shoot the policeman. If this attempt at character assassination does not provoke retaliation, we are no prophet. It is well to remember where the responsibility for the first blow rests.

THE VOTE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

The formation of the Constitutional Club is likely to have a serious effect upon the Presidential vote, not only in New York, but throughout the East. President Roosevelt's evident determination to carry out personal policies, regardless of law or precedent, has been profoundly disquieting to men of conservative temper. They have seen in his course the substitution of the will of an individual for the law of the land. But the Democratic managers doubtless realize that, in less conservative regions, the arguments which turn members of the Constitutional Club against Mr. Roosevelt may actually win him supporters. In the newer communities people are often attracted by the plea that President Roosevelt "has not fussed about the letter of the law, but has gone ahead and done things."

This mental attitude is, of course, due to training and environment. In the more recently settled parts of the country adequate laws and machinery for enforcement have frequently been lacking. For want of an efficient police force, for want of exact statutes and courts to construe them, energetic men have often made their law off-hand and have acted as sheriff, judge, and jury. They have organized posses and have run undesirable characters out of town; they have quieted land titles or levied municipal assessments by rough and ready short-cuts. The end has seemed to justify the means. Pioneers not only have felt entire satisfaction over their own readiness in emergencies, but have admired similar dash and vigor in others. They have forgotten that the methods of the ranch, the mining-camp, and the newly laid-out town are not needed in the Presidential office; and thus it happens that when the talk is of President Roosevelt's disregard of law, some of them listen with amazement and mystification. They have thrown down the barrier of the law a dozen times, and no harm done.

These facts explain the enthusiasm of the West over Mr. Roosevelt. He has the very qualities which would be admirable in a cowboy, a miner, or a Western sheriff. He sleeps with his boots on; he has physical strength and superb audacity; and when he is after his man, he rides straight for him, leaping all the fences at full speed. The Democrats, therefore, must reckon upon few votes in the regions where a cross-country gallop is still one of the best means of locomotion. Political wiseacres are talking sagely of Colorado, Montana, and Nevada, and it is uncertain as yet what may be the outcome in these States; but these few scattering votes will be of no avail to the Democrats, unless other States join the procession.

California has sometimes been spoken of as doubtful, but the best-informed observers agree that it is surely Republican. McKinley's plurality in 1900 was nearly 40,000; and by many Californians Roosevelt's style is more admired than McKinley's. Of the four leading papers of San Francisco, the *Chronicle*, *Call*, and *Bulletin* are stoutly Republican, while Hearst's *Examiner*, by talking about Parker as the friend of Belmont and Wall Street, is giving its Socialistic readers arguments against voting the Democratic ticket. Moreover, the policy of expansion has markedly stimulated trade in California. San Francisco has been the shipping and often the purchasing point for immense quantities of supplies, and returning soldiers have spent millions of dollars in the city. The Republican party is naturally regarded in California as the Providence from whom all these bounties have flowed.

Oregon is quite as surely Republican. It gave McKinley more than 13,000 plurality in 1900, and it has gone Republican in one election since. Most of the causes that operate in California are also effective here. Republican tradition, the personal popularity of President Roosevelt, and general complacency over expansion and trade with the Orient combine to secure and perhaps to strengthen the Republicans.

In Washington the conditions are somewhat different. The Democrats stand a chance of electing their candidate for Governor, but even the most sanguine have little or no hope of the national ticket. In the rural districts of Washington the feeling against the railroads is strong; for years the farmers have wanted a State Railway Commission. In this contest the Democrats have been their champions, while the Republicans have been lukewarm, if not actually in opposition. The State gave Bryan a plurality of more than 12,000 in 1896, but turned to McKinley again in 1900 with about the same plurality. In this very year 1900, however, it chose a Demo-

cratic Governor, John R. Rogers, by about 2,000 plurality, when the railways were made the State issue. This year the Democrats have nominated George Turner of Spokane, formerly United States Senator, while the Republican convention, palpably through railway influence, refused a nomination to Lieut.-Gov. Henry McBride, who had succeeded to the Governor's chair, and who had tried to spike the Democratic guns by leading the fight against the railways himself. The Democrats thus have a chance for the State ticket; but unless some new factors are brought into the struggle, they can hardly make headway for the national ticket.

The Democratic managers must therefore turn back to the Middle West. At present the two points of attack most discussed are Indiana and Wisconsin. In the latter, the Republican factional fight is the most serious problem to consider. In Indiana there is a large independent vote to which conservative Democrats have more than once made a successful appeal. In this part of the country, then, rather than on the Pacific Coast, the Democrats will rally recruits.

A YEAR OF THE GENERAL STAFF.

The General Staff of the Army, which began work just a year ago, has naturally had to devote the greater part of its energies since its establishment to completing its organization and settling the limits of the undefined field of activity which was assigned to it. Sufficient time, however, has elapsed to demonstrate some things clearly. The high standard set by the first selections for the Staff has been maintained in subsequent appointments due to promotions or resignations. The officers have gone about their work seriously and earnestly. None of the evils foreseen by the opponents of the Staff, notably by Gen. Miles, have as yet raised their heads. No one, for instance, has found that dangerous or hitherto unknown powers have been bestowed either upon the Chief of Staff or the Secretary of War because of the creation of the Staff.

So far as the Adjutant-General's Department is concerned, it has shrunk to a subordinate position, precisely as was foretold. It was this Department, presided over by Gen. Corbin, which had gradually acquired a few of the powers and duties of a general staff, simply because somebody had to do the work. This was quite evident in 1898, when Gen. Corbin found himself called upon to deal with matters properly belonging to a chief of staff or to a commanding general with power. Gen. Corbin was one of the first to see that, with the creation of the General Staff, his own Department became of secondary importance. His transfer to the line followed, although he is still carried on the rolls as "adjutant-general with the rank of major-general." Shortly thereafter his Department was combined with the Record and Pension Office under the command of Brig.-Gen. F. C. Ainsworth of the latter bureau, and renamed the Military Secretary's Department. The work of its officers now more nearly approximates the merely clerical function originally intended by Congress than at any previous time for at least sixty years.

Some of the duties formerly performed by the adjutants-general and now in the hands of the General Staff have been those relating to the army schools, to-day more numerous and more effective than ever before. The Staff has worked hard over the courses at the various institutions with a view to systematizing them and making them all parts of a well-rounded whole, from the post schools for enlisted men to the War College at Washington, whose fine building is not yet complete. In this it has succeeded so far as success may be predicated before the new schools have shown their value or their defects in practice. In addition, the part of the Staff on duty in Washington has to its credit the revision of the order for the examination of officers for promotion, and a new edition of the cumbersome but necessary army regulations. The preparation of field-service regulations and of a new manual of the Quartermaster's Department is well under way, while the periodic modernization of the infantry drill regulations is now in the hands of the printer. A great deal of time has been given to the militia, and the relations of that body to the army have been made much closer than heretofore. If there is still need for the average regular officer to widen his view of the worth and the sphere of usefulness of the State troops, it may at least be said that the Staff is conscientiously striving to bring about better relations between the two bodies than have existed in the past.

The General Staff has also done a valuable work in rearranging the various garrisons and army posts in accordance with a comprehensive plan. That is, it has sought to station troops where they will be strategically most valuable, and, so far as possible, to put each branch of the service in posts best adapted to its training. Hand in hand with this duty, which would seem to have been filched from the Quartermaster's Department, there has gone on the collection of military information as to conditions at home and abroad, which is the primary function of a general staff. Last, but not least, earnest efforts have been made to bring the obsolete business methods of the War Department up to date so far as the laws permit.

Creditable as are these achievements of Gen. Chaffee's assistants, the most important question is, of course, What has been the influence of the General Staff upon the service as a whole? So far as we have been able to observe, it has been a wholesome one. The members of the staff have the respect and sympathy of their fellow-officers. Such mistakes as have been made have been accepted as being largely due to unfavorable political influences at Washington, or to the pioneer nature of the work undertaken. For instance, the duties of General Staff officers at the division and department headquarters are not yet clearly defined. We know of some officers thus stationed who have practically had nothing whatever to do, while one talented officer gave up the General Staff work at Manila because he found a greater opportunity in the Philippine Constabulary.

Perhaps the most serious criticism which the General Staff has incurred—and justly—has been called forth by its efforts to influence legislation. If the General Staff is to retain its prestige and is to continue to be regarded as a help, and not a hurt, to the army, it must leave legislative matters absolutely alone. Recommendations to the Secretary and suggestions for reforms are always in order, but the preparation and passage of bills should be left to other and more disinterested hands, unless the Staff wishes to be considered as meddlesome a body as the Navy General Board. There are quite enough internal reforms needed to keep it busy for years to come. How to hold regimental commanders responsible for the conduct and the military efficiency of their officers and men; how to utilize the majors and lieutenant-colonels who are now useless fifth-wheels in our organization; how to make examining boards examine, survey boards survey, and retirement boards retire; how to get rid of the worthless but inoffensive officers who pass from one grade to another unhindered—these are a few of the vital questions, well within the field of the General Staff, which press for solution.

UNPUNISHED COMMERCIAL CRIME.

In the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. G. W. Alger grapples with a most conspicuous, if not a most important, subject. Fraud, he declares, has increased to an alarming extent. The world is full of it. The Sunday edition of almost any great metropolitan newspaper is crowded with advertisements of fraudulent schemes. There are the announcements of opportunities for the "small investor" to enrich himself quickly in gold mines or copper mines, or in patented inventions. Numberless sagacious and benevolent men intimate their readiness to disclose important intelligence concerning the movements of the stock market. "Business opportunities" of the most alluring character are set forth. Infallible cures of incurable diseases are offered. But the newspaper only reflects what actually goes on in

the business world. The process of bettering their own condition seems to a great many persons to mean getting the better of others. Nearly everything that one buys is adulterated; nearly everything that has won the favor of the public by its merits is fraudulently imitated. The number of failures is in the hundred thousands; and it is only necessary to examine an ordinary proceeding in bankruptcy to make it seem impossible for an honest dealer to succeed in business.

Nothing is more natural than to infer, as Mr. Alger does, that the criminal law should correct these conditions. That law, he says, was formulated to meet the requirements of an agricultural community. It was meant to protect the citizen from violence rather than fraud. But the peculiarly dangerous crimes of our day "affect not only the individual, but in a more immediate and special sense the moral welfare of the community itself. These crimes may be described roughly as crimes of fraud perpetrated either upon merchants or upon the general public. Fraud in obtaining credit by falsehood; fraud in concealing and conveying property to avoid the just demands of creditors; fraud in stealing trademarks"; in bribing servants; in rebates; in promoting, managing, and wrecking corporations, etc., etc.

Yet those who are familiar with the operation of the criminal law, in the present as well as in the past, will hesitate to accept Mr. Alger's inference. No doubt fraud has increased; but there is no evidence to show that it has increased in proportion to business. Every one has read Macaulay's description of what went on at the time of the South Sea bubble; and there was not so much value in the South Sea Company as in our Amalgamated Copper Company, or even in the Shipbuilding Company. Whoever has the curiosity to look through the files of newspapers published a generation or two generations ago will find abundant evidence that our forbears were trying to cheat one another as vigorously and as successfully, if not as skilfully, as their descendants. The scale seems pitifully small; but it is the petty frauds that cause the keenest suffering.

Nor, if we admit that fraud increases even more rapidly than business grows, does it follow that the criminal law can afford a remedy. Mr. Alger speaks of crimes that nowadays affect not only the individual, but the community. There are no new crimes of this kind. There is no crime that does not affect the individual, and there can be no clear reasoning about crime when this is ignored. It is essential to the concept of crime that an individual should be injured; that his person should suffer pain, or his property be taken away from him against his will. Now in a great many of Mr. Alger's instances the sufferers part with their property voluntarily. They know perfectly well that they are trying to get rich in an illegitimate way. They mean to speculate. They mean to gamble. When they lose, they will confess that they ought to have known better than to hand over their money to men whom they do not know, on the faith of advertisements written by nobody knows who. They will sometimes even confess that they were "served right," although they generally, and naturally, throw the blame on the promoter, or the newspaper, or the criminal law, or the institutions of society. Nothing is more instructive than to read in the autobiography of the late Henry George how that apostle of justice was led to discover the iniquity of landed property through the destitution to which a persistent course of gambling in mining stocks had reduced him.

No doubt it may be contended that Government should protect fools against the consequences of their folly; but we cannot say that such protection would be on the whole beneficial. Experience keeps a dear school, said Poor Richard, but fools will learn in no other. To speak plainly, the adult man or woman who undertakes to gamble—and buying an unknown quantity is gambling—deserves to lose. The only legitimate title to wealth rests on service rendered, and no service is rendered in "unloading" what is worthless on other people, for those who buy speculative stocks do not buy to hold, but to sell. They hope to sell them for more than they paid; but it is a wholesome dose of medicine when they have to sell them for less. People who have money to invest can find plenty of safe investments. There is an abundance of bonds and stocks that are wholly untainted with fraud; and if any one is so foolish as to believe statements that he can safely earn 10 or 20 per cent. with his money, no amount of criminal law will help him. He needs sense and conscience; without these he will not keep his money long in any conceivable human society.

Of course, we are not contending that men who make fraudulent representations should not be punished; on the contrary, we see great advantages in the English practice which allows an injured person to institute a criminal proceeding. Whitaker Wright, it will be remembered, would have escaped but for this practice, for the functionary corresponding with our "District Attorney" had declined to prosecute him. But when we consider the positively appalling state of our criminal jurisprudence, we shrink from adding to the list of crimes. Were such frauds as Mr. Alger specifies treated as heinous crimes by the law, the administration of justice would break down. Such acts are as many as the sands of the sea. All the jails in the country would not hold a tenth of the offenders. Juries would not convict them; judges would not sentence them. It is idle to call any act a crime which does not arouse very general and very intense reprobation. Otherwise you simply encumber the statute book with useless words. What needs to be improved is the morals of the people. Dishonesty is shamefully prevalent; the amount of cheating and swindling that goes on is outrageous. It ought to be punished, and punishment is provided by statute to a considerable extent. But until there is genuine righteous indignation at such crimes—which can be felt only by those who are incapable of committing or profiting by them—the law has but little effect.

BOUNDARY READJUSTMENTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

We are in receipt of a copy of the official English translation of the "boundary settlement" between Brazil and Bolivia, containing, besides minor documents relating to the subject, the treaty for the "Exchange of Territories and Other Compensations," signed at Petropolis, November 17, 1903. This treaty was intended to settle the notorious "Acre question," that had kept the two countries in a ferment since 1899, and came very near causing war. The boundary line between the two countries now gives to Brazil the country north of latitude 10° 20′ as far west as the course of the Rapiran; thence it runs southwestward to the Aquiry, to about longitude 69° and south of the eleventh parallel, and finally to the Peruvian frontier in the west. Brazil acquires by this treaty considerable territory south of the parallel of 10° 20′. In compensation, Bolivia receives comparatively little territory, and mostly in the south, along the Paraguay River, but an indemnity in money of two million pounds sterling, to be invested in the construction of railroads, of which she is so much in need.

Bolivia was unquestionably right in claiming and attempting to hold, until 1903, the country north of latitude 10° 20′. She was legitimate possessor of it by anterior treaties. But there were circumstances connected with the peopling of Acre that rendered its possession not even advisable. This settlement resulted mostly from famines after 1867 which repeatedly devastated the Brazilian State of Ceára. The inhabitants of that State, driven from it by calamities against which they were helpless, preferred to trust a wilderness. *They* founded the india-rubber industry in Acre. Only in 1899 did Bolivia practically assert her sovereignty, which was not disputed. But at that very time rumors were circulated and documents published at Pará well calculated to alarm not so much the inhabitants of Acre as the Brazilians themselves. The Government may have regarded these documents (given out as official and impli-

cating the United States) as apocryphal, but not so the public; to a certain extent at least apprehensions arose that the Bolivian holding of Acre might, through some treaty with an extra-South American power, become, in course of time, a menace to the integrity of Brazil. The establishment of Bolivian custom houses, while a perfectly legitimate act, became obnoxious through the manner in which they were administered. Owing to distance and difficulties of communication, Bolivia could do nothing for her citizens of Brazilian origin but collect export duties. This unfortunate condition was certainly made the most of by the Brazilian State of Amazonas, where the taxes collected by the Bolivians were coveted. The Brazilian Government stood aloof, but the people of Acre took up arms, demanding independence. This uprising was suffocated by Bolivia, and garrisons were established, at two points at least. The "Acre question" appeared settled.

But the contract entered into by Bolivia with the Bolivian Syndicate resurrected the troubles. Some of the clauses of this contract could but be regarded by Brazil with well-grounded apprehensions. Relinquishment of essential rights of sovereignty, on the part of Bolivia, in favor of a company foreign to South America, was akin to introducing in the heart of that continent, as Baron do Rio Branco observes, "the African and Asiatic system of chartered companies." Brazil protested at once, but her protests were of no avail. The Bolivian Government also received well-intentioned warnings, which it utterly disregarded. Then the Brazilians of Acre rose again, beset the Bolivian posts, captured the garrisons after some bloodshed, and returned the survivors to their own country. Gen. Pando, President of Bolivia, went to Acre at the head of a military expedition to subdue the insurrection. He reached as far north as the parallel of 10° 20′, where he was notified that a step beyond would be regarded by Brazil as a *casus belli*. In the meantime, Brazil had bought out the Syndicate, and there was in reality no advantage in Bolivia's retaining territory extremely far off, difficult of access, and containing a population that would, even if conquered, have been a source of permanent trouble and outlay which Bolivian finances were not able to support.

The result of this (for Bolivia) extremely perplexing situation, which would have become much worse in case of war with Brazil, was the treaty of which the Brazilian Legation has favored us with a copy. This treaty settles, at least for the present, boundary disputes between Brazil and Bolivia, but leaves open differences of a similar nature between Brazil and Peru, which indirectly also affect Bolivia, or will affect her in course of time. There is another ticklish boundary matter pending between Peru and Bolivia regarding territories lying southwest of Acre. What will be the outcome of this and the Chilian question it is impossible to foresee. With Chile, Bolivia (like Peru) has no treaty—only a truce that has now lasted so long that the Chilians may soon invoke a prescriptive right regarding territories occupied by them since the "War of the Pacific."

POBLET.—II.

MONTPELLIER, June 29, 1904.

From the platform of the railway station at Espluga the eye sweeps over acres of marvellous tillage until arrested at the foot of the hills, four kilometres away, by the golden-brown mass of buildings and enclosure wall. The whole countryside in the faultless June weather is ablaze with color and sunlight. That vehicle of torture, the Valencian *tartana*, waits for the unwary even so far north as this, and, springless, jolts the very ribs out of his frame over a road rough as the dry bed of a mountain torrent; but the mere suggestion that the traveller had rather walk provokes a clamor of derision, and for shame's sake we succumb. The unwilling mule varies the journey by stopping to kick flies from sensitive spots, upon which the *mayoral* considerately flicks them with a pliant rod—more kicking.

At first glance, the Monastery of Poblet presents from the outside hardly anything of an imposing or striking character. One realizes that buildings of this sort in Spain were frequently designed for interior, not exterior, effects, as though the conception had been to influence only such as entered upon a life entirely consecrated to worship. No doubt the monumental extent attracted the eye; still, there seems to have been little idea of touching the emotions through the help of an architectural mass. Per contra, the moment we pass the inner gates every step brings us face to face with new splendors; from every window or opening the outward view is glorious, whether on court or cloister, on mountain or fertile plain. What can escape no one is the exceptional skill with which all these buildings, sometimes erected over others already existing, were reduced to a most perfect harmony in virtually grouping themselves, without formal regularity, about the great central cloister. One gets definite knowledge of their numbers from the list in Salas, who states that the whole consisted of two distinct parts, the Clausura Exterior, with twenty-six separate constructions or departments, and the Clausura Interior, with thirty-four. To the former belonged workshops, the hostelry, a few chapels, and all the appurtenances connected with so completely organized a social life. As Mr. Mallock might say, "the servants were not to be seen walking about the pleasure grounds," or for that matter in the holy places. It is with the inner circle that we have to do, the palace occupied by the four hundred monks and their hosts of novices; with the religious club life, in other words, into which primitive monasticism had so naturally grown. Let me here express the hope that many other tourists will enjoy the privilege of listening to the reconstitution of that splendid existence from Doña Magdalena, the amiable Spanish woman who never hurries a traveller or forces useless information on him; and yet Poblet is tourist-ridden every week in the year.

Passing under the vaulted portico with its mediæval fortress-towers, we are at once introduced to the matchless Claustro Mayor, so abounding in architectural variety that a study of its details might occupy one for weeks. Each of its four sides is conceived and executed according to a different scheme of arches and decoration in no way incongruous with its neighbors, the whole so perfectly blended that I doubt whether a casual glance would perceive the variety without assistance from guide-book or cicerone. It is worth noting that the opera of "Robert le Diable" still preserves, in many European theatres, the stage-setting originally given it in Barcelona from the Cloister of Poblet. Little damage has on the whole been done here; it is when we pass into the church that the ruin first appears. A great bare nave, with an immense sweep of just perceptibly pointed arches, stretches before us in desolation; royal tombs, organ, pictures, high altar, all vanished, or battered into hopeless mutilation by the succession of destroyers whose work I have yet to tell. Here was the spot consecrated to all earthly respect by the presence of remains that once held the souls of Aragonese heroes, remains now dispersed as the veriest sweepings of the common street. The *retablo mayor*, an immense piece of Renaissance carving in marble, the construction of which nearly ruined the abbey until relief came from private hands, is battered and broken, up to lance-reach; but in the wreck of it all you can still distinguish a delicacy of cut and polish showing what kind of artists the abbots of the time had had the judgment to employ. I must say that, compared with this and the royal tombs, the rest of the destruction is of lesser moment in my eyes. There are surely books enough to study in the world, apart from the former library of Poblet; where shall we find such a church as this was? In the neighboring apartments—Library, Sala Capitular, with the tomb-slabs of the abbots, the two Sacristies, Old and New—a far less ornate structure presented fewer points of effective impact for the blows of a mad, drunken mob.

Thus much for learning and spirituality. But the monks of Poblet, not unlike Rabelais's imaginary Thélémites, had an eye to the flesh as well. By far the greatest curiosity of the place is the perfect arrangement (very slightly damaged) of all the apartments devoted to the great god Gaster, and his near relation, *La Dive Bouteille*. In the Refectory, a high-vaulted room, the stone reading-desk offers from the far end a chance of testing with a passage from Murray or Baedeker how far the builders had consulted the carrying powers of the human voice; the acoustic conditions are perfect. No less so is the kitchen (far more imposing than that at Alcobaça), in a corner of which the keeper's small fire of charcoal looks like a mere speck. Within easy reach we find the butcher's department and the fish-room, with their respective runlets for the blood of slaughtered

animals, and their tanks of constantly renewed fresh water in which the creatures could disport themselves until their psychological moment came. Most striking of all, perhaps, are the oil and wine cellars, not abounding in such perishable ware as bottles, but containing monstrous stone tuns, like puncheons, some seven feet deep and five feet across, that were never allowed (so I understand) to sink below a certain level, however great the consumption of supplies. All around the wine-cellar runs a small trough of cut stone which, by ingenious calculation, was permanently inclined so as to feed in succession every vat. I have visited (and, fortunately, sampled the contents of) more than one commercial *bodega* in that land of luscious wines, and I do not remember to have ever seen a system of distribution more perfect in all its details. But the monastery vats have long been empty.

Connected with the building of the monastery, an interesting point is noted by Alegret in a chapter entitled "Signos Lapidarios." It seems that marks, masonic or other, have been found in great abundance here, as well as in the cathedrals of Barcelona and Tarragona; many of them indicating that a large proportion of the stonecutters must have been brought from the North—possibly from as far as Normandy. It would be fatuous on my part to do more than merely mention them. What is specially interesting is the partial defacement or alteration of them, here and there, possibly by local workmen belonging to other corporations and consequently jealous of foreign intrusion. Other hieroglyphics are referred to astrology. But insistence on this would constitute a digression. Besides, the Cyclopean walls of Tarragona, far earlier than the Roman remains in which the district abound, still show signs of analogous markings.

Enough has been said, without dwelling on the immense dormitory of the novices, the vacant treasury and archives for manuscripts, or the dreary royal apartments, to give the reader a general impression of the scale on which this community continued to live until the time came when its enemies considered that the day of usefulness had ended and the reckoning was to come. What that day signified we can now see from the upper windows that command masses of shattered walls, gaping windows, and a general wreckage through which not even the local guide can find a trodden way. The solidity of the central mass offered too much resistance to the destroyers to be dashed into mere heaps of stone; but almost all the outlying buildings of the Clausura Interior appear as though they had undergone a siege. Possibly, in all the history of Poblet, there is nothing more interesting—there is certainly nothing more vividly dramatic—than this terminal moment of its religious existence.

Exactly how and why this body of monks had gradually worked up, without design, the hostility of its neighbors is still matter of dispute; Spanish historians are so often violently biassed by extreme party spirit as to overlook the common experience that human motives are usually a blend. It would be idle to deny that the unchecked exercise of such feudal power as the abbots possessed must have begun to appear, even in Spain, an intolerable anachronism at the opening of the nineteenth century. Let us think but a moment of the significance of absolute wood and water rights in such a country as this, where for centuries the denudation of the mountains had given the highest value to such privileges; and, indeed, the records are perfectly explicit on this point in declaring that between the monastery and the peasants collision had been frequent, resulting often enough in the murder of foresters and sometimes in the disappearance of a *campesino* caught in the act of fishing or wood cutting. There seems to have been likewise a good deal of high-handedness in abstracting or removing peasants who were slow in paying rent. These insignificant captives were not consigned, however, to the ghastly prisons where such Latin inscriptions as *Terribilis est locus iste!* were recently made out by Toda y Güell. Doubtless distinctions were made in the dungeons as well as in the Hospederia. But there is gossip still afloat about the country for the attentive to hear. It says that the high-living monks had given other grounds for popular hatred in general laxity of conduct, and that the first outbreak of violence from the village of Vimbodi in 1822 was in reality an expression of thoroughly aroused moral indignation. If we add to this the reactionary attitude of the Spanish clergy in general, we need seek no further motive.

At all events, the attack was made; the monks, it is said, stole out through a postern gate in the dark, having sent the chief treasures and a quantity of provisions to Espluga; while the Vimbodi peasantry dashed in, and, after some confusion, fired the abbot's palace and the library, from which the flames spread to several of the adjoining apartments, damaging a quantity of perishable material. The best accounts declare that on this occasion the church was not touched. For two years the place was abandoned, people coming and going after taking what they pleased; but there was a forcible disgorging when political changes made it possible for the monks to return in 1825. There was at this time no *Bande Noire*, and all the sensational accounts representing the slaughter of monks in defence of their altar have been simply transferred from what did happen in the Napoleonic wars, or was invented by reactionary journalists; the peasants were apparently quite satisfied with this simple outbreak, which seems to have resulted in a considerable mitigation of the monks' methods during the few remaining years of their tenure. I myself feel disposed to accept the plain local testimony, which any traveller may yet find here if he chats with an aged peasant who still remembers the tales told by his father.

When we come to 1835 a different set of men, animated by other feelings, come into play. It was at this time that promiscuous slaying of monks by the liberals of Reus so terrified the returned inmates of Poblet that they again fled to Espluga, leaving only one of their number and a handful of laborers in the place. The removal of valuables on this occasion was pretty thorough, for time had allowed for the hiring of mules and conveyances, but no one seems to have thought of library or archives, though we hear that several of the carts were scripturally laden with wine and oil. Here comes the culmination scene in the tragic destruction of Poblet. Turn the richest monastery in the world into improvised barracks for undisciplined volunteers, whose profession of liberalism involves disobedience to their superiors, and the result is a foregone conclusion. The scenes that occurred when this mob of so-called patriots invaded the deserted echoing halls may be found described in a number of Spanish authorities, from contemporary reports down to the somewhat spasmodic Catalan of Toda y Güell or the more solemn denunciations of Don Victor Balaguer in stately literary Castilian. In simpler English phrase, the details are impressive enough. It was against the church and its royal tombs that the defenders of liberty turned their chief attacks, because of the political attitude which the community had very naturally adopted amid the wild chaos of struggle. Some have gone even so far as to insist that the smashing of the matchless *retablo* was ordered and directed by a liberal general. We can easily picture to ourselves the increasing frenzy of destruction after the first dash into the quiet sanctuary, when the first heads of statues had been knocked off and kicked about the pavement. I should suppose that, much in the same way, the Roundhead troopers grew rather fond of breaking stained windows.

The royal tombs were then broken open; the mummified corpses were first placed against the church wall, then dragged about by the neck and flogged with cord or battered with musket-butts. Whatever was of value of course disappeared; the lead of the coffins was pulled off for running bullets, even the metal of the great organ-pipes being applied to the same purpose; while the royal shrouds served as soldiers' blankets, or were disposed of to peasant women who turned them into children's clouts. All this was work; next came play. It is perfectly authenticated that on this night the volunteer mob, by this time no doubt a mass of yelling demoniacs, placed the gigantic corpse of Don Jaime I. of Aragon ("El Conquistador") as a sentinel at the great portal, with folded arms resting on a musket; with what remained of skulls and bones there then ensued the most wayward game of ninepins ever invented out of a madhouse. Were it not for the silliness of it all, some of the most accurate narratives might be deemed almost Dantesque. The game over, the remains were left lying about, and were not gathered together for some time, when the only readily identifiable body was that of Don Jaime I., from its size quite unmistakable. As Dryden says:

> "When rattling bones together fly
> From the four corners of the sky,"

it might be wished that the player of the game should obtain retributive justice in a manner better imagined than literally set forth.

All this is ugly enough; the sordid part is yet to come in the third destruction, deliberate, calculated, and yet perhaps more inexpressibly foolish than either of the other two. The attacks of peasants and volunteers are quite insufficient to account for the scene of wreckage that meets the eye in the vast mass of buildings surrounding the great central fane. Treasure-hunting began—a singular passion that seems to date in Spain from the days of early colonial possessions, the mines of Potosi and the Acapulco ship. The stories that you can hear all about the country are comically naïve. The monastery was once more de-

serted after the expulsion of the orders took place, and rumors grew of fabulous treasures forgotten by the monks in their haste, so that every person within convenient reach who possessed pick or shovel came (chiefly on Sundays and holidays) to dig about the place. Usually the treasure-seekers had a bit of mouldy parchment which stated that the hidden store was lying under the flags in the Abbot's room, in the sacristy, in the graveyard, anywhere; while the key of the fabulous chest would be discovered inside the hollow marble head of a sainted statue, in any one of the fifty or sixty chapels not yet broken into dust. The trick hardly ever fails in Spain, and I am even given to understand that it answers its purpose frequently enough, with slight modifications, in America; for it is surely needless to explain that the revealing scrip invariably comes from some Spanish jail, bought from a prisoner for a good round sum. However, a large chest was actually discovered in the inner library in 1841, and whetted eagerness to something very nearly like rage; and, again, some ten or eleven years ago the accidental finding of a small pot of coin induced a company of gentlemen (among them men of title) to obtain permission from the Government for investigagation on a more systematic scale, which dislosed nothing more than a number of interesting underground rooms and cellars all covered up with the rubbish of earlier diggers, and added very considerably indeed to the elaborateness of our conception of this almost unique example of such a monastery.

Until the next revolution, ruined Poblet is safe. The declaring it a "national monument" keeps the diggers off, and there is really nothing left even for a tourist to steal. It is a poor consolation for the loss of all the beautiful things it contained to read in Balaguer that "several times the sons of the country have gathered in the monastery, and under the venerable arches of the Aula Capitular rang the first enthusiastic speeches of patriots and the first blessed sounds of independence." The real sons of liberty, instead of making speeches, might well have wept in silence. No; the one reflection that the student may dwell on here with profit is, that devastated, silent Poblet is probably more impressive—it is certainly richer in historical suggestion—than when its abbots trod to mass in mitred pomp and were the hosts of kings.

P. T. L.

THE CHEVALIER D'ÉON.

PARIS, August 7, 1904.

The Chevalier d'Éon has long been one of the most enigmatical figures in French history. He has lately been made the subject of an interesting volume, based on inedited documents, by MM. Octave Homberg and Fernand Jousselin. The authors tell us at once that D'Éon, who long gave himself out as a woman, was in reality a man.

"A succession of adventures, after a brilliant career as soldier and diplomat, led him to a metamorphosis which his delicate appearance and his astonishing ingenuousness caused to be accepted, with a facility that is the true mystery of his life, by the King and his Ministers, as well as by the companions of his youth. Having thus become, by his own free will, the heroine of his century, D'Éon found himself the prisoner of a part which he played till death with a stupefying perfection."

His first biographer was Gaillardet, a novelist who became famous in his turn by his collaboration with Alexandre Dumas the elder. The Duke de Broglie, in his 'Secret du Roi,' had to deal with D'Éon as one of the most active and courageous agents of the secret diplomacy of Louis XV. MM. Homberg and Jousselin were so fortunate as to acquire not long ago the papers and correspondence of D'Éon, which had been confiscated by one of his numerous creditors and kept for more than a century in the drawer of an English bookseller. They have used these, as well as the diplomatic documents preserved in the archives of our Foreign Office, and certain documents belonging to the city of Tonnerre, where D'Éon was born on the 5th of October, 1728. His father was Louis D'Éon de Beaumont, a director of the King's domains. At the age of twelve he was sent to Paris, and pursued brilliant studies at the Collège Mazarin. He became doctor in civil law and doctor in canon law, and secretary to M. Bertier de Sauvigny, a friend of his family, intendant of the generality of Paris.

The Prince de Conti became one of his patrons, recommended him to Louis XV., and obtained permission for him to accompany the Chevalier Douglas to Russia and to second him in a secret mission. He thus became a member of the mysterious cabinet which was under the King's supervision and consisted of the Prince de Conti, the Count de Broglie, and Tercier, first clerk of the Foreign Office. We have only lately become acquainted with this mysterious government — this government against the Government; it was a sort of counterpoise to the indolence and timidity of the King. This secret diplomacy, which aimed to correct the mistakes of the official diplomacy, often resulted only in paralyzing the efforts of the French agents; it never attained any important object, and was, on the whole, a perpetual riddle. The King himself, and he once confessed it, was often lost in the intricacies of his double diplomacy; he once wrote to Tercier that "il s'embrouillait un peu."

The most tangible object of Louis XV. was to assure the crown of Poland to the Prince de Conti, but it was never realized. The mission of Mackenzie Douglas was connected with this object. He had followed the cause of the Stuarts and offered his services to France. He was sent to Russia in order to fathom and counteract the plans of England. A legend will have it that the Chevalier d'Éon presented his niece, Mlle. Lia de Beaumont, to Count Vorontzoff, Vice-Chancellor of the Empire, and that Vorontzoff presented her to the Empress Elizabeth. This legend was not accepted by the Duke de Broglie, but the question of Douglas's employment as a diplomatic agent still remains obscure, as well as the question of the part which D'Éon played in his affairs. D'Éon certainly had several very private interviews with the Empress. It is possible that, in order the better to escape attention, he had on some occasion the idea of disguising himself as a woman. This would explain the legend which was long current. The delicate features and the stature of D'Éon made it easy for him to be taken for a woman.

The services which D'Éon rendered in Russia were such that on his departure he received the most complimentary thanks from Douglas, as well as presents from the Empress Elizabeth. D'Éon was charged to bring in person to Versailles the details of the negotiations which had secured the accession of the Empress to the Franco-Austrian alliance, and Russia's rupture with England and Prussia. After a difficult and at times dangerous journey, D'Éon arrived in Paris, preceding by only a few hours the Prince of Kaunitz, who brought the same news from Vienna. Louis XV. was so well satisfied with the messenger that he gave D'Éon a gratification out of his private purse, a snuff-box with pearls, and a brevet of lieutenant of dragoons. D'Éon had broken a leg during his journey back to France; the King sent him his own surgeon, and during his convalescence D'Éon wrote a memoir on his mission and on the policy of Russia. In his inedited papers we see that the secret intention of the Court of Russia was, on the death of Augustus III., to fill Poland with its troops so as to be absolute mistress of the election of the future King, and to take possession of a part of Poland "so as to accomplish the favorite plan of Peter the Great, who desired to bring his frontier nearer to Germany that he might play a part in it."

D'Éon afterwards rejoined in Russia the Marquis de l'Hôpital and returned to France, bearer of the treaty of 1758. He had grown tired of Russia. He entered the army and became aide-de-camp to Marshal de Broglie, and distinguished himself during the Seven Years' War, but again left the army and reëntered the diplomatic service in order to accompany the Duke of Nivernais to London. The Duke's object was to conclude a peace with England. He was a favorite of Madame de Pompadour, who called him familiarly "mon cher petit époux," and had been chosen as the best ambassador, and D'Éon was attached to him as the cleverest and best informed of secretaries. The negotiations, which ended in the peace of 1763, were very difficult. After the treaty was concluded, D'Éon carried to Paris the ratifications of the treaty, and on this occasion received as a reward the cross of Saint Louis.

The Count de Guerchy was appointed successor to the Duke de Nivernais, and for a time D'Éon, who had received the rank of minister plenipotentiary, represented the embassy *ad interim*. He had a quarrel with the Count de Guerchy, the details of which have lost all interest, and which ended in his leaving the regular diplomatic service. He continued, however, to be a secret agent of the King and to correspond with the Count de Broglie. His love of intrigue induced him to take an active part in English politics. He had made the acquaintance of the celebrated Wilkes. "Will you have a sedition here," he wrote to Broglie, "at the return of Parliament, at the next elections? There will be so much needed for Wilkes, so much for others. . . . Wilkes costs us very dear, but the English have the Corsican Paoli, whom they have received and whom they feed on our account. It is a bomb which they keep all ready to throw among us at the first opportunity. Let us keep bomb for bomb." Princess Dashkoff was at the time exiled in London. She was the niece of Vorontzoff, who had so powerfully helped Catherine II. to ascend the

throne. (Herzen wrote her memoirs.) She told everybody that D'Éon entered the imperial palace at St. Petersburg in woman's clothes, and succeeded in being admitted to the circle of the Empress's maids of honor. D'Éon's sex became a subject of curiosity in London, and bets were freely made on the subject. This story of the Princess Dashkoff crossed the Channel, and it soon became current that the Chevalier d'Éon was a woman. Many caricatures and songs were made on the subject. There is a curious letter from Miss Wilkes, daughter of the famous politician, addressed to D'Éon, in which she asks him if he is a man or a woman: "The chevalier would be very kind if he spoke the truth about it to Miss Wilkes. He would be still more amiable if he came to-day to dine with her and her papa."

D'Éon contrived, while he was in England, to render some secret services to the King and to Madame du Barry; he was charged to prevent the publication of certain pamphlets. But bad times were coming for him; the King had become tired of his own famous "secret"; the Ministers had discovered it; the Count de Broglie was sent into exile. Then came the death of Louis XV.; his successor, Louis XVI., put an end to the secret bureau, but by the influence of the Count de Broglie D'Éon obtained a pension. He was deeply in debt, and his creditors became so troublesome that he found it convenient for his safety to dress as a woman. He succeeded in obtaining a secret mission to England, but went there as a Chevalière d'Éon. I cannot follow him through all his intrigues and in his incessant quarrels with Beaumarchais. He returned to France by permission of Count de Vergennes, but after a while he was obliged to leave off his woman's dress, and was sent to the prison of Dijon. He was presently set free, but was exiled to Tonnerre. We find him leading a quiet life till he returned in 1785 to London, to settle his numerous affairs and to pay his creditors. He tried to sell his papers and his manuscripts, without much success. He heard in England the first news of the French Revolution; he came back as "the citoyenne Geneviève d'Éon," and professed the most Jacobin doctrines. He was in very straitened circumstances, and gave fencing lessons for a living. There is not much to say about his last years; he died in London May 21, 1810.

On the whole, D'Éon, with the instincts of an adventurer and a certain amount of cleverness, would be quite forgotten but for the legend attached to him, the part he played in Russia in his youth, and his connection with the "Secret du Roi," which is one of the most curious incidents in the life of Louis XV.

Correspondence.

GERMAN-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. W. A. Stille's letter, in your issue of August 18, calling attention to Professor Münsterberg's new book, 'Die Amerikaner,' speaks of the ignorance in Germany of things American. While the Harvard professor is, as Mr. Stille says, highly competent for his task of interpreting things American for the benefit of the Germans, their ignorance, before his book appeared, could not have been as dense as Mr. Stille supposes. Two books, at least, worth mentioning, were published last year in Germany, pursuing the same object, Goldberger's 'Das Land der unbegrenzten Möglichkeiten,' economic studies, and Polenz's 'Das Land der Zukunft,' social studies; both, within a few months, republished four times, testifying to the German mind's readiness to be enlightened and to cultivate mutual esteem. They deserve a place very near Professor Münsterberg's work, and are, probably, as interesting to the American reader as to the German. There is nothing more instructive than to see ourselves as others see us.

Mr. Stille's desire for a counterpart to 'Die Amerikaner' about Germany and the Germans should, indeed, be gratified, and such a man as Professor Gregory of Leipzig, being in a position perfectly analogous with Münsterberg's—a native American holding a professorship in a German university—might undertake the task most profitably.

Respectfully, Ernst E. Lemcke.

New York, August 19, 1904.

Notes.

At the recent Petrarch Congress at Arezzo, Monsignor Salvadori announced that the Vatican Library was about to begin publication of a facsimile of such of the manuscripts in its possession as were either written or annotated by Petrarch. The Proceedings of the Congress itself will be published.

The Oxford Clarendon Press is undertaking an "Oxford Modern French Series," edited by Léon Delbos, M.A., with an eye to "students who have advanced some little way in their knowledge of the French language," and do not need elementary annotation. Hence the notes will deal mainly with points of literary or historical interest. Next month the first eight volumes will appear, reckoning Lamartine, Balzac, Hugo, Sandeau, Châteaubriand, A. Karr, Gozlan, and Tocqueville (extracts from his journeys).

Messrs. Putnam's fall publications will include 'The Story of the United States,' by Prof. Edward Earl Sparks, and 'Breaking the Wilderness,' or the conquest of the Far West, by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh.

A biography of Thomas Nast, by Albert Bigelow Paine, is in the press of Macmillan Co.

The articles on municipal misgovernment and the attempt to prevent it, which appeared last year in *McClure's Magazine*, have been republished in book form by their author, Mr. Lincoln Steffens, under the title of 'The Shame of Cities' (McClure, Phillips & Co.). The stories are told with much plainness and even coarseness of speech, and are as interesting as stories of crimes and their detection seem always to be. The record of corruption is dismal enough, and we do not find much encouragement in the account of the proceedings by which exasperated citizens have dethroned their oppressive rulers. Fighting the devil with fire is dangerous work, and is apt, even if temporarily successful, to have dangerous consequences. Mr. Steffens correctly observes that the root of the evil is to be found in the general disposition to make use of the institution of government for individual advantage. He does not suggest any method of making government less available for such purposes, and even seems to think that municipal ownership may be a remedy for municipal corruption. Until the number of offices is diminished, the compensation of officeholders reduced to correspond with the real value of their services, and the principle of serving the public without pecuniary compensation much more widely extended, venality will continue to be our curse.

Mr. J. G. Rosengarten's 'American History from German Archives, with reference to the German Soldiers in the Revolution and Franklin's Visit to Germany' (Lancaster, Pa.) is a reprint of this writer's articles in various periodicals at various dates, now made in the interest of the Pennsylvania German Society. The collection necessarily involved much repetition; and the effort to make bibliography readable can hardly be said to have been successful. On the other hand, the absence of formal classified lists of original documents published or accessible or known to exist, greatly detracts from the value of the survey. This disorder, partly atoned for in an index, is foreshadowed in the table of contents, where we might have expected to find each chapter labelled with the place and date of its original appearance. The volume is prettily embellished, and contains numerous portraits of German officers, facsimiles, a map, etc. The chapter on "German Soldiers in the French Service" reminds us that at Yorktown "German soldiers held the trenches on both sides when the surrender was finally made. German regiments under the French and American flags received the surrender of German regiments, Anspach and Hessian, serving under the British flag."

If charm were a mere accomplishment and could be taught, most of us would take lessons. But the charmer is born, not educated, and the intelligent do not need the advice to resolve, like Sydney Smith, "to be natural, and let the world find me out." In her 'Charm and Courtesy in Conversation' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Miss Frances B. Callaway devotes some two hundred pages to the art of polite intercourse. Her assumption that unselfishness is the essence of charm is an agreeable fiction which the facts of any one's experience will contradict. It is a negative quality, and your born charmer is usually made up of positive qualities and asserts himself vigorously. Courtesy, too, as all Miss Callaway's anecdotes prove, is mainly negative, and her little textbook is nothing more than a collection of hints how to avoid rudeness. We fear that the charm of Madame Récamier, even in her old age, hardly depended on "her thoughtfulness for others" (p. 197). Hard as it is to be thoughtful for others, to charm them is, no doubt, harder still, and no such manual as this can impart the power to please and shine, or disclose a single one of the secrets of that art.

For American travellers the most important item in Anne C. Wilson's 'Hints for the First Years of Residence in India' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde) is the statement in regard to the

size of boxes (trunks) which may be carried in the cabin (not over fourteen inches in height, two feet in width, and three feet in length). This little manual is designed for the use of officers and civilians in the British service; and for those who wish to know what personal, household, and camp equipment is needful in India, no better list of articles—the booklet is scarcely more than a list of articles and hints—is obtainable.

In 'St. Helena,' by E. L. Jackson (London: Ward, Lock & Co.), will be found the main facts and incidents in the history of the island from the time, 1513, of its first human inhabitant, a Portuguese nobleman exiled there for desertion, to the departure of the Boer prisoners in 1902. The natural features are described, and a guide-book account is given of Jamestown and its immediate neighborhood, together with lists of Government officials and local institutions. As the historical part consists largely of documents, extracts from official records and personal narratives, and as the author's notes, often of very trivial matters, made during a painstaking research into the voluminous material at hand, are all thrown together without regard to literary style, the book can interest very few not immediately connected with the island. Still, notwithstanding its failure to attract the general reader, examination will bring to light some noteworthy facts. A striking illustration, for instance, will be found of the growth of humanity in the past two centuries by comparing the cruel punishments once legally inflicted on slaves with the tribute to the hospitality of the islanders from the negroes who afterwards found a refuge from the slave-ships; and, we may add, a similar testimony given by the Boers on their departure. "The kindness shown to the prisoners of war one and all by the people of the island," they said, "with very few exceptions, is a fact which will be long remembered and cherished by them as a bright speck in the gloomy days of captivity." Considerable space is of course devoted to Napoleon, and to his love for children. The photographs, especially those of the scenery, are attractive, and help one to understand in a measure the affection for the "old rock" which causes many to say, "St. Helena has only one entrance and no exit."

The third edition of the second volume of Dr. W. Cunningham's elaborate work, 'The Growth of English Industry and Commerce in Modern Times,' appears in two parts (Cambridge, Eng., University Press; New York: Macmillan). The greater portion of the volume, the author states, has been more than once rewritten; and he declares it impossible to explain how immensely the book has gained from the coöperation of Miss Lilian Tomm. Two objects have been kept in view in this investigation—to set forth the connection between the political and the economic history of England, and to describe and account for the actual course of the material progress of the country. The latter object appears to us to be inadequately attained; possibly it could not be attained without more rigid adherence to scientific methods. The fact that an observer at a former period declared a certain state of facts to exist often affords no evidence of its existence; we need only read current representations to understand this. Nothing is easier than to overlook causes, unless it be to assign results to wrong causes. The chief value of the work lies in its record of the attempts of English rulers to direct the industry of their subjects. It is significant that, in a postscript, the author gives a cautious approval of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals.

Prof. John Bates Clark has recently delivered a course of lectures in Cooper Union which are now published by Macmillan under the title 'The Problem of Monopoly.' The purpose of these lectures is "to apply to important problems economic principles which have recently become known." We do not find these novel principles clearly stated, unless in the suggestion that great corporations may be wisely controlled by means of the initiative and referendum, and in the declaration that the lecturer is "in favor of doing the impossible." He proposes legislation to correct the selfishness of human nature as exhibited by the managers of monopolies, and apparently thinks that if the laws he approves were enacted, they could be made to work by our political machinery. But the task of fixing prices by statute is beyond the power of government, and merely to suggest it opens an appalling vista of corruption.

Professor Villa's 'Contemporary Psychology,' translated by the Italian attaché at Paris, M. Manacorda, under the editorial supervision of Professor Muirhead, might easily have been rendered a decidedly useful work of reference. It is pleasantly written, and, on the whole, nicely translated, and contains abundant information. Its standpoint also (that of Wundt) and its judgment seem sound, and it lays proper emphasis on the modern voluntarist as against the traditional intellectualist interpretations of mental processes. But these excellent qualities are unfortunately marred by serious defects. There is too much prolixity and repetition, and the proofreading has been so scandalously imperfect that every date and every proper name must be regarded with suspicion. When, *e. g.*, the life of Wolff is protracted to one hundred and five years (p. 12), it is natural to ascribe this to a misprint, but even this theory breaks down when *Hermann* von Helmholtz is disguised as *William* (p. 106). The index also, which in a work of this kind should be particularly complete, is quite inadequate.

We have received from the Mississippi Department of Archives and History a copy of the first 'Official and Statistical Register' of that State, an octavo volume of 700 pages, copiously illustrated. Great labor has been well expended on this compilation, and it is a valuable manual in reference to the history and actual government of Mississippi—charter and personnel. The State's Senators and Representatives in Congress, and own Executive and Legislature, are biographically sketched, and the corresponding series of photographic likenesses is well deserving of study. Governor Vardaman, of ill-repute as the high priest of racial reaction, was born in 1861—a depressing anomaly, especially in view of the table headed "Mississippi Leader in Great Reforms." She invented, more's the pity, the elective judiciary, and was the first State "to solve the problem of white supremacy in the South by lawful means." This, as appears from the (present) Constitution of 1890, was effected by an impartial grant of suffrage to every male inhabitant (sane, taxpaying, and non-criminal), §241; with a supplementary qualification (the negro in the woodpile) as to reading and expounding the Constitution, §244. Columbus's egg was nothing to this "Mississippi idea." The chronicle of events from De Soto could not help being tinged with Reconstruction feeling. In another particular it might have been expected to be more frank. The issue of five millions of State stock in 1839 is selectively not followed by record of its repudiation two years later. The State has been liberal to women, and claims the first institution of higher learning for them (1819; but the female seminary at Byfield, said to have been the first in Massachusetts, was founded in 1806). The Register is to be renewed every four years, and its beginning is highly praiseworthy.

An excellent beginning has been made by the Department of Anthropology of the University of California in its publications relating to American Archæology and Ethnology, with Pliny Earle Goddard's 'Life and Culture of the Hupa,' a tribe once curiously secluded, and occupying a valley of the Trinity River, in the northwestern corner of California. Mr. Goddard lived among these people for three years, and his well-written account of them is minute and authoritative. The illustrations are mostly of dress and utensils. There is the usual sad story of the demoralizing effects of contact with the whites.

Our rivers, whose value as waterways is now so greatly lessened by the construction of railroads, are expensive facilities at the best. The Report of the Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army, for 1903, recounts the work done in removing the famous "raft" from the Red River of Louisiana. It was ninety-two miles long when work on it began in 1828. A channel through it was completed in 1857, at a cost of over $1,000,000. No work was then done for fifteen years, and the results of a large part of the earlier work were thus lost. In 1872 the river was again closed for thirty-two miles by the "raft," a great accumulation of snags, stumps, and leaning trees; the wrecks of more than 200 steamboats lay in the channel between the river mouth and the head of navigation. From 1872 to 1903, more than $1,600,000 has been spent on this river; the channel is now clear, and at the head of the "raft" the river bed has been worn down fifteen feet, thus diminishing floods and allowing the reclamation of much productive land where there was formerly a network of lakes and bayous. The annual average value of freight on the river is now $5,132,360.

From the same source we learn that the unruly Mississippi is giving much trouble by trying to desert Vicksburg. Before 1876 that city, well situated on the bluffs near the mouth of the Yazoo, had the finest harbor on the river, with not less than twenty-five feet of water in any part. A cut-off of the bend that led the river by the city bluff occurred on April 27, 1876, and the abandoned channel, or ox-bow lake, "Lake Centennial," was so much shoaled by the deposition of silt where the new channel crossed its ends, as practically to destroy the harbor. A great amount of money has since then been spent upon it, partly in dredging a deep channel, partly in revetting Delta Point, on the west bank, so as to prevent

still further withdrawal of the river from the wharves; nearly $400,000 has been expended on the latter object. But the average annual value of commerce in Vicksburg harbor and the Yazoo River is $8,753,650. It was in expensive but apparently indispensable work of this sort that $18,000,000 was spent last year on "Rivers and Harbors."

The main result of the German Antarctic expedition, described by its leader, Dr. E. von Drygalski, in the *Geographical Journal* for August, during its twenty-eight months' work, fourteen in the polar ice, was the discovery of a new land which has been named Kaiser Wilhelm II. Land. Though this determines the nature and extent of the continent for more than ten degrees of longitude, it does not solve the question whether the continent is continuous or a collection of large islands intersected by narrow straits and inlets. Dr. Drygalski is to give a lecture at the coming meeting of the International Geographical Congress at Washington. A "Journey in Angola," by Capt. Cuninghame, relates to an almost unknown part of West Africa, "densely populated, some of the kraals containing 2,000 to 3,000 inhabitants." Several of those visited "were peopled entirely by blacksmiths working the abundant ironstone. It is a notable fact that apprentices are sent from great distances to these 'smithy kraals' to be taught the art of working that metal." Many of the natives are employed in rubber collecting, and a merchant gave this significant testimony to the value of British methods of dealing with them. He said that among a crowd of rubber-carrying natives "were four men from the Zambesi, who refused to take the customary present of *aguardiente*, which is served out preparatory to trading. They said they came from British country, where 'strong water' was interdicted, and were quite ready to trade without it." He was informed of the existence of the ruins of a fortress-like building of unmortared granite blocks near his route, but did not visit them.

The Corsican is the subject of the article of widest interest in the *Annales de Géographie* for July, and certainly a striking picture is drawn of a most peculiar people. Living in a land of sea-girt mountains, the sea has no part in his life. He is neither sailor nor fisherman, but simply a shepherd, showing the distinctive characteristics of the pastoral life in his dislike of all manual labor and desire for isolation. Few of the natives live on the sea-coast; and they have always regarded with hostility the strangers who sought their shores, from the ancient Greeks, Phœnicians, and Carthaginians to the Pisans and Genoese of modern times. The Romans alone seem to have succeeded in colonizing the island and developing its great natural resources. For though "the Corsicans have *l'âme française*, France exercises but little influence over them," writes the author, a French official. This love of isolation was shown in their relations to each other. Their walled villages, with houses two or three stories high, perched on almost inaccessible cliffs, were veritable citadels in which the people lived a life separate from those of the neighboring village. There was no concentration, no national life; even as late as 1800 the little community of Asco "formed a distinct republic, administered by elected elders." The social and political life rests upon the family, and the Corsicans' primitive form of justice is the vendetta. "A gun," they say, "is worth more than a judge." Next to their flocks their most precious possession is the chestnut, and the wealth of a family is reckoned by the number of these trees it possesses. The manual labor of cutting wood, building, cultivating the ground, is done almost wholly by some 20,000 Italians who come annually to the island for six months. In one way only does the young progressive Corsican show any longing for contact with the outside world. His one absorbing aim is to become a functionary of the French Government, first of all in the army, for "chacun croit avoir l'étoffe d'un petit Napoléon"; but if not there, in any position where one can command and wear a uniform.

One of the most significant results of the awakened interest in education in England is the establishment of a faculty of commerce and administration at Manchester University. Its aim is to give a systematic training in the higher commercial subjects, methods of government and administration, and in economic and social investigation. Among the languages in which instruction is offered are Chinese, including writing and pronunciation, and Arabic, including spoken dialects. Associated with the professional teachers are men engaged in business; banking will be taught, for instance, by men practically conversant with the business of a bank. The course for the degree of bachelor will include, besides general studies, two modern languages as well as one or two special subjects, while for that of master, bachelors of three years' standing who have carried on advanced studies and presented an acceptable thesis, will be eligible. The felt need of a broadening of university education is also shown at Oxford by the establishment of a diploma in economics. The scheme of examination combines a general knowledge of the principles of economics and of the recent commercial and industrial history of the United Kingdom, with a more detailed acquaintance with special subjects, to be selected from a wide range of choice, in theoretical, historical, and applied economics. The lectures and instruction, beginning next October, will be open not only to members of the University, but to others intending to pursue a business career or to enter the public service, as well as to foreigners and women students. This is very likely to attract the Rhodes scholars, of whom a large number are expected at Oxford in the new academic year.

Still another indication of this educational awakening is the Workingmen's College in London, the foundation stone of whose new buildings was laid by the Prince of Wales on July 16. This institution was founded by Frederic Denison Maurice, Thomas Hughes, and others in 1854, the idea from the start being that educated men should give to the workingman something of that which they had learned at the university; and zealous teachers have never been wanting. The average number of students for the past six years has exceeded 600, but with the new accommodations, which will include electrical and chemical laboratories, a large increase is expected.

A remarkable feature of industrial education in Germany, emphasized by Deputy-Consul Meyer, in his reports on this subject, is that in the workmen's schools of the lowest grade the three great subjects of instruction are German, arithmetic, and drawing. By German is meant, not the language, but the constitution of the Empire and the organization of the various states and principalities, the laws regulating trades, labor, commercial courts, savings banks, taxation, and religious teaching. Arithmetical instruction is not confined to the multiplication table, but includes bookkeeping, loans, interest, and a study of the statutes regulating checks, drafts, and bills of exchange. In connection with many of these schools "student homes" have been established where young men may come, especially on Sunday afternoons, for lectures, games, songs, declamation, amateur theatricals, etc. In the curriculum of the schools for builders and engineers there is what is termed the "Samaritan course," covering instruction in the care of the body, treatment of wounds, and first aid to the wounded—a praiseworthy feature which should be introduced in every technical school in this country.

An Index to the Daily Consular Reports for 1903 has just been issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor. The six to seven thousand entries, many of them being cross-references, are arranged alphabetically according to countries, subjects, and officers. It forms a valuable reference book to sources of information on a great variety of subjects of practical present-day importance.

A curious discussion has been carried on lately in the columns of the *Beilage* of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* on the merits and demerits of the Austrian universities as compared with those of Germany for the development of original scholarship. The occasion for the debate was furnished by Professor Czerny of Heidelberg, who, in a *Festrede* published in the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift*, declared in favor of the Austrian institutions, basing his conclusion chiefly on the ground that, in the non-theological faculties of the German universities, there were thirty-three Austrian full professors, while in the Austrian there are only twenty-three Germans. Inasmuch as professors rather accept calls from Austria to Germany than from Germany to Austria, the Austrians appear to cross the borders for their university men only when they cannot find suitable candidates at home. To this an interesting reply is published in No. 92 of the *Beilage*, by a protagonist of the German schools, who draws attention to the fact that there are 985 non-theological full professors in the German universities, and only 300 in the Austrian; that, accordingly, only 3.35 per cent. of German professorships are filled by Austrians, but 7.67 per cent. of Austrian professorships by the Germans. A better basis for comparison the writer finds in the German universities of Switzerland, where there are forty-three German full professors but only three Austrian. The discussion has called forth so much feeling that the editor declares the debate closed as far as the columns of the *Beilage* are concerned, but he himself takes his stand against Czerny.

There has lately been placed in St. Paul's Church, Wickford, R. I., a tablet which reads thus: "Sacred to the memory of a native of Narragansett, GILBERT STUART, son of Gilbert and Elizabeth Anthony

Stuart, born at the old snuff-mill, North Kingston, December 3, 1755; baptized at St. Paul's Church, Palm Sunday, April 11, 1756; died, after a life full of honors, at Boston, July 27, 1828. The painter of George and Martha Washington, of Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, of George III. of England and of his son, afterwards George IV., his incomparable portraits have given him a chief place in the history of American art. Erected by public subscription A. D. 1904." The list of subscribers contains many well-known Boston and Rhode Island names. Stuart's Presidential series might have included John Quincy Adams.

—The seventh volume of 'Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon' (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) passes from Franzensbad to Glashaus, a tract not remarkable for great personal names but having a fair amount of economic rubrics (glass, foundries, weaving, etc.), scientific (geology, insects injurious to vegetation, poisonous plants along with garden flowers), historical-geographical (Germania and Rome's northern provinces in the middle of the second century A. D.), etc. The section on Mountains is freely illustrated. The Mammoth Geyser of Yellowstone Park is pictured in color. There are maps of French India, of Germania as just mentioned, of Geneva and Genoa. One is struck by four captions of Gentleman, Gentleman-driver, Gentleman-like, Gentleman-rider. The woman question is allowed four and a half pages, but the American aspect is very imperfectly grasped and presented; and here as in other places one feels the need of special American collaboration for what relates to the United States in this standard work. We cut no figure in the bibliography of the woman's-rights agitation. A particularly German feature is the article *Gesinde* or Servants, with its list of statutory regulations in various parts of the Empire. Those for Brandenburg, Pomerania, Posen, etc., go back to Stein and Hardenburg (1810). Equally German is the showing of governmental interference with the sale of patent medicines (*Geheimmittel*), and here we deal with actuality, for the provisions of the Bundesrath's decree of May 23, 1903, taking effect January 1, 1904, are set forth—how these medicines may be dealt in wholesale; how the retailer may sell only on written prescription; how the wrappers may not contain puffs or preposterous claims of panacea, and the like. The "American Coughing Cure" falls under these restrictions, as do "A——'s Cathartic Pills" and "Sarsaparilla," "W——'s Safe Remedies," "Mother S——'s Pills" and "Syrup," "Vin M——i," "Liqueur du Docteur L——," "Sirup Pagliano"—a column and a half of them, of many origins, European and foreign.

—Every one who knows anything about Stubbs is familiar with his love of reading proof-sheets, and it will be remembered that, in the preface to a volume of his Oxford lectures, he playfully accounted for their publication by alluding to the strength of this mania. However, he was not led by his love of correcting proofs to publish all his utterances, though doubtless we should be glad to possess every address which he delivered after he passed the age of twenty-five. Learning, clearheadedness, sagacity, were qualities which marked his work from first to last, and there is good reason, *prima facie*, to welcome such of his posthumous works as may see the light from time to time through the care of his disciples. We make the foregoing observations because Mr. Arthur Hassall has published a volume entitled 'Lectures on European History' (Longmans) which contains a series of more than thirty addresses delivered by Stubbs when he was Regius Professor. The subjects of these discourses may occasion a certain amount of surprise, for Stubbs is usually thought of either as an editor of mediæval chronicles or as a writer on the constitutional history of England. The breadth of his acquirements was probably unsuspected during his lifetime by the reading public at large, and for a younger generation the fame of one great work has been an obstacle to the recognition of its author's universal learning in things historical. These lectures deal neither with the Middle Ages nor with English constitutional history, but with the development of Continental Europe during the period from Charles V. to the Peace of Westphalia. Divided into three courses, they treat respectively of "The Emperor Charles V.," "The Political History of Europe from the Resignation of Charles V." (to 1618), and "The Political History of Europe during the Thirty Years' War."

—Mr. Hassall, whose experience as the editor of an excellent coöperative history of Europe entitles him to speak with some authority, places a very high value upon Stubbs's studies in a field which was not especially his own. "Though numerous publications bearing on the period of which these Lectures treat have appeared in England and abroad, it may well be doubted whether any so well-reasoned an account of the years from 1519 to 1648 has yet been written." Praise, and generous praise at that, they certainly deserve, for, although free from the trappings of erudition, they disclose wide reading and, what is equally essential, the results of deep reflection on questions like the Reformation and the rivalry between the chief Powers of Europe in an age when religion and politics were interwoven as they have never been since the Peace of Westphalia. For ourselves we have been chiefly interested in the account here given of Charles V., and we imagine that the majority of readers will consider it to be the most attractive part of the volume. It is significant to see that Stubbs, with his usual calmness of judgment, criticises unfavorably Motley's strictures about Charles's lack of chivalry, and anticipates in essential respects the weighty verdict of Mr. Armstrong. We subjoin his last words: "We part with him, then, with some little liking, and some considerable respect, and a great deal of pity; and we cannot spare him from very deep blame; we cannot shut our eyes to very great guilt. But we cannot doubt his greatness, his force and tenacity of mind, his great ability in war and government, his earnest faith in the religion he had been educated in; we cannot but think that he might have been a better man if he had not been so great a prince, with so much power for good and evil."

—Mr. Roberdeau Buchanan, who did the eclipse work of the American Ephemeris through more than a saros and a quarter, has published an octavo book of 247 pages and eleven plates (29 figures), explaining the computations in the utmost detail ('The Mathematical Theory of Eclipses,' Philadelphia: Lippincott). Mr. Buchanan is a master in the craft of computation, in the grade that belongs to *Nautical Almanac* work, though not, presumably, in the more delicate operations of the geodetical computer. The beginner who desires to initiate himself into the computing craft cannot do better than to go through the computations of an eclipse under the guidance of Mr. Buchanan. That of a total solar eclipse so as to determine the limits of totality is by no means the simplest thing in the world, and some pretentious treatises contain very mistaken statements about these phenomena. In Mr. Buchanan's treatise all is made so extra plain that we meet with such remarks as this: "There is a principle in the theory of differences that I have never seen in any of the ordinary works on interpolation, and that is, the symbol Δ is distributive." This means that if the Joneses have both more boys and more girls than the Browns, then the excess of the Jones children over the Brown children is the sum of the excess of the boys and the excess of the girls. The paragraph devoted to the exposition of this original idea concludes: "This principle I have found of very great use in certain methods of computation for shortening the work." We need not say that the works on interpolation which do not mention this presuppose a familiarity with the simplest elements of finite differences. Mr. Buchanan refers his reader in all cases to Chauvenet for the analytical developments, so that the first three of the nine lines of the title of his book very accurately describe just what the book *omits*. We will only add that, were we to go into technical details, we should have sundry strictures to make. Nevertheless, the work is excellent on the whole.

—In spite of the rooted antagonism of Celtic and Anglo-Saxon ideals, it is in England that the Irish National Theatre Society has found its chief support. The theatre that will presently be its headquarters in Dublin is the gift of an English lady, Miss Horniman, who has undertaken to spend about $10,000 on alterations and equipment and to take the responsibility of a ninety-nine-year lease at an outlay of about $1,000 yearly. The theatre, which will seat only five hundred spectators, belongs to the Mechanics' Institute in Abbey Street. The city morgue, which adjoins the building and has lately been abandoned by the Corporation, will be taken over for dressing-rooms, the whole expense being met by Miss Horniman, who will make a free gift of the theatre to the Theatre Society. As the income of the Society is only $250, the question of rents has always been the chief difficulty; the actors receive no payment, and are often recruited from the working classes, especially when the plays are in Irish. When Miss Horniman applied this month for a license or patent, an amusing discussion took place among the barristers who appeared for her and those who were present to protect the interests of the existing theatres in Dublin. Mr. Yeats was called to defend the aims of the Society, and was attacked by the opposition for producing plays with a political tendency such as his own "Cathleen ni Hoolihan." He retorted that he was simply an artist, and as such had no opin-

ions to advocate on the stage. The opposing counsel was obstinately Philistine, and refused to admit that the achievements of M. Antoine and the Théâtre Libre furnished a hopeful analogy for the Irish Theatre. London audiences, they said, had received with a "cry of horror" plays that had been produced by M. Antoine. Sir Horace Plunkett, who supported Miss Horniman, maintained that a patent should be granted on the ground that the Irish plays tended to keep the people in the country by giving them a fresh interest; any movement that would stop the leak at Queenstown would be welcomed by the Department of which he is President. His arguments were patriotic and practical, and told more than the artistic aloofness and claims for the romantic urged by Mr. Yeats and only half understood by his hearers. What really impressed the Court, however, was the fact that the Theatre could not in any case be made to pay, since there is to be no bar and no orchestra. Miss Horniman, as a non-resident, was not legally qualified to obtain the patent; Lady Gregory, the author of 'Poets and Dreamers,' met the difficulty by offering herself as the patentee. The opposing managers framed certain restrictions as to the character of the plays to be performed in the new theatre. They must be by Irish writers on Irish subjects, and when standard plays are given they must be not less than fifty years old. The patent was finally granted for six years, and the Irish National Theatre now has a home of its own in which to carry on its mission of popularizing the romantic drama.

MUENSTERBERG'S AMERICANS.

Die Amerikaner. Von Hugo Münsterberg. Two volumes, pp. xii., 494, 336. Berlin: E. S. Mittler & Sohn; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 1904.

Professor Münsterberg's book is intended for Germans, and was written with the avowed purpose of enlightening the German public and dissipating prejudices which are due to misconceptions and misinformation. The author relates that ten years ago, when he was a professor at the University of Freiburg and still under thirty years of age, he received a call to conduct the Psychological Laboratory at Harvard. He accepted the call with the intention of resuming his position at home after the expiration of his three years' leave of absence. He set out, he says, with all the prejudices of the average German, and all the special prejudices of the German university professor, who looks down with patronizing condescension on the scientific culture of the New World. But he found everything so different from what he had expected, and was so powerfully attracted, that he concluded to remain. His principal motive for departing from his original intention was a desire to take a share in the work of promoting a better understanding between Americans and Germans by making them better acquainted each with the real character of the other.

From these statements and from other expressions in the preface it appears that the author considered that in writing his book he was carrying out a mission—a self-imposed one—in assuming which he was undoubtedly animated by a high ideal. He has indeed produced an imposing work, filled with information of all kinds, and abounding not only in statistical and historical facts and data, but also in philosophical reflections and shrewd comments which are the fruit of much study and personal observation. It is of necessity largely expository; hence considerable portions of it consist of information fairly familiar to educated Americans. Most of this is in the main accurate; whatever small errors have crept in are so few in proportion to the vast mass of material presented that they may well be passed over in silence. For the rest, the question presents itself, In what spirit and from what point of view does the author treat his subject, and how much value should properly attach to his conclusions and judgments? One naturally approaches with great expectations the production of a man of varied culture and recognized intellectual powers; one who, by his official position and long residence at our leading university, has enjoyed opportunities which seldom fall to the lot of a foreign observer of our institutions and national characteristics, and who is animated by a lively desire to see clearly and to report truthfully. The entire physiognomy of the book is such as might be expected. It is the methodical and systematic work of a German professor of philosophy, both in form and in substance. It is a sustained and elaborate thesis in support of certain metaphysical theories concerning the American people, their past development and their future destiny. As already intimated, the argument rests on a broad foundation of facts, but the impression made on the reader is that the facts are marshalled with a view to supporting preconceived theories, rather than that the conclusions flow inductively from the facts.

Comparisons naturally suggest themselves between the present work and that of Mr. Bryce. Broadly speaking, the two treatises illustrate respectively the German and the English method and cast of mind. Professor Münsterberg's metaphysical bent and his innate inclination to generalize and theorize meet us at the very threshold. In the opening words of his introduction, which, like the rest of the work, is written in a style bristling with epigram and *esprit*, he says that the mistake made by Germans in judging America is in comparing the United States with some single European state which has a homogeneous culture in all its parts, whereas the proper comparison would be with all Europe, since there is a wider difference between the ripe culture of the Eastern States and the primitiveness of some portions of the West than between the civilization of Germany and that of Bulgaria or Servia. Nevertheless, the American man everywhere, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is one and the same. The discrepancies of culture are wider than those on German soil, but the discrepancies between men are smaller. The inhabitants of the various German States have different aims, ideals, and motives, while the eighty millions under the American flag are, in their aspirations and their essential being, a single race, all animated by the same desires, impelled by the same forces, and impeded by the same defects; their variations of culture being merely variegated garments, all of which, however, cover always one and the same creature, the American.

It remains to be seen how the author elaborates his theory—how he works out in detail what he considers the particular qualities which set the American man apart from other men. These particular qualities are four in number, and to each of them is devoted one of the four parts into which the book is divided. The first part, treating of politics, illustrates the working of the spirit of self-government; part second deals with the industrial development, which emanates from the spirit of self-help; part third describes the intellectual life, and dwells on the spirit of self-perfection; part fourth is given over to society and the working of the spirit of self-assertion. It may be noted, in passing, that our author is rather fond of these fanciful and epigrammatic conceptions and distinctions. Thus, to show that Germany and America are peculiarly fitted to work together for the best interests of civilization, he takes up in turn the relations in which other European countries stand to the United States, and sums up the case by saying that America finds its social antipodes in England's aristocracy, its intellectual antipodes in the literature of France, and its political antipodes in Russian autocracy, while the German nation is the only one with which it is possible to establish a real sympathy in the social, the intellectual, and the political realms; Germany becoming Americanized and democratic, while America becomes Europeanized and aristocratic. This is a typical instance of the way in which the author's love of theory and of pointed expression leads him into making statements which, to speak moderately, are questionable, and are, moreover, without much support in his text.

Having constructed an imaginary American and endowed him with distinctive qualities which mark him as a being set apart from the rest of mankind, Professor Münsterberg proceeds to show how these qualities work out their legitimate results in all the relations of the national life. As already stated, the first part of the work, embracing more than a third of it, treats of the political life of the nation, and is intended to illustrate the American spirit of self-government, the desire of each man to determine for himself how and by whom he shall be governed. Together with much historical matter and much discussion of political problems of the most recent years, there is a description of the working of the political parties, in which the author sometimes seems to ignore well-known facts, which, however, he recognizes in other parts of his book. Thus, he says that the voter not only elects Presidents, governors, mayors, legislators, and all sorts of officials, but even determines who shall be candidates for the various offices. Probably having in mind German methods, he says that there are no central committees or authorities who decide these things beforehand without bothering themselves about the wishes of the masses. One naturally reads this passage with surprise, as it seems hardly credible that a man of Professor Münsterberg's intelligence could have lived here for ten years without ever hearing of men like Platt, Quay, or Gorman. On a later page, however, he says that at a Presidential election millions vote for each candidate without being conscious that there was a time, long before the meeting of the national conventions, when it was in the power of eight or ten leaders

to determine who should be the party candidate. Contradictions of this kind are not infrequent, and may be assumed to arise from the necessity which the author imposes upon himself of defending a thesis instead of merely setting forth facts. Having started out with the theory that the American man is bound to settle for himself who is to be his President or governor or mayor, and will allow nobody to dictate to him or to lead him, he could not possibly avow to his German audience that in too many cases the voter has absolutely nothing to say about the selection of candidates, and is restricted to the poor privilege of choosing between two men, neither of whom would be the choice of any considerable portion of the people if the people had any choice.

He has another fanciful theory which leads him into making strange statements. He believes that the two parties which divide the country between them have had a logical continuity and consistency from the start, and represent respectively the centripetal and the centrifugal tendencies of the people; namely, that the Democratic party stands for the State-rights doctrines of Jefferson, while the Republican party maintains the Federalist or centralizing principles of Hamilton. With his usual conscientious method, he works this out in detail, and displays his dialectic skill in an attempt to prove that the respective attitudes of the two parties on the questions of slavery, of the tariff, of the free coinage of silver, etc., can be logically deduced from their position on the question of centralized government. Any one who knows how narrowly the Republican party escaped the fate of becoming the advocate of free silver can look on such paradoxes as the mere vagaries of a philosopher. Perhaps the climax of this peculiar view is reached when the author gravely enunciates as his conclusion that, like all centralists, the Republicans are at bottom Opportunists and Realists in politics, while the Democrats, like all centrifugal politicians, are Idealists and Dreamers. Nobody will deny the novelty of this discovery.

The second part of the book, occupied with the industrial development as an emanation from the spirit of self-help, or the spirit which leads a man to shape his own destiny for himself, again presents the elaboration of a thesis. Its aim is to demonstrate the theory that Americans regard work not as a means to an end, but as an end in itself. An American works, not because he has to earn his living, or because he desires to accumulate riches, but because he loves work for its own sake. The charm that wealth has for him is not in its possession so much as in its acquisition. He hunts the dollar in about the same spirit in which the English go fox-hunting. He loves the profit, but he also loves the game. A European merchant or manufacturer looks forward to the time when he can retire from business and live on his income; an American money-getter no more thinks of retiring than does a scientific man or an artist who is still in the full vigor of his powers. For these and similar reasons the author thinks that it is radically wrong to accuse Americans of materialism. They are really idealists, for idealism does not depend on the acts which a man performs, but on the spirit in which he performs them. If a man performs a deed because he believes in its value, it is of no consequence whether his idealism is demonstrated in corporeal or in spiritual matters, whether he writes poems or paints pictures, or builds bridges or lays railroad tracks.

No less peculiar and original than this thesis are some of the arguments by which it is sought to enforce it. One of them is that Americans do not value wealth when it is not the fruit of a man's own exertions. As an instance of this the author says that Americans are not gamblers or speculators, whatever may be the appearance or the general opinion on that subject. He ingeniously explains that men who speculate in stocks do it, not in a gambling spirit, but as a matter of business; in other words, they do not trust to luck when they buy stocks or when they sell them short, but they study the market, ask their friends, act on "tips," and are guided by the judgment thus formed. Even betting and poker-playing can be viewed in this manner. Another illustration of the disinterested character of American enterprise is found in the habit which Americans have of building railroads in unsettled portions of the country, whereas in Europe railroads are built only where the population has already settled.

The third part, describing the intellectual life, and dwelling on the American spirit of self-perfection, is mainly inspired by the author's conviction that America is destined to surprise the European nations by achievements in the field of science, literature, and art which will rival her successes in the industrial field.

"In the middle of the seventeenth century," he says, "all of the civilized nations had produced great philosophers: France had Descartes and Malebranche; Italy, Bruno and Campanella; England, Bacon and Hobbes; the Netherlands, Spinoza and Grotius; but Germany alone had nothing to offer, so that the scoffers took it for granted that the Germans had no talent for philosophy. The time may be nearer than the scoffers imagine when America will have her Leibnitz and Lessing, her Kant, Fichte and Hegel."

Of great interest is the chapter on the universities, in which Professor Münsterberg has a subject on which he is preeminently qualified to speak, being equipped with what might be called esoteric knowledge, and the comparisons he makes between American and German universities being based on an unusual familiarity with the inner workings of institutions of learning on both sides of the ocean. He considers that, in comparing the intellectual development of our country with that of Germany, it is necessary to remember that the periods occupied by the various stages of progress are much longer in the latter case than in the former.

"The primitive times of the Teutons, from the days of Tacitus to the Christianization under Charlemagne about the year 800, would thus correspond to the century and a half from the discovery of America to the Puritanization of 1630; the next period, covering seven hundred years, and ending with the emancipation of Germany from Rome, covers in America another century and a half, ending with the emancipation of the colonies from England; the Reformation was followed by a period of three hundred years, embracing the Thirty Years' War, the literary revival of the eighteenth century, the downfall of Napoleon, the war of German liberation; and here again the Americans reproduce a similar movement in ninety years—years of war in the beginning of the nineteenth century, a literary revival in the middle, followed by the war of secession, and finally by peace."

Without following our author further, it may suffice to say that he finally comes to the point that, in matters of the higher education and original research, there has been a greater movement in America during the past ten years than in Germany during the past fifty.

In apparent contradiction of this train of thought, he says, later on, that, in judging American productions in the highest regions, Germans are inclined to adopt a false standard: having in mind the greatest names in philosophy, they point to Kant and Schopenhauer, Fichte and Hegel, and ask, What have the Americans to set against these names? But as America's scientific and philosophic productiveness is a matter of the past twenty or thirty years, the proper comparison is with what Germany has done during the same period, and we shall find that great men are as rare there as they are here. Professor Münsterberg cites a great number of Americans eminent for their services to science and philosophy, and selects for especial commendation a few of his Harvard colleagues. Royce's work, 'The World and the Individual,' he says, "is perhaps the most important systematic conception of the world which our time has produced." William James he pronounces, next to Wundt, the most important psychologist of the present day.

There are other comparisons with Germany. The Germans are sparing of time and labor in the schools, but wasteful of both at the universities; the Americans waste much time in the schools, but make the fullest use of it at the universities. As regards the rapidity of service in public libraries, our author quotes the saying of Brooks Adams that in the Paris National Library it takes an hour to get a book, in the British Museum half an hour, and in the Congressional Library at Washington five minutes; and then adds that in Germany it usually takes half a day.

In his judgments on literature he follows the lead of most foreign critics in assigning a high place to Poe and Whitman. The latter he puts before all others, and finds in him some resemblance to Nietzsche. Speaking of the arts, he says that, in the art of painting, as in many other realms, the United States has gone through three stages—from provincialism to cosmopolitanism, and then to nationalism, and is just now in the transition from the second stage to the third. In praising the work of Sargent and of Whistler, he says that they are, in the main, portrait painters, while the true American artistic expression is found in landscape; furthermore, Sargent and Whistler speak the language of Europe, but America is beginning to speak a language of her own.

The fourth part of the work, given over to social phenomena, in which is exhibited the working of the spirit of self-assertion, develops two of the author's favorite theories: the supremacy of the American woman, and the growth of American aristocracy. His views about women are familiar to American readers of his 'American Traits.' He considers the American woman to be the consummate flower of American civilization. Nevertheless, he recognizes that her position of supremacy

entails certain drawbacks to the common weal. While the half-educated American man will refrain from passing judgment on matters outside of his sphere, every quarter-educated American woman is ready to give her opinion on every subject under the sun. In no other civilized country do quackery, patent medicines, and Christian Science bear such sway; the phalanx of quarter-educated women fights for them.

In his views on American social relations, on equality, on aristocratic tendencies, the author indulges his tastes for fanciful and paradoxical assumptions, which are, however, permissible in dealing with a subject which every man looks at from the point of view of his personal experience and impressions, and on which one opinion is as good as another. He has many acute observations. Speaking of the prejudice against the negro race, he says that it is not racial, but social. The prejudice is really stronger in the North than in the South. The Southern people are accustomed to see negroes about them, and have no objection to them except that they will not admit their social equality. No Southerner would enter the dining-room of a hotel if he saw a negress sitting at one of the tables; but if she has a little white child with her whose nurse she appears to be, she is at once recognized as a household servant, and her presence ceases to be objectionable.

There are many other topics which Professor Münsterberg views in an original way that may prove suggestive to his American readers. He is of the opinion that the Monroe Doctrine has outlived its usefulness, and will ultimately be abandoned, provided no European Power is rash enough to attack it. His reasons have much force. Briefly summed up, they are, first, that the supposed contrast between the free institutions of the American continent and the absolutism of Europe is a figment. The governments of the western European nations are far superior to those of the so-called South American republics. Secondly, as a defence against European aggression, the Monroe Doctrine has no value. The United States has become so powerful that it is absurd to suppose that the acquisition by a European Power of a small tract of land in South America can be attended with peril. We have a boundary line extending for three thousand miles from ocean to ocean with our traditional enemy, and it has never involved us in hostilities. What danger can arise if Italy or Holland should plant a colony in some South American State? Thirdly, it would be greatly to our interest if English or German colonists introduced civilization into some of the South American States and created a new outlet for our commerce.

Judging the book as a whole, the salient feature of it—one which meets the reader on every page—is its unfailing optimism. Everything is seen to be for the best in the best of all possible republics. Even institutions which some Americans regard as accidental excrescences and which others consider to be evils to be abolished, are praised as necessary outgrowths of the American character. The author finds it quite proper and necessary that national politics should be concerned with the government of cities, that a member of Congress should be a resident of the district he represents, that members of the Cabinet should have no seat in Congress, etc. Political corruption and civil-service abuses he views with an indulgent eye, as transient evils which have been much exaggerated. The sensational newspapers have in him a defender who finds their offensive features palliated by commendable qualities which have escaped the scrutiny of less charitable observers. Wherever other men see dark and threatening clouds, he sees only the silver lining. Whether the question be of the aggressiveness of the Trusts or of the pretensions of the labor unions, he is equally hopeful of a pacific solution. In short, whatever is, is right; if it were not right, how could it possibly exist in so favored a land? As they say in the "Mikado," "You are right, and we are right, and everything is as right as right can be."

Of course, it is easy to see that this optimism, in so far as it is not the result of the atmosphere in which the author lives, arises in a measure from his desire to combat the prejudices of his German readers and to present his subject in a favorable light. Although undoubtedly desirous of giving an impartial account, he is nevertheless unconsciously an advocate. It is the business of an advocate to present his own side and to let the opposing advocate present the other. As an exposition of everything that can be said in favor of the American people and as a storehouse of valuable information, Professor Münsterberg's work is assuredly a remarkable and valuable performance—a monument of industry and of good will.

HOGARTH'S ARABIA.

The Penetration of Arabia: A Record of the Development of Western Knowledge concerning the Arabian Peninsula. By David George Hogarth, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.S.A. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1904. Pp. xiv, 360; 54 illustrations and maps.

There goes a peculiar ease of mind to the reading of the story of the exploration of Arabia, for, until now, it has been of exploration simply. Since Alexander in his last days planned a coastal march round the peninsula to Egypt—a march which almost certainly would have baffled even his genius—and Ælius Gallus carried out his gigantic failure, European conquest or exploitation has had nothing to do with the home of the Arab race. Egypt has made raids into the interior; Turkey holds garrisons round the coast; England has imposed the *pax Britannica* on the Persian Gulf, and drawn the teeth of the pirates of Bahrein, Oman, and Hadramaut; but here there need be no shrinking from such a record of disgrace as forms almost universally the closing chapters of the contact between the civilization of Europe and a stationary race. Solitary travellers have come and gone through Arabia's wastes, over her mountains, in her cities; merchants have traded with her coasts; scholars have given their days and nights to unravelling her history, her geography, her life in large and little; from her has gone forth the most abiding change and influence since the Christian era, but Arabia remains untouched, unaffected, nourishing her peoples in the old ways, a multitudinous but tremendous unity known through fourteen centuries and spread over a million and a quarter square miles.

Nor is it likely that the future holds anything different. The Arab race is neither "nigger" nor "native," in the intolerant Anglo-Saxon phrases, though much negro blood has poured into it. It will never be subject, and it will follow its own paths and retain its own identity as unchangingly as have the Jews. Nor is there anything in the land itself to allure. The tales of gold in Midian and of gems and spices in Yemen have failed. The wealth of Arabia was never its own; it acted as agent for the farther and the gorgeous East, holding that not in fee, but passing on alien merchandise. And so the case will always stand. The Turkish Government will continue its railway down the pilgrim road to Mecca. England will run another from Egypt across the desert to the head of the Persian Gulf. These will be but through-routes and strategic lines. Arabia geographic they will do little more than touch, and Arabia national may use them, but certainly will not be used by them. They will not affect land or people more than the Roman or Byzantine *viæ stratæ* of the pre-Muslim time, which gave a word to Arabic and a theological concept to Islam, but touched in no whit the Arab people.

In truth, then, the exploration of Arabia is almost as purely of simple scientific interest as the struggle to reach the poles. Only at one point, it may fairly be said, does anything else enter. Arabia is not only the home of the Arab race; it holds also, but easily accessible and near the coast, the two sacred cities of Islam. Over these there may well be struggles in the future, and it is a large chance that England will have to add them to her burdens; but the district where they lie, al-Hijaz, is historically easy of separation from the rest of the country, and a European garrison there might mean for the Arabs little more than does that at Aden. For Islam, it is true, the effect would be portentous, but Arabia and Islam are two absolutely separate things. It is easily conceivable that an event which would send a quiver through all the rest of the Muslim world would hardly move at all the tribesmen of the desert.

But, however such visions may shape themselves into reality, the reading of Mr. Hogarth's book bears with it no memories or fears of the wrongs that fall on inferior races. Deadly, often, has it been for the explorer, but the people are as they were found. It is a record of study and research in geography and sociology—nothing more. To a geographer, therefore, it has happily fallen. The only pity is that Mr. Hogarth is no Arabist, and all untranslated sources were closed to him. Those, too, so far translated are of very minor value—mere traditional sketches, without first-hand knowledge—and one, even, of these seems to have escaped him: the German translation by Wüstenfeld of the introduction by al-Bakri to his geographical lexicon. The haunted well of Barahout, also, and the legended city of Irem have evidently for him no special meaning. Nor does he notice the curious narrative which Sprenger translates in his 'Leben Mohammeds,' describing an actual eruption in one of the *harrat*, and using the exact words, suggestive for the Biblical story, that it was "as a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night." D. H. Müller's 'Bürgen und Schlösser Südarabiens' seems also to have

been unknown to him; it would have opened much of the treasure still hidden in the Arabic text of al-Hamdani. The records of European travellers, on the other hand, are treated most exhaustively. The only serious omission is of Wallin's complete journal and letters (Helsingfors, 1864-1866, 4 vols.); their Swedish garb, it is true, renders them inaccessible to most. Robertson Smith, too, got as far, at least, as Taïf, and described his travels in a series of letters to the Edinburgh *Scotsman;* these, however, were not given permanent form. On the puzzling figure of Ali Bey some further light might have been found in Budgett Meakin's books on Morocco. It is a slight detail that S. M. Zwemer was not a missionary to the Jews (p. 195), but one of the pioneer missionaries to the Arabs themselves.

To come to Mr. Hogarth's general treatment, it is simple and satisfactory. The broad geographical features of the land are made abundantly plain with a certain amount of iteration, being developed gradually as the explorers penetrate and cross them. There is no attempt at a systematic portrayal of the whole; no geography of Arabia is here written. The nearest approach to that is where the regions still unexplored are limited and their problems defined. For the rest, we follow the travellers and see with their eyes, appreciating, it is true, more exactly than they could the day's work of each. This process is divided—not very necessarily—into two parts; first, the pioneers; second, from the middle of last century, their successors. After some brief account of Arabia as known to the ancients, rightly appreciative of the knowledge of Ptolemy, we have Varthema and the Portuguese, ending with Arabia in the map of D'Anville (1755). This is the end of the period of tradition, fragmentary chance reports, and darkness. A very few years (1762) saw Niebuhr in Yemen, and the modern exploration begun. Then the names come fast—Ali Bey, Seetzen, Pinati—if he be worthy of mention in this company—and, finally, under the guard of Muhammad Ali's campaign against the Wahhabites, Burckhardt, equal in fame with Niebuhr.

With the Egyptian march into Nejd the country was now fairly opened, and a multitude of little narratives of exploration, of purpose and without, followed, but the next name of moment is that of Wallin, the Finn, who crossed and recrossed the centre, and rendered possible the map and description of Ritter, which are still authoritative, though compiled more than fifty years ago. So fruitful was Wallin's work, and so little advance have his followers made. Yet the roll of their names is long; this barren land has had the strangest and most potent attraction for all types of wanderers. Burton, Palgrave, Sadlier, Euting, Huber, Halévy, Glaser, the Blunts, Nolde, Guarmani, Doughty, Von Wrede, Von Maltzan, Snouck Hurgronje, Stern, Harris, Hirsch, Pelly—such are some of the adventurers, and to each his place is very fairly assigned in these pages. The value of Burton's 'Pilgrimage' is perhaps somewhat minimized. His route was not untravelled, but the picture he has given is unmatched for clearness and life. The treatment of the enigmatic Palgrave is excellent. The slightness of his real results is shown. He was distinctly imaginative, but he was not the "d——d liar" of Robertson Smith, nor did he deserve "das denkbar vernichtendste Urtheil" of Socin. The relations of Euting and Huber and their results for the Teima stone are made plain; perhaps Euting's geniality is hardly fairly brought out. Halévy and Glaser have the full justice done to them which they have not always received. The social insight of the Blunts, too, amateurish as their work often is, is honored, and the value of their geographical observations developed. Nolde's interest lay in horses and camels and in the politics of Nejd, and to geography he paid little attention. Guarmani's phenomenal journeys have justice here probably for the first time in English; the rarity of his Italian record has obscured his merit. Doughty's fame was fixed from the publication of his great work—truly the greatest on nomad Arabia; but the appreciation here is exact and ample. The credibility of Von Wrede is rightly upheld, though no one has again seen his quicksands; but no account is taken of the more than doubt on the story of Keane. Pelly's narration has had too little attention, and the description here of its businesslike definiteness is good. As an army officer and consul turned geographer, he compares favorably, in his daring ride, with Sadlier, first crosser of the continent as the latter was. Finally, Snouck Hurgronje did little for geography, but much for the normal town life in Mecca.

In all this the geographical interest is naturally supreme. The plan of the book and Mr. Hogarth's lack of Arabic learning have debarred him from any considerable wanderings. When he does go afield, little slips are apt to occur. The "ihram" is not one garment, but two (p. 92). Niebuhr's statement (p. 72) of the attitude of the Wahhabites to the doctrine of the nature of the Qur'an is most unhappy; the Danish engineer was a prince among explorers, but no theologian. Burckhardt's success in the rôle of a learned Muslim was not as great as Mr. Hogarth suggests. Lane has told us how his Cairo friends would never give him even the title of "shaykh"; his habit of whistling—always unlucky as the speech of the Jinn—effectually prevented that. Soon after his death, too, there grew up a legend that the shaykhs of the Azhar had discovered that he was a secret "Rafidite"—a very extreme form of Shi'ite heretic. They examined him and found the names of the first three Khalifas written in contempt on the soles of his feet. That, of course, was enough, and he was put to death. Plainly, his standing in orthodox Cairo could not have been remarkable.

In illustration, an abundance of reproductions (photographic evidently and often very dim) of maps, plans, portraits, and views is given. The maps are all of high interest, ranging from Sprenger's reconstruction of that of Ptolemy down, and the portraits are often very striking. One of Burton in his younger days shows how he was called "Father of moustachios." Wallin, from a picture in the possession of the University of Helsingfors, where he died as professor of Arabic, is a figure of character and impressiveness; Niebuhr, shrewd, open-eyed, pigtailed, needs only a china-bowled pipe and a flowered dressing-gown to be a *Grossvater* in a Jean Paul romance; Lady Anne Blunt, from Molony's painting, is painfully libelled. Two new maps are added, one geographical and the other of land-surface features. Both are somewhat small and necessarily incomplete. It would be a grateful labor if Mr. Hogarth would collaborate with an Arabist and give us a thorough map of Arabia. The latest Stieler map to which he refers is by no means a success, and the adventure is yet open. Only, in any such attempt, the unexplored parts should be carefully indicated. As it is, we have painfully to trace explorers' routes and make a guess at their range of information on either side. The map of Arabia must still be defaced by many white blotches, though probably now no great secrets are hidden behind them. And there is hardly any map on which the problems of geology and geography so closely join. The nakedness of the land lies bare throughout; there is little of decent coverture to its anatomy. To explain, even to recognize and describe, its "nafud," its "harrat," is "falj" pits, its wadis and water system generally, subterranean and visible, is a task for the student of geology, not for the mere triangulator and contour-sketcher. So even Wallin did not recognize the lava of a "harra," though he remarked innocently enough that it had "very much the appearance of cinders." For this task Mr. Hogarth is evidently amply fitted, and we trust he will permit it to be urged upon him. He needs only a collaborator who is familiar with Hamdani, Bakri, Yaqut, and the rest—a somewhat hard requirement, it must be admitted.

Forms of English Poetry. By Charles F. Johnson. American Book Co. 1904.

The title of this book is deceptive, for the word "form" as a technical term in treatises on poetry usually refers to the rhythmical of metrical form considered as sound merely, the author himself so using the word in the heading of his eighth chapter, "The French Forms." Yet in six of the eight divisions under which poems are here classified, the classification is on the basis, not of form, but of subject or treatment. Mr. Johnson recognizes this inconsistency on page 355, when he says of romance and epic, "It is only in a broad sense that they can be called poetic forms, since they are not at all distinguished by verbal embodiment."

The book is addressed not to those seeking to learn how to write verse, nor to those wishing to give instruction in prosody, but to young minds supposed to know little or nothing about poetry, yet to be capable of being interested in it. The first chapter, on rhythmic units, gives a concise treatment rather better than most such abstracts, containing few misleading statements and much pithy information. It should help any inquiring mind and is an attractive presentation of its subject. The historical method employed in the eight chapters succeeding is not so flagrantly overdone as in several recent books on poetics, yet it can but repel students. It involves many repetitions—a few necessary, some advisable, and others wearisome—and it leads to altogether too much emphasis on the earlier and too little on the more recent poets. The book would be bettered by two omissions. The analysis of "In Memoriam" (pp. 212-222) is likely to repel the tyro it might inform, and can hardly inform the poetry-lover it will not repel. Still more ill-judg-

ed are the trivial and uninstructive citations of Russian folk-tales and the wry-necked comments on them which fill pages 338-348 inclusive. These songs have little relation to any sort of epic, none to epic in English, and they obscure rather than illumine the treatment of that kind of poetic composition.

On page 12 we read: "Judging from the analogy of music, it seems highly probable that the time-beat of the accented syllables in a line of English poetry is exact. That is, that if in a normal reading we strike twenty accents in a minute, each would be one-twentieth of a minute apart—all would be equally spaced." This statement we regard as misleading. Greatly overworked is the analogy of music as an explainer of the phenomena of English verse. Still to be settled by some yet uninvented process of the physiological or psychological laboratory, the facts elude demonstration. The demonstration is quite likely to be that the time intervals of English verse accents are only approximately equal.

The chapter on the French forms is fairly good, yet neither in text nor in examples does it give any clue to the origin of the triolet in dramatic dialogue, nor to the proper significance of its repetitions. In what is said of the sestina there is much false doctrine. Kipling's "Sestina of the Tramp Royal" is in the strict Provençal form as invented and exemplified by Arnaut Daniel, for the Provençal sestina was unrhymed. The example quoted on pages 320, 321, as following the Provençal standard with strictness, is after the later and more artificial French rhymed model.

Like almost all writers on English versification, Mr. Johnson is completely bewildered when in the presence of a pæonic or semipæonic lilt. He quotes on pages 31, 32 some verse in such a rhythm, and shows by his comments that he fails to detect the verities of its movement. In many histories of music, mention is made of a mediæval religious musician who gravely appended to his exposition of musical notes an asseveration of his abiding faith that the breve was the shortest possible note, and an execration of self-styled composers who held that such an unthinkably short note as a semibreve could exist. In spite of him and hosts of other such reactionaries, the world's musicians have gone on conceiving, composing, and performing music with notes continually shorter and with novel kinds of time devised to suit the shortening notes; and the end is not yet. As music developed along the line of shorter notes and more to the bar (its other lines of development do not enter into the analogy), so the variety of the rhythms of English poetry is steadily increasing by the composition of verse in metres whose characteristics are shorter absolute and relative time to the syllable, more syllables to the foot, more unaccented or lightly accented syllables in proportion to those fully accented. Besides rhythms with one or two unaccented syllables to each foot accent, a great deal of verse has three light syllables to each heavy syllable in a considerable proportion of its feet. These rhythms are analogous to the pæonic metres of the Greeks and Romans, and there are not wanting signs that lilts of four or even five light syllables to each ictus may be composed in English. How much longer, we wonder, will the writers on versification misunderstand or ignore what the writers of verse are very generally doing?

The large amount of space allotted to quotations gave an opportunity for illumining exposition of many poets' peculiarities, and for cogent illustration of the author's contentions. But poor use has been made of it. Except in the chapter on the ode, few quotations, even among the sonnets, might not have been easily bettered by a more sympathetic knowledge of the poet's work, and a more judicious selection. This is especially true of Swinburne; and it would have been exceedingly easy to cull finer examples of most of the French forms. Also, in most instances, instead of those here printed, better sonnets, both as specimen sonnets and as exemplifications of their authors' sonnet-writing, could often have been hit upon by superior taste in gathering them. The samples of ballads given are enough to scare most neophytes permanently away from the reading of our fine old ballads. Particularly out of taste is the printing of most of Buchanan's "Judas Iscariot."

In spite of criticism made and capable of being further made, this book is admirable in spirit and generally commendable in execution. The preface is worth reading, especially the first paragraph on page 4. The observations on factors in the quality of verse-form are often well thought out and very well expressed, showing Mr. Johnson's comprehension of niceties of verse-structure and his neatness of expression. Even better than what he says of verse, his remarks on poetic worth and what makes for it, display his command of a telling phrase for a real idea. We trust that Mr. Johnson will try again and produce a larger and more comprehensive treatise. Much may be hoped of a man who can construct a definition of a poet as good as that adumbrated in the following quotation from page 26:

"The poet is endowed with the power of instinctively selecting those [syllables] which are melodious, and this power is an intimate quality of his nature. This skill is inborn and rare; there lies deep in the man a sympathy with melodious sound combinations, and his words assume them readily. To other men who have not the power of creating them, they give almost as much pleasure as they do to him. If this power is united with intellectual ability and keen perception of the emotional suggestiveness of things, we have a poet of the higher order."

Many more formal and ambitious attempts at defining what is a poet are less successful than this, and we know of few as sane and none more satisfactory.

Greater America. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. With maps. Harper & Brothers. 1904.

The "main idea of this book," the author tells us in his preface, is "Greater America [*i. e.*, the expanded United States] as a world Power," "the American peoples," and "the American ideal in the cosmogony of the world"—a rather large subject even if we suppose that Mr. Colquhoun uses the term cosmogony in some restricted sense not familiar to us. The survey embraces, of course, the Philippine question, the Cuban question, that of Canada, of "Pan-Americanism," and of the Monroe Doctrine; and the attempt is made to present "American evolution as a whole." If any one is entitled to deal with this matter, it is Mr. Colquhoun, for, "nearly twenty years ago, the writer of these lines predicted the shifting of the centre of gravity of world affairs from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean." Any one who knows twenty years in advance what is going to happen to the world's centre of gravity is entitled to a respectful hearing in any branch of evolution as to which he chooses to lift up his voice, and we have accordingly examined this volume with some care to find out if possible what the future has in store for us.

We have been unsuccessful. Whether the fault be in us or in our author, we can discover little save tame commonplace description and criticism, mixed with a good deal of friendly warning; but no revelation of the future at all. Where is the centre of gravity of world affairs to be twenty years hence? Are we to become a great colonizing power? How large a navy do we need? Must we have Canada, and how soon? Does the Monroe Doctrine mean whatever we like to have it mean, or not? When we gaze into the future, these are some of the questions which confront us, and which we hoped Mr. Colquhoun would solve; but he does nothing of the kind.

What he has to say is worth reading, but will not prove of much comfort for expansionists. His main thesis is that what we ought to do with the Philippines is what Great Britain has done with India—establish justice, make good roads, govern through a trained civil service, make life and property secure and the country prosperous; meantime allowing the natives "every privilege consonant with their own welfare." Now why should not we adopt a similar policy in the Philippines? Partly because we feel bound to try to give them "liberty," *i. e.*, the power of governing themselves, and believe that, self-government and democratic institutions once attained, all the other blessings will follow. This, our author implies, is all very well in theory, but will not work in practice. We should keep self-government for ourselves, as Englishmen do, and give the Filipinos the government suited to them. Not having done this, "we are bound to be somewhat disappointed with results so far as we can trace them." Mr. Colquhoun's whole chapter on the Philippines is a sermon on this text. Instead of providing the country with a sound political machine and a trained governing class and good courts, we have been trying to "assimilate" the Filipinos, *i. e.*, make them into imitation Americans. The reason we do this, of course, is that it is the only way we have ever tried before, or know anything about. We have "assimilated" Texas and California; why not the Philippines? Because Texas and California have been peopled by ourselves, and the Philippines never can be. But we cannot escape from our own ideal. It haunts us wherever we go, and compels us in the Philippines to pretend to behave as if we were in Massachusetts.

The consequence is that the Philippine venture satisfies nobody. It fails to satisfy us, because we are conscious that we are masquerading as imperialists; it fails to satisfy the Filipinos, because they do not understand what we are trying to do with them; it fails to satisfy genuine imperialists like Mr. Colquhoun, for reasons

which he states quite plainly. Only Anti-Imperialists can derive much comfort from his book, which may be taken, perhaps, as an indication of the tendency of the tide of "imperial thought" to subside into rational channels. Of course there is the usual hopeful suggestion that we are a great people, and shall be sure to find a way out of every difficulty; but we knew this long before imperialism was heard of.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bachellér, Irving. Vergilius. Harper & Bros. $1.35.
Conant, Charles A. Wall Street and the Country. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
Dirr's Colloquial Egyptian-Arabic Grammar. Translated by W. H. Lyall. London and New York: Henry Frowde. 4s. net.
Dyer, Louis. Machiavelli and the Modern State. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Gardner, Edmund G. Dukes and Poets of Ferrara. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.
Jastrow, Morris, jr. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. Part 6. Giessen: J. Ricker. Marks 1.50.
Lexis, W. History and Organization of Public Education in the German Empire. Translated from the German by G. J. Tamson. Berlin: A. Asher & Co.
Molee, Elias. Tutonish. (An international language). Published by the author at Tacoma, Wash. 40 cents.
Naillen, A. van der. Balthazer the Magnus. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
Radcliffe, Francis R. Y., and Miles, J. C. Cases Illustrating the Principles of the Law of Torts. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Starr, Frederick. The Ainu Group at the St. Louis Exposition. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

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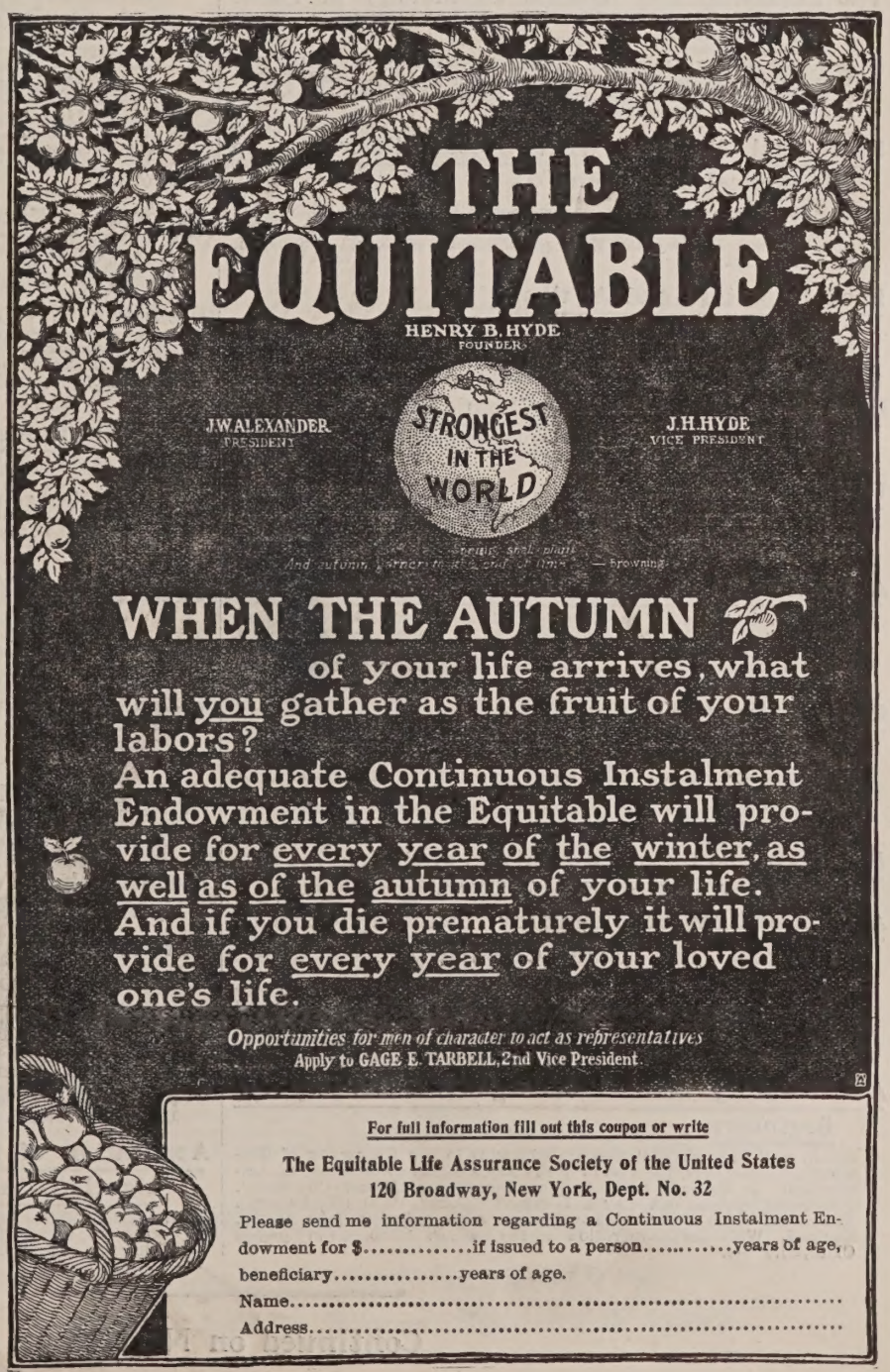
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1904.

The Week.

By his letter to Mr. John G. Milburn, Judge Parker has given precision to his attitude on the question of Philippine independence. Says the Democratic candidate: "You are entirely right in assuming that, as I employed the phrase 'self-government,' it was intended to be identical with independence, political and territorial." And he adds: "But to take away all possible opportunity for conjecture, it shall be made clear in the letter of acceptance that I am in hearty accord with that plank in the Democratic platform which advocates treating the Filipinos precisely as we did the Cubans. . . ." Mr. Parker has thus dared to use the word "independence," against which indiscretion Secretary Taft and President Roosevelt have so solemnly warned the country. We venture to assert not only that the Philippine heavens will not fall in consequence, but that Mr. Parker's utterance, by opening for the Filipinos the door of hope so mercilessly closed by President McKinley in 1899, will do more to establish friendly relations between them and Americans than any single action of Mr. McKinley and his successor.

One of the most paradoxical theories regarding the outcome of the campaign which we have yet seen is ventilated by no less an authority than the Hartford *Courant*. It is, in brief, that the stronger the candidate put up by the Opposition, the better Roosevelt's chances will be. The steps of the reasoning are these: The better the Democratic candidate, the less will business be unsettled. The less business is unsettled, the less inclined will the people be for a change. It works out as beautifully as the old problem of Achilles and the hare, but we fear it is not the theory on which Mr. Roosevelt's managers are proceeding. A somewhat close examination of Republican speeches, editorials, and cartoons, fails to reveal an instance in which the Democracy is portrayed as on a parity with the Grand Old Party. Partisan pens and pencils must be sacrificing votes by the thousand in their desperate efforts to convince the country that the Democrats are not to be trusted. According to the *Courant's* theory, the surest way to make Roosevelt votes is to praise Parker. This may be good metaphysics, but it is not good politics. The Republican dismay at having to confront a Democracy with neither free-silver horns nor a Populistic tail to seize hold of, recalls Mark Twain's story of the champion bulldog whose only tactics in a fight were to shut his teeth on his enemy's hind leg. This dog overcame all rivals for years, but met defeat finally at the teeth of a dog whose hind legs had been cut off by a circular saw.

A pretty sharp ear is needed to detect a "keynote" in Thursday night's Democratic ratification meeting in Brooklyn. The occasion and the speakers were such as to furnish opportunity for "one clear note" regarding the tariff. But vibrant the utterances were not. All winter long the efforts of the Democratic leaders in Congress were bent on narrowing the issue of the coming election down to the tariff. Their success was such that one Republican leader after another frankly admitted, prior to the Chicago Convention, that the issue was in truth to be what Mr. John Sharp Williams had been striving so hard to make it. The two platforms were drawn in recognition of the fact that a sharp distinction existed between the aims of the two parties regarding the tariff. The Republican plank contained these categorical statements: "Protection, which guards and develops our industries, is a cardinal policy of the Republican party"; "we insist upon the maintenance of the principles of protection." The Democratic platform was even more vigorous. It declared that "the Democratic party has been and will continue to be the consistent opponent of that class of tariff legislation by which certain interests have been permitted, through Congressional favor, to draw a heavy tribute from the American people." And it added: "We denounce protection as a robbery of the many to enrich the few, and we favor a tariff limited to the needs of the Government, economically administered." But listen to Edward M. Shepard, who presided at Brooklyn. He said that the Democratic nominees stand for a sincere and persistent effort to reform the tariff, and especially to abolish or reduce those duties the plain effect of which is "not to extend or diversify American industry." How striking the contrast to the St. Louis declaration!

The movement to nominate ex-Senator Vilas as Governor of Wisconsin is one of the first signs we have had that the Democrats of the State are awake to the extraordinary opportunity which the situation in that State gives them. It shows at least that they are looking for a man of a type to command independent support. To nominate George W. Peck of "Bad Boy" fame, whose two elections as Governor were due to an issue long since dead, would be a serious mistake. As for the ex-Postmaster-General, he has unquestionably been, in the course of his public career, extremely unpopular in his own State, but his courageous stand against his party in 1896 may have won recognition in a State that rejected Bryanism by overwhelming majorities, while his eight years of retirement from active politics may have softened old-time animosities. At all events, the merest expediency demands the nomination by the Democrats of a high-class candidate who can attract conservative men of both parties. The Radicals will be with La Follette, while the corporate interests and hide-bound adherents of the older order will be against him in any case. The balance of power will undoubtedly lie with those voters who are not frightened by either of the conflicting cries of "octopus" and "demagogue."

We commend to all our readers, without distinction of party or sex, the long catalogue of virtues with which Secretary Taft on Friday garnished his Montpelier eulogy of President Roosevelt. The President lacks pride of opinion, is amenable to reason, anxious to reach just conclusions, quick of apprehension, changes his opinions readily if the facts demand, believes in doing things, loves physical exercise, considers that brain and muscle were given for use; is an American, a patriot; loves his wife and children; sympathizes with labor and capital alike; hates shams; is anxious to avoid war. Of such is the Presidential kingdom of heaven. Mr. Taft's attitude towards Filipino independence, generous as his words are in many respects, is that of a man who regards independence as an evil. Dwelling upon the duty of educating the Filipinos for self-government —a task requiring a century or more, he has said on other occasions—he adds:

> "Then, if they desire independence, let them have it. But if we bring them in behind the tariff wall, if they see that association with the United States is beneficial to them, as I verily believe it will be, it is quite unlikely that they will desire full independence. It is quite likely they will prefer that association which exists between England and Australia or between England and Canada."

That is, Mr. Taft has no hope that the Philippines will become States of the Union, and he evidently thinks a completely independent status should be avoided. Here we have the real point of party cleavage in the matter. The Republicans regard the possession of these islands as a piece of good luck; they keep the future an open question, because, moved by false national pride and hope of commercial profit, they decide to shape our insular policy towards the permanent retention of the archipelago. The Democrats, on the con-

trary, regard our presence in the Philippines as a misfortune, and, believing that their independence is for their good and ours, would promise them independence, and shape the colonial government to hasten that end.

The fight which the Massachusetts Democrats are making for tariff reform is a real fight, not a sham. Like the Jews of old, each man is building over against his own house. The party orators are eschewing the platitudes that have so long done service, and are appealing to the self-interest of the people they address. They are, in fact, following in the steps of the Republican "friends of protection." But no tariff "stand-patter" ever made a more powerful appeal to local self-interest in behalf of a Chinese trade wall than was made on Saturday at Cambridge for freer trade with the outside world. One of the speakers at a big rally asked Cambridge what had become of its large glass-manufacturing industry. "Your glass-works," he said, "have met the same fate that overtook the glass-works in Sandwich and South Boston, and today the glass industry has practically ceased to exist in the State of Massachusetts." And what, he added, has become of the Gilmore rolling-mill, the Bay State Metal Works, the Standard Brass Company, the Damon Safe Company? Where, too, are the twenty-four furniture factories that did business in Cambridge less than twenty years ago? What drove Geldowsky, the Badgers, the Doe-Hunnewell concern, Rourke & Kennedy, Graves & Phelps, and others out of existence? One answer can be given to all these questions—these great industries have passed away for want of cheap raw materials. The tariff on coal, iron, lumber, and other articles is to blame. Facts like these are stubborn things in the face of Republican arguments regarding the blessings of protection.

Newfoundland is so chagrined over our action on the Hay-Bond treaty that she is talking of retaliation. Premier Bond is unable to conceal the fact that the island has nothing to expect from this country, and that consequently it would be only a reasonable change of attitude for the Newfoundlanders to put themselves on their defence. The action that is hinted is a withdrawal of the bait privileges from American fishermen. This, it is asserted, would be highly disastrous to the New England fisheries. All the squid, caplin, and herring used for bait are caught, it is claimed, in Newfoundland waters, and only there. "Just why this is true," exclaims the correspondent of an American paper, "has puzzled many a learned body of scientific inquirers." There is one person, however, whom it has not puzzled—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. That stout opponent of the Hay-Bond treaty disposed of the bait question in short order in his recent Canadian reciprocity speech. American fishermen, he declared, "do not care whether Newfoundland refuses them bait or not, for with modern refrigerating arrangements they can supply themselves perfectly well from Eastport or Gloucester." The Senator failed to tell us where Eastport and Gloucester are to get the bait to put into the refrigerators; he perhaps figures that we can produce anything in this country if we only tax it high enough.

The effect of the new Canadian duty on steel rails will be studied with keen interest in the United States. In 1903 the Dominion enacted a duty of $7 a ton, which was to go into effect "when satisfactory evidence was furnished to the Government that rails of the best quality were being made in Canada in sufficient quantity to supply the ordinary demand." The measure now goes into force because, as is alleged, a rail mill is at last in successful operation at Sault Ste. Marie. The new duty is subject to the British preferential, and will not apply to rails actually contracted for abroad at this date. It will not, in short, shut out the rails which our mills have recently been selling to Canadian roads at about $19 a ton. But will it prevent further "dumping" by American mills? Rails are nominally $28 in this country, but large purchasers are believed to be paying about $25, or $6 more than has been charged across the line. Adding the new $7 duty to $19, the result is $26. But this is not all. Mr. Fielding's new "anti-dumping" regulation provides that all goods imported at special concessions shall be taxed at their full value in the original market, and in addition shall pay a duty equal to the difference between the "dumping" price and that charged to consumers in the producing country. This special tax cannot, however, amount to more than half the ordinary customs duty, and in the case of certain commodities it is restricted to 15 per cent. of the latter. It looks on the face as if American rails must hereafter, on the basis of a "dumping" price of $19, cost in Canada considerably more than the price paid by roads this side of the line.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions is melancholy reading. "It is indeed sorrowful to contemplate," as Commissioner Ware says, "that the number of deaths among the soldier-pensioners for the year was 31,728," and the effect is heightened by the statement that 47,000 are expected to die in the next twelve months. But there are other things in the report to occasion melancholy feelings; such, for instance, as the fact that, though the number of pensioners declined from 996,545 to 994,762, the amount paid increased from $137,759,653 to $141,093,571. That is, with 1,783 fewer names on his books, Commissioner Ware paid out $3,333,935 more in money. Let us hope that an increase of more than 15,000 deaths in the present fiscal year will not have an effect upon future pension disbursements proportionate in any measure to that resulting from the decrease in the list of names last year. The report has, of course, something to say about the arbitrary increase in the size of pensions on account of advancing age. Evidently Executive Order No. 78 did not have time before the close of the last fiscal year really to display its beneficent character. Under it 47,109 claims were filed by June 30, and in the last three months of the year 18,627 claims were allowed. Of these, 8,761 were $2 increases, "and the time was so short between filing and adjudication" that the payments due prior to July 1 amounted to less than $90,000. In other words, it was impossible in the time at its disposal for the pension department to use up more than so much of the $1,500,000 voted by Congress to carry out Order No. 78, and the balance had to go back again into the Treasury. Plainly, the order will have to do better than this, or it will be regarded with contempt by the Grand Army of the Republic. In fact, that organization, at its Boston meeting a fortnight ago, urged the keeping up of the good fight for service-pension legislation just as if Order No. 78 had never been issued. Is it convinced that, after all, legislative law is better than executive law?

The establishment of food laboratories in connection with the custom houses here and at other ports is decidedly for the interest of importers. It is possible to enforce the food laws just as strictly by sending samples to Washington and keeping every shipment waiting at the port until the analysis is made; but with an adequate force of chemists on the spot, delays and vexations of this kind can be avoided. It is now a little more than a year since the law relating to foreign food products went into effect, and in that time, through general knowledge of the requirements on the part of shippers, the percentage of inadmissible food and drink from abroad has been decreased from 22 to 15. The law is rather a curious one, and not altogether just, as, for instance, in the provision which may shut out German sausage from our ports because Germany excludes ours; but the good it has done and will do must be great. Its faults are those which could hardly be avoided in a measure that was made partly retaliatory to suit the American manufacturer, and partly hygienic to protect the home consumer. It is a good illustration of the motives that determine legislation, that the dif-

ficulty which our products had in entering foreign markets promptly engendered a national food law covering products from abroad, which years of agitation have not secured with reference to the home market.

Insufficient attention has been given by the press to the conclusion of the Government board named to investigate the subject of the control of wireless telegraphy in this country. The composition of the board was such that a recommendation for Government control was expected. Nor was the expectation disappointed. All supervision and control is vested in the hands of the War, Navy, and Agricultural Departments. In certain cases, it is admitted that private stations are desirable, but these are to be licensed and carefully supervised. The report states further that the maintenance of a complete coastwise system of wireless telegraphy is necessary for the economical management of our fleets in time of peace and their efficient manœuvring in time of war. Here, then, is the first step towards the Government control of telegraphs. If private capital is to be excluded from this field, we see no logical reason why the Government should not similarly manage the telegraphs and telephones—on the plea that the economical and efficient management of our army requires it.

As for the notion that the Government can manage any such business enterprise economically, it is of course preposterous. As the *Electrical World and Engineer* says: "We can imagine the word 'economical' being interpolated by a political member of the board with a sly wink at his fellows." The pretence, too, that control of wireless telegraphy is needed in time of peace will not bear examination. Private stations would doubtless contract to handle all naval and military messages at a low rate and give them precedence over all other business. In time of war the stations would naturally pass at once into Federal hands, precisely as the telegraph and cable lines are subject to military supervision after the outbreak of hostilities. All this is so obvious that the technical journal quoted is quite justified in hoping that "the insistence of the Government board on the practical elimination of all civilian elements from its wireless plans does not imply that in this country a Continental military spirit, suspicious of civilian classes, is in process of development." Certainly, there is ground here for a careful inquiry by Congress when that body meets again, particularly in view of the rumored approval of the board's decision by the Washington authorities.

This time it is a bishop, Warren A. Candler, who, in last week's *Independent*, brings good news of the Cuban republic. His recent visit to the island was his seventh. "The order," he finds, "is good, and life and property are as secure as anywhere. The Administration of President Tomas Estrada Palma is commended on all sides." While not a brilliant man, Mr. Palma has had applied to him two adjectives not associated with his friend in the White House—wise and prudent. The veto power he has used admirably, killing a measure—to cite one example—which exempted members of Congress from the ordinary processes of law. The Congressman in whose favor this bill was passed had murdered a man in Santiago. Now he is in prison serving a four years' term, and Bishop Candler asks whether the administration of justice would have been as swift in our own country. President Palma's veto of the lottery bill, the Bishop properly contrasts with Gen. Wood's granting a "ten-year concession to that shameless institution of gambling, the Jai Alai," which "would not be tolerated in any city of the United States for one hour. Nor would it be tolerated by the Cuban Congress and President Palma if they could help themselves. But when they indicated a purpose to undo the nefarious concession, the Platt amendment has been shaken in their faces, and they have been told it is an act of the 'intervening Government' which is covered and protected by that famous amendment." The Bishop favors a Congressional investigation.

That what amounts to a Papal benediction upon the United States should be conferred thorugh the press agencies is thoroughly characteristic of new-style international relations. As for the conference between Pius X. and Cardinal Satolli, who has just returned from his American mission, it is significant not only for what it says of this country, but also for what it allows to be inferred about France. When his Holiness speaks of those who cause him grief, when he commends with enthusiasm the liberty accorded the Church in the United States, it is very evident that he is thinking of the quarrel between the Church and the French Republic. If he entertained any immediate hope of a reconciliation, he would hardly venture upon such rather odious international comparisons. So it may fairly be inferred from the tone of his comment on the American situation that he has deliberately incurred the contest with the French Government and is prepared to press the issue to a conclusion.

The Czar's manifesto, on the christening of the new heir to the throne, remits arrears to the state for the purchase of land and other direct imposts. This is probably making a virtue of necessity. The communes are taxed to reimburse the Government for the lands turned over to them after the emancipation of the serfs, but they are always enormously behind in their payments. Indeed, by the great ukase of 1903 the peasantry was forgiven about $72,000,000 of uncollectible taxes. The new remission should interest Russia's creditors, as the natural inference is that the measure will later on be employed as a justification for a new state loan. The abolition of corporal punishment may be, and probably is, a genuine act of grace, but, coming at this time, it is likely to be construed by many as an attempt to keep the masses, and especially the soldiery, in good humor. But the most striking feature of the Czar's manifesto is its kindliness to the Finns in the creation of a charity fund and the remission of fines for past evasions of military duty. With her hands tied in the East, Russia is, for the time being, under high pressure to dispossess her European subjects of their ill will. But possibly she is concerned about manning her navy. Her ships require Finnish sailors, and naturally she is averse to sending a lot of disaffected men to fight Admiral Togo. Even the Jew is worthy of notice; his fines for evading military service are also erased from the books. These beneficences are compatible with one phase of Emperor Nicholas's character, and have encountered no insuperable obstacle in his advisers.

Kuropatkin's strategic retreat to Liaoyang was evidently forced by Kuroki's advance upon Anping. The capture of that town by his enemy brings the right wing of the Japanese in direct contact with the Russians, and Kuroki may take his choice of several ways of reaching the river plain while Oku pounds the Russian rear from the south. There is no news at all from the most interesting territory, the Liao plain, west of the Russian main body. One would naturally expect the Japanese to repeat with their left the brilliant flanking movements with which the right has forced Kuropatkin sixty miles back from Kaiping. At last, by retreating to Liaoyang, he has got beyond Kuroki's enveloping attack. As soon as the rains permit, similar tactics can be conducted by the Japanese much more easily upon the other wing, from which direction there is yet no news. All that may safely be said is that the Japanese are now in a position to force the long-predicted general engagement, that great pressure will be brought to bear on Kuropatkin to stand firm at Liaoyang, and that a defeat at that point would likely be an irretrievable disaster for the Russians. The severity of the fighting along the Russian centre and left, as we go to press, indicates that the Japanese do not intend to stay their hand.

HILL'S RETIREMENT.

"Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." The announcement on Monday morning that David Bennett Hill is to retire from politics, that in case of Democratic success in November he will not accept office, either Federal or State, is good news. For twenty years and more Mr. Hill has owed this step to his conscience and his country, and at last he has seen fit to take it. We do not mean to say that Mr. Hill has never been guilty of a worthy act, but that, except for occasional lapses into political virtue, he has throughout his career been a malign influence. He has, with justice, been called the stormy petrel of the Democratic party.

At this time it is unnecessary to detail the achievements by which he won the appellation. His subserviency to Tweed when he was an Assemblyman, his league with the basest elements in his own party when he was Governor, his opposition to high license, his veto of bills for ballot reform, his treachery to the national ticket in 1888, his theft of the Legislature, his "snap" convention of 1892, when he tried to force himself on his party as candidate for President—all these matters and his thousand minor transgressions have been discussed at length and *ad nauseam*. The fact that, in spite of blunders and defeats, he has to this day retained a following is proof that he possesses great, though perverted, talents. Edward Murphy, jr., of Troy knows whereof he speaks when he declares Hill one of the greatest organizers the Democrats in this State have ever had. Hill has possessed an extraordinarily minute knowledge of both political machines in every election district; he has known how many votes each petty leader could command in every precinct; as a master of deals and manipulations he has had no rival among the New York Democrats of his generation. And yet, with all this remarkable ability, he has never been able to grasp the point of view of the more independent and disinterested Democrats, has never seemed able to understand why men should set principle above either self or party. He has had two ruling passions: personal ambition and the welfare of his party. He has sacrificed everything but his personal ambition for what he has regarded as party welfare, and to his ambition he has sacrificed even that.

For instances in proof of this assertion one has not far to seek. Hill's desperate attempts to secure the Presidential nomination are still vivid in the memories of all who are old enough to recall his intrigues preceding the elections of 1888 and 1892. Moreover, many of the best informed Democratic politicians are convinced that he had not abandoned hope as late as 1902, when he nominated Coler for Governor. The Democrats of the State and the delegates to the convention were indubitably for Parker; and, as the event proved, Parker could easily have carried New York against Odell. But Hill was for Coler, because Hill wanted a man whom he could surely control, and whom he could brush out of the way in case he saw a chance to seize for himself the coveted nomination for the Presidency. The ruse proved unavailing; and Hill finally reached the conclusion that he was too much hated and distrusted within and without his party to be a Presidential possibility. When he no longer could look for anything for himself, he did what he could for his party in working for the nomination of Judge Parker. He would conjure with Parker's name in order to rally the scattered and broken factions and present at St. Louis a candidate worthy of the best traditions of the Democracy. In this movement, as in that of 1902, when Hill deliberately crowded Parker out in favor of Coler, Hill has apparently had no more consideration for Parker than a mere piece in a game of chess—in 1902 a pawn; in 1904 a king. And there is no evidence that Parker has felt under special obligations to Mr. Hill; indeed, it must not be forgotten that it was to Sheehan and not to Hill that Parker sent his famous "gold telegram." Judge Parker must have realized that Hill's support was merely a confession of Hill's despair of snatching the prize for himself.

Mr. Hill's announcement, however, is proof of the futility of gossip about Hill's place in the Cabinet. Mr. Hill understands, as he now virtually acknowledges, that Judge Parker has a mind of his own, and will, in case of election, choose his own advisers. Mr. Hill has been Governor and United States Senator, and he is aware that he can expect nothing further in the way of honors. If he has kept himself informed as to the progress of the campaign throughout the country, he has seen that not only in New York State, but from Maine to California, the strongest argument against Parker has been the prominence of David Bennett Hill. Hill has been the bogeyman lurking in the background. "Judge Parker is a man of unimpeachable character," so runs the Republican editorial; "we grant him intelligence, independence, and force; but he cannot escape appointing Hill Secretary of State." Or, "Parker is all very well, and if voters were sure he would be his own man, the situation would be far different, but he cannot be anything but the creature of Hill, who made him." This elaborate card-house built up by Republican editors and spellbinders is destroyed by a breath of wind from Wolfert's Roost. Mr. Hill knows he will not be "in it," and he gives his party what help he can by a frank admission that he withdraws all pretensions to office and a voice in a potential Parker administration.

The case of Hill is like that of others of his kind. Judge Parker will receive Tammany votes, just as President Roosevelt will receive Quay machine votes in Pennsylvania. But Judge Parker will not on that account fill either the Cabinet or other offices with rag-tag and bob-tail. Indeed, Parker as President would be under the strongest inducements, as Cleveland was, to maintain a higher level than that of the preceding Administration. He would know that the return of the Democratic party to power would be a temporary success, followed by humiliating defeat, unless in economy, efficiency, and honesty he could make a striking record. He will, if elected, be confronted by a magnificent opportunity. He will not throw it away by confiding the political fortunes of himself or his party to men like Hill.

PENSIONS: ROOSEVELT'S WAY OR JACKSON'S?

Republican editors are given to parrying grave insinuations that the President's mind is essentially lawless with the statement that Mr. Roosevelt's person has never been before the courts nor yet in jail. So much may be admitted without conceding that Mr. Roosevelt's temper, so impatient of every restraint, is friendly either to law or to decent custom. In the pursuit of a suddenly perceived higher good, he has shaved the laws closely and smashed the precedents to smithereens. This is not the attitude of a mind that respects either, and in many respects Mr. Roosevelt's position before the country is not unlike the exemplars of audacious finance. That they are not before the courts by no means alters the general conviction that they should be. The inherent ruthlessness of Mr. Roosevelt's will appears most glaringly in the notorious pension order which, by a stroke of the pen, added thousands of new pensioners to the rolls, and millions to the annual pension budget.

We take up this fairly familiar matter anew because it has escaped notice that President Jackson, when confronted by the same situation with regard to Revolutionary pensioners (though desirous of putting them all on the beneficiary list), resolutely put aside the theory that an executive order may usurp the power of Congress. But before rebuking Mr. Roosevelt out of the mouth of Andrew Jackson, it may be well to note how the President's use of the executive power offended, if not the law, at least all principles of sound morals and consistent administration. The following considerations should have restrained him: He was bound to give due faith and credence to the act of a previous Administration, unless, and this was never alleged, the original interpretation of the

law was unjust or defective; even more solemnly was he bound not to open the sluices of the Treasury under an interpretation of the law which those who made it had never dreamed of. The invalid pension law was one of the sort that requires an executive order to become effective. Mr. Cleveland's Administration found the original ruling which required individual examinations for disability cumbrous and costly. That is, Mr. Cleveland's Pension Commissioner virtually had to reinterpret the law, as authorized by Congress. He did so; nobody has openly questioned the justice of his decision. In the case of a law which without an executive order is void, the first interpretation, unless a palpably improper one, should be regarded as virtually the law itself. Any other policy would produce infinite confusion. Congress would be at times in the position of passing a law which by mere successive changes of the Presidential mind might become a charge upon the Treasury for one, two, six, or ten million dollars. Evidently if each Administration should systematically go behind the executive orders of its predecessor, we should live rather by anarchy than by statute. As it is, Congress should be very chary of passing laws which may be perverted or even indefinitely extended in their application, and the courts should tell us whether original and organic interpretations of Federal law are or are not so many skittles to be bowled over in furtherance of the partisan game. Now the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, alleging no imperative ground of public policy, has been oblivious to such principles of continuity as obtain, not only in civilized States, but in clubs and well-organized business enterprises, argues infallibly a lawless cast of mind.

Andrew Jackson, in the winter of 1829, was, as regards pensions, precisely in the sympathetic condition of Theodore Roosevelt in the spring of 1904, with the difference, which may or may not be significant, that Jackson's renomination was not impending. Jackson wished to put on the pension list all Revolutionary veterans with a colorable show of disability incurred in service. His predecessor, John Quincy Adams, who elsewhere complains bitterly of pension abuses, had in his annual message of 1825 pleaded for more liberal treatment of indigent veterans. Later, yielding perhaps to the temptation that there were very few unpensioned survivors, and that to be generous would not be financially ruinous, Adams, by executive order, relaxed the provisions requiring evidence of disability, and admitted to the list many pensioners who had been rejected under previous application of the general law of 1818. On coming into office and looking into pension matters with a view to helping the "old soldier," Jackson learned of Adams's order. What he thought of it is best told in an extract from his first annual message. In words that the most Jacksonian of recent Presidents would have done well to consider, first of all Jackson tells Congress that the general pension act "is defective in not embracing within its provisions all those who were, during the last war, disabled from supporting themselves by manual labor." But he adds (it was a day of small things financially): "Such an amendment would add but little to the amount of pensions, and is called for by the sympathies of the people as well as by considerations of sound policy." And then to the gist of the matter:

"It will be perceived that a large addition to the list of pensioners has been occasioned by *an order of the late Administration, departing materially from the rules which had previously prevailed. Considering it an act of legislation, I suspended its operation* as soon as I was informed that it had commenced."

A candid critic of this episode will cheerfully concede that Jackson's dislike of John Quincy Adams may have somewhat influenced this exemplary display of respect for law; but the same critic, surveying the whole situation impartially, will also concede that Parker Constitution Clubs have an evident reason for existence when it is possible to cite, in comparison with Theodore Roosevelt, Andrew Jackson as a model of a President who respected himself and the law.

ETHICS FOR THE TIMES.

It would be an interesting study to compare the Russian humanitarians, the Tolstoys and Kropotkins, with the Stoics. And the parallel would be a fair one, for both work towards perfecting the individual, and both advocate a certain conscious simplicity of life. The chief difference, we imagine, between these protestants of the Cæsars and those of the Czars would be that, with an equally definite sense of the ends of life, the ancients had a far clearer idea of means. Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius lay down a manner of life for the individual; the Russian idealists set before nations apocalyptic visions of a transfigured state to which, however, they build not even a cloud bridge. Such reflections come inevitably to every reader of Prince Kropotkin's notable article, "The Ethical Needs of the Present Day," which is published in the current *Nineteenth Century*, for, while his reasoning appeals to the rationalist observer of society, it is devoid of practical counsel for the social reformer.

Upon the practicability of swift and radical amelioration of society, however, Prince Kropotkin insists at the outset:

"For the first time in the history of civilization, mankind has reached a point where the means of satisfying its needs are in excess of the needs themselves. To impose, therefore, as has hitherto been done, the curse of misery and degradation upon vast divisions of mankind, in order to secure well-being for the few, is needed no more; well-being can be secured for all, without overwork for any. We are thus placed in a position entirely to remodel the very bases and contents of our civilization —provided the civilized nations find in their midst the constructive capacities and the powers of creation required for utilizing the conquests of the human intellect in the interest of all.

But, he continues, moral ideas have lagged hopelessly behind science and invention. Our ethics is adjusted not to the possibilities of the new, but to the limitations of the old economic order. And this new ethics must be no less progressive than science itself, and as free from reactionary elements:

"A new, realistic moral science is the need of the day—a science as free of superstition, religious dogmatism, and metaphysical mythology as modern cosmogony and philosophy already are, and permeated at the same time with those higher feelings and brighter hopes which a thorough knowledge of man and his history can breathe into men's breasts."

Such a desideratum, a morality calculated, yet not cold, Prince Kropotkin does not despair of attaining, and he scouts with a most scornful civility the Brunetières who proclaim the bankruptcy of science, and the sentimentalists who seek moral certitude in traditional faiths the very basis of which they profoundly disbelieve. One must admire the courage that would choose social despair rather than accept an irrational cure for the evils of society; one must commend the optimism that not only seeks a vigorously scientific ethics, but believes it can be imposed upon the thoughtless majority.

And this point of application remains virtually untouched even after "mutual aid," the cardinal principle of Prince Kropotkin's system, has been thoroughly expounded. Many people will remember the delightful essays in which Prince Kropotkin, elaborating a hint of Darwin's, showed that what we call the moral instincts, and claim solely for human kind, are found far down in the scale of animal creation. For the good of the group, the beasts even will sacrifice convenience and often life. Discipline is enforced and justice administered among many classes of birds. The higher one goes in every class the more complete is the identification of the individual with the interests of his group, so that bees and ants, for example, are not unreasonably held up to collective man for his guidance. In fine:

"It appears that not only Nature does *not* give us a lesson of a-moralism which needs to be corrected by some extra-natural influence, but we are bound to recognize that the very ideas of bad and good, and man's abstractions concerning 'the supreme good' and 'the lowest evil,' have been borrowed from Nature. . . . They contain the fundamental principles of equity and mutual sympathy, which apply to all sentient beings, just as mechanical truths derived from observation on the surface of the earth apply to matter everywhere in the stellar spaces."

So the great Russian idealist takes issue with all egotistical theories of morals, and finds in the habits of our animal friends the origin and the confirmation of a revised social utilitarian-

ism. In other words, he attempts to give scientific warrant for all the altruisms which science has denied or turned over reluctantly to religion. Social progress, in his belief, lies simply in the increasing acceptance of "mutual aid" as a guiding motive. Thereupon, of course, arises the very practical problem, How is the principle to be spread broadcast? Here Prince Kropotkin candidly admits the difficulty of establishing a scale by which the individual may estimate his reasonable personal surrender to the common welfare, and turns over eloquently but vaguely the work of propaganda to "poets," who are to produce in the throng "those very ecstacies which were formerly considered as belonging exclusively to the province of religion." It need hardly to be said that our supposed rational basis of ethics would fare ill in such transmission. Granted that the basis of morals is evolutionary, it is hard to see how the personal color that such a "poet" must inevitably give to the pure doctrine would be in any way more rational than the supernatural warrant claimed by the prophets and messiahs of old. Nor is it clear to us that the mass which obeys but languidly the great ethical leaders of the past, will soon consider the ways of the ant and be wise.

And yet we believe that Prince Kropotkin's lofty mode of thought is valuable for the ideal it holds up and for the rebuke it administers to recreant or discouraged children of a scientific age. It is a fair challenge to the new industrialism to require it to justify its existence by showing that it has increased the general well-being; while it is an added stimulus to rationalism to realize that the dearest instincts of human nature may receive scientific validity without sacrificing their human efficacy. So if the prophets of Prince Kropotkin's kind never quite show us the way out of the wilderness, their passage at least makes the air more fragrant while we wait for the revealing of the way.

MODERN LITERARY TITLES.

The symmetry of an architectural column depends no less upon the capital that surmounts it than upon the shaft itself. And in very similar fashion a literary masterpiece demands an appropriate style of title-page, preface, and chapter-heading to set off fully the intrinsic excellence of the contents. This apparently is not understood to-day by the ordinary craftsman in letters, although in the humbler sphere of journalism it is a truism. No well-conducted daily would throw "scare headlines" upon the account of a missionary convention or a world's peace conference; and yet no enterprising sheet would fail to use the proper types to flag the reader's attention at the news of a battle or a conflagration.

How vastly the gentle art of bookmaking has decayed will appear if the typographico-literary finish now prevalent is contrasted with that in vogue two or three centuries ago. The generous amplitude of the descriptive title of the Georgian or Elizabethan volume puts to blush the parsimony of the book of to-day. The artistic balance which the successive lines observe upon the plethoric title-leaf suggests the lettering which we reserve for lapidary inscriptions. And if, as so often happens, the frontispiece opposite is adorned with a cut, it is not a wishy-washy half-tone or a characteristic photogravure, but a veritable intaglio to be graven in the visual memory for all time. Oft in the stilly night these old frontispieces will haunt one—the bodiced shepherdess in the trim parterre, or else an allegorical lion "such as billowy Daunias never nurtured," and with a countenance for all the world like to a Japanese lap-dog.

In point of matter, too, the doubtful reader need be kept in suspense as to the character of the older volume only long enough to digest the contents of the first page. Where these characteristics of old English books are so common, it is almost invidious to select any one of them as a sampler, but convenience of reference suggests the title-page of the Bedford tinker's tale:

THE
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS
FROM
THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME
delivered under the similitude of a
DREAM
wherein is discovered
1. THE MANNER OF HIS SETTING OUT;
2. HIS DANGEROUS JOURNEY; AND
3. SAFE ARRIVAL AT THE DESIR'D COUNTRY.
BY JOHN BUNYAN
I have used Similitudes, Hos. xii., 10.
LONDON.
Printed for J. Bunyan in Fleet Street.
1678.

It is from such noble copiousness of prefatory salutation that the pinched and meagre title-page of our degenerate days is sprung. The decadence did not come all at once, for fifty years ago a sub-title was in common use, to show that the author meant seriously to keep good faith with the trustful reader. But the sub-title was gradually relegated to the limbo of oblivion, and now the typical title is often intended to give but a hairbreadth clue to the voluminous labyrinth within, and sometimes—*infandum!*—to baffle all conjecture as to the subject-matter of the book itself. The book-buyer, we contend, has a right to feel aggrieved at the author who will be guilty of such littleness. However modern usage may exempt the writer of books from giving his brain's progeny a long-winded name, there is no forgiveness for such as cudgel their wits to invent titles which serve as bald symbols of bewilderment. It should be actionable at law to issue books called by such interrogatories as 'Whither?' 'Can You Forgive Her?' or 'Who Pays Your Taxes?' In one particular only has the modern title-page shown any symptom of growth, and that is in the line devoted to the adulation of the author. All the space on the title-page that he can spare from the mystification of the reader, he devotes to the recital of his own degrees and honors. And so it comes about that we have these abhorrent problematical labels upon wretched romances, and can learn from the initial page only that it is not the author's first offence, or, in the case of an enigmatical essay, that the perpetrator affectedly styles himself the "Sometime Fellow of Hocus-Pocus College, Oxbridge." Clearly, in the change from the old title-page to the new, what we have lost in light we have gained only in wind.

What we have shown as to the decadence of the title-page is true in a general way of the preface and the chapter-headings. That the early preface was occasionally a bit prolix we must, we fear, admit. But in it the writer stood upon his feet like a man, or occasionally struck out from the shoulder like a boxer. There was no shilly-shally. When occasionally he flattered his patron, he ate toads by the hatful and made no bones of it. The modern practice is obsolescent. Either it is shamelessly omitted without the reader's leave asked or granted, or it appears in shamefaced, truncated form, curt as a Quaker headstone, and yet always long enough to exhibit the abandoned egotism of the author, who never has wit enough to make it worth reading nor modesty sufficient to forego this shabby opportunity of self-advertisement.

It is not necessary to point out the manifest superiority of the older and ampler style of dressing a literary feast. It is clear as day that to those sampling an unknown volume the most generous credentials were afforded. The unsophisticated reader either was convinced that the topic and treatment were such as to enlist his interest, or had ample warning if perchance the viands were not to his taste. Nowhere was this more evident than in the older style of chapter headings. Thus, Rabelais, for example, informs us that Chapter xxiii. is about "How Pantagruel departed from Paris, hearing the news that the Dipsodes had invaded the land of the Amaurots: and the cause wherefore the leagues are so short in France." From Sir Thomas Malory down to Fielding, authors were every whit as explicit as to the character of the next stage of the story or discourse. There was no attempt at securing readers or

their money under false pretences, or at compelling them to buy a pig in a poke. But what can the would-be reader of to-day tell of a volume whose title is a conundrum, whose preface, if there be one, is a bit of self-laudation, and whose chapter-headings consist of an arithmetical progression of numerals? The normal attitude of the intending reader to an unknown treatise is that of Simple Simon to the pieman—"Let me taste your ware"; and nothing short of our modern sterility of invention or our miserly niggardliness of material can account for the fact that when he asks for bread we give him a stone.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

ST. LOUIS, August 23, 1904.

Half of the life of the St. Louis Fair has passed, and, short as it has been, the traces of age are already observable on its ephemeral tenements. The stucco is here and there falling off, the steps of stairways are cracking, and thus the illusion of permanency and solidity which impressed us at Chicago is dispelled. The work may not have been as well done, or the repairs which must be constantly repeated on such frail structures may be, from economical reasons, omitted; but, be the reason what it may, a depressing air of neglect is already pervading the group of buildings. This the management should dissipate if, as it professes to expect, the attendance during the autumn months is to reverse the financial disappointment heretofore experienced.

It is impossible to avoid a comparison with Chicago, yet it is unfair. Chicago was a creation, and all subsequent exhibitions, even Paris in 1900, are but imitations. None, even if better in some details, can excite the admiration and wonderment which the first sight of the Court of Honor produced. There is, however, at St. Louis a lack of that architectural harmony which was so impressive at Chicago; and though there is a Great Basin, and though there are lagoons between some of the principal buildings, we miss that blending of landscape gardening with the architecture which gave such a unique charm to the White City on the Lake.

Still, though it falls below the standard of Chicago, the exhibition is worthy of more attention than it has received from either the press or the people of the East. The principal reason for this neglect is probably that both are heartily tired of expositions. If these are to be milestones marking the progress of human industry, they should be held at longer intervals. They have, moreover, grown wearisome. Size, not quality, seems to be the subject of self-congratulation on the part of the management, though they frighten people rather than attract them by advertising that the show is twice as big as Chicago. Nothing is refused in the scramble for space, and therefore the fairs are degenerating into what the name means—collections of great shops, for the sale of exhibits no better, often worse, than can be seen in our streets. As the purchasers of exceptionally fine specimens of workmanship are few, the exhibitor must, if he be a merchant, satisfy the tastes and the pockets of the many, and thus what is really worthy of exhibition and of note is lost in such a heap of rubbish that the critical expert feels disinclined to waste his time in looking for it, and therefore will not try. As keen discrimination should be exercised by competent judges, in every department, in admitting exhibits as is shown in selecting pictures for an annual exhibition. The Japanese exhibit in the Varied Arts Building covers a large space. Table after table is crowded with common ceramic ware (it is a shame to apply such a term to it) and poor modern bronzes, and yet there are a few cases with ravishing specimens of embroidery, pottery, cloisonné, and lacquer work. A few dealers gain by selling the trash, but the public estimate of Japanese technical skill suffers; and those to whom these exhibitions should be of greatest utility, namely, our intelligent artisans, overlook the good examples in the heap of worthless stuff. The same is true of the exhibits of other countries.

Each successive World's Fair marks the growing prominence of some branch of culture or industry. At Philadelphia, one building, the Machinery Hall, covered all classes of engines and the machinery to which they communicated motion. In the interval between 1876 and 1893 Electricity had won a building to herself, and our Railroads and Mines had attained such national expansion as to require for their illustrative exhibits separate domiciles. No such new departments of national industry have either been created or been developed since the Chicago World's Fair, but it is significant of the awakening of the national mind to the importance of social organization that at St. Louis a large building, in a most prominent position on the Grand Basin, is devoted to Education and Social Economy. Articles of domestic and scientific use are distributed, on a principle not easy to understand, in three separate buildings, as products of Liberal Arts, Manufactures, and Varied Industries. But it is fair to say that the department on whose organization and equipment most pains have been taken, and in which the greatest success has been attained, is that of Transportation. The development of the locomotive, from the earliest to the latest examples of both the pinion and the reciprocating type, is there illustrated by the most complete collection of either original machines or models ever gathered together. As every traveller is interested in the remarkably sensitive and yet powerful engine which hurries him to his destination, the layman most ignorant of mechanics will look with profound interest and astonishment at the machines that represent the steps by which the locomotive has attained in one hundred years its present perfection of mechanism and great size and power. The enormously large high-speed engine from Germany, the "Hanover," is a monstrosity, but an interesting departure from every recognized type. The samples of old coaches, modelled after stage coaches, side by side with the train of cars of the Empire State Express, are as indicative of our growing love of comfort and luxury as are the earlier small and clumsy engines, when compared with the "Gov. Francis" of the Baltimore & Ohio, or the huge decapod freight engines of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, of our better knowledge of mechanics and control of the use of steam. But it is significant of the influence of the railroad everywhere in unifying the world, its people, and its resources, that there should be a beautiful model of the equipment of the Egyptian railroad system, and a time-table and map of the South African railroad system, which, as it has already reached the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, confirms the anticipation made by Cecil Rhodes that, before many years are over, a through steam route by lake and land will connect Cape Town with Cairo This consummation will be reached, unless we make haste, before the Pan-American Railroad has connected Sydney, Cape Breton, with Port Montt, Chili, though Africa was still the Dark Continent when our international railroad scheme was first broached.

In the Mining and Metallurgical Building, our exhibits and those of Canada and Mexico leave little room for any other, unless we except Japan, the model of whose copper-smelting works and coal mines, and whose collection of minerals and metallurgical products, won by the latest and most approved methods, remind us that, in the arts of peace as well as the science and practice of war, this, the youngest of the world's recreated national forces, has determined to take and to hold her own.

Electricity, that most obtrusive of all the discoveries which science is extracting from the secrets of nature, now and again reminds us of the limitations of our knowledge. When darkness sets in, the illumination of the whole group of buildings, from the glow of a hardly appreciable glimmer to the full effulgence of day, is not as well managed or gradually effected as it was in Buffalo, where the lighting company had the mighty Niagara to help them. Nevertheless, when the St. Louis electrician succeeds, he produces an effect worth going far to witness. Nature, however, when generating currents with her own celestial and terrestrial apparatus, sometimes interferes with our puny efforts, and that happened one evening at St. Louis. We had eaten our lunch at an excellent German restaurant, but, having paid $1.25 for a single slice of cold beef, decided to try Mrs. Rorer for dinner. There we found an unexceptionable bill of fare at unexceptionable prices. As we finished our dinner, we saw the clouds gathering thickly, and the wind was rising in dangerous gusts. The nearest place of entertainment was the Festival Hall, which occupies the same architectural position as the Administration Building did at Chicago. We therefore decided to attend a concert to be given there.

As we approached the entrance, the storm burst furiously, and crowds entered under the same impulse of self-protection as ourselves. Fortunately, very few were aware that a tornado had burst that afternoon over North St. Louis, killing and maiming and destroying property with its impetuous tail at the very time we in the grounds were flattering ourselves, from a glimpse of sunshine, that the evening would be fine, and that the promised out-of-door functions would be held—that Pain's fireworks would be set off in the Stadium, and the war of the Transvaal fought over again by Britons and Boers (the latter commanded by Cronje and Viljoen themselves), and that the illumination of the buildings and gardens and lagoons would be made with artificial electricity. Had the large audi-

ence known that the wind had been playing such havoc near by us, perhaps it would not have retained its presence of mind so admirably when the sound of breaking glass, and the carpenters hurrying with boards to stop the breaks, warned us that the storm was raging round us with destructive violence, and might easily level the frail lath-and-plaster structure in which we had found refuge. A few left their seats, but none in terror; and as the bandmen began to collect on the platform, they reseated themselves. But, before the music commenced, the lights suddenly went out. They fluttered once or twice, then made no further effort to help us. Through the upper windows, however, there entered some light from the rows of incandescent lamps which outlined the cornice of the Terrace of States, whose colonnade, with the Festival Hall as its central feature, forms the background of the Cascade and the Grand Basin. When these were suddenly extinguished, we were hardly reassured by the ruddy glow which followed, for it was terribly suggestive of a conflagration. It was, however, only the electrician playing with our fears, and turning the current from the clear to the crimson bulbs. Before he could repeat the transformation something else happened, and we were left in total darkness. It lasted for only short intervals between the lightning flashes which, amidst the unbroken roar of thunder, brought the body of the hall, with the musicians standing mute upon the stage, into ghostly illumination.

The tension was growing dangerous; some one lighted a match, and he was ordered peremptorily to extinguish it. Then another called upon the bandmaster to play something—anything. But not a note responded. Any sound to drown the roar of the thunder and distract attention from the lightning would have relieved the strain and prevented the panic which the merest trifle, such as a woman fainting, would have created. Suddenly a clear female voice near me struck up "America." With one accord, the whole audience joined. There was some hesitation about the words when the second and third verses were reached, but we all sang on. Then we sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Old Folks at Home," and "Dixie." The effect was wonderfully calming. Then we saw, in the blaze of the lightning, some one come to the front of the stage in evening dress, and we understood him to say that all hope of lighting the hall had been abandoned and that we had better depart. Thereupon, the huge audience filed out into the darkness calmly and leisurely, willing enough to face the tempest outside rather than run the risk of being swept to destruction by a torrent of human terror and passion inside. The storm had disorganized the electrical system of the Exposition proper, for not a lamp in the grounds or on the outside of the buildings was alight. We could see only the unearthly glow of the Cooper-Hewitt cylinders through the windows of the Electrical Building, but the "Pike" was revelling in a blaze of brilliancy, all the brighter by contrast. The elements had respected its electrical apparatus, or more care had been taken to provide against accidents.

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

LONDON, August, 1904.

The English seldom show on the stage so complete a farce as the recent inquiry into the administration of the Chantrey Bequest, conducted by a select committee of the House of Lords. It would be delightfully funny were it not so serious, both in the effect it is bound to have on the art of the country and as an example of the way the Englishman, so incorruptible in his judgment of other people's affairs, is ready to lower his standard when it comes to the management of his own.

What the Chantrey Bequest is, I fancy by this time most people know. It was briefly explained in a note in the *Nation* not long since. But, to make the present situation quite plain, I had better state the main facts here in as few words as possible. The money left in trust by Sir Francis Chantrey, sculptor and Royal Academician, after the payment of certain annuities, was for the purchase of works of art. Some of the business details of his will may seem a little complicated, for he appointed, virtually, two sets of trustees—the trustees who were to see to the administration of the will, and the trustees who were to see to the spending of the money, once, after the death of Chantrey's widow, it came into their hands. But what he wanted is as clear as daylight—or would be to any one save an Academician who accepts the Academy as his standard of art. The will says, simply and directly, that the object is the encouragement of British fine-art, and, that, to attain it, the money is to be devoted to "the purchase of works of fine-art of *the highest merit* in painting and sculpture that can be obtained"; the only condition being that the artists should have "resided in Great Britain during the executing and completing of such works." Therefore, foreign artists, provided they live or have lived in the country, are eligible, nor is there any clause to prevent the purchase of work by artists no longer living. To make sure that work of the highest merit should be secured, Chantrey added a provision that the income might be allowed to accumulate for a period not exceeding five years, if necessary; and he further stipulated that the prices given should be liberal, but that no "sympathy for the artist or his family" was to influence the selection. There was still one other condition—that the works bought should be shown for a month at least at the Royal Academy or some other important exhibition. Having made the terms of his bequest so explicit, I do not doubt that Chantrey felt he could die comfortably, sure of the splendor and munificence of his gift to his country. But then Chantrey had not reckoned with the stupidity or ignorance—one does not like to call it by a harder name—of the trustees with whom the selection and purchase lay. These trustees were the President, Treasurer, and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts, an institution to which Chantrey evidently believed it an honor to belong. Three hundred pounds a year were to go to the President, fifty to the Secretary; Chantrey, as evidently expecting that his trustees would take some little trouble in carrying out these conditions. So much for the bequest.

And now, how has it been administered? I think that, too, by this time, is fairly well known. The Chantrey collection hangs in the Tate Gallery; and in Baedeker, no doubt, is duly starred and described in detail—it is long since I have opened my London Baedeker. But a sadder sight there could not be. The trustees, having had between two and three thousand pounds a year to spend in collecting examples of the highest merit—having spent almost seventy thousand pounds in not quite thirty years—have succeeded in forming a collection of paintings and sculptures that represents nothing but the Academy, and not even the Academy at its best. A few good pictures have crept in—it would be hard to say just how or why, for the collection as a whole is a pitiful display of vulgar commonplace and abject mediocrity. The fact that the will does not exclude the work of artists no longer living has been taken advantage of only in the case of a painting by a very second-rate, almost forgotten Academian, Hilton by name. For the work of most of the men who give whatever distinction can be claimed for the second half of the last century, you look in vain. There are huge canvases by Millais, in his last and feeblest days, Herkomer, Vicat Cole, Dicksee. But there is nothing by Madox Brown, Whistler, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Alfred Stevens, Burne-Jones, Legros, Fantin-Latour, Alfred Gilbert, Cecil Lawson—to mention the most conspicuous omissions. Moreover, the occasional artists of note who, by some oversight, have been included, are with a few exceptions (Sargent the most prominent) represented by anything but their finest work, while some of the pictures are by men whose names are not known anywhere else, even in England. Chantrey wanted work of the highest artistic merit; his trustees have provided work of the least possible artistic importance. And the reason is simple: they have used the fund as a sort of Academy prize—for the encouragement of Academic art. Pictures and sculptures, with rare exceptions, have been bought from the Academy at the annual exhibition; a large number are the work of Academicians and Associates, or men who have since been elected to the Academy; to Academicians the biggest prizes have been awarded. Indeed, the one condition the trustees have scrupulously observed is that relating to liberality in price. They have been so liberal that it has sometimes seemed as if Chantrey's one object had been to help Academicians in difficulties by paying the highest sum for pictures that most people of intelligence would not think of accepting as a gift. Surely had anything but art been involved, had the country been any other than England, one would say there could not be a clearer case of the maladministration of a trust, the misappropriation of funds.

Even in England it did dawn upon the few who cared for art that something was wrong. It did not seem altogether reasonable that even an Academician should have left a large fortune to form a collection that was a disgrace to the nation and a laughing-stock to all the world besides. At periodic intervals, criticism of the Chantrey was heard in various quarters. Occasionally, the artist, or critic, appalled by the quality of the collection, solemnly housed by the Government in a national gallery as representative of all that is finest in

modern British art, took the trouble to read Chantrey's will, and then to point out how entirely its conditions were disregarded or misinterpreted by the trustees. But the criticism was received mostly with the silence with which, in England, the criticism of British institutions usually is received. However, about eighteen months ago, it was revived, and gradually reached a point where silence was no longer possible—or discreet.

Just before the Academy of 1903 opened, an article on the subject appeared in the *Saturday Review*. Papers like the *Daily Chronicle*, which had already, though some years previously, endeavored to expose the Chantrey, returned to the charge. The result was that more notice than usual was given to the selection of works for purchase by the trustees, and when it was found that these, in every way, conformed to the Chantrey standard as accepted by the Academy, the outcry became more general. And what made it obvious that, this time, criticism could not pass quite unheeded, as it had before, was that all the most conservative and "correct" papers joined in —the *Times*, the *Spectator*, the *Telegraph*, the *Athenæum*. The scandal of the Chantrey was in every mouth. It became almost the fashion to denounce it. Through all the excitement the Academy maintained its safe policy of "sitting tight." As a body, it said, it did nothing. As individuals, most of the Academicians and Associates found it wiser to have heard nothing of the discussion with which the papers reeked, when asked what they thought of it, and to refuse to be interviewed. Those who were unwise enough to speak exhibited a degree of petulance, or naïveté, or ignorance, simply inconceivable. Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema lost his temper, and could do nothing but abuse "those foolish persons," the Academy's critics. Mr. Boughton wanted to know how they could buy a Whistler if they hadn't been told the price—it never seeming to occur to him that the President, paid £300 from the Fund, might spare a penny for a postage stamp and write to Whistler, or a shilling for a hansom and go to see him in his studio. Others maintained, in defiance of the will—which they said was read to the Council every year before the purchases were made —that pictures and sculptures must be bought from the Royal Academy. Others regretted that, as the pictures and sculptures could not be ordered, it was impossible to secure any from the most distinguished artists, who always worked on commission. And so on, and so on—until such a lot of nonsense had been talked, until the few who did open their mouths had given themselves and the Academy so completely away, that this year, when £1,000 was paid for a not very good example of a not very distinguished Associate from whom another picture at a slightly higher price was bought only seven years ago, and when the rest of the money was squandered with the same disregard of Chantrey's desires, the crisis came. The scandal could not be allowed to go on without some sort of inquiry. So far, so good.

But now the second act of the farce was reached, and it is in the second act that the fun always quickens. Something had to be done—but what? At moments of this kind the House of Lords becomes useful. Lord Lytton, young, no doubt ambitious, saw his opportunity, and was induced to take the matter up. He proposed to raise the question in the House of Lords, and he announced his intention in reviews and newspaper articles. The critics, save one or two whose confidence in the noble Lords was not so unqualified, were jubilant. They attended the debate in the House; Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Academy, also was present. Lord Lytton had got up his facts fairly well, and indeed it would have been difficult for him not to, almost every paper in London having got them up already at great length and with full detail. Several Lords who shared in the debate agreed with him that the Chantrey Collection was a disgrace. Others, including Lord Davey, one of the financial trustees of the bequest, were, apparently, posted by the Academicians, and thought that, whatever the collection was, it could be nothing else because of the conditions of the will, which, the unprejudiced looker-on was tempted to think, Lord Davey had never bothered to read. However, despite opposition, the Lords came to the conclusion that all was not well with the Chantrey, and recommended that an inquiry should be made to find out why.

An inquiry is an excellent way of providing occupation for members of the upper House, and a select committee was at once appointed. And now comes the most extraordinary part of the whole story. Two of the six Lords chosen were Lord Windsor and Lord Carlisle, one of whom has always professed an interest in art, while the second paints—"among other accomplishments." Both, therefore, are apt to be associated with art matters and art movements in England, where a Lord is so dearly loved that to secure a titled patron for any institution or any scheme is held to be equivalent to success. And so it happens that both are Trustees of the National Gallery. Now it must be remembered that the Tate Gallery is a part of the National Gallery, under the same direction, and that the Trustees are in consequence responsible for its management also—responsible, that is to say, for the fact of the Chantrey Collection being lodged there. Every child, you might think, must have seen that, as a logical result, for them to sit in judgment was necessarily to sit in judgment on themselves, as well as upon the two other peers, the Marquis of Lansdowne, who had joined in the discussion in the House and had not been too friendly in his estimate of the Chantrey, and Earl Brownlow, who, with them, are Trustees of the National Gallery. But the critics who had started the agitation could not see this—always with the exception of one or two of the more clear-sighted; they could, or did, not see that really, in a way, it would have been a parallel case, though different interests were at stake, if Lord Dufferin had been asked to judge the Whitaker Wright case. The American is supposed to be dazzled by nobility; the Englishman is simply blinded by it, and the critics and the public accepted the whole absurd situation with unquestioning deference and enthusiasm. They were not even shaken when it turned out that one of the noble Lords on the Select Committee was a Trustee of the Chantrey bequest without knowing it, or without remembering it until reminded by Sir Edward Poynter—at least, so says a well-authenticated story now going the rounds of London.

Under these circumstances, the inquiry could be nothing but a farce. To condemn the Chantrey unreservedly would have been for the Lords to condemn themselves. However, they took it in the right spirit of farce, and were ponderously solemn throughout. The examination lasted for several days. Academicians, beginning with the President, were called, among others Mr. Sargent, placed in the unpleasant position of reconciling his opinion of the Chantrey as artist with his approval as Academician, and compromising by venturing to hint that, perhaps, there might be an improvement if one man, instead of ten, selected the pictures and sculptures. Critics were called, one after the other. The President of the Scottish Academy, representatives of different societies of artists, a director of a German Gallery, were called; and all this outside evidence was as severe in denunciation as the evidence of the Academy had been amiable in appreciation. Nothing could have been more decorous. You might have imagined every one in dead earnest. A few days were allowed to elapse after the close of the inquiry—the noble Lords, presumably, deep in thought and careful consideration, while the public waited, awestruck by such condescension. And now, at last, we have the report—delivered with the same solemnity with which the examination was conducted.

I do not believe that in any other country in the world, except England, it could have been accepted by everybody with such respectful gravity. It is really amazing. For, reduced to a few words, this is what the report amounts to: The Chantrey Collection is shockingly bad and does not consist of the work of the highest merit which Chantrey left his money to buy; the Academy is responsible for the present state of things —that is, for the entire disregard of Chantrey's wishes, the continuous dual administration of his Bequest; therefore, by all means, let the Academy perpetuate the scandal and continue to maladminister the Bequest, to misappropriate the Fund! It is unbelievable, but it is so. And the hands of the Academicians are strengthened, the power and influence of the Academy reassured. For no doubt the noble Lords felt that something was expected of them—some little mouse of a suggestion, however puny and miserable, out of the mountain of inquiry. And, with an admirable air of sagacity, they suggest that the number of trustees be reduced from the original ten —the President and Council—to three, the President, a full-fledged Academician, and an Associate elected by the Associates. When there were ten trustees, the risk of dissensions was run. That was the reason, no doubt, why those forlornly few good pictures have crept into the Chantrey Collection. But with three the whole business can be got through with one-third the risk, and, better still, in one-third the time, and Academicians need not waste themselves and their leisure hours over questions of mere national importance. Certain clauses and propositions have been added by the Lords of the Select Committee, but they amount to just nothing so long as the control of the fund rests with the Academy. And that it remain with the Academy—only modified by the change which, I have explained, must be for the

worse—is the suggestion that the noble Lords submit should be carried out, either by Act of Parliament or by the Charity Commissioners, who, for some curious reason, have authority in matters of this kind. But, anyway, whether the suggestion is carried out or not, there is no chance of the Chantrey Bequest being inquired into again for years to come, and the triumph of the Royal Academy of Arts is complete.

N. N.

Correspondence.

THE CONTINUITY OF PARTIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to join issue with your reviewer of Münsterberg's 'Die Amerikaner' on one point which seems to be of special interest? He characterizes as a "fanciful theory" the view that the two political parties of this country have had a logical continuity and consistency from the beginning, in their embodiment of two opposing tendencies. It seems to me that, if the author has reached this conclusion from his own observations, it is a case of remarkably successful analytic inquiry into a neglected question. It has often been pointed out, as a curious feature of our political parties, that it is rather exceptional to find them joining a direct issue on public questions, and that they simply comprise two sets of men, each of which seems to adapt its views to the supposed policy of the public, rather than to have any policy of its own. It has long seemed to me that this is a superficial view, and that, notwithstanding this seeming lack of distinctive policies, there has been, from the beginning, a clear division of two separate tendencies, substantially as described by the author.

No one will deny that men are born with certain innate tendencies which are influential in determining their affiliations, their sympathies, their associations, and their views on public questions. In their modes of reasoning and thinking, men are said to be born either Aristotelians or Platonists. There are also born conservatives and radicals. In our own and most other countries men are born individualists and collectivists. It does not follow that any one man is conscious of belonging to either class; it does not even follow that he always advocates the policy towards which he tends with logical consistency; yet the tendency is there, and is a powerful agent in determining his sympathies and guiding his judgment.

It seems to me perfectly clear that our politics have divided on this tendency from the beginning, with the possible exception of part of the middle period. In the difference between the Federalists and the Democrats of the first period, what was more fundamental than the individualistic view of State rights and the fear of oppression by the majority on the one hand, and the appreciation of the value of united effort and subordination of the individual to the mass, on the other? Moreover, these are precisely the two opposite ideas which have long divided the two schools of economists, and distinguish those who, like Herbert Spencer, support individual initiative, from those who advocate governmental management of business affairs. I have not seen the work under review, but suppose it to maintain what I believe to be the correct view—that the quasi-support of slavery by the Democratic party was not due to any special sympathy with slavery, but only to the feeling that the general Government should not interfere with the internal policy of any one State. This same line of division has continued from the time of the civil war to the present. The side one takes on the tariff question depends mainly upon whether the appreciation of the advantages of individual liberty or of those of union and subordination of individual interests to a supposed general good are uppermost in his mind. All this seems to me so clear that I do not see how it can be made stronger by argument.

On one point the author, if correctly quoted, may be admitted at fault. The lines I have mentioned have never divided parties on the currency question, nor is there any reason to determine which side of this question an individualist should take. It is hardly necessary to say that, during and immediately after the time of Jackson, the tendency of the Democratic party was strongly toward "hard money," and paper currency in general was looked upon with disfavor. The subsequent change of sides between the two parties had nothing to do with the tendencies of either toward their respective traditional lines of policy. But to say this of all the questions on which they have divided, is to ignore the result of one of the most characteristic features of human nature.

S. N.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 27, 1904.

THE TITIAN "ARIOSTO."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is possible that those of your readers who care for pictures have already heard of the last acquisition of the National Gallery here—the so-called portrait of Ariosto by Titian which until lately hung in the Darnley Collection. This collection is known to Americans perhaps best because it was the source of Mrs. Gardner's superb picture of "Europa," also by Titian. The "Ariosto" (a half-length) was bought by the National Gallery, helped by a certain number of friends—among them, it is said, Mr. Morgan—who subscribed £5,000 apiece; the total price paid to the dealer, Sir George Donaldson, who had purchased the Titian together with a not first-rate Van Dyke, being £30,000. Even in these days when the prices paid for works of fine or supposed fine art have been raised to perfectly crazy heights by the ill-directed buying of untrained millionaires, such a price as £30,000 for such a picture is startling. Mrs. Gardner paid, it is believed, only £20,000 for her "Europa," a picture of immeasurably finer quality than the "Ariosto." That the officials of the gallery should expend public funds and ask for more from friends for a picture of this kind, shows a strange lack of seriousness, both in their treatment of the public and in their study of the history of painting.

The picture represents a dark-haired man in middle life; he is turned to the right, his arm leaning on a conventional balustrade which bears Titian's signature; his face is seen in three-quarters; the background is dark. Why it should be entitled "Ariosto" is hard to comprehend, for it certainly does not represent the poet. If the woodcut of the poet given in the 1535 and 1537 editions of his play the "Cassaria" be compared with the Titian it will be seen at once that the latter differs in every way possible from the former; the shape of the head and of the nose, the character of the eye and of the face are all different. Nor is it impossible that the woodcut is from a drawing by Titian. The painting represents a person of coarse temperament, and leaves much to be desired as a work of fine quality. The face is flat and lacking in modelling, and the beard is much repainted. The sleeve of the dress is very fine, but £30,000 is a lot of money to pay for a painted sleeve. When photographs have made students familiar with the work, I think they will agree that it is one of the most expensive pictures in the Gallery.

It is to be hoped that the stir and excitement caused by the purchase will not excite some well-meaning, but artistically untrained, American millionaire into paying another £30,000 for the Van Dyke. Before he does, he had better look over the third volume of Waagen's book on the 'Art Treasures in England,' particularly pages 419f and 454f. If, on the other hand, this sensational purchase bring about some form of resistance to the little games of the picture-dealers, no one will regret the cost to the Gallery.

RICHARD NORTON.

LONDON, August 17, 1904.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, subserve the centennial interest in the Lewis and Clark expedition by reprinting Gass's Journal, edited by Dr. James K. Hosmer, and by a 'Short History of Oregon,' the work of Sidonia B. Johnson. They announce, further, a reprint of Lahontan's 'New Voyages to North America,' a 'History of Negro Servitude in Illinois and of the Slavery Agitation in that State,' by Prof. N. Dwight Harris of Lawrence University; and 'Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings,' selected and edited by Anna B. McMahan.

From Doubleday, Page & Co. we shall have Renan's 'Letters from the Holy Land' to M. Berthelot; 'Stories of Inventions,' by Russell Doubleday; 'Indoor and Outdoor Games,' by Mrs. Burton Kingsland; and 'A Belle of the Fifties,' by Mrs. Clay of Alabama.

Macmillan Co.'s fall list embraces the fifth volume of James Ford Rhodes's 'History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850,' completing the narrative of the civil war and describing the struggle between President Johnson and Congress over Reconstruction; 'Reminiscences of Peace and War,' by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor; 'The Declaration of Independence,' an interpretation and an analysis, by Herbert Friedenwald; the first volume of Prof. Edward Channing's 'History of the United States,' coming down to 1660; a new, revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Bryce's 'Holy Roman Empire'; 'The Napoleonic Empire,' by R. M. Johnston; 'Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius,' by Samuel Dill; 'London in the Time of the Tudors,' by Sir Walter Besant; 'An Irishman's Story,' Justin McCarthy's autobiography; 'Memorials of Ed-

ward Burne-Jones,' in two volumes; an enlarged edition of Dr. Hale's 'Memories of a Hundred Years'; 'The Road in Tuscany,' by Maurice Hewlett; 'Italy,' a popular account of the country, from the German of Prof. W. Deecke; 'Highways and Byways of the South,' by Clifton Johnson; 'How to Collect Old Furniture,' by Frederick Litchfield; 'How to Identify Portrait Miniatures,' by George Williamson; 'The History of Portrait Miniatures,' by George C. Williamson; 'The Life and Works of James and William Ward,' by Julia Frankau; 'Miriam, or, The Sin of David,' by Stephen Phillips; 'Poems and Plays,' by W. B. Yeats; 'A Lexicon to the Poetical Works of John Milton,' by Laura N. Lockwood, Ph.D., of Wellesley College; 'The Early Writings of Montaigne,' by Miss Grace Norton; 'The Principles and Progress of English Poetry,' by Prof. Charles Mills Gayley; 'Lectures and Essays,' by the late Canon Ainger; 'Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation,' by Lafcadio Hearn; 'The Women of America,' by Elizabeth McCracken; 'Weather Influences,' by Prof. Edwin Grant Dexter; 'The Bear Family,' by Prof. C. Hart Merriam; 'Beethoven and his Forerunners,' by Daniel Gregory Mason; 'Economic Essays,' by the late C. F. Dunbar; 'The Industrial History of the United States,' by Prof. Katharine Coman; and a 'History of Education in the United States,' by Prof. E. G. Dexter.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s announcements we select the 'Autobiography, Memories, and Experiences of Moncure Daniel Conway,' in two volumes; 'Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton,' edited by the recipient; 'Routine and Ideals,' by Le Baron R. Briggs; 'Journalism and Literature, and Other Essays,' by H. W. Boynton; 'The Amateur Spirit,' essays by Bliss Perry; 'Compromises,' essays by Agnes Repplier; 'Bits of Gossip,' by Rebecca Harding Davis; 'The Queen's Progress, and Other Elizabethan Sketches,' by Prof. Felix E. Schelling; 'Far and Near,' outdoor papers, by John Borroughs; 'Nature's Invitation,' by Bradford Torrey; 'The Ways of Wasps,' by George W. and Elizabeth D. Peckham; 'A Manual of the Trees of North America,' by Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent; 'Facts and Figures: The Basis of Economic Science,' by Edward Atkinson; 'Women in the Fine Arts,' by Clara Erskine Clement; 'The Playmate Hours,' by Mary Thacher Higginson; 'Lyrics of Joy,' by Frank Dempster Sherman; 'Science and Immortality,' by Dr. William Osler (the Ingersoll Lecture for 1904); 'The Christian Ministry,' by Lyman Abbott; 'The Evolution of the United States Constitution, and History of the Monroe Doctrine,' by John A. Kasson; the second and concluding volume of Dr. Waldstein's 'Argive Heræum'; 'The De Monarchia of Dante,' translated, with introduction and notes, by Aurelia Henry; 'Boccaccio's Life of Dante,' translated by Philip Henry Wicksteed; Virgil's 'Georgics,' translated by John William Mackail; and 'Certaine Sonnets,' by Sir Philip Sidney, in a limited edition (like the two immediately preceding titles).

'Yosemite Legends,' narrated by Miss Bertha H. Smith, with thirteen full-page illustrations and much decoration, will be published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

A popular 'History of the United States and its People,' by Elroy M. Avery, Ph.D., LL.D., in twelve volumes, with abundant illustrations, is being undertaken by the Burrows Bros. Company, Cleveland.

The State Historical Society of Wisconsin has just completed its series of indexes to its records from 1849 to 1901, inclusive. Under Mr. R. G. Thwaites's supervision, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Haines has completed an Index to the Proceedings, 1874-1901—that is, beginning with the first separately printed Proceedings. A large amount of interesting matter is thus laid open to students, and the good work is to be maintained by quinquennial supplements. The Index fills 399 pages in open type and line of page width.

Mrs. Jeannette Robinson Murphy's 'Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers, and African Music in America' (New York, 361 West 55th St.: The Bandanna Publishing Co.) is compounded of her brief talks as a lecturer and essays in periodicals, and a collection of negro songs (with the music) which are new to us, with some of her own in emulation. Her lectures aim to reconcile North and South on the subject of the colored population, and whatever may be their success in this particular they are very enlightening as to the Southern state of mind. "It is a reasonable belief with us Southerners," says Mrs. Murphy, on page 6, "that it was an overruling Providence which took the savage negro from centuries of horrible slavery, cannibalism, and idolatry, and placed him under the training of the chivalrous Southern people, to the benefit of both races." At page 10: "Had the South been let alone and trusted, it would have required but a few more years for the unnatural system of human bondage to have died of itself a natural death, for it was no longer profitable except in two or three States where the larger plantations could be successfully worked." At page 8: "This remarkable man [Booker Washington] is the result of prenatal slavery training, and an earnest of what God intends for all the negro race who use freedom aright." The musical talks, precluding samples of the songs, contain much information on the negro mode of singing; and we must think the latter half of the book fresher and more valuable (but not more significant) than the first.

A doctor's thesis presented to the Paris Faculty of Letters by John Martin Telleen (M. A. Yale) on 'Milton dans la Littérature Française' (Paris: Hachette) is one more sign of the new set of American post-graduate study towards France. The essay will save labor to those who follow. Apart from general considerations, Voltaire and Chateaubriand demand the greatest space as admirers and translators. There is a bibliography, often lacking in precise indications apart from the aid furnished by the text.

A handy little 'Anabasis' appears as the third in the series of Xenophon's Complete Works edited for the "Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis" (H. Frowde), by E. C. Marchant of Lincoln College. The Latin preface discusses the several codices, and each page carries its own variant readings at the foot. The orthography is that of the Paris Codex C, in the main.

The *Gerarchia Cattolica*, the official papal year-book, has made its appearance for 1904. Rather singularly, the number of popes has been reduced from 263, as given in former editions, to 258. The change is based on the researches of Catholic savants (notably of the Abbé Duchesne) who have for years been pleading to have the names of mythical popes stricken out. In one case Duchesne's list has not been adopted by the editors, on the ground that he was "guided only by historical criticism, although canonical and theological criteria should also have a decisive voice in the matter."

The question whether schools of technology should be separate institutions or a technological faculty should be added to the universities, is discussed at some length by Prof. C. Kammerer of the Technological Institute of Charlottenburg, in the *Beilage* of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 126. This has become a burning question for the educational world of Germany in consequence of the marvellous development of the schools in the last two or three decades, since Germany has become an industrial state with dreams of a conquest of the world of business and industry. The Government has put the technological institutes on the same footing with the universities, and has given them the right to grant degrees. The immediate occasion of the discussion is the fact that both Prussia and Bavaria contemplate the establishment of new institutions of higher education. Professor Kammerer is decidedly of the opinion that technical and university studies should be kept apart, because the fundamental ideals are irreconcilable, the technical branches being directed by practical interests, and the humanities by intellectual and pedagogical considerations. The article, which is an address delivered to a society of engineers, tries to meet the reasons urged for a consolidation with the universities; but the author does not think that this separation must last for ever—conditions may yet change in favor of a *universitas literarum et artium*. At present the technological branches only suffer by such an association.

In reading the budget for 1904 of Ta Han, or the Empire of Korea, published in the *Korea Review* for June, one has feelings awakened other than those of economic interest. Of the total revenue of $14,214,573, the largest item is from taxes on land, $9,703,591. Taxes on house, salt, fish, poll, and "miscellaneous" make up $1,720,295. The final item, not real revenue, but "arrears from 1903," is $2,790,687. In looking over the disbursements, we observe that the imperial privy purse calls for $1,013,359, and the imperial sacrifices $186,641. The ceremonial bureau, out of a total appropriation of $21,508, uses up $19,156 on salaries and office expenses, the remainder being for repairs, travelling, and miscellaneous. The mining bureau shows that out of $10,453 expended, all, except $744 under the head of "miscellaneous," went for salaries and office items. While $300,000 is allowed for the construction of a new palace, $10,000 is doled out for "country repairs," which, we imagine, means improvement of the roads. It was put down in Dr. H. Allen's recent Chronological Index as an event of national importance that Dr. McGill, an American missionary, in May, 1891, actually drove a horse and carriage from Gensan to Seul! The chief item of expenditure is $5,180,614 for the War Department. In 1895, when the Department of Ceremonies was reduced to a bureau, the Department of Education was put in its place, but, in the report on na-

tional education for 1904, there is little to show that any Government aid is given to schools outside of the capital. In Seul direct help is given to the Confucian, normal, middle, medical, industrial, and primary schools. There are also language schools for the teaching of Chinese, Japanese, Russian, English, French, and German, the total amount of salaries paid to foreign teachers being $44,220. For current expenses the English school receives more than any other; French, Russian, German, Japanese, and Chinese following in order, and the total expenses of the Seul schools being $135,-074.

A fresh guarantee for the preservation of peace in Europe and the closer knitting of the ties which unite nations is to be found in the recent consent of the Spanish Government to the construction of a Trans-Pyrenean railway. The negotiations to this end, which have been in progress nearly twenty years, have at length succeeded, mainly through the untiring efforts of M. Delcassé, the able French Minister of Foreign Affairs. The projected line will cross the mountains about fifty miles from the Mediterranean, and bring Toulouse and Barcelona into direct communication. Not only will it aid greatly the economic development of Spain, but it will draw France and Algeria closer together. By the new road the traveller will be able to go from Paris direct to Cartagena, whence it is but a few hours' sail to Oran. Later a line will be constructed on the Atlantic side, from Oloron to Zuera, by which there will be a considerable saving of time between Paris and Madrid.

Mr. F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, celebrates President Eliot's seventieth year, elapsed in March last, with two of his generous imperial photographic portraits. The one, three-quarters, looking to the right, the less familiar view, is the more genial; the other, a profile, to the left, will be preferred for power. There are profiles and profiles of the same face, and a hair's breadth makes a difference little appreciated by sitters or artists; Mr. Gutekunst seems to us to have seized the happy moment, and secured the best angle for the features and for the mass of the head. Harvard men and educators generally will prize this opportunity to possess a speaking effigy of Harvard's presiding genius.

—The editor of the *Century* has chosen to make up a "round-the-world" number for September. Hackneyed routes are hard to avoid in such an undertaking, but the measure of success is fair. Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis has something entirely new to present, in that she is the first woman to have entered the Coptic monasteries of Egypt and Nitria, whither she made her way in the effort to discover ancient manuscripts of importance. She has no such success to record, however, as her earlier discovery of the famous Syriac text of the Gospels, on Mount Sinai. Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg has also succeeded in passing ramparts hitherto inviolate to the travelling magazine writer. The popularity of his wife, the well-known Minnie Hauk, obtained for him from the Dutch authorities letters of introduction which opened to himself and his wife the doors of the palace compound of Surakarta, the remnant of native empire maintained by the Dutch in the Island of Java. Other articles touch the world at various out-of-the-way points, ranging from Arctic Alaska to the regions penetrated by the British Antarctic expedition of 1899. In the latter case the writer is Mr. Borchgrevink himself, the commander of the expedition. Prof. H. F. Osborn's paper on a Wyoming fossil graveyard of the largest animals known to have existed on earth, with many of their humbler contemporaries, will be sure to arrest attention. The portrait of the "Woman in Black," by Hilaire Germain Degas, recently secured for Fenway Court by Mrs. Gardner, is by her permission reproduced from a half-tone plate by H. Davidson. The editor very naturally takes occasion to speak with vigor of the foolish fanaticism which, in the name of protection, has compelled Mrs. Gardner to pay $200,000 for the privilege of bringing her collection into the country. The Cole wood-engraving for this month reproduces Velasquez's "Don Baltasar Carlos."

—*Scribner's*, like the *Century*, gathers from many fields for its initial autumn number. Lewis Gaston Leary gets the leading position for a description of Emesa and Hamath (now Homs and Hama) as they existed two years ago, before the railway from Beirut had entered with its disintegrating and modernizing influences. The illustrations are by Jules Guérin, from photographs. Frederic Irland gives a breezy sketch from Wyoming, in which sheep-shearing, bank-looting, stock-"lifting," and other amusements of the unconventional frontiersman compete with about equal success for the reader's interest. But the frontiersman, as a subject of descriptive journalism, we have always with us. Walter Harris, of the Royal Geographical Society, goes farther from the trodden path in his sketch of the wild Berbers of Morocco, who have been comparatively neglected in the literature of travel in favor of the more accessible Arabic and Moorish elements of the Moroccan population. Capt. Mahan's papers of the war of 1812 are resumed, the main feature of the present paper being the operations of Perry on Lake Erie, in 1813. The controversies growing out of the battle of Lake Erie Capt. Mahan does not regard as capable, now, of satisfactory solution, chiefly because President Monroe did not see fit to allow action on the charges formulated by Perry against Elliott in 1818. Previous attempts to settle the matters at issue by affidavits, and by a court of inquiry, had been ex-parte and fatally incomplete. Russell Sturgis writes of the pediment of the New York Stock Exchange, calling attention to the peculiar fitness of the sculptors, Ward and Bartlett, to cooperate in such a work.

—Judge Advocate-General Davis discusses the subject of international law in a contribution to the September *Harper's*, giving a brief sketch of its origin, and the influences under which it has been developed, and offering some comment on its proper scope and its future. Perhaps the weakest point in the article is the readiness of the writer to admit the inapplicability of international law in all cases involving national antipathies, national aspirations, national controversies growing out of competition for foreign markets, and national scheming "to do something which is in itself a violation of international law." In the latter case, however, it is to be said that he contemplates disputes in which each of the contending nations is scheming against a third. In such cases the third party has not the power to get its case before a court of arbitration, and the schemers, of course, have not the disposition. At present we have only the "man with the big stick" to rely upon in such cases, and the trouble here is that the big stick is about as apt to knock a few "ripe pears" for its wielder as to enforce the rights of the owner of the tree. John Greenville McNeel fills a gap in the knowledge of most readers of American history by giving a detailed account of the experiences of American seamen taken captive and carried to England during the War of 1812. Their sufferings from insufficient provision for bodily wants, and the American neglect of their situation, may be imagined from the fact that they were at one time on the verge of applying *en masse* for enlistment in the British navy. The editor goes into a more detailed explanation of what he meant in the August number by "the direct appeal" as the distinguishing feature of the best in our contemporary literature, as compared with the more artificial forms of the past. Incidentally he declares that "certain dogmas of the realistic school, fixing arbitrary limits to the possibilities of our human nature along the low lines of a pessimistic theory, must give place to a more hopeful idealism."

—Prof. William E. Dodd of Randolph-Macon College, Va., obligingly sends us the following transcript of a letter of Washington's in the possession of the Washington Literary Society of that institution. It is not included in Ford's edition of Washington's Writings. New Post was near Fredericksburg.

MOUNT VERNON, 27 Oct. 1799.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 30th Ult. came duly to hand, but as it appeared from the tenor of it, that I might soon expect another from you, with my Deed in the hands of Mr. Jno. Brooke (one of the administrators of Jas. Mercer Esq^{r} deceased) I intended to have postponed the acknowledgment thereof until then; but as Mr. Brooke seems to have forgot *his* promise, I shall no longer delay thanking you for the trouble you have been at, on my account, in this business.———My best wishes in w^{ch} Mrs. Washington and the family at this place unite, are offered for yourself, Mr. Spotswood and all at New Post.

With very best esteem and regard
I am—Dear Sir
Your obed^{t} H^{ble} Servt.
G^{o} WASHINGTON

P. S.
Did Mr. Duval proceed
to Kentucky according
to expectation?

GEN. SPOTSWOOD.—

—The prolific Viscount de Vogüé's latest collection of twenty-three articles, 'Sous l'Horizon: Hommes et Choses d'hier' (Paris: Armand Colin), opens with a tribute to the late Duc d'Aumale, reviews the life of Pasteur, discourses on Bismarck and music (apropos of Keudell's reminiscences), on Taine and on Joseph Chamberlain, and ends with remarks on the Russo-Japanese war. Among the unenumerated papers is one, written in 1902, after the November elections, on Theodore Roosevelt, which one cannot help suspecting of

irony. Its character-reading is based upon 'The Strenuous Life,' in which the Viscount hears "the accent of a Hohenzollern." Nowhere in it, he says, will you find stress laid upon the intrinsic virtue of the words Republic, Democracy, Liberty, Humanity. The progress of the United States Mr. Roosevelt does not attribute to glittering generalities (*formules abstraites*), but to the qualities of the men who suitably apply the generalities, and who are not so stupid as to wish to impose on other people, their rivals, the tool they approve for themselves. Mr. Roosevelt has no Cæsarian aspirations. "He would only be a Washington, but an imperialist Washington." Our masses seek a history; even, "c'est une patrie qu'il nous faut." Roosevelt is the man to satisfy our two-fold longing, "to get together and to extraterritorialize." "He knows that a Constitution is a frame adjustable to the measure of men, and that the most rigid lends itself to whatever a brave heart can or will draw from it." True, but save us from our friends.

—The question when, whence, and by what route the present Aryan population settled in Scandinavia and particularly in Norway has for nearly a thousand years been a mooted one. Snorri Sturluson and other Icelandic historians, from the thirteenth century down, sought to solve it in their own way by means of a pragmatic interpretation of the old myths, describing how Odin and the other "Asia-men" had come from Asia at the time when the "chieftains of the Romans were roaming about the world," first to Russia, thence to Germany and Denmark, and finally to Sweden; whence his successors came to Norway. Active discussion arose, about the middle of the last century, when the "Norwegian historical school," under the leadership of P. A. Munch, formed a peculiar theory of Norway's settlement by an immigration along the Russian Baltic provinces and the northern shores of the Gulf of Bothnia. It might have been expected that the growing study of prehistoric archæology would advance our knowledge in this matter, but, so far, no definite light has been derived from this quarter. Recently, Dr. Andr. M. Hansen of Christiania, under the sponsorship of men like Sophus Bugge, Brögger, Nansen, etc., produced a fascinating book, 'Landnaam i Norge' (Settlement of Norway), in which he advances entirely new theories. He starts from a discussion of the relative age of the names of Norwegian farms, on the basis of the posthumous work of Oluf Rygh, and endeavors to show that the earliest settlement of an Aryan population in Norway (and to some extent in Sweden) is represented by farms in different parts of the country whose names have the words "vin" and "heim" as the second component part. This settlement corresponds to the bronze age. The second stage is represented by farm names ending in "stadir," corresponding to the early iron age, and a third stage by names ending in "rud" and "setr," corresponding to the "younger iron" (or "viking") age. In Denmark, on the other hand, our author thinks that the first Aryan settlement corresponds to the neolithic period. In the kitchen-middens and other remains of the palæolithic period in Denmark, as well as in the Norwegian and "Arctic" stone implements, he finds evidence of a pre-Aryan population which, both in Denmark and in Norway, existed before and, to a certain extent, simultaneously with, the first Aryan inhabitants. This pre-Aryan population was a tribe of huntsmen and fishers, while the Aryans from the first were agriculturists, whose existence was dependent upon certain geological and botanical conditions. It is this pre-Aryan population which by the Aryans is characterized by the name of "Finns," and it differs anthropologically as well as ethnically from the "Lapps," who are immigrants of a much later date. These original Finns have mixed with and become a part of the Scandinavian (Aryan) population. The author seeks support for his theory in a thorough and most interesting study of the flora, fauna, and geology, as well as the archæology, of Scandinavia and of Norway in particular.

AN ARTIST-PATRIOT.

Giovanni Costa: His Life, Work, and Times. By Olivia Rossetti Agresti. Illustrated. London: Grant Richards. 1904.

Giovanni Costa, painter and patriot, whom Rome honored last spring by a public funeral, was one of the most distinguished artists of our time. His studies of the Roman Campagna have been judged by eminent French and English painters worthy to take their place among the masterpieces of Italian art, for the poetic feeling of their conception as well as for their exquisite quality of workmanship. Few of those, even among his intimate friends, who knew the artist in later years had any exact idea of the important part he played as a soldier and conspirator in the cause of United Italy. Olivia Agresti has in the book of his life given a very lucid account of the political events in which he was prominent; his own adventures she transcribed from his lips. Many interesting episodes are here for the first time told of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cairoli, and other patriots less known to fame, but who none the less gave their life to the cause with that splendid self-sacrifice and enthusiasm which characterized the epoch.

Giovanni Costa was born in Rome on the 15th of October, 1826, the fourteenth child of wealthy industrials; his father, Gioacchino Costa, being the owner of a large wool-spinning industry in the Trastévere, where he lived with all the dignity of a *capo popolo*, enjoying at the same time the most cordial relations with his work-people. His memory is beloved to this day by the older inhabitants of the district. It was in his father's house that Costa spent the first twelve years of his life, with the change in summer to the family villa outside Porta Portese, surrounded by a vineyard. His education, according to prevailing custom, was entrusted, from the age of six, to a priest, Don Pasquale by name, who, being an idealist and a republican, inspired his pupil with fervid enthusiasm for the heroes of ancient history, although he was unable to overcome the skeptical tendencies which the child showed already, by refusing to accept the idea that the Eternal Father was an old man with a beard, living up in the clouds, according to the conventional conception of the Deity. Plutarch's Lives, Livy's History, and stories from the Bible formed the basis of Costa's early studies, and incited his idealistic temperament to self-sacrifice and deeds of valor; but, like most children brought up in the Catholic faith, he had certain orthodox duties to perform, among others to serve the mass in Santa Maria in Orto, when he used, in order to get off earlier, to hurry the officiating priest through the prayers by ringing violently the little bell which announces the elevation of the host. His favorite diversion was to get permission of the sacristan to be in the belfry, where, by swinging on the ropes, he helped ring out the chimes.

Costa evinced a great disposition for art from an early age. Before entering college, at the age of twelve, he had already shown some of his drawings to Camuccini, a painter of repute, who encouraged him to look about him, to study nature, and to paint directly from life—advice strangely opposed to the practice of that artist, who was a follower of the neo-classic school founded by David, the French painter. It was during the five years at Montefiascone, while Costa was at a college kept by priests, that his great love of nature manifested itself and became part of his being, developed probably by the beauty of the surrounding country. Montefiascone is situated on the summit of a mountain before which stretches a fertile valley in whose midst glitters the broad expanse of the Lake of Bolsena with its islands; the valley is surrounded by little hills crowned by mediæval fortresses, forming gray masses of stone against the sky; the Tyrrhene Sea appears as a blue line on the horizon, while the little River Marta meanders through the plain, like a silver ribbon; the towns of Toscanella and Corneto are points of interest in the view. The study of Virgil and Theocritus in these congenial surroundings gave a special direction to Costa's impressions of landscape; here it was that he began to make direct studies from nature with pen and pencil. These early efforts were much appreciated by his fellow-pupils, who acquired them for small sums which he spent in food to supplement the college diet, far from satisfying on fast days the healthy appetite of the young student.

It was at the age of seventeen, when at the Bandinelli College in Rome (also kept by priests), where Costa spent two years, that he was first allowed to study drawing under Durantini, his vocation as an artist being every evident, although his elder brothers, and especially Gioacchino, then at the head of the family, much objected to Giovanni choosing a career so ill considered at that time as that of an artist, when a regular official employment could have been obtained for him. On leaving the Bandinelli College at the age of nineteen, Costa began his art studies in real earnest, at first in Camuccini's studio, where he soon convinced himself that academic artificiality was not what he was seeking for; he tried the official academy a few months later, and worked there under Coghetti, a Bergamasc master celebrated for religious pictures; also under Baron Podesti of the Romantic school, and Agricola; but these painters did not satisfy this ardent seeker after truth, who went straight to nature, recognizing that only from her by patient study and loving research could he acquire the knowledge he so much longed for.

He was engaged upon his first painting of a wood of hazel-nut trees when the needs of his country incited him to lay aside the

brush for the sword. Although his family belonged to the clerical party and were opposed by all their traditions to revolutionary ideas, he never hesitated an instant, and was among the first to show his sympathy in the march of public events. On the 17th of April, 1847, he made his début in active politics, when, with a small number of Trasteverini, he broke open the gates of the Ghetto, which had been always closed on the Jews after the hour of Ave Maria. The gates were never set up again, and thus the social emancipation of the Jews in Rome became an accomplished fact.

Costa's soldierly part in the subsequent struggles in the cause of independence is extremely well told, with sufficient detail to make the situations comprehensible and interesting. It was in 1849, when the National Assembly proclaimed from the Capitol the fall of the temporal power of the Pope and the creation of the Roman Republic, that Costa first met Mazzini, whose ardent follower he had been and for whom he always preserved the most profound respect, even when he had given him up as a leader, having convinced himself that Mazzini's purely abstract ideas were in advance of his age, and that his religious conceptions were too lacking in form to appeal widely to a southern people. Mazzini evidently felt this himself, as the following story relating to the Papal blessing at Easter time, when he was Triumvir, denotes. We quote our author:

"In order to keep the populace calm and sustain its morale, Mazzini was particularly desirous that none of the outward ceremonies of the Church should be omitted, and, with this end in view, he was most anxious to have the benediction given as usual to the crowd from the balcony of St. Peter's on Easter Day. But the difficulty was, Who was to give it? The Pope, on flying to Gaeta, had left no substitute to fill his place, and how find a priest to expose himself to the danger of ultimate reprisals by performing this important ceremony? It was then that Costa came to the rescue: he assured Mazzini he could find his man, and soon settled everthing satisfactorily with Don Felice Spola, who agreed to give the benediction in consideration of a sum of thirty scudi (perhaps suggested to him by Judas's thirty pieces of silver); and so on April 11, 1849, during the brief truce which the French conceded to the young Republic, the vast Piazza of St. Peter's assumed its accustomed aspect of great festal days.

"The devout Roman crowd, amongst them the many peasants in the bright and picturesque costumes, crowded the huge square, in which were drawn up in squadrons the republican troops; and amidst salvoes of the artillery and the solemn booming of the great bells, the apostolic benediction was given from the balcony over the central doorway of the mighty cathedral. Costa was standing beside Mazzini, who, with the other two Triumvirs, Aurelio Saffi and Armelini, was standing watching the ceremony under the loggia of the Swiss Guards. Mazzini stood speechless, impressed by the great spectacle offered by the huge kneeling crowd, and, turning to Costa, he exclaimed: 'It is useless; this religion *lives* and will yet live for long years to come on account of the greatness and beauty of its form.' To conclude the anecdote, I may state that, after the restoration of Pio IX., poor Don Felice Spola was seized by the officers of the Holy Inquisition and disappeared for ever from human ken."

When Garibaldi entered Rome with his legionaries in April of that same year, he accepted the Costas' house at San Francesco à Rissa as his headquarters for a few days, and, recognizing the capacity of Giovanni, placed him on his staff. Costa fought with the brigade the general led against Gen. Oudinot and the French forces, outside Porta San Pancrazio, where success crowned the efforts of the Italian troops and a truce of a month followed, during which time the municipality provisioned Rome for the expected siege and prepared the fortifications.

The fall of the short-lived Republic and the entry of the French troops into Rome destroyed for the time all hope of successful patriotic action, and Giovanni Costa, having fulfilled his duties as a citizen, returned to the study of his art. For ten years he lived almost entirely in the Campagna, chiefly at Ariccia, where he came in contact with many foreign artists of distinction—Cornelius and Overbeck, then in the height of their fame; Piloty, Kraus, Massimo d'Azeglio, Français, Corot, Böcklin, and George Mason, who became his close friend. It was at this time that Costa met the man who had the greatest influence over his artistic development, Charles Coleman, known among his friends as the father of the Campagna Romana school, an Englishman of great artistic ability and originality, who recognized the futility of the art then in vogue, and set to work on his own lines, going straight to nature and studying her aspects with patience and sincere observation. It is interesting to note that Costa derived his impulse in art from an English source, and in his turn had, through his English pupils and followers, a very direct influence on English art.

Costa produced many pictures during the ten years he passed between the Alban Hills, the Sabine range, and the sea; the most noteworthy being "Women Loading Wood on Boats at Porto d'Anzio," and "Ad Fontem Arricinam." The former attracted much attention when exhibited in Rome in 1856 and afterwards in Paris, but was too different from the popular Neapolitan style of art to be understood. It was an epoch-making picture, for, inspired by the Romantic school, it was a revolt against the defects of their system. In this work Costa first revealed himself to be a great artist, equipped with the technical knowledge and sure draughtsmanship without which poetic inspiration and gift of harmonious color so often fail in complete expression. Since the artist's death last year the picture has been acquired by the state to represent him in the Gallery of Modern Art in Rome. He had always refused to part with it, hoping it might ultimately find a place in some national collection. Another of his most representative works, "A Day of Sirocco Weather on the Roman Coast," now belonging to the Rev. Stopford Brooke, is of this period. It represents a desolate and sultry seashore near Ostia, across which a half-nude fisherman laden with a basket is hurrying along, to get his fish speedily out of the hot air. The subject is simple in the extreme, but, in the treatment of stunted trees, a hill, a sandy foreground with sunburnt reeds and grasses, and the line of blue sea crested with foam, Titian comes to one's mind, because of the beauty and fulness of color and breadth of handling. Another fine work of Costa's is that of "Women Stealing Faggots on the Shore near Ardea, with a Libeccio Blowing," which is now at Howard Castle, in Lord Carlisle's collection. This picture, long afterwards completed, was the result of a twenty days' sketching tour with George Mason near Ardea, a seaport of antiquity, now a mere hamlet. The friends painted during the daylight and passed the nights in the open country.

It was in 1853 that Costa first met Frederick Leighton, in the month of May, at the artist's annual picnic at Cervara, in the Roman Campagna, where they had donkey races. Leighton was painting his first great picture, "The Procession of Cimabue," at the time of Costa's first visit to his studio. The intimate friendship which began from that period lasted till the end of their lives. Leighton was the purchaser of the first picture Costa sold, of men lying in a boat at sunset, and it was also his first work exhibited in England, at the Royal Academy in 1857, from which time his pictures were seen yearly at Burlington House, the Grosvenor Gallery, and, later, at the New Gallery, and found their way thence into the collections of English art patrons.

The campaign of 1859 called Costa again to arms. Much as he detested the soldier's life, he believed that an artist should live in his age and do his duty to his country, but we have not space to follow the adventurous career which Olivia Agusti has so well told. Suffice it to say that when, in 1870, Rome was taken by the Italian troops under General Cadorna, after the storming of Porta Pia, Costa was one of the first to enter the city, and, fighting his way to the Capitol, assumed with Vincenzo Rossi the full responsibility of the situation. "He may be said," according to our author, "to have ruled Rome during three days." After the unification and independence of Italy was established, Costa gave his whole attention to reform in the tendency of Italian art, which at that moment was under the influence of Fortuny and his followers, along with the Neapolitan school, of which Domenico Morelli and Palizzi were at the head. His energies and enthusiasm were employed in fighting for high ideals in art against shallow artificiality and commercialism. He wrote art criticisms of great pungency and sincerity, which naturally procured him the life enmity of the person criticised, for he had the gift of epigram, and the arrows of his wit often wounded deeply. He also formed small exhibitions in Rome to cultivate the public taste, in which he would hang together the works that had sincerity of impulse to contrast them with the flashy, meretricious studio pictures then in fashion. During his long life he never neglected an opportunity of coming to the aid of his fellow-artists; he was always ready to teach all those who came to him for artistic direction.

Signora Angeli has done excellently a service to art in gathering together the facts of such an interesting and noble life. The illustrations leave much to be desired, the photogravures being rather black, while those in process are especially inadequate as representations of finished pictures.

A STUDY OF DISRAELI.

Disraeli: A Study in Personality and Ideas. By Walter Sichel. With three illustrations. London: Methuen & Co. 1904.

Beaconsfield. By Walter Sichel. With twelve illustrations. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

Of these two volumes, the shorter one is

an essay; the longer what the author modestly calls a "slight biography" of the *mind* of the subject—"some account, however imperfect, of the ideas that governed him throughout." The time for an adequate biography will not come, it is said, until access is given to the papers confided to the late Lord Rowton, to his correspondence with many eminent men, his letters to the late Queen, his notes of policy, etc., etc. Of course, Mr. Sichel is not satisfied with any one of the several lives that have already appeared. From Brandes to Froude, they "lack the materials for a complete picture." However this may be, Mr. Sichel's sketch and biography give us a fresh and original treatment of a career which will always be full of interest, no matter what the verdict of history on it as a whole may be.

His main object is to make Lord Beaconsfield out a consistent statesman, a man who, having in his youth conceived certain ideas of State polity, spent his life in endeavoring to enforce them, and in the end died happy in seeing them triumphant. Of these ideas, the germ is often to be found in his novels, and we may discover in 'Sybil' some of his views on the labor question, and in 'Contarini Fleming' or 'Coningsby' the principles of statecraft which he enforced at Berlin. We are far from denying unity to Disraeli's career, though we prefer to find it in his character and circumstances and intellectual bent, rather than in any systematized view of government. Had he been what Mr. Sichel supposes him to have been, he would have to be classed at once as an opportunist and a doctrinaire—two rôles which are, both in action and in theory, usually incompatible.

To examine Mr. Sichel's theory of Disraeli in detail would be a waste of time, because it is based on a method the employment of which enables us to prove almost anything. Disraeli ended by being placed at the head of the nation, as the representative of an imperialism based upon a wide extension of the suffrage on the one hand, and magnification of the executive on the other. Now as we know that Disraeli was an imperialist, and also a courtier who had to maintain his power through the agency of a popular body, it is perfectly fair to say that the end crowned the work, and that there is an underlying unity of aim which unites the beginning with the brilliant close of his career. But to undertake to show that the various steps in the process were all thought out as part of a systematic whole, is monstrous. For instance, in 1853, Disraeli was profoundly opposed to "that suffrage of unalloyed democracy which represents the invading agencies of legislative change." Yet if any one helped to democratize Parliament a few years later it was Disraeli. This being the case, it was left for Mr. Sichel to discover the principle of harmony which reconciles his two apparently opposite attitudes. If we understand him, the democratic principle to which Disraeli now appealed was in some mysterious way wholly different from that which he formerly disavowed. What is the mystery? We can discover none, except that the extension of suffrage as arranged by Disraeli was to strengthen the Conservatives, while as arranged by his opponents it would have strengthened the Liberals.

"Disraeli prevented the raid of alien and disruptive democracy from making England a home. Out of the common he extracted the choice. He revived the democracy long inherent in the English Constitution; he naturalized the democratic idea on the soil of tradition and order; and thereby he cemented the solidarity of the State and the welfare of the nation."

Mr. Sichel analyzes the part played by Disraeli with reference to democracy, to labor, to free trade, to the monarchy, to the Church, to the colonies, to foreign politics, and makes what would be for a candidate for office an admirable "campaign biography." To be perfectly fair, however, it is often very much easier for the biographer of Lord Beaconsfield to make out a theoretic harmony in his career than it is to demonstrate the systematic consistency of a stickler for consistency like Gladstone or Peel. Both those statesmen, devotees of lofty ideals in politics, got a bad name among their own followers on the score of the very virtue which they professed, while Disraeli could boast of a constantly increasing solidity of support. He began life with bitter denunciation of the Whigs as an oligarchical party. At the close many of them had deserted Gladstone to follow him. Which had changed?

One fact stands out in these pages that should not be overlooked—that Disraeli combined qualities rarely united in the same person, and whose union gave him extraordinary strength. He was not only an accomplished courtier of the old school, but an eloquent parliamentarian and party leader. In one capacity he got the favor of his sovereign, in the other he was able to keep in favor by means of that very rising tide of democracy and social reform, if not socialism, which seemed about to swamp the Crown, the House of Lords, and the Church. The old statecraft by which the world was managed before his day was the statecraft of courtiers; he had all their maxims by heart, and was in the direct line of descent. But he knew equally well how to court the people, to make them feel that their cause was bound up with Cæsar's, while in Parliament he was by common consent an excellent specimen of a House of Commons leader. Add to this that he was a great wit, and gifted to an extraordinary degree with the art of reading his times and feeling what was coming in the political atmosphere, and you are conscious of being in the presence of an astounding assemblage of qualities. He was consistent in this, that he employed his unrivalled talents in showing the Conservatives how they might make use of the tendencies to which they were constitutionally opposed to consolidate and perpetuate their power. It is a well known fact in the national history of government that the lure of Imperialism is a good bribe for a democracy, while the *imperium* fostered tends to rivet the hold of those in power upon the whole machinery of government. Disraeli, with his half-mocking *Imperium et Libertas*, divined how this lure could be made attractive to Englishmen. He paved the way for the great reaction which has lasted now for the better part of a generation.

Disraeli was great neither as administrator, legislator, nor diplomatist. But he was a born manager of men, and a master of a very peculiar and intricate kind of statecraft. There is nobody with whom he can be profitably compared, except by way of contrast. He stands out from the group in which Peel, Gladstone, Palmerston, Russell, and Derby are marked figures, like a person belonging to another world. And he was in many respects far more like a Continental politician than an Englishman. Bismarck, brought up in the very heart of the old régime, but knowing, like him, how to accommodate himself to the new, felt drawn to Disraeli, as he felt an inborn repugnance to Gladstone. Machiavelli might have recognized in him a worthy pupil. He was a great master of "the greatest of all games," and skilled in every branch of the *ars politica*. For reason, humanity, reform, science, equality, any of the ideals which have played such a wonderful part in the development of the world during the past hundred years, he cared little or nothing, except as they might serve his turn. He devoted himself in a democratic age to the rehabilitation of Conservatism, and, wonderful to relate, succeeded where every one else failed. That his work was a species of imposture is no doubt true; we cannot think of him as a genuine statesman, but as the chief actor and consummate manager of a remarkable political drama, we can never cease to admire him. It is a great tribute to the variety of his genius that, in reading or writing about him, it is difficult to make an end. We never exhaust him or his contrasts. One trait allied with or supplementing those we have mentioned was that singular urbanity which never deserted him, and which enabled him to remain at peace with all the world in the midst of conflict. In foreign affairs he always showed this un-English quality to great advantage; he made no blunders, for instance, during our civil war, such as brought trouble to Gladstone and Lord John Russell. Of his character and mind Mr. Sichel gives a very good picture; as a contribution to systematic political biography, these volumes must not be taken as conclusive.

NORTHLAND SPORT.

Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada. By David T. Hanbury. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Unlike Mr. Warburton Pike and others who have gone forth to hunt the musk-ox, Mr. Hanbury is careful to avoid calling the northland of Canada "barren ground." "No land," he says, "can be called 'barren' which bears wild flowers in profusion, numerous heaths, luxuriant grass in places up to the knee, and a variety of moss and lichens. It is barren only in the sense that it is destitute of trees; hence the name 'De-chinu-le' (no trees), which is the Indian name for it." That fertile prairie abounds between Chesterfield Inlet and Great Bear Lake, no one will imagine who has read this book, but Mr. Hanbury shows how it is possible for a man of vigorous constitution to maintain life, health, and spirits within the fringe of the Arctic Circle, even though he wanders about for a long period, taking his food where he finds it. The answer to the conundrum is simple. If you want to be comfortable and happy in a latitude of 65 or 70 degrees, go and live with the Huskies. So far as the ethnological element in this book is concerned, Mr. Hanbury seizes every opportunity to exalt the Eskimo at the expense of the Indians.

Of the two journeys which are here de-

scribed, the first occupied the summer of 1899, and took Mr. Hanbury from Fort Churchill, on the west shore of Hudson's Bay, to Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake. The second, and more important, began at Fort Resolution in July, 1901, and ended at the same point in September, 1902. The route followed in the meantime took Mr. Hanbury eastward by the main Ark-i-lĭnik River (formerly called the Thelewdezzeth) to Depot Island, in the northwestern part of Hudson's Bay, thence to the Arctic Sea, which he skirted as far as the west end of Coronation Gulf, and back to Great Slave Lake by the Coppermine River, Dease River, Great Bear Lake, and the Mackenzie River. In geographical language this second journey covered the region between latitude 62-68° and west longitude 90-125°. It also involved a winter sojourn with the Eskimo on Baker Lake, just above Chesterfield Inlet, and a long course of wandering with them during the summer months. For parts of his route Mr. Hanbury is the first explorer, and most of the country travelled is too remote to be occupied in any way by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Probably the most serviceable result of this trip is to demonstrate the true character of the Ark-i-lĭnik, which is one of the finest streams in northern Canada, and an easy passage from Great Slave Lake to Hudson's Bay. In the complete absence of information, Mr. Hanbury expected difficulties, and was much surprised to find the route "absurdly easy." "The Ark-i-lĭnik," he says, "is a fine, large river about 300 yards wide, having an even steady current of from four to five miles an hour. For the entire distance over which we followed the main river, there is not a sign of any rough water which could possibly be called a rapid, and the river is navigable for a steamer of considerable draught nearly the whole way." This passage is not unlikely to catch the eye of sportsmen who are on the lookout for fresh fields, especially when reinforced by Mr. Hanbury's allusions to the abundance of musk-oxen in the vicinity.

"On the main Ark-i-lĭnik River there is a stretch of country about eighty miles in length into which no human being enters. The Eskimo do not hunt so far west, and Yellow Knives and Dog Ribs from Slave Lake do not go so far east. . . . Thus there still remains one spot in this great barren northland which is sacred to the musk-ox. Here the animals remain in their primeval state, exhibiting no fear, only curiosity. I approached several herds within thirty yards, photographed them at my leisure, moving them round as I wished, and then retired, leaving them still stupidly staring at me as if in wonder. When deer were not procurable, a musk-ox was killed. Fish were plentiful all along the Ark-i-lĭnik; in fact, I never saw such a grand river for fish."

On the strength of these words we imagine that the Ark-i-lĭnik region will not long remain "a country into which no human being enters."

Another geographical contribution of much interest springs out of Mr. Hanbury's trouble in getting from Bloody Falls on the Coppermine River into the northeastern corner of Great Bear Lake. Here the obstacles and inconveniences which he had apprehended on the Ark-i-lĭnik were met with in large numbers, and had it not been for the loyal assistance of Eskimo, the frequency of portages would have forced him to abandon all his scientific collections. From time to time the economic possibilities of the northland are made a subject of brief reference, but Mr. Hanbury frankly states that he went for sport and travel, not for elaborate geographical or scientific work. When on the skirts of the Arctic Sea, he was at some pains to see whether any large deposits of pure copper could be found. The reports of the Eskimo regarding the abundance of this metal were gorgeous in the extreme. For example, one of the Husky guides told Mr. Hanbury that near Fowler Bay a block of copper weighing more than a ton was lying on the shore. "If we had gone to this place, I felt quite convinced that Hun would have said it was at some other place that copper was really plentiful, so I did not think it worth while to alter our course." Native copper, however, was found in many places, and seemed to exist in considerable quantities. Mr. Hanbury differs from Mr. Tyrrell of the Canadian Geological Survey regarding the amount of timber along the course of the Ark-i-lĭnik River, although he considers that if any discovery of precious metals were ever made in the vicinity this belt of spruce would possess economic value.

While Mr. Hanbury's geographical discoveries are of enough moment to attract notice, the *pièce de résistance* of his book is undoubtedly his account of Eskimo habits. Not since the days of Captain Coats, a hundred and fifty years ago, have the Huskies found a friend so sympathetic. Mr. Hanbury feels at home the moment he gets into their society, and under their guidance will trust himself anywhere in the north. Their good nature he contrasts with the sulkiness of the Indians. Their willingness, loyalty, and cleanliness he rates high when measured by the same standard. He can live with complete serenity in their snow huts, which he defends against charges of over-heating and bad ventilation. He has found them honest in their dealings with whites, though they have a little game of pilfering from each other. Their notions of sexual morality are not those of Europeans, and the struggle for existence prevents them from showing filial piety toward the aged. Otherwise, Mr. Hanbury gives them an extremely good character.

"The Huskies are like happy and contented children, always laughing and merry, good-natured and hospitable. Everything that they possess, food, clothes, footgear, and services, are at the disposal of the white strangers." "To counterbalance an occasional display of sulks, the Husky has many good, even noble qualities. The good Husky knows no fear and never gets excited, either on land or on water, in attacking a polar bear with spear or ancient musket, or in standing out to sea in a whaleboat in a gale of wind." "We then packed up, loaded the canoes and bade farewell to our faithful Huskies, Amer and Pitz. We parted with much regret on my part, and with, I may hope, a little on theirs. They had been in my service for a year, and had behaved like the manly fellows they were."

These are a few of the many passages in which Mr. Hanbury testifies to the good qualities of the Eskimo.

No modern book descriptive of an unexplored region is complete without a collection of photographs. On his first and shorter expedition Mr. Hanbury had the misfortune to lose his camera and plates in a canoe accident, just as the party was within reach of its destination. The next time, however, he met with better success, and his narrative is accompanied by a fine series of illustrations which often bring out the physical features of the country traversed more graphically than any words. In telling his story Mr. Hanbury refrains from using flowers of language, and relies chiefly upon the daily jottings of his journal. Partly because he writes well and partly because he has a capital subject, his book is one which can be laid down only with reluctance. It conveys the zest of healthy life amid the illimitable wastes of the North, and enables us to realize why people who seem forced by no necessity are willing to stay for months at a time where the temperature ranges from 5 to 50 degrees below zero.

A single word should be said concerning the appendixes. Though scientific investigation lay outside his original purpose, Mr. Hanbury collected many species of minerals, flora, and butterflies. These have been determined by experts, and separate lists of them are given for the benefit of students. The author adds running notes of his own on the main features of geological formation. In addition to the scientific jottings, lists of articles for trade, of food supplies, and of medical equipment are furnished. Mr. Hanbury carried good thermometers with him, and devotes ten pages to detailed meteorological observations which embrace the maximum and minimum readings for each day. Finally, he gives a long and most interesting glossary of Eskimo words as taken down from the dictation of the Hudson Bay Company's interpreter at Churchill.

Nyasaland under the Foreign Office. By H. L. Duff of the British Central Africa Administration. With illustrations and map. The Macmillan Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. xvi., 422.

Nyasaland, or the British Central Africa Protectorate as it is officially termed, is Dr. Livingstone's legacy to his countrymen. In his last journey through it he found the land was being devastated by the Arab slave-hunters, and the only effectual means of checking their raids seemed to him to be the establishment of a mission on Lake Nyasa. His appeals for aid for the natives were unheeded until his death aroused a deep interest in this part of Africa. Then the two great Scotch churches founded missions here, and the African Lakes Company was formed to coöperate with them and to develop the resources of the country. The success of these missionaries and traders was so great that the Arabs, recognizing in them their deadliest foes, sought to destroy them, and it was in their defence that the British Government intervened and constituted the Protectorate.

In 1898 Mr. Duff began a five years' service as one of the fifty Englishmen who form the administrative body. At his lonely station his recreations were apparently two—hunting, and noting down at night the impressions and information gained from the experiences of the day. This book consists of these notes put into coherent shape, and, being written amid the scenes and people treated of, has unusual freshness and life. It begins with a short description of the country and the events which led to its occupation, and of the

districts in the Shiré Highlands and on the lake over which the author had charge. Chapters on the fauna and flora, from the point of view of an intelligent lover of nature, not a scientist, succeed, with interesting details of the big game and the best methods of hunting it. More voluminous and valuable is a study of the people, their tribal organization, physical, moral and mental qualities, their religion, rites, customs and industries. The book closes with a too-brief summary of the Protectorate policy and the duties of the English official. The first of these is to understand the native and to win his confidence, and a better illustration of the faithfulness of these empire-builders to their task than these chapters afford it would be difficult to find. Mr. Duff's description of the native is photographically minute. Yet, although apparently there is hardly a trait or custom upon which he has not touched, he confesses that the portrait is not complete; that, simple though the native may seem to be, this observer does not understand him fully.

"I have lived among the people of Central Africa for five years, and have mixed with them more intimately, perhaps, than most white men, since it has been my profession to administer the affairs of some forty thousand of them, to hear their complaints, redress their grievances, and punish their offences. Yet to-day I feel less positive as to their ultimate capabilities, less ready to pronounce a decided judgment upon them, than I did when I had been only six months in the country."

It is doubtful, in fact, whether any European, whatever his experience of the natives, arrives at a full comprehension of the workings of their minds and hearts. No one can read these pages, however, without feeling that there is much of promise in the Bantu, notwithstanding his nearness to the brute. He is generous, hospitable, brave, and "wonderfully patient of toil" in case of need, not wantonly cruel, with strong affection for his young children, and cheerful. "I doubt whether any other people in the world talk so much or laugh so much. Their laughter is particularly healthy, natural, and unrestrained—a most exhilarating sound." His loyalty to his tribe is so fine that a relatively trivial offence by one member against another is liable to be punished by death, while the same act committed against another tribesman would be held to be praiseworthy and its perpetrator a hero. "They have among them *nothing in the nature of a criminal class*, as we understand the term; no 'submerged tenth,' no body of habitual or professional evildoers, such as prey upon the rich and polished societies of the Occident." It is not surprising, then, that the change from the savage government, upheld by a policy of terror, to the white man's rule causes a temporary deterioration. The putting down of intertribal warfare takes from the savage almost the only incentive for the cultivation of his higher faculties—the ability for attack and defence. The tribal organizations are dissolved; the large villages are abandoned, and the people are scattered by families over the land. Although crimes of the first magnitude are almost unknown, yet, under the leniency of civilized law, minor offences such as theft and adultery increase. But Mr. Duff finds in this inevitable sinking to a lower level for a time no reason for a withdrawal from the country, as some advocates of "native rights" demand. "Africa for the Africans is all very well," he writes, "but to leave Central Africa to the Central Africans to-morrow would be to leave it to the slave-raider and the freebooter, to plunge it, on the instant, into the confusion and bloodshed from which it has been rescued."

Of his precise duties as an official he says but little. The Protectorate policy is to govern the people, so far as possible, through their chiefs. The white man's task is simply to repress crime and to administer justice. A fundamental principle in dealing with the native is to be patient, "for to lose patience with him is to lose everything. The long hours spent in sitting on a camp-stool listening to his diffuse arguments are not wasted. There is no surer way of winning his confidence than to give him a fair hearing. Cut his stupid story short, send him away puzzled and rebuffed, and he will trouble you no more certainly, but neither will he ever come again to tell you little things that you may very much wish to know—what the villagers are saying about such and such a matter; where the thieves are hiding who stole your loads; whether the path you used to travel by is practicable or not; in what dambo [open glade] the elands are feeding, and where the elephants have gone."

Mr. Duff has decided views in regard to the labor problem. He is confident that to take the Central African negro to work in the mines of the Transvaal, as has been proposed, would result in his deterioration. Besides, the demands of his own rich land for development are far greater than the present population can supply.

We regret the failure to give facts showing the progress made since the establishment of the Protectorate. In an appendix are printed the game regulations, in which we note that of elephants (male only) and rhinoceroses only two can be killed by a single hunter, and the largest number of any one animal allowable is thirty. There are two elephant preserves. These restrictions do not apply in their entirety to natives who "appear to be dependent on the flesh of wild animals for their subsistence."

North Carolina: A Study in English Colonial Government. By Charles Lee Raper, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Economics and Associate Professor of History in the University of North Carolina. 1904. Pp. xiii., 260.

No one, perhaps, has appreciated more fully the necessity of a careful study of the colonial period from the point of view of English administration, and no one has done more to illuminate the general subject of colonial history, than Prof. H. L. Osgood of Columbia University. While awaiting the publication of the comprehensive work which he has promised for the near future, we note with great interest the very good special studies now appearing, of which Dr. Raper's book is one, that have been inspired by and bear the impress of his teaching.

Dr. Raper's book is not a history of North Carolina, but (as its sub-title indicates) strictly a systematic study of the administration of North Carolina, mainly during the royal period. The proprietary period, 1663-1729, is dismissed in a short introductory chapter. While, from the point of view of administration, the proprietary period merits no more extended treatment, it is unfortunate that this chapter is not as well done as the succeeding ones. The author has not presented very clearly either the aims of the proprietors, the actual governmental organization, or the conditions that led to the surrender of the charter. Almost the whole of the book is devoted to the crown period, however, and here the result is satisfactory. The treatment is systematic, not chronological. In separate chapters Dr. Raper considers the Governor, the Council, the Assembly, the territorial system, the fiscal system, the judicial system, the system of defence, conflicts between the Executive and the Assembly, and the downfall of the royal Government. In dealing with the chief departments of the system, Dr. Raper first states the organization and functions of each as revealed in the documents, and then summarizes briefly the way it worked in practice. So, likewise, in the chapter on the land system, the system of defence, etc.; all especially valuable because this phase of colonial history is the one that has been most consistently neglected.

What stands out clearly in this study is the fact that the colonial organization as a whole was made up of two mutually hostile parts, representing respectively the English Government and the colony. Ultimately, of course, all officials derived their authority from the English Government, but practically the Governor and Council were appointed by the Crown directly, represented the interests of the Crown, and stood for monarchical principles, while the Assembly was appointed by the colony, represented the colonists, and stood for the democratic principles that thrive in a frontier community. The Governor, therefore, looked at the colony from the point of view of imperial policy, and the Assembly at the empire from that of colonial needs. This inevitable opposition of interests and principles is revealed throughout the study, but Dr. Raper devotes a separate chapter to the special questions on which the Governor and the Assembly clashed. The final chapter, on the downfall of the royal Government, was perhaps necessary, but it is scarcely more than a conventional treatment of the events leading up to the Revolution.

What Dr. Raper has done has been in the main well done. Two criticisms, however, suggest themselves. In limiting himself too carefully to the public documents, the author has left a stronger impression of the theoretical side of the administration than of the practical. There is a certain documentary flavor. In the second place, it might be suggested that some things have been omitted that should have been included, or, at any rate, that should have been more fully treated. Ecclesiastical organization was perhaps not of great importance in North Carolina, but it merits more than a mention. Party organization and methods should certainly have been considered in connection with the Assembly. The laws of trade, and the machinery by which they were sought to be enforced, had a more important bearing on colonial administration than the author leads us to suppose. The steady tendency was to increase the number of officials appointed directly by the Crown in proportion as the Governor was found inefficient to maintain the interests of the home Government against the Assembly. A more careful study

of the proprietary period would have convinced Dr. Raper of the importance of this tendency.

A bibliography of the sources, limited to public documents in print and in MS., is appended. The index is fair.

The American City: A Problem in Democracy. By Delos F. Wilcox. Macmillan Co. 1904.

This essay has scarcely more to do with the actual conduct of municipal government than the late Mr. Bellamy's 'Looking Backward' had to do with existing society. The difficulties and limitations pointed out in so masterly a way by Major Darwin in his 'Municipal Trade' are here almost entirely ignored. It is admitted again and again that, with human nature as it has exhibited itself in our city governments, we need expect little improvement in their condition. Moreover, there is much in city life that does not tend to improve human nature. To the success of democracy, three things are said to be essential: The great body of the people must be intelligent and have social capacity; they must have a strong interest in local institutions; and they must be able to give much time and thought to their political interests. But the addition of hordes of ignorant immigrants, the destruction of local ties through the increased mobility of men, and the exigencies of the industrial struggle have been adverse influences. And all these adverse influences culminate in cities.

It might seem, therefore, that before multiplying offices and enlarging their functions, the necessary reform of human nature should be effected. On the contrary, Mr. Wilcox assumes that civic virtue would be increased by increasing the demands upon it, just as our Imperialists maintained that we ought to conquer the Filipinos in order to purify our own political life. The necessary development of civic virtue is to be effected by government. The spectacle of government as it is actually administered is not edifying, but the public schools are to furnish the corrective. The kindergarten, manual training, playgrounds, vacation schools, and baths—these are to produce that broad-minded altruism without which democracy must collapse. Assistance is to come also from municipal parades and theatrical entertainments, which, "under municipal auspices, are a legitimate and almost necessary means for the protection of morals and the training of citizenship." The willingness to subordinate personal and private interest to public welfare, which is the essence of civic spirit, is conditioned on *panem* as well as *circenses*. "The single tax upon land values is the most promising of all the planks in the programme of civic reform, except the change in human nature proposed by the evangelists of the gospel of love."

Cautious men will prefer that these evangelists should have their perfect work before the single tax is adopted, even if such preference suggest distrust of the virtue of the people. This distrust appears to be regarded by Mr. Wilcox as something in the nature of treason. He forbids us to say that the programme of the collectivists cannot be carried out, for that would be to abandon the theory of democracy. That theory, as here stated, will appear to many as something that had better be abandoned as a preliminary to any rational reform of our government. People who have not been faithful over a few things do not deserve to be made rulers over many things.

Much of this book, we should add, is occupied with the recital of various measures of municipal reform and with the methods of dealing with the problems of public utilities, revenues, debts, etc. Many facts of interest are brought out, but their arrangement is not such as to make it easy to get a comprehensive view of municipal government as it is.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Hodges, Rev. George. Fountains Abbey: The Story of a Mediæval Monastery. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.
Huelsen, Ch. Das Forum Romanum. Rome: Loescher & Co.; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Koeppen, A., and Breuer, C. Geschichte des Möbels. New York, No. 64 East Twelfth St.: Bruno Hessling. $6.
Louvrière, Emile. Edgar Poe: Sa Vie et son Œuvre. Paris: Félix Alcan. 10 francs.
Miltoun, Francis. The Cathedrals of Southern France. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Morrison, Arthur. The Green Diamond. New ed. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Mulets, Lenore E. Stories of Little Animals. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.
Roberts, C. G. D. The Lord of the Air. New ed. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 50c.
Sylvester, James Joseph. Mathematical Papers, Vol. I.—1837-1853. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 18s. net.
Tomlins, William L. The Laurel Song-Book. Boston: C. C. Birchard & Co.
Viereck, George Sylvester. Gedichte. New York: Brentano's.
Vogüé, E. M. de. Sous l'Horizon: Hommes et Choses d'hier. Paris: Armand Colin. 3.50 francs.
Wade, May H. Our Little Turkish Cousin. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 60c.
Wernle, Paul. The Beginnings of Christianity. Vol. II., The Development of the Church. (Theological Translation Library.) G. P. Putnam's Sons.
West, Willis Mason. The Ancient World. Part I., Greece and the East. (Allyn & Bacon's Series of School Histories.) Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Wilson, Anne C. Hints for the First Years of Residence in India. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1s. 6d net.
Xenophontis Opera Omnia. Vol. III.—Expeditio Cyri. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde, 2s. 6d.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1904.

The Week.

Governor Odell's appointment of Judge Cullen, a Democrat, to be Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals in succession to Judge Parker foreshadows the action of the Republican Convention in nominating Judge Cullen and Judge Werner for the two vacancies in the court. There is, we are aware, considerable opposition among Democrats to the plan proposed by the Republicans. Hill has never forgiven Judge Cullen's decision against him when Hill tried to steal the Legislature; and Democratic workers cannot forget that Judge Werner has been something of a politician, and that he ran against Judge John Clinton Gray in 1902. But, granting all that may be urged against Judge Werner, the ticket proposed by the Republicans offers the most practicable plan for removing the judiciary from politics. The Republicans refused to support Judge Gray two years ago, they were badly beaten, and they have learned their lesson. If the Democrats refuse to nominate Judge Cullen and Judge Werner, they will be taught another lesson of exactly the same kind; and they will put at hazard both the national and the State tickets.

The Wisconsin Democrats had such an opportunity as does not occur twice in a politician's lifetime to make a successful campaign on lines of their own with a high-class candidate. In a situation offering so many possibilities, it would be folly to assert that by nominating George W. Peck for Governor they have thrown away their chance, yet much may be said in favor of this contention. To begin with, the Democrats propose to attract the votes of Republicans who bolted on the third-term issue by nominating a candidate who has already served two terms himself. They voted down squarely at the same time planks for the direct primary and the railroad commission, the issues from which La Follette draws the most earnest and soundest element of his following. The "fair-minded Democrats," to use his own phrase, to whom the Governor has so successfully appealed in the past, will see small reason for returning to their old affiliations. Instead of going into the fight on principles of its own, it looks uncommonly as if the Wisconsin Democracy had merely allied itself with one of the sides in the Republican quarrel.

Senator Lodge must realize that if he had spent less time last winter in helping the President "do things," and more in trying to understand what the people of Massachusetts were thinking about, his lot to-day would be a good deal happier. Concerning markets—except, possibly, the Gloucester fish market—he appears to have known little and cared less. But the people of Massachusetts have the storekeeper's instinct; the bulk of them are vastly more interested in driving a good trade than in the right of Panama to secede from Colombia or of the President to construe pension laws. What they desire more than anything else is a chance to barter with Canada. But when certain of them went to the Republican State Convention last spring and declared what they wanted, Lodge laid down the law to them with ill-concealed contempt, and told them there was no place for their views in the party platform. He forgot that in the past the people of Massachusetts had insisted on doing their own thinking. They promptly showed him that, after all, they were the real masters of the situation, by getting more than half the Republican voters of the State to line up for Canadian reciprocity. Some weeks ago Lodge saw his mistake and tried to remedy it. He has made all kinds of contradictory speeches, with the intent to square himself with the party. The leaders of the Republican reciprocity movement are determined, however, to have the thing down in black and white. Delegates to the State Convention in October are asked to vote for a resolution favoring the policy so ignominiously rejected, under Lodge's direction, in the spring. It will tax his ingenuity to escape from the dilemma gracefully. The voters are against him, and he knows it. He cannot offer them a Chicago platform type of reciprocity—"without injury to *any* American industry"—for his malicious opponents expressly ask the delegation to the State Convention to recognize reciprocity, though realizing "that no treaty can be made which may not affect injuriously *some* interest." Such details break in rudely on the quiet of a great statesman intent on widening the bounds of civilization.

The July trade statement is not, we fear, a very strong argument for the Chicago platform. Even in the face of adverse weather conditions the "party of prosperity" ought to have been able to keep agricultural exports from falling off $12,104,321. The Democrats affirm that it was Providence which vouchsafed us the great prosperity of recent years; the Republicans say it was the Dingley tariff. If it was the latter, it has recently been acting very capriciously with our farm products. But be that as it may, one act of charity will cover a multitude of sins, and the party of protection has been very good to American mills. Why, look! our exports of manufactures increased $5,244,658 for July, and for the first seven months of the fiscal year there was a gain of nearly $41,000,000, the total movement being $285,495,728. But does even this showing denote that protection is a blessing? If a large part of these exports represent dumping, that denotes prosperity for neither domestic manufacturer nor for domestic consumer; it indicates that we are furnishing foreigners cheap products to be used in competition against us later on. If only a small part is "dumping," the clear significance is that our manufacturers can stand on their own legs and need no prop—nay, that they would lead a far more vigorous life if freed from tariff crutches.

A striking change has recently taken place in our cotton cloth exports. In April those to China had practically reached the point of annihilation, amounting to only a little over 1,000,000 yards, against about 34,600,000 in the same month of 1903. Since then there has been a better tendency, and by June the exports had mounted to 9,024,100 yards, against 10,351,623 yards the previous year. July, however, made the situation look quite like old times. Shipments amounted to 17,244,010 yards, against only 9,751,868 yards last year. It is worth noting that our total exports of cotton cloths for July showed practically no change from 1903. It follows, therefore, that there must have been some good-sized losses to offset the gain in China. Trade with South America fell off sharply, and this is true also of the Asiatic trade outside of China. Exports to "other Asia and Oceanica"—practically all of Asia except China, Japan, and British India—for example, declined from 3,684,428 yards to 96,265 yards; those to British India from 937,802 yards to 97,500 yards. British Africa was also a very poor customer. On the other hand, Cuba took nearly eight times as much as last year—namely, 1,675,690 yards, against 219,970 yards. Briefly, there has seldom been a month of more conflicting features in connection with our exports of cotton goods.

The steel situation is equally conflicting. The starting up of various mills in one quarter or another has been chronicled as a hopeful sign, and yet it is not always easy to reconcile this with the admitted facts in the case. Other things being equal, it is not surprising that a larger activity should follow a drastic cut in prices. But other things seem to be far from equal in the case

of some of the steel plants. They appear to have had much the same experience as the cotton mills; as prices for their products have dropped, consumers have held off from purchasing in hopes of obtaining even larger concessions. It is somewhat puzzling, for instance, to know just why one large plant with 1,200 men should have resumed operations in the face of previous admissions that its heavy cut in prices had done very little towards stimulating orders. The fact that the beam and plate pools failed to reduce quotations on Thursday is exciting comment, as the Steel Trust is reported to be distinctly in favor of a cut —a surprising fact in itself—and as it is believed that prices are bound to come down anyway before long. The rail situation gives rise to a number of interesting questions. Will the nominal quotation of $28 a ton be reduced in the actual selling price? Can actual prices be easily cut, in view of the guarantees against reductions given on large sales earlier in the year? Another query is: To what extent will the new Canadian tariff regulations check the export of American rails?

At first sight, the sudden burst of virtue exhibited in the resolutions of the Building Trades Alliance at its mass meeting on Wednesday of last week indicated a healthier tone in the organization. The Alliance was formed by a number of walking delegates for the purpose of wrecking the arbitration plan of July, 1903. On the first day of the present lockout, the Alliance, in vexation, passed resolutions which said in conclusion:

"Resolved, That the unions affiliated with this Alliance declare that the general arbitration plan is no longer in operation, and has no binding force upon said unions."

On August 31 the resolution began:

"Resolved, That the Building Trades Alliance, in mass meeting assembled, do declare themselves unalterably in favor of the great principle of arbitration as the means of settling disputes between employers and employees."

Unfortunately, this lofty declaration was intended only as introductory to the dictum that "the right of the trades organizations to defend themselves against non-union men and non-union material shall never be questioned or be a subject-matter of arbitration." Herein lies the shibboleth of all unionism—that the right of man to labor shall be regulated solely by the unions. The seriousness of the war in the building trades depends wholly on the strength of this mischief-making alliance in standing up to its position. Signs of its disintegration have already been received with welcome, and a general strike-weariness on the part of the individual unions portends a quick end.

Brig.-Gen. W. H. Carter, commanding a department in the Philippines, in his annual report furiously assails the existing order of civilian rule, under which the troops cannot act except when called upon by the civilian authorities. This supremacy of the Philippine Commission, he says, illustrates "the extremely unfortunate condition of affairs in these islands." Instead of their being in a peaceful and happy condition, as the Administration would have us believe, Gen. Carter affirms that there has been an attempt at insurrection or revolution made in his own department. Moreover, he declares that "it is not unlikely that such efforts may be repeated from time to time by malcontents." Under the present system, he thinks such an uprising might attain very serious proportions before the troops could be called out. Moreover, this military subordination "delays the Americanization of the islands." He calls loudly for permanent barracks on the astonishing ground that "temporary construction and makeshifts of every kind only serve to develop and confirm in the minds of the Filipinos the idea that the Americans do not intend to hold the islands permanently." Evidently, Gen. Carter is a long way behind the times, and does not realize that we are in the midst of a Presidential campaign. Somebody ought to cable him quickly extracts from Secretary Taft's latest speeches hoping for Filipino independence at some time in the future.

The colonies are taking Mr. Chamberlain about in the way he is shrewdly suspected to be taking himself. They affect the greatest enthusiasm for imperial federation and its corollary, preferential trade between the mother country and themselves, but go ahead with their practical affairs as if these were projects to be discussed only out of business hours or on the stump. Reduced to the baldest terms, Mr. Chamberlain's original message to the colonies was this: We will apportion the business of the Empire, and you shall raise the crops, while we at home do the manufacturing. That is, "secondary industries"—manufactures—were out of place in the colonies, and it was hoped the latter would appreciate the fact. To be sure, the late Colonial Secretary has recently been telling the farmers of Great Britain he was going to do something for them; but this has not raised a rumpus in the colonies—scoffers will perhaps say it was because nobody there takes the Chamberlain proposals seriously, anyway. An amusing feature of this whole business is that the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is considering a proposal to open an office in London for the exhibition of Dominion manufactures. The "secondary industries" part of the Chamberlain scheme appears, indeed, to have been entirely overlooked by the Canadians. It is to be feared that the Tariff Commission will have to issue an appendix, bringing the "dumping" question up to date.

The congress of the International Socialists at Amsterdam pretty well resolved itself into a contest between M. Guesde and M. Jaurès. The leader of the "Reds" pressed constantly before the meeting the famous Dresden resolution of 1900, which declares the essence of Socialism to be the war of classes, and condemns all compromises between Socialist groups and existing political parties. This was primarily a blow at M. Jaurès, the chief of the "Yellows," the ally of a Radical Ministry, and practically the leader of M. Combes's composite majority. Incidentally, it was a rebuke to most of the English delegates, who, in advanced constituencies, are always ready to combine with the Liberals; it touched also the Belgian and Italian Socialists, who generally are ready for any coalition that promises benefit to their class. In fact, under any strict reading of the Dresden resolution it is doubtful if any Socialists except the Germans could qualify as orthodox. M. Jaurès's whole career as an opportunist was so clearly at stake that it is not surprising that the occasion called out all his powers as an orator. He ridiculed, with more truth than tact, the doctrinaire attitude of the French Reds and the German Social Democrats. These latter, he observed, had neither given their lives on the barricades nor their wits in Parliament. They lay helpless with their doctrines under a feudal and oppressive rule. In France, on the contrary, Socialism might build on the Revolution and on universal suffrage; nay, it owed a duty, while furthering the complete liberation of the proletariat, to reform also the bourgeois State.

It was an eloquent appeal for what has been the successful socialism of the past, and must be of the future, if indeed the future lies at all with these visionaries; but it was an error unworthy of an opportunist to raise odious comparison between France and Germany at an international conference. At this point internationalism broke down, and Herr Bebel took up the cudgels for the *Vaterland*. To Jaurès's boast of the superiority of the French Republic, Bebel retorted caustically: "Napoleon's *Coup d'État* gave you back the universal suffrage you had lost; Bismarck gave you your Republic." Naturally, such passages at arms hardly made for fraternity. A conciliatory motion was lost by a tie vote; the Dresden motion, shorn, to be sure, of its more drastic verbiage, was passed by an overwhelming majority. Jaurès's fling at the Germans had turned what might

have been a mere filibustering motion of the Guesdists into a substantial rebuke. International socialism stands to its theory of no compromise with the bourgeois State, and of unrelenting proclamation of the war of classes. But it would be foolish to take this action literally. The same convention that condemned gradual conciliatory methods practically voted against the principle of the international strike—surely an effective method of fomenting class enmity. And one should not forget that the fact that opportunism could be calmly debated at a Socialist convention shows that the party has gone far from Marx and Prudhomme. There is no likelihood that the resolution condemning the opportunists will be of the slightest practical effect. Jaurès, beaten in the congress by Guesde, will continue to control the Socialist arondissements and to make his bargains at the Palais Bourbon. In fine, the reaffirmation of the Dresden resolution emphatically does not mean a return to a revolutionary programme.

Baron von Mirbach has at last been forced to resign his positions as secretary of the German Empress's cabinet, administrator of her funds, and head of her church-building societies. Ever since the criminal failure of the Pommern Bank of Berlin and the revelations that his societies had received very large sums from the bank wreckers, there has been a widespread demand for his retirement. This he met by declaring that he never read the newspapers or paid any attention to them. There were also well-authenticated rumors that when he offered his resignation to the Emperor some time ago, he was met with the remark: "You don't think that I would sacrifice you to public opinion?" But the Von Mirbach scandal grew worse instead of better. Revelations of his activity as a collector of charitable funds by means of Government agencies and officials, as well as by the judicious bestowal of decorations, came from all quarters. All efforts to excuse him only brought out new facts, which, among other results, seriously besmirched the Prussian Minister of the Interior, Baron von Hammerstein, whose connection with the matter is to be investigated by the Chamber of Deputies. Furthermore, Von Mirbach has figured in the courts in connection with the settlement of an estate of which he was the administrator. Not even in Germany could such an official be retained in office.

German newspapers abound in horrifying tales of the ill-treatment of soldiers by brutal officers and non-commissioned officers. In Pillau an artillery lieutenant has been punished for making a soldier carry a heavy part of a breech apparatus around the drill ground in his mouth. In Glogau a military court has been investigating the death of a soldier who was so barbarously treated that he threw himself before an express train to escape his tormentors. It was proved that a sergeant had ill-treated him no less than 137 times. In nearly every case this brute struck his victim, and now and again he starved him. Altogether the sergeant was punished for 251 offences by imprisonment for only a year and a half, while a corporal of the same company went to jail for one year for 240 offences—both ridiculously light sentences in view of the devilish tortures inflicted. There is a general outcry in the liberal press against these and similarly inadequate sentences. This feeling of dissatisfaction has been increased by a remarkable order (recently published by the *Vorwärts*, the leading Socialist organ) in which the Emperor ordered secrecy in trials similar to that of Lieut. Bilse, the author of the now famous novel, 'In a Small Garrison.' It is rightly held that the army can be properly purged of wrongdoers only by letting in the light of day and by focussing public attention upon the evils complained of.

Rumors of a new Russian loan are rife. One is that the Czar's Government has practically arranged to borrow 500,000,000 rubles, or about $250,000,000, in Germany. It is added that, as might be supposed, the interest rate will be higher than on the last issue. Last spring Russia arranged for a large 5 per cent. loan in Paris at considerably less than par. Since then her arms have met with constant reverses, and her alleged financial strength has been discussed with keener and keener criticism in Berlin and London. The sharpest minds in European finance frankly confess that they are all at sea regarding the real situation. The distrust with which the optimistic statements emanating from St. Petersburg are received in foreign money centres is clearly indicated by recent press comments in Berlin. Not long ago the St. Petersburg *Official Messenger* declared that, on May 13, $150,000,000 was available for war purposes; that $128,750,000 had in the meantime been credited to the various departments of administration, and that the profits of the Paris loan of $160,000,000 had therefore not been drawn upon. In Berlin this statement is regarded as "unintelligible." It is considered incredible that only about $120,000,000 should have been spent during the first six months of the war; and it is also regarded as very curious that a new loan should be offered in the face of the Government's claim that it has at least $160,000,000 still in hand. Indeed, there has been a feeling in Berlin lately that the Russian State Rente bonds—it was said the new loan would be of this class—might be regarded "as nothing but a species of paper money."

The steady driving of Kuropatkin's army northward leaves even the chronicler breathless. The first blow in the strategic movement which has forced the Russians into their present harassed and contested retreat upon Mukden was struck more than a month ago, on July 31, when Kuroki stormed and held the positions which commanded Anping and the valley of the Taitse. On the second of August, Nodzu, after a stiff fight, took Simucheng, thus outflanking the Russian position at Haicheng. A prompt retreat to Anshantchan placed Kuropatkin's forces in a great semi-circle of about twenty miles radius, of which Liaoyang was the centre, Anping the northern, Anshantchan the southern node. This position permitted the junction of Nodzu, who had come from Takushan by way of Siuyen, with Oku, who had come from Port Adams. Nodzu naturally took the centre along the railway, Oku the left along the roads from Niu-Chwang to Liaoyang, leaving Kuroki as a widely detached right entrenched near Anping. The next important operation was the shifting of the Russian front. Their right at Anshantchan was vulnerable to an attack from Niu-Chwang. On August 5 the advance of Oku from Haicheng was the signal for the Russians to extend their right toward the northwest and the Taitse, making the semi-circle of defence face south instead of southeast. It was in this formation, with a much shortened radius, that they fought a great battle. In the early weeks of August Kuroki was constantly conducting small operations towards the Taitse. On August 17 he moved his right wing to a point still further north of Anping. On August 19 Oku and Nodzu pressed the Russian rear guard at Anshantchan. Then there was a pause of about a week.

On August 25 and 26 there were preliminary attacks by the two southern divisions of the Japanese—virtually outpost engagements, which forced the Russians out of Anshantchan to the ridge they had elected to defend ten miles below Liaoyang. On August 30 and 31 ensued the awful artillery duel along the whole front, which seemed to end with equal honors. That night Kuroki crossed the Taitse on pontoons, sent one division down the river, threatening the bridges over the swollen stream, and another towards the north, where a branch line to certain coal mines would give ready access to the Mantchurian railway. Kuropatkin's only possible course was precipitate flight across the Taitse. The certain consequence was the abandonment of Liaoyang, with large destruction of stores and material, and the resumption of the retreat amid the greatest possible depression of spirits. Will Kuropatkin still find his unresting and provident foes both clinging to his rear and cutting off his advance?

THE NEW VOTER.

This is the trying season for the first voter. Every self-respecting newspaper of either party thinks it a duty now to deliver to him a few appropriate words of warning and exhortation. In phrases which bring back only too vividly the baccalaureate addresses of an earlier season, he is reminded of the great responsibility that is his when he enters the polling-booth. Rival managers try to organize him into clubs, his morning mail begins to be filled with badly printed speeches under the caption, "Part of *Congressional Record*—Free," while the American Protective Tariff League, taking personal charge of him at once, tries gently to lead him beside the still waters of Dingleyism. The ingenuous young man naturally begins to regard himself as a prominent citizen.

So he is, in fact. His vote determines not only the remote, but the immediate, future of the country. In practically every election since the era of good feeling, the men who never cast a Presidential vote before have held the balance of power. It is computed from actuarial tables that approximately one-sixth of the national electorate is renewed in each four-year period between Presidential elections. When so many factors are liable to affect the total vote, the conclusions on this basis are necessarily rough, but it may be assumed that approximately 16 per cent. of the voters who choose between Parker and Roosevelt this fall did not have the chance to vote for McKinley or Bryan, while about 5 per cent. have never before voted at all.

The way to realize the importance of this 5 per cent. is to look at the proportion of voters who must be won over in each of the States necessary for a Democratic victory. Taking the total vote of 1900 in the States carried by McKinley as a basis, a change of 1½ per cent. would carry Utah for the Democrats, 2½ per cent. would carry Indiana and Nebraska, 3 per cent. Maryland, 3½ per cent. Kansas and Ohio, and 4¼ per cent. Illinois. Added to the votes of the States carried by Bryan in 1900, this makes, on the new apportionment, 259 electoral votes, or 20 more than is necessary to elect. Changed political conditions make Kansas and Ohio, at least, far more strongly Republican at present than these percentages would indicate, but a change of 4½ per cent. would add Delaware to the list, and 5 per cent. would carry New York and West Virginia, making 308 electoral votes. Thus in no State which is fighting-ground this year, except Wisconsin, does the percentage of votes which the Democrats need to win over exceed the probable percentage of voters who have come of age since the last election, though about half of the latter are presumably of Democratic antecedents and will merely fill the gaps in that party's ranks.

This calculation uses the total vote as a denominator. Figuring from the Republican vote alone, the importance of the new voters is just as clearly shown. Considering the well-known views of the head of the Administration, it is safe to assume that the rate of increase in Republican families is at least as great as the general average. Thus, the places of some 16 per cent. of the men who voted for McKinley in 1900 will be filled by new men, and about 5 per cent. by first voters. Now the Democrats must win over 2½ per cent. of the Republican vote in the last election to carry Utah, 3½ per cent. for Nebraska, 4 per cent. for Indiana, 5½ per cent. for Maryland, 6½ for Kansas and Ohio, 8 for Illinois, 8½ for Delaware, and 9 for New York and West Virginia. Experience shows that the shift of votes between elections, while very different in amount in different States, is generally in the same direction. Taking the country over, if the Democrats can make 32 converts among every 400 Republicans, they will carry enough States to win. And out of every such group of 400 presumptive Republicans there will be this year more than 60 who have never voted in a Presidential election, and about 20 who have never voted at all. This is the new voter's status in a nutshell.

There has been much speculation as to the probable disposition of the one-sixth of the electorate which has come on the stage since 1900. *Harper's Weekly*, in this connection, has offered the suggestion that, while Gold Democrats who voted for McKinley in 1896 and 1900 may return to their old allegiance this year, their sons, who started their political life by voting the Republican ticket, will stick to it. It is easy, argues that journal, to influence a boy's mind in the years just preceding his majority, but hard to change him back again after he has reached man's estate. Whatever force this ingenious theory may have, it applies less to the "brand-new" voters than to those who cast ballots in local or Congressional elections in 1901, 1902, and 1903. The little family drama, half a million times reënacted, on which the theory of parental influence is based, has been somewhat modified during its long run. The twenty-four-year-old son of a Gold Democrat left his father's guardianship, let us say, at a time when that father felt so strongly the momentary danger of his party's leadership that he had for a second time voted against the party of his choice. The twenty-one-year-old son, however, passed from under parental control at a time when the parent realized that the curse was off and was prepared to resume his old associations. It is risky to decide elections in advance by inferring what has happened at the voter's fireside, but if speculation is to be indulged in along that line it does not all point one way.

One thing, however, it is safe to assume: The voters who have grown up since the two campaigns in which free silver figured, come they of Republican or Democratic antecedents, are the last men to be frightened by the efforts of Roosevelt's managers to raise up again the bogies of those years.

LODGE AND REPUBLICAN "FLEXIBILITY."

Tolstoy, in describing a battle, relates that, when the officers came to recount their exploits, each narrated his part not as he played it, but as he would have liked to play it. That is the way Republican leaders are now discussing the gold standard. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, for example, stated recently that "on the gold standard the people want no flexibility of opinion." In that case, Republican leaders should cry to the mountains and rocks: "Fall on us and hide us!" Charles S. Hamlin, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under President Cleveland, has been incited by Lodge's statement to overhaul the records. The Senator rebuked the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate because twenty-eight years ago his financial views were not the same as now. "But, surely," says Mr. Hamlin, "twenty-eight years is rather far back to go; we do not need to go so far to find many differences of opinion on financial questions by Republicans of good standing." The orthodoxy of the Home Market Club will not be questioned; the Club may honestly exclaim, "After the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee!" And yet no longer ago than 1894 it passed resolutions to show the West that it looked on free silver with no special aversion.

But where was Lodge himself in 1894? Mr. Hamlin does not tell us, but the *Congressional Record* does. On May 9, 1894, the Wilson tariff was up for discussion in the Senate. Then occurred one of the most puerile scenes in the history of Congress. Lodge brought forward his silly resolution to club Great Britain into an international agreement for the coinage of silver. A grave debate on a question of great public importance was delayed while he pressed a measure for the maintenance of a double tax on goods from Great Britain until she should do something for silver. Lodge had no love for the Wilson bill, but it afforded him a means of drawing the attention of the coutnry to his fervid devotion to the white metal. In discussing his resolution he said: "The only question I desire to speak of is the practical question, What can we do to promote the bimetallism to which *we all profess to be devoted?* The one obstacle across the path of bimetallism is England." Did a more demagogical utterance than this ever fall from the lips of William Jennings Bryan: "The

only way in which we can reach England, the only way in which we can impress upon her the belief that we feel the necessity of some change in the situation, is by attacking her moneyed interests, by attacking her business, by closing to a certain extent our markets to her products and those of her colonies"?

No flexibility on the gold standard wanted! What, then, will become of Henry Cabot Lodge? Look at his record. He is credited with having drafted the Republican platform this year. The party, it runs, entered upon its present period of supremacy in 1897. "We then found the country after four years of Democratic rule in evil plight." Why was it in evil plight? Because of that silver agitation in which Lodge had played so conspicuous a part. Can any one review that period without recalling the heart of grace which the most fanatical of the silverites gained from his advocacy of bimetallism? "Boston bimetallism" was in those days a sharp thorn in the flesh to that band of sound thinkers who were striving by precept, as President Cleveland was striving by example, to educate the country to the danger of silver.

The Chicago platform declares: "We firmly established the gold standard." But what are the real facts? It is necessary to go back at least to 1890 for them. There is not a doubt that the price of the McKinley tariff was the Sherman Silver law. The protectionists in Congress had to pay this price, and a Republican President had to ratify the bargain by signing the measure that was to produce the panic of 1893. That is certainly not a record for any one who hates "flexibility" on the currency to look back to. The silver measure of 1890 became law by the grace of that party which now views with horror Mr. Henry Gassaway Davis's financial heresies of twenty-eight years ago. It required all the effort of a Democratic President to erase it from the statute book. But while he could get the law out of the way, he could not head off its results. He could not keep the wild speculation created by it from a frightful collapse; he could not save the industries of the country from prostration; he could not, therefore, prevent the public revenue from declining. Despite his every effort, the credit of the nation suffered; and when things were at their worst, when the creditors of the Government were demanding pay in gold and its debtors were settling almost exclusively in other kinds of money, such men as Lodge were making the situation worse confounded by their ill-considered talk about a larger use of the white metal.

It was an easy thing to "firmly establish the gold standard" after President Cleveland's long, thankless, up-hill struggle for its maintenance. The Republican party, as a party, started to fight the Presidential campaign of 1896 on another issue. It was actually forced by public opinion to recognize that silver was the only possible issue. Its leaders and campaign speakers, from Tom Reed down, had to go to school and learn what sixteen to one meant, and why too much silver was a peril. Many of them frankly admitted their ignorance of the whole subject. It was not choice founded on conviction that brought the Republicans to the defence of the currency in 1896. Senator Lodge upbraids Judge Parker because he voted for Bryan then and in 1900. But the Judge went with his party, just as the Senator did. Against their will, and to their great surprise, the Republican leaders had the task of defending the gold standard thrust upon them; and the man who two years before was anxious to bully England into abandoning the gold standard, and whose political philosophy may be summed up in the words, "My party, right or wrong," acquired a vicarious virtue which must have made him rub his eyes. In 1900, when time had killed the silver issue and it was safe to come out squarely for gold, the Republican party took that step. This is the party whose leaders will to-day tolerate no "flexibility" of opinion on the currency. They are trying to paint the last fourteen years, not as they lived them, but as they would now be glad to have lived them.

SAINT PAUL AND SING TUCK.

The case of the United States *versus* Sing Tuck, decided by the Supreme Court on April 25 of this year, suggests a curious parallelism to the case of St. Paul the apostle to the Gentiles, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. The way in which the claim of citizenship was treated by the officials of imperial Rome, and the way in which a similar claim is treated by the immigration officials under the Secretary of Commerce, present a contrast not flattering to our own system of Imperialism.

In many respects the two cases are very similar. St. Paul, though claiming the privilege of Roman citizenship, was a member of a despised race. Sing Tuck, though asserting that he is a native-born citizen of the United States, is a Chinaman. Both of these citizens alleged their right of citizenship before ministerial officers, and both finally prosecuted an appeal before a supreme tribunal. The claim was allowed presumptively in the first case, and denied peremptorily in the second. The right of appeal was conceded, and progressed to rapid determination in the former case, and was denied tentatively, if not finally, in the latter. The following transcript of record will suffice to bring out the salient points of the contrast.

In the Book of Acts, chapter 22, it is recorded that St. Paul, after having been rescued from the mob at Jerusalem, remarked to those who were binding him with thongs preparatory to examining him under torture: "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?" Thereupon Claudius Lysias, the centurion, came and said: "Tell me, art thou a Roman?" Upon receiving an affirmative answer, it is narrated that "straightway they departed from him which should have examined him: and the chief captain also was afraid after that he knew that he was a Roman, and because he had bound him." In the further account of the judicial proceedings it appears that at Cæsarea, whither the apostle had been conveyed under escort of an armed guard, the governor, Felix, "commanded a centurion to keep Paul, and to let him have liberty, and that he should forbid none of his acquaintances to minister or come unto him." Finally, incensed at the delay of a final decree by Porcius Festus, the successor of Felix, St. Paul declared (Acts 25: 10-12), "I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat, where I ought to be judged. . . . I appeal unto Cæsar." "Then Festus, when he had conferred with the council, answered, 'Hast thou appealed unto Cæsar? Unto Cæsar shalt thou go.'"

The facts in the case of Sing Tuck are as follows: Seeking to enter the United States, he was detained by an inspector of immigration. The inspector informed him that, under the act for the exclusion of Chinese aliens, he was not permitted to enter this country. To this Sing Tuck made reply that he was not an alien, but a native-born citizen of the United States. The reply of the inspector, acting under the rules laid down by his administrative chief, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, was that he must produce two witnesses to prove the place of his birth. The aforesaid rules also provide that no papers offered by a Chinaman are to be accepted as valid, unless substantial evidence is also forthcoming to show the identity of the person named therein and the person proffering such documentary evidence. After such preliminary detention of a suspect immigrant by the inspector, a hearing is given the accused by a star-chamber board of three, called a Board of Special Inquiry. By Rule 7 "the examination before the board is to be private, in the presence only of Government officials and such witnesses as the examining officer shall designate." It is further provided in the rules that no communication with counsel or friends is to be permitted. As Mr. Justice Brewer caustically remarked in his dissenting opinion (concurred in by Mr. Justice Peckham): "The most notorious outlaw in the land, when charged by the United States with crime, is by Constitutional enactment (Art. 6, amdts. U. S. Const.) given compulsory process for obtaining

witnesses in his favor and the assistance of counsel for his defence; but the Chinaman—although by birth a citizen of the United States—is thus denied counsel and the right of obtaining witnesses."

The Board of Special Inquiry after this mockery of a hearing—and the process takes place daily at Ellis Island—decided that Sing Tuck was not entitled to entry into his native land. The inspector graciously informed him that he could appeal to the Secretary of Commerce, provided the appeal was prosecuted *within three days*. At this juncture Sing Tuck secured the services of a lawyer, who sued out a writ of habeas corpus, alleging that his client was illegally deprived of his liberty, and the case was taken first to the Circuit Court, then to the Circuit Court of Appeals, and finally to the Supreme Court of the United States. The prevailing opinion, written by Mr. Justice Holmes, declares that "a mere allegation of citizenship is not enough" (*i. e.*, to warrant the grant of a writ of habeas corpus until appeal has been made to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor); and that "before the courts can be called upon, the preliminary sifting process provided by the statutes must be gone through with. Whether after that a further trial may be had *we do not decide*" (italics not in the original). On this liberty-breathing addendum, Mr. Justice Brewer remarks with fine irony that "the Court does not give to these petitioners encouragement to believe that there can be any judicial examination, even after the decision by the Secretary [of Commerce and Labor] against their claim of American citizenship. If a judicial hearing at this time is not denied, it is, at least like a famous case of old, passed to 'a convenient season.' Meantime, the American citizen must abide in the house of detention."

The legal and Constitutional aspects of this decision may be safely left to the opinion of the legal fraternity. But, solely on the score of administrative amenity and respect for the claim of citizenship in an imperial State, the contrast between the fearsome centurion, the courteous Felix, and the law-abiding Festus on the one hand, and the arbitrary minions and high-handed rule of the Administration on the other, is impressive, not to say depressing.

THE MANASSAS MANŒUVRES.

The manœuvres which began near the old battlefield of Bull Run on Saturday are by far the largest and costliest this country has ever witnessed. Fully 26,000 militia and regulars, divided into two forces, are waging mimic war for eight days under conditions as closely approximating those of actual service as is possible when the camps have been prepared months in advance, carefully laid out, furnished with good water, and when the commanding general expects all the officers and their wives and the guests at headquarters to dine in fresh uniforms and evening gowns at the headquarters mess soon after the close of the day's hostilities.

These manœuvres are, of course, an outgrowth of the increased interest in matters military which has marked our plunges into Imperialism. A press dispatch has already assured us that, while his body is at Oyster Bay, Mr. Roosevelt's soul will dwell on the field of Mars until the exercises are over. His active sympathy has done much, of course, to bring about this period of field training, as has also the liberality of Congress, but the demand for manœuvres dates far back to the early eighties. Several thousand regulars were assembled in the Department of the Missouri in 1886 under Gen. John R. Brooke, and Gen. Miles utilized the opportunity afforded by the gathering of troops at Chicago in 1894 to drill them *en masse* after the Debs strike-rioters were dispersed. But the need of manœuvres was not keenly felt until the war with Spain. Then colonels who had never drilled a whole regiment found themselves called upon to handle brigades and divisions under fire. Shafter, the commander-in-chief, had never in his life manœuvred as much as a brigade, except for parade purposes, before the command of the Fifth Army Corps was bestowed upon him. In the Philippines, when the unfortunate Filipinos were run to earth by the Eighth Army Corps, most of the officers learned their brigade, division, and corps duties only by experience in the field.

In several of the States, notably in Pennsylvania, the militia had encamped from time to time as a whole. Only rarely, however, were other than regimental drills attempted—not only because few militia generals were competent to do more than head their brigades on parade, but because of a well-founded belief that extended-order drills are likely to be of little or no value to troops whose main duty, when called into State service, is to deal with mobs or to defend railways against belligerent strikers. There are still so many militia officers who hold to this view that the first joint manœuvres with regulars, held in Kansas last year, were watched with peculiar interest. Despite the passage of the Dick law, the fact remains that no militia regiment entering the service of the United States on a sudden call tomorrow would take 50 per cent. of its present enrolment into the volunteers. This is because not even the militia of this State can enforce the physical standards of the regular army and keep up its enrolment. If, therefore, a large number of green officers and men must in any case go to the front in the event of war, as witness 1898, the value of advanced manœuvres for the trained minority is materially decreased.

It was clearly shown at Fort Riley last year that the problems set were far beyond the grasp of the militia. It is as idle to expect citizens who drill indoors one evening a week for thirty weeks to step out and undertake reconnoissances, outpost and brigade-guard duty, as it would be to require a beginner in Greek to give a metrical rendering of Homer. What the militia gained, aside from the object-lesson of the way in which professional soldiers care for themselves, was experience in camping and cooking, such as is acquired equally well in a State camp like that at Peekskill. This putting together of two differently educated bodies of men will always detract from the military value of joint manœuvres, particularly as the regular officers are without disciplinary authority over the militia. One or the other body, if not both, will be wasting its time. The real excuse for manœuvres in the regular army is the need of educating our officers, particularly the generals; for a more ignorant and inexperienced lot than is suggested to the military critic by the names of Funston, Wood, Grant, Carter, and Baldwin could be found in few armies. Hitherto, in our service, a general has been a general though he sat at his desk 300 days in a year. The only time our division and department commanders see troops is once a year, on their inspection tours, unless they are assigned to manœuvre duty.

So far as the education of these and other officers is concerned, it can be carried out by assembling a division or two for five months every year on some Government reservation, like that at Fort Riley, and drilling them with something of Continental thoroughness and diligence. This would be far more valuable for the army and far less costly than assembling a force of even 100,000 for ten days. It is the expense of experiments like this at Manassas which will, we believe, speedily check similar war games. The ammunition to be fired away during the week will cost $30,000. It is expected that the militia pay will take $200,000 out of Uncle Sam's pockets, in addition to subsistence at the rate of 18 cents a day for 26,000 men. The land has been leased at the rate of 30 cents an acre; thirty wells have been sunk at a cost of $30,000, and the Government must pay the Southern Railway for twenty miles of spur and side tracks. The damages to crops, buildings, and lands will, it is estimated, mount to between $50,000 and $100,000. Scores of colleges and universities the country over would deem themselves blessed if they could add to their endowment funds what will be spent on the transportation of men, animals, and supplies. A million dollars is the total sum required, according to semi-official opinion in

Washington—all for ten days of marching and countermarching!

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF SCHOLARS AT ST. LOUIS.

Among the numerous enterprises associated with the St. Louis Exposition there is one the outcome of which will be awaited with great interest by the scholars of every country. At an early period in their preparations the directors of the Fair considered the practicability of assembling a general congress of men of science, learning, and progress, whose discussions should cover a broader field and be of more permanent value and wider interest than the proceedings of such bodies usually are. Nearly two years ago correspondence was opened with leading educators and others, and several committees were appointed to outline a programme of proceedings. Three propositions were submitted, having the same general object in view, but differing in their ideas. One proposed a congress which might be called universal in the sense of including almost every question of wide human interest within its scheme. Another proposition was to assemble a few leading men of every country in the various branches of endeavor, to set forth the problems which confronted their respective peoples, and their methods of dealing with them. A third proposition was to include the entire realm of knowledge with its main applications. In view of the wide extension of research in recent time and the great number of specialties into which it branches, such a suggestion might have been supposed to emanate rather from the brain of an enthusiast than from one fitted to deal with human affairs. A practical form was, however, given to the scheme by Professor Münsterberg, whose plan was at length adopted, with occasional modification of details as the preparations progressed.

A limitation obvious from the beginning was that the discussions could not include the details of all the specialties in scientific research. The fundamental idea was rather to introduce a corrective of the tendency to specialization by discussions the aim of which should be to bring the sciences together, by setting forth their mutual relations, the unity of their fundamental conceptions and methods, and the general problems now confronting specialists in their several departments. It was obvious that it would be impossible in a single week to present all the necessary discussions in one series of meetings. The Congress must therefore be divided into branches. One of its novel features is the system on which the subdivision is carried out. After a single general meeting of the entire Congress, at which it is expected that a single address on the evolution of scientific thought will be read, the Congress will separate into seven "divisions," each including a large but fairly well-defined class of sciences, pure or applied. In each of these divisions one address will be delivered on the unity of the sciences included in the division. Next, the Congress will break up into twenty-four departments, each holding a single meeting, at which the themes will be the fundamental conceptions of the special group of sciences treated, and its progress during the past century. On the third day these departments will again subdivide into about one hundred and twenty-five sections, each holding a session of half a day for the discussion of the present problems of the section, and the relation of its special science to cognate branches of knowledge.

A necessary condition of success was that the addresses should all be delivered by scholars of the widest reputation in their several fields. This required a thorough canvass, not only of our own country, but of the principal European countries, with the view of securing the services of the required speakers, who, on the adopted plan, numbered about three hundred. It would doubtless have been easy to collect this number of eminent men if no regard had been paid to the subject; but the task of securing a fixed number of scholars and men of the highest eminence, and no more, in each subject involved difficulties which will appear in stronger outline the more carefully one looks into the problem.

The directors of the Fair showed their appreciation of the situation by placing the consideration of the subject in the hands of an administrative board, comprising several leading educators, of which President Nicholas Murray Butler was the chairman. This board met, decided upon the general plan which has just been outlined, perfected its details, and confided its execution to an organizing committee consisting of Professors Newcomb of Washington, Münsterberg of Cambridge, and Small of Chicago. This committee spent the summer of 1903 in Europe, consulting with and extending invitations to leading investigators and specialists, most of whose names had been previously selected. It is not wonderful that they found scholars in Europe (as here) busy men, and not generally willing to take a trip across the Atlantic for the purpose of attending meetings and delivering a discourse. But the outcome of the visit was that about one hundred and twenty of the most eminent men of science and learning in Europe engaged to visit St. Louis during the week beginning September 18, 1904, and take the several parts assigned them. The adhesion of Americans was, of course, easier to secure, yet in many of the sections the task required time.

The members of the organizing committee, having its headquarters in Washington, have now come to a substantial conclusion with the following results: About one hundred Europeans of the highest distinction in the various branches of intellectual endeavor are on their way to us, or will sail within the next few days. It would be tedious to give a list of names; let it suffice to say that the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna, and Rome will all be represented. They will be joined by three hundred Americans of similar standing as speakers and chairmen in the various departments and sections. The resources in professorial material in all the universities in the United States have been heavily drawn upon to complete this organization.

The arrangements made by the Fair for enabling our scholars to avail themselves of this remarkable assemblage are of the most liberal kind. Professors in universities and colleges, members of all our scientific societies and learned professions, and, in fact, all interested will be welcomed as attendants at the meetings. No entrance fee of any sort is required. It is unfortunate that the time of the meeting (September 19-24) had to be so fixed that European professors could get home for the opening of their terms of instruction, and thus falls near the opening date of many of our own institutions of learning. But the organizing committee, and all concerned in the enterprise, earnestly hope that American professors will make whatever sacrifices may be necessary to enjoy the benefit of this unique assemblage. A desirable but not necessary preliminary is to advise Mr. Howard J. Rogers, the Director of Congresses at the Fair, that the writer intends to present himself for enrolment as an attendant at the meetings of the Congress.

THE MEXICAN MACHINE.

MEXICO, August 29, 1904.

There being no other candidates, the recent election of Porfirio Diaz as President and Ramon Corral as Vice-President of Mexico for a term of six years, beginning December 1 next, was not a surprise to any one. The surprise had come some two or three months earlier, in the selection by President Diaz of Minister Corral as the man to fill the newly created office of Vice-President, thus marking him as the most probable successor of Diaz in the Presidency six years hence, supposing that Diaz lives out the coming term.

It had been supposed that the succession to the Presidency (which, by the way, in all press discussions of the subject in this country, is always assumed to depend upon the beck and nod of Diaz) lay between Finance Minister Limantour and the former Secretary of War, Gen. Bernardo Reyes, Diaz's personal friend. Some talk there has always been of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Mariscal; but quite generally his age had come to be recognized as a bar to his accession six years hence. Limantour represents naturally the younger party of

Progressives in the country, and his combination of railroads under Government control, and project for the stabilization of the currency, are the chief topics before the public. Gen. Reyes more nearly stands for the "old school," for the element whose memories are still in the days of warfare, and whose ideals are those of a country of landed estates. The partisans of these two had more to do than had the men themselves with a break in the Mexican Cabinet, resulting in the withdrawal of Reyes. The younger party of so-called "Liberals" (really, Liberalism proper has ceased to be an active force in Mexican politics, and the younger party is better denominated one of "Progressives," favoring modern industrial progress and the concentration of the control of it in the hands of the Government) were only waiting for the word of permission from Diaz, or even a sign that an active campaign of sentiment in favor of Limantour throughout the country would not be actually frowned upon, to promulgate formally his candidacy. He himself, however, suddenly announced that he would not be a candidate, preferring to remain where he could carry on his work with regard to the railroads and the currency.

At the same time, there came, from a dozen different sources, the at first very mysterious announcement that Ramon Corral, but a year or so before called to the Ministry of the Interior from the post of Governor of the State of Sonora (far in the northwest of Mexico, cut off from the rest of the country by the Sierra Madre, and related commercially rather with the United States than with Mexico), a man comparatively unknown to the country at large, though with a record entirely in his favor, was the most "likely" candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Newspapers in the capital which are in the confidence of the Administration began to talk of Corral as if by inspiration, and were followed by similar organs of the "powers that be" in the various States of the Republic. Governors of States, or other inspired missionaries, returned from visits to the capital, and soon after in the provincial towns there followed the organization of clubs, mostly commonly called "Clubs Porfirista," which proclaimed the candidacy of Diaz and Corral. A meeting of the so-called Liberal party in Mexico City resulted in the nomination of Corral by a large majority. Diaz had decided not to take sides in the Limantour-Reyes contest, and had picked out a comparatively young man, not identified with factions hitherto, who has been a noticeably good administrator, and is credited with much vigor and determination. Apparently, Diaz had said, "Here is my successor," and at once all other candidatures faded from sight. A word from the throne is sufficient in this country.

Whether the "machine" which now controls things in Mexico, and which is Porfirio Diaz—nothing more—can effectually provide thus for the succession to the throne, is not perhaps altogether certain. General Reyes will hardly come to the front again; his candidacy was possible only on condition of his receiving the nomination as a legacy from Diaz. But, in case of the latter's death before the end of his term, it is not altogether certain that Corral can be elected in 1910 for a regular term. Much will, of course, depend upon the man himself. But Limantour's claims upon attention bid fair to become greater instead of less; and, supposing him to be ambitious for the Presidency, his candidacy can hardly be suppressed even by the dictum of Diaz. It is ordinarily conjectured that the latter will retire before the end of the coming six-year term, or will go on a trip to Europe, which will leave Corral in charge, and give the people a chance to become accustomed to seeing some one else in supreme power.

Now that the likelihood of revolution has receded into the background in Mexico, and a rivalry for the Presidency would probably not degenerate into a civil war between two claimants, it would probably be a good thing for the country to have something like a chance to test its Constitution in a real election. Those like that held this year are the merest mimicry of constitutionalism, and, if long persisted in, will inevitably tend, not towards implanting a real constitutionalism, but towards a total incapacitation for the exercise, even by the limited number of educated Mexicans, of the rights supposed to belong to the citizens of a republic. The old dictatorship, the one which in the nature of things must soon reach its end, has rested upon the vigor and the will of one man, whose prestige in the first instance was that of a military conqueror; the new dictatorship, unless indeed there be a sufficient leaven of patriotism and intelligence in the country to prevent it, will be a dictatorship of powerful commercial interests. The boast of the admirers of Diaz is that, by rigorously reëstablishing order and maintaining it, he has given opportunity for the development of the country, especially by foreign capital; and, by the diffusion throughout the country of railroads, the telegraph, and industrial enterprises generally, has made a return to the old days of revolution impossible. These great interests, coming, as stated, in large part from outside, have now set their stake upon a continuance of the policy under which they have been established. They will not leave that policy to chance, but will seek to insure their own future, and, if necessary, will exercise the tremendous power they now have in the country, even to the point of making the office of President one of their assets.

"Elections" were held throughout the country in June, for both Federal and State officers. In all cases, the slates previously prepared by the machine in power were confirmed, practically without opposition—indeed, quite generally without oppposition candidates at all; but the empty forms of the Constitution were as scrupulously followed as though the contests were real and the interest of the people at large was keen. Election boards were organized and proclaimed by executive authority beforehand, and polling-places carefully specified. In the majority of cases, it is doubtful if these polling-places were even open; however, there was no offence in this, for no voters except a sufficient few to cast a show of ballots for the precincts in question knew of the election or paid any attention to it. A prominent Mexican banker, for instance, asked if he attended the election, replied that he had forgotten on just what day it was held, and it "was not necessary" to bother about it, as everything was fixed and would be attended to in due form by the officials and employees of Government concerned. Some so-called "popular meetings" were, to be sure, held; but, beyond gathering in small crowds to hear the music and perhaps lend a non-understanding ear to the speeches of the organizers, the proletariat had no interest in what was described by the Government press as "spontaneous demonstrations of the masses." The poll lists and election returns were, in general, arranged in the capital of a district covering from two to nine hundred square miles, sometimes more.

The Federal officers, executive, legislative, and judicial, are supposed to be chosen by the electors designated in the popular vote by electoral districts, into which each State is divided, at the ratio of one such district to forty thousand inhabitants, the number entitled to a Deputy in Congress. These electors, according to the slate arranged and confirmed by "popular vote," gather at the stated time, the second week in July, in the designated municipality, the seat of a *partido* or county, as a rule. There the forms are gone through with in all solemnity and stateliness. It will be worth while to describe the action of one such electoral college, published afterwards at length in the official Gazette of the State. At the first meeting, the *jefe politico* of the district presided, until the meeting, composed of sixty-odd electors, had chosen its officers, after which he withdrew and the meeting adjourned for the day. At the second meeting, the "credentials" of the members elected with scrupulous fidelity to the slate were all proclaimed correct, and the meeting adjourned. At the third meeting, a Deputy for that District and a Senator for the State were chosen, by unanimous vote, together with a substitute for each. The fourth meeting brought out the vote for President and Vice-President. Diaz was unanimously chosen, after which a telegram of congratulations was sent to him, and felicitations were exchanged with the Governor of the State during an informal recess; then Corral was voted upon for Vice-President, receiving fifty of the total of sixty-six votes, the rest being a few scattering expressions of individual choice. At the last meeting the two justices of the Supreme Court named on the official slate received formal approbation. Thus, five days, with sessions of an hour or less each, were consumed in the process.

The State officers are, ostensibly, chosen by popular vote at the time the Federal electors are designated in the districts. Nothing is heard about the results, however, nor is even a hint published in the newspapers (which, as a rule, have forgotten to mention beforehand the date of the election in the various precincts), until the results are canvassed and proclaimed, from one to three weeks later, by the Legislature of the State. This is done in the form of a law, which is promulgated by executive decree. The members of the State Legislature will, almost unfailingly, be found to consist of executive officers of the State Government, or lawyers addicted to the Administration, all resident, as a rule, in the capital of the State, though representing the various legislative districts thereof. The same sort of procedure prevails as to the representatives in the upper and lower houses of the Federal Congress, who are elected according

to the slate, and are, more commonly than not, unknown, or very little known, in the States which they represent. They are residents of the capital, as a rule, some of them being officials in subordinate posts in the Federal Government, others professional men. The Government employees are permitted to take their seats by special dispensation of the Congress, waiving the Constitutional prohibition. Three States under the writer's cognizance are represented by Senators and Deputies not one of whom is or ever has been a resident, and only two or three of whom have even been in the States they represent.

The proclamation by the Legislature of the election of a Governor is made the occasion of considerable formality. The main plaza will probably be the centre of a band concert, attracting the idle portion of the populace, while a detachment of Federal troops and State constabulary, led by buglers, will parade the streets. Inside the legislative hall, the result having been announced amid cheers, the "choice of the people" will be sent for, and speeches will follow, after which may come toasts with champagne, a champagne lunch, or even a regular banquet. Banquets are the order of the day, given by various interests in the capital and in other cities of the State which wish to stand well with the new executive. These are wont to be very pleasant, social, withal formal, affairs, and are often the occasion of much splendor and display. An instance is a banquet recently held in one of the smaller towns of a State, where some ten thousand pesos were spent in properly entertaining the Governor-elect for three or four days. The same town has no school worthy the name beyond the primary grade, and the money thus spent in establishing a good secondary school would have made a most fitting memorial for the new Governor, if a suggestion from him had indicated a preference for being honored in that way.

Such an election, running its peaceful course until the final outburst into the banquet stage, has, it must be said, some advantages. "Business" is not in the least disturbed during election year in Mexico, at least so far as any dependence upon the results of election is concerned. No one could think of suggesting that the economic policy of Government had any relation with the pending election; indeed, economic questions are not so much as mentioned in this connection, though Mexico has now on her hands the most remarkable essay at Government intervention in railroad management that has yet been attempted on this continent, and the reform of the currency is the most important question now confronting her. However, Mexico does not entirely escape dependence upon elections. There is always a suspension of activity on account of the Presidential election in the United States. This was very noticeable in 1896 and 1900, but is less noticeable this year, and it is doubtful if the influence of the neighboring election would be felt to any great extent at all, were it not that there has been considerable suspense in business circles for more than a year past on account of the talk about "stabilizing the peso." This is natural, considering that business in the United States is apparently to be much less disturbed than usual by the impending election. Mexico's dependence in this respect arises naturally from the amount of American capital invested here in large undertakings, and from the fact that, owing not a little to proximity, the United States now sends Mexico nearly one-half of her imports, and takes about three-fourths of her exports.

THE NESSELRODE PAPERS.

PARIS, August 22, 1904.

The name of Chancellor Nesselrode is well known. He lived ~~ninety~~ 82 years, and died as recently as ~~1890~~ 1862. Count A. de Nesselrode has undertaken to publish his letters and papers, and we have before us the first volume of this publication. I will say at once that the contents relate not to the famous Chancellor, but to his father, Count Wilhelm von Nesselrode; nevertheless, they possess great interest *per se* and a real historical value. As the editor says: "This correspondence shows, in the light of precise details, of characteristic sentiments and appreciations, the portrait of the man whom the Chancellor liked to call his best master in the science of life, the lofty and sympathetic figure of this cadet of a great German family, who was, after the fashion of his time, to make his fortune a little anywhere, and who was in the service of the great and the lesser courts of Europe, by turns soldier, courtier, and diplomat." Wilhelm von Nesselrode began his career as a subaltern officer in the armies of the German Empire; he went afterwards to the court of the Elector Palatine, and became a favorite of the Electress. The correspondence leaves no doubt of this. She calls him, in an undated letter of 1760, "My very dear and tender friend," and asks—

"Is there no way of tearing your fatal passion from your heart? . . . Must I become the ceaseless torment of your whole life, by continuing to kindle in your heart a flame which will in the end destroy you? Your parents are still talking of their plan of marrying you, and they will execute it, I am sure. I will prove to you, dear and adorable friend, by putting an end to my union with you, that nobody in the world has loved you more than I have. . . . The person who has been so happy as to love you has not the heart to become your tormentor. You have excited in me I do not know what tender, respectful, and grateful feelings, which will never be denied; but do become my friend, I beg of you, and cease to be my lover."

No wonder Nesselrode could not remain long at a court where he had excited such a warm passion. He had to quit his post, and, under the protection of Choiseul, who was all-powerful at the time, he was appointed colonel in the Royal Allemand Regiment.

At Paris and Versailles he found the society for which he seemed to have been born. He was essentially a man of the world; his personal charm, his manners, were fully appreciated, and he forgot his "malheureux roman" with the Electress. There is a curious letter of his to her which shows that she urged him to come back to the Electorate; he very sensibly refused. His correspondence indicates that he was acquainted in Paris with the Prince de Soubise, the Soubise who distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy, and was beaten at Rossbach by Frederick the Great. We see him on intimate terms with Mademoiselle Dubois of the Comédie-Française, and making her presents. The Duke de Choiseul, his patron, was exiled to Chanteloup, and Nesselrode, with much regret, left the brilliant society of France. He remained but a short time at the Court of Hesse-Darmstadt and at Weimar, and, not finding the small capitals of Germany a sufficiently large field for his activity, offered his services to Frederick the Great. "I consent," writes Frederick to him from Potsdam, August 10, 1769, "to leave you to choose your place of residence, whether here or at Berlin, provided that I find you here on my return from Silesia."

Frederick was seduced by the eminently French *esprit* of Nesselrode, amused by his confidences respecting the little German courts, French society, the French philosophers, the French actresses. He named him one of his chamberlains and admitted him to his intimacy. Nesselrode grew tired of the life of a chamberlain, and, in 1775, asked Frederick's permission to leave his service. "The only regrets," he says, "which I shall have will be at having spent six years of my life in a country governed by the greatest of kings, without having found occasion to use my feeble talents in his service." Frederick granted him his request, and three years afterward a ukase of the Empress Catharine, dated St. Petersburg, September 13 (25), orders the entrance into her service of the "Gentilhomme allemand Count Guillaume de Nesselrode," and sends him to the Court of Portugal as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary.

Before going to Portugal, he married Madamoiselle Louise Gontard, and writes to his brother: "She is neither handsome nor young, nor noble, but she is worthy of my fullest esteem." She justified his choice, but gave him only two years of happiness in Lisbon, where she died after a short malady. He was at Lisbon when the terrible earthquake of 1755 took place, which ruined this capital and created such a sensation all over Europe. Having lost his wife, and feeling very despondent and discouraged, Nesselrode asked for another post, and was sent to Berlin, as minister of Russia. He had a young child, a son, whom he thought with reason could be better educated in Germany than in Portugal. In Berlin, Nesselrode was occupied with very important affairs and negotiations for a long period. The volume just published gives us many letters of the Emperor Paul, the Empress Marie, the Prince-Primate Dalberg, addressed to him. There are, unfortunately, many important letters wanting, which the editor believes were lost during the numerous journeys. He remarks, also, that all the letters, with very few exceptions, are written in French, though they came from German or Russian correspondents.

"This," he says, "is significant. What an eloquent proof of the place which the French language made for itself in the worldly and the literary Europe do we find in the fact that these Russians and Germans exchange correspondence (not only official but personal) in a language not their own. In a period when all these little German courts were so often at war with France, sometimes even its deadly enemies, they remained nevertheless, in whatever concerned science, letters, arts, fashion, its faithful and warm admirers, and tried in the measure of their means to imitate. At the same date, whoever came from Paris and Versailles was considered in Europe as belonging to the élite of society, as a model of grace and of taste. France was

at the height of its éclat; and though it sometimes succumbed in the pursuit of its policy or the endeavors of its arms, it still remained conqueror by the admiration which it inspired in its adversaries."

Dalberg, whose name often occurs in this volume, and who was in correspondence with Nesselrode, was the Prince-Primate of the German Catholic Church. He was born near Worms, of a very old family. He was successively Civil Governor of Erfurt and Bishop of Constance; he became in 1802 Elector of Mainz, Bishop of Ratisbon, and Arch-Chancellor of the Empire. He prosided over the last reunions of the German Bund, and opposed the projects of Napoleon. Afterwards he attached himself to Napoleon and was named by him President of the Confederacy of the Rhine, and Grand Duke of Frankfort. He remained faithful to Napoleon in his misfortunes, and was deprived by the Allies of his estates, with the exception of the bishopric of Ratisbon.

The letters written by various correspondents and by Nesselrode after 1789 have a peculiar interest. There is one, unsigned, addressed to him on July 31, 1789, and describing the arrival of Necker at Versailles, his triumphant reception, the first movements of the Revolution. The death of Joseph II., in February, 1790, is the subject of two letters; in one his last moments are described with great minuteness; in the other Count Vorontzoff writes to Nesselrode:

"Headlong, inconsiderate, and violent as he was during his unfortunate reign, he showed himself wise, moderate, firm and great during the last six weeks of his life. He recognized all his faults, repented them, tried to repair them, and died as the most virtuous Stoic might have died. It is the only period in which he showed that he had the soul of the great Maria Theresa. . . . He repented too late, not having followed the advice of Prince Kaunitz, and of his brother, who has just succeeded to this vast and utterly confused monarchy."

We find a very interesting letter written to Nesselrode by Count de Mérode, from Paris, on the 26th of July, 1790. He first congratulates Nesselrode on the choice he made of M. Gedike for the education of his son (the future Chancellor); he develops his views on the French Revolution and upon its first effects. "The impulse once given, people are not masters of the movement. This happened all the easier in France on account of the vanity and levity of this nation. . . . However, with all its defects, the new Constitution has superb aspects." Mérode took a rather optimistic view of the situation in France; he saw, however, the prodigious disorder of the finances, the urgent necessity of re-establishing social and political order. He saw obstacles "in the national character, in the unhappy mania of all the semi-capacities in France to aspire to genius." In another letter, he gives a very curious portrait of Mirabeau. He says that he took particular care to study a man who inspired him with the greatest interest.

"In vain," he continues, "have I tried to find proofs of the vile actions, the low vices, which are attributed to him. Without taking him for an angel or a devil, I consider him to be the man in France who best understands men and things in his country, and who has best understood the theory of political liberty. Add to this that he unites to the talents of a great orator the talent, rare in this country, of knowing where to stop. . . . Also, though he was the principal promoter of the most decisive actions which have consummated the destruction of despotism, you have seen him lately oppose on some crucial occasions—even quite recently, as in the debate on the war and peace prerogative—at the peril of his life, the measures proposed by the false apostles of liberty, who, in their democratic frenzy, think that one can never abate sufficiently the executive power."

This first volume of the Nesselrode papers is only a sort of preface; it shows in a very favorable light the man who gave to his son, the future Chancellor of Russia, the first practical and political lessons which he received. It is also interesting as furnishing proofs of what we may call the international or rather cosmopolitan character of the best society of the eighteenth century. The Mérodes, the Nesselrodes, are typical in this respect. Our time, notwithstanding the increasing ease of communication, is perhaps more narrow-minded; and less humane, in the sense of the word applicable to international relations.

Correspondence.

THE GREAT GOD "GOVERNMENT."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The very doleful view of public life in America as shown in Steffens's 'The Shame of Cities' and in similar publications ought to be salutary reading for the average American citizen. The ignorance of the actual facts of politics among our "good people" is appalling. Not long ago I was in a seminar (postgraduate work) at a certain university. The class consisted chiefly of clergymen of various denominations, professors of smaller colleges, and some resident postgraduates. Their combination of acquaintance with political theories of government of cities with profound ignorance of actual practice, was at once amusing and disheartening. The lesson of a century of political experience in America had never been learnt. These "good people" were leaders of thought in their respective communities.

After all, it is doubtful whether, as a people, we have advanced very much beyond the stage indicated by the old theory of the divine right of kings. Whenever our "good people" get a glimpse of the horrid corruption of our Government, they call on the Government for aid. A government must somehow possess miraculous, supernatural powers. Why? Because it is the Government, and, being the Government, it must have—well, somehow, in some way, it should possess the attributes of a deity. Sifted to the last analysis, this notion is at the bottom of the cry for municipal ownership to cure municipal corruption. The principle is that he that boodleth in a few things, shall boodle in many; if a thief steal thy doormat, open to him the front door and shew to him thy silver closet and thy wardrobe! Advocates of good government who know the seamy side of political life will welcome the experiment of municipal ownership, if necessary, for an object-lesson to our "good people." If the people cannot trust the evidence of their eyes and noses as to the existence of the rottenness of our present system of government, and if it be necessary for absolute certainty that they should plunge into the seething pool, bathe in it, and wallow in it, let no good man lay a straw in their way.

The truth is, that the fault lies not so much in the weakness and depravity of human nature as in the unfitness of our political system to human nature such as it is, has been, and probably will be for centuries to come. The bed does not fit the occupant, and the lopping-off and stretching-out process produces painful experiences; but we are very loath to admit that the fault is the bed's. The occupant really ought to be self-denying, public-spirited, and altruistic enough to put up with such personal inconveniences. Thomas Jefferson and his school—whether they ever got the notion from French or English philosophers is immaterial—said that it was the best possible bed. Of late years there has been no lack of men who have said boldly, and even coarsely, that there is something wrong with the bed. But no man, or at least no party, has yet dared to say openly that the framework of our political system is wrong, and that we can never find comfort until it is adapted to human nature. Slaves to a formula, hypnotized by a phrase, we weep, wring our hands, and cast imploring eyes to the Most High for aid, but we have not the courage to apply the one remedy necessary for political salvation—purification of the electorate by the elimination of the profligate, irresponsible, and ignorant. In the meanwhile, "on with the dance, let joy be unconfined"; let everybody dance (and vote)—more offices, more powers, more boodle, more graft!

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, August 27, 1904.

GERMAN NOTIONS OF AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Stille's letter which appeared in your issue of August 18 was of interest to me because his observations correspond to my own. Being in Berlin last spring, I asked a German bookseller what he thought of Münsterberg's new book. "Oh," he said, "it is a great deal too favorable to the Americans." The Germans are so prejudiced against America that it looks as if they had no patience to read a book which praises us.

Moreover, the ignorance of American life which prevails in Germany is something surprising. It would not be so surprising in France, where Hamerton says educated people where he lived had never heard of Tennyson. But in Germany it is more remarkable because there are so many Germans in this country. Perhaps your readers will be interested in two examples of this. A German student once asked me whether we had any literature in America. This may sound incredible, but it is a fact. This young man belonged to the more industrious class of German students, and I met him last year at the University of Grenoble, where he had gone to learn French. Very likely he had heard of some of our poets, like Longfellow, but imagined them to be Englishmen.

Last October an article on contemporary English literature appeared in a paper published at Frankfort-on-the-Main. The writer asserted that only five English authors of the present day are at all known in Germany. Here is his list, which seemed

to me a rather singular one: Rudyard Kipling, G. B. Shaw, Oscar Wilde, J. K. Jerome, and Mark Twain. According to this, Mark Twain is the only living American writer who is much known in Germany. His story, 'Tom Sawyer,' is even read as a textbook of English in some of the German schools.

It is, then, much to be wished that such books as 'Die Amerikaner' and 'Das Land der Zukunft' (by the late Wilhelm von Polenz) may have a wide circulation on the Continent of Europe.—Yours respectfully,

HERBERT M. CLARKE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., August 30, 1904.

PROF. MUENSTERBERG'S VIEW OF AMERICAN PERSONALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps you will permit me to add a few words to the careful and painstaking review of Professor Münsterberg's 'Die Amerikaner' which appeared in your issue of August 25. It seems to me that in one fundamental point your reviewer gives a wrong impression of what Professor Münsterberg sets out in his book to do. Your reviewer says: he constructs an imaginary American. I should rather say: he singles out and brings into full and striking relief one particular side of American character, its individualistic side. One may take issue with such a method; one may prefer a method better fitted to bring out the variety of conflicting tendencies which make national character. But it is clearly unscientific to call such a method fanciful and unavailing, for all scientific experiment proceeds upon this very method of elimination and selection.

For my own part, I cannot help expressing my admiration for the penetration and breadth of mind with which Professor Münsterberg traces the ramifications of American individualism in every part of national life, in politics and commerce, in education and science, in literature, art and religion, in home and society; and it seems to me entirely natural and proper that a book whose avowed purpose it is to bring out the positive and abiding qualities of national character should pass rather lightly over its temporary shortcomings and frailties.

Very respectfully, KUNO FRANCKE.

"COMMANDABLE" ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Does not the Frenchman who has had the courage to compose the subjoined circular, in spite of the difficulties which the English language presents to him, deserve to have his name and address, as well as his composition, preserved in the columns of the *Nation*?

L. M. N.

SIR,

I keep, in Paris, 59, rue Vaneau, an hotel, family house, which is recommandable by his good déportment and his aristocratical connexion.

But these persons deserting, during fine weather, our town to go to country, I want your aid.

I will be very obliged to you for recommanding my house at the students which go in France during the months of July, August and September in order to improve themselves in our language.

If, however, it was agreable to these gentlemen, they will be found in saloon, during an hour a day, a person speecking well french language wich will be able to talk with them.

I annex to this letter my card with cursory view of quite moderate prices, as you can see.

Thinkirg sir, my letter will have a favorable reception, I send you my good and respectful salutations.

Yours truly, F. L.————.

Notes.

J. B. Lippincott Co.'s preliminary fall announcement contains the second volume of Marcus R. P. Dorman's 'History of the British Empire in the 19th Century'; a 'Life of Thomas H. Benton,' by Wm. M. Meigs; 'The True Henry Clay,' by Joseph M. Rogers; 'True Republicanism,' by Frank P. Stearns; a second series of Charles Morris's 'Historical Tales of the United States: American,' and 'Historical Tales: Spanish America,' by the same compiler; translations of Waliszewski's 'Ivan the Terrible,' and of Max Rooses's 'Rubens'; Urquhart and Motteux's translation of Rabelais's Works, in a new and illustrated edition; the 'Reminiscences of Harry Angelo,' now first illustrated after famous artists; 'Modern Industrial Progress,' by C. H. Cochrane; 'Diseases of Society,' by G. Frank Lydston, M. D.; 'Loves and Lovers of the Past,' from the French of Paul Gaulot; 'Shakspere's Town and Time,' by H. Snowden Ward and Catherine Weed Ward; and Dr. Horace Howard Furness's variorum edition of "Love's Labor's Lost."

McClure, Phillips & Co. will publish during the present season 'The History of the Standard Oil Co.,' by Ida M. Tarbell; Prince Kropotkin's 'Russian Literature'; Mrs. Garnett's translation of Tolstoy's 'War and Peace'; Prof. Münsterberg's 'The Americans,' in English; 'French Home Cooking,' by Berthe Julienne Low; 'The Secret of Popularity,' by Emily Holt; 'The Courtship of Queen Elizabeth,' by Martin Hume; 'Monsieur Dupin,' Poe's mystery tales, illustrated; and 'Blazed Trail Stories,' by Stewart Edward White.

Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston, will bring out directly a single volume of 'Poets of the Nineteenth Century,' of a thousand pages, giving "all the material needed by students in the nineteenth-century English poetry courses."

Henry Frowde announces, for the Oxford University Press, that Mrs. Boole is to follow up her 'Lectures on the Logic of Arithmetic' with a book on 'The Preparation of the Child for Science.'

Attentive little ears will readily be found for Lenore E. Mulets's 'Stories of Little Animals' (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.), which introduces in familiar conversation with "Phyllis" the Hare, the Rabbit, the Gray Squirrel, etc. Each confidential talk is generally followed by a story (real or mythical) in which the animal appears as an actor, and at the end is given a brief syllabus of a nature-lesson. Sir Edwin Arnold is drawn upon in a prose adaptation, and Browning in the essential parts of his 'Pied Piper.' Sophie Schneider furnishes interesting illustrations on a green ground. The author has a decided knack for narrative, and possesses a bright humor. The parental reader will, we hope, conclude to omit the account of the rabbit's vicarious vengeance upon the badger. Our infant savages are but too prone to be amused by cruelty, and to practise it.

The three latest volumes to appear of the series of historical reprints in translation entitled 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898' (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.) are of unusual value and interest. Volume xiv. reproduces a wide array of documents from 1605 to 1609, covering questions of trade, Chinese rebellion, government, conquest, and missionary work. They are all drawn from original manuscripts, mostly in the Seville archives, but also from the historical archives at Madrid and Simancas, and from the British Museum. Volumes xvi. and xvii. contain a translation in full of Morga's 'Sucesos de las Islas Filipinas' (Mexico, 1609), a standard source on the history of Spanish conquest in the Pacific from 1565 to 1606, and perhaps the most valuable early authority on primitive customs of the Filipinos. The notes of José Rizal's Paris reprint of 1890 have been drawn upon extensively, also those of Lord Stanley's English translation of 1868. Morga declared that, at the time of the Spanish conquest, there were very few Filipinos who did not write in their dialects. Volume xv. contains also an abstract of the expedition of Thomas Cavendish and of the early voyages of the Dutch to the East Indies, and volume xvi. contains an abstract of the passages bearing on the Philippines in B. L. de Argensola's 'Conquista de las Islas Malucas' (Madrid, 1609), and a valuable though brief account of the customs of the Pampanga natives in their lawsuits, now brought to light for the first time and ascribed to Father Juan Plasencia by the editors. There are reproductions of title-pages and of pictures of early Dutch, Spanish, and native vessels.

'Japan in the Beginning of the 20th Century' is a portly volume of 828 pages, in English, silk bound, and published by the Imperial Japanese Commission to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, its preface bearing date May, 1904. Its eight divisions treat of the empire and administration, of primary industries, manufacturing industries, foreign trade, army and navy, communications, and education, with a supplement on Formosa. Besides the tables and figures, there is much descriptive text, with historical notes, and the information is fresh and exact. There is the usual assumption of Japanese writers as to the trustworthiness of the ancient traditions which are called history nowhere else than in Japan, and it is a real pity that native conceit of the knowledge of English seems to be so profound, for few Japanese have as yet mastered the correct use of the definite or indefinite article, or understand clearly the sequence of tenses. Besides, there are rather too many repetitions and overlappings. Nevertheless, the volume is of sterling value. We note that the number of Japanese abroad in 1900 was 123,971, an increase from 18,688 in 1889; the number in the United States and colonies being 90,146, in Korea 15,829, and in England and her colonies 8,215. Other authorities show that, at the breaking out of the war with Russia, there were about 10,000 Japanese in Manchuria, and 30,000 in Korea. Under forestry we have a paragraph, not statistical, indeed, but true, concerning the influence of the forests "which occupy more than one half of the area of the Island Empire" upon

the mind of the people, who "are instinctively aware of their duties—so to speak—toward the forests." We note that Fuji San, long the "No Two Such" of Dai Nippon, is overtopped by Mt. Morrison, the "Jewel Mount," in Formosa, to which the Japanese have given the name Nii-taka San, or the New High Mountain. The rather full chapter on protection of industrial property (patents, designs, and trade marks) has a section of great interest entitled "Provisions that especially concern foreigners." Chapters on the army and navy, in full detail, are timely. Formosa, though not yet paying its own expenses, has, judging from the proofs here furnished, a bright financial future.

The 'Annuaire Financier et Économique du Japon,' fourth year, 1904, is a very creditable piece of typography from the Government Printing-Office in Tokio. Within its 153 pages is a well-digested mass of information, very clearly expressed, concerning finance, agriculture, industry, and commerce, foreign trade, banks and the money market, railways, telegraphs, steamship companies, and Formosa. There are seven plates of graphic representation, showing to the eye in color and diagram what the figures and text set forth in detail. There is probably no handy map of Japan equal in value to the folding map, 28x17 inches, here given, which exhibits all the railways, whether owned by the Government or by private companies, projected, in progress and completed; while two other maps on the same page show the countries neighboring to Japan as well as the sea routes and submarine cables. The usual table for the conversion of weights, measures, and money accompanies the constants, both geographical and concerning the population. The estimates of 1903 show that there are now more than 50,000,000 subjects of the Mikado. Besides the budget for 1904-5, the financial programme for the war is given in outline, while under the different headings are tables displaying receipts, expenses and general financial history from the beginning to the present time—the state of the national treasury, for example, from 1870, when Japan emerged from feudalism and became a nation; while under the head of railways the history begins only with 1879-80, and of Formosa only from 1896. So far as we can gather, this is a very clear, full and satisfactory statement of the resources of Japan and one worthy of the closest inspection and most critical study.

The fourth and fifth parts of volume iii. of the 'Catalogo Generale della Libreria Italiana, 1847-1899' (Milan; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) fall but a little short of completing the letter R, which is swollen by a considerable tale of *Raccolta, Racconti, Regolamenti, Relazione, Ricordo,* as Q is eked out by *Questione.* We remark that Pushkin has been kept in view in Italy since 1856. His drama "Boris Godunoff" was translated in 1883, and again in 1896, with two collaborators, one for the prose, the other for the verse. Down to 1880 Edgar Quinet retained his popularity, for patriotic reasons. His complete works were translated as recently as 1871. Renan and Racine may also be said to be alive in the peninsula. Ricardo, for all his Italian-looking name, was done with in 1855, when his 'Principles of Political Economy' was translated. Gabriel Rossetti is still in vogue, and his son Dante's poems were translated in 1899. Mrs. Radcliffe holds her own in Italy. So does Giovanni Ruffini, particularly with his 'Doctor Antonio.' And there is still a call for Rosmini-Serbati.

From Barbèra's press in Florence issues a vest-pocket edition of Tasso's 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' filling 500 pages of diamond type on thin paper. To read it for long is not the privilege of any but the strongest eyes; but this vade-mecum may serve to refresh the memory or to assist in memorizing.

The August-September number of the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* is largely taken up with the proceedings of the annual meeting of the Verein Deutscher Bibliothekare, in Stuttgart. The topics selected for discussion were this year of a more practical and technical character than has usually been the case, namely, Travelling Libraries, Interlibrary Loans, and the Dusting of Books. The paper on interlibrary loans was read by Dr. P. Hirsch, who has charge of this work at the Royal Library in Berlin, and contained many practical suggestions in its description of the business routine worked out at that library. Following the custom at the meetings of the Verein for the director of the largest library in the city where the meeting is held to give an account of the institution under his charge, Dr. Steiff, director of the Landesbibliothek in Stuttgart, delivered an address describing that library; he dealt particularly with modern developments, and described quite fully the recent reforms in the regulations for interlibrary loans. These are certainly most liberal, as books are sent without any expense whatever to the borrower. Since this rule was adopted, the number of loans to out-of-town students has increased from 1800 in 1896 to 7,200 in 1903. The library authorities regard the reform as fully justified by the results, chiefly by the increased furtherance of studies in the country at large (the majority of these loans are naturally made to residents of Wirtemberg). As the speaker expressed it, "The furtherance of studies is the most important and beautiful part of our duties," and he added, "We see [in these reforms] the first step towards such relations between libraries as are alone worthy of a time that stands *im Zeichen des Verkehrs.*"

In the same number Dr. G. Zedler continues his researches into the history of Gutenberg's types, and shows that, while the types themselves which had been used in printing the 36-line Bible went to Albrecht Pfister in Bamberg, the matrixes must have been acquired by Peter Schöffer, presumably at the death of the inventor. Prof. B. Hasselberg in Stockholm, who in 1901 issued a facsimile reprint of the 1598 edition of Tycho Brahe's 'Astronomiæ Instauratæ Mechanica,' describes a *de luxe* copy of the original, now in the possession of the archiepiscopal library at Kalocsa in Hungary, and which may have been the author's presentation copy to the Emperor Rudolph, to whom the work was dedicated. We also learn from this number that the manuscript collections of the late Karl Dziatzko, consisting of notes for his lectures and materials for his studies in the history of books and libraries, have been presented to the University Library of Göttingen.

The intelligence of the German workman is revealed, not only by the excellence of the products of his industry, but by the character of his recreative reading. The ten most popular authors among the workingmen of Essen, the seat of the Krupp works (and they formed 76 per cent. of the borrowers from the public library), were, in the order of their popularity, Schiller, Lessing, Kleist, Hans Hoffmann, Gotthelf, Dickens, E. T. A. Hoffmann, Scott, Goethe, and Anzengruber. Translations from the classics were also in steady demand. Free libraries in Germany are fewer in number and much smaller than those in England or this country—their comparatively small size being due in part to the fact that they are more select, especially in relation to fiction; but they are supplemented by many others. More than 10,000 people's libraries have been founded by the Home Mission. School and travelling libraries provide for the rural districts, and the Society for Promoting Popular Culture supports libraries, as do various workingmen's organizations. To these should be added the increasing number of libraries attached to works and factories. In this connection it may be noted that the number of newspapers published in the industrial towns is much greater than in England or the United States. In Essen, for instance, there are 22 daily and weekly journals, in Düsseldorf 29, while, in England, towns of the same size and class never have more than four or five, and often fewer.

—The Ruskin-Norton correspondence closes in the September *Atlantic.* Dark as the clouds were which hung around Ruskin during his later years, there were continual gleams of light, and Professor Norton is to be thanked for letting them shine out upon the public, where many another would have been tempted to repress them for the sake of the tragic climax which might easily have been constructed. Besides these letters, announced for publication in book form, an appreciation of Oliver Cromwell from the competent pen of Goldwin Smith stands out in special prominence. In certain circles of society at the national capital, the article will doubtless be considered fatally defective in its failure to make any use or acknowledgment of a recent biography of Cromwell by a distinguished American writer. Mr. Smith attributes to Cromwell noble aims and a high measure of success, foiled of permanence by a premature death and an unfortunate succession. Turbulent ambitions beyond Richard's power of control brought about a period of military anarchy, "and it was from the military anarchy, not from the Commonwealth or Protectorate, that the Restoration was a recoil." After citing Bancroft's favorable comment on Cromwell's colonial policy, he adds: "Had this policy been afterwards pursued, there would have been no rupture, no War of the American Revolution, no War of 1812." R. L. Bridgman maintains with a great deal of confidence that the world is progressing very rapidly towards world-peace by the route of world-organization. This organization is to be based on the great fact of essential world-unity, thus avoiding the evils of federation, with its seeds of nullification or secession, and its implication that the conditions were created by men and may be destroyed by men at will. Just what change of human nature is to free bodies of human beings from the occasion-

al determination to overturn any human conditions whatever, is not sufficiently explained. Mr. Bridgman looks hopefully to the work of the organizations for the promotion of peace, but one cannot forget that the American Peace Society still seems perfectly contented to carry the name of Lyman Abbott prominently on its roll of officers.

— M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu entitles his "conférence," recently published in the *Réforme Sociale*, "Le Christianisme et la Démocratie." What he beholds is not a conflict between Church and State, between Pope and civil ruler, but between two hostile principles. This conflict filled the century that has closed, and it grows more embittered as the present century advances. Is it to be permament? Is it irrepressible? Or is it due to circumstances and causes of a local or temporary character, to claims that are not essential, to pretensions that cannot be justified? These questions he considers thoughtfully and broadly. The conflict in France, he asserts positively, is not merely between the Catholic Church and democracy: religion itself is involved. Such conflict does not take place at all times or in all countries. Democracy has prevailed for centuries in the most Catholic cantons of Switzerland, and we know the spirit in which the republics of New England were founded, and which has so influenced our own Government as to make it incomprehensible that it should manifest hostility to Christianity. It would seem, therefore, that the conflict is not between the essential principles of Christianity and democracy, but between particular manifestations or perversions of these influences, appearing especially in Europe. The essential doctrines of both are equality and fraternity; the causes of conflict must be temporary and accidental. These causes, M. Leroy-Beaulieu finds in the manner in which modern democracy was presented to the world, and the opposition which it encountered at its birth in the Christian churches or their clergy. European democracy springs from the French Revolution, and the Revolution was a product of the philosophy of the eighteenth century. Even if religion did not seem to be pure imposture, yet the philosophers of the eighteenth century could not help regarding it as a political institution, bound up with monarchy and aristocracy. Religion had an official place, its ministers were sustained by the Government. When privileges in general were attacked, those of the Church could not escape. The clergy, constituting the first of the orders of the State, even if they consented in the beginning to surrender some of their privileges, could not submit to degradation, and were infuriated by persecution. The historic antagonism between the Church and democracy in France is consequently natural, and the spirit of both is not very different from what it was a century ago. The clergy showed their disposition when the Bourbons were restored; the democracy has shown its feeling since the republic was established. Of course, the temporal sovereignty of the Pope has always been a stumbling-block. So long as this dogma is maintained, there must be danger of friction with the civil authority.

—A number of the *Figaro* published late last July contains "A Trip to Oxford: Paul Hervieu and the English Theatre." How these two topics hang together is not at first quite clear. The bare existence of such a thing as a theatre at Oxford is due to one of Jowett's boldest innovations, while the immemorial attempts at acting by Oxford undergraduates have no more bearing on the English theatre than undergraduate performances elsewhere. And yet the notable stage career of Mr. F. Benson, whose company has now for several years not only had great successes, but also has served as a school of acting in England, began with the performance of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus at Balliol College in 1880. Thus a reader might have settled down to this interview in the *Figaro* expecting in a puzzled sort of way to hear Paul Hervieu's opinion of Mr. Benson. As a matter of fact the interviewer, M. Coudurier, gives nothing of the kind. Oxford serves him only as a sort of Platonic setting or frame for the dialogue of his theatrical interview with M. Hervieu, whom he joins in the Oxford morning express, finding the *Times's* theatrical critic, Mr. A. B. Walkley, in his company. M. Hervieu, having been induced to talk of the dramatic season just closing in London, said he had not seen Mr. Forbes Robertson at all. The vaudeville "Saturday to Monday," by Messrs. Fenn and Pryce, as interpreted by Mr. Vane Tempest and Miss Braithwaite, he admired, noting especially an irresistibly comic scene, in which appears "un trio bien anglais," consisting of a country clergyman and two old maids, his zealous coadjutors in good works. He greatly admired the novel plan and general *coup d'œil* of the Haymarket Theatre, especially its suppression of all "loges et baignoires" except those next the stage. A caricatured Frenchman in Mr. Henry A. Jones's "The Liars," and one in another play, impersonated by Mr. Cyril Maude, leads M. Hervieu to remark that a year or two of the *entente cordiale* must transform alike the ridiculous Frenchman of the English stage and the red-haired Englishman with long teeth dear to French playrights. Both these types he pronounces to be "d'un comique peu nécessaire," and goes so far as to predict their speedy disappearance. One more fundamental difference between the English and the French point of view came out in M. Hervieu's further account of "The Liars." He speaks of certain sentimental hints, such as the very obvious sympathy which the playwright wishes his audience to feel for the husband as opposed to the lover," and declares all this to be flatly opposed to the tendency of the French theatre. No length of duration for the *entente cordiale* is likely to bring the French point of view nearer to the English, it would seem. The stage setting and costuming of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's "Darling of the Gods" M. Hervieu praised enthusiastically, especially noticing his management of stage crowds. But soon he lights upon the constant recurrence of red in Mr. Tree's various settings, and attributes it to a national and traditional instinct.

—Dr. Claes Annerstedt, who has just retired from the position he has filled for twenty-one years as librarian of Upsala University, may be considered the real creator of his institution in the likeness of a modern library. During his incumbency the books have been reclassified and recatalogued after scientific methods, the building remodelled and stacks and galleries introduced, as well as a reading room, the latter provided with a special collection of reference books. The book fund has been increased, the staff enlarged, and the salaries raised. Everything possible has been done, with the small funds at the Library's disposal, to make the rich collections of books and manuscripts available to students, particularly to those connected with the University. One of Dr. Annerstedt's most important undertakings has been the development of the Library's exchanges with other institutions, in which work he has been most ably assisted by Dr. Aksel Andersson, for many years an amanuensis at the Library, now one of the vice-librarians, till now more than 1,300 universities and learned societies in all parts of the world regularly exchange publications with Upsala. Outside of Sweden and of library circles Dr. Annerstedt is best known as the historian of the University. The first volume of his 'Upsala Universitets Historia,' with its accompanying volume of documents, was published on the occasion of the four-hundredth anniversary in 1877. The author's official duties as librarian have hitherto prevented him from completing the work, but it may be hoped that he will now have leisure to do so. Among his other writings may be mentioned a history of the University Library down to 1702, and the editing of Olof Rudbeck's correspondence regarding the University, accompanied by a very interesting introduction. At the two-hundredth anniversary of Rudbeck's death, in 1902, he delivered the official oration in the name of the University. His eminent capacity as a writer and orator was recognized by the Swedish Academy when that body, a couple of years ago, elected him one of its eighteen members.

THE MOORISH EMPIRE IN EUROPE.

History of the Moorish Empire in Europe. By S. P. Scott. In three volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904. Pp. xlii., 762; x., 686; x., 696.

Estudios Críticos de Historia Árabe Española. Por Francisco Codera de la Real Academia de la Historia. Colección de Estudios Árabes, VII. Saragossa. 1903. Pp. xvi., 376.

One of the most absolute gaps in the history of mediæval Europe lies across the Spanish peninsula. Scarcely is there any other European country the history of which is so uncertain, obscure, and practically unwritten during so long a time. From the Arab conquest at the beginning of the eighth century, through the Muslim domination, which may be said to have lasted till the defeat of the Almohades at Las Navas in 1235, and down through the lingering reconquest which ended only in 1492 with the fall of Granada, the student is still groping in a darkness that is but slowly clearing. Separate studies of periods, incidents, localities, personalities, are the need of to-day; of connected history, still more of the popularizer, it is still absurd to speak.

The cause of this is simple enough. The Gothic civilization went down before the Arab and Berber lances. For at least five centuries the most trustworthy records were made and histories written in Arabic

and not in Latin or Spanish. In Arabic they still remain, inaccessible save to the Arabist. The student of Spanish history must be able to use Arabic as easily as he uses any European language; all his most weighty documents are in that tongue. Of course it is a blunder for the student of any part of mediæval Europe to think that he can leave out of his reckoning the Muslim civilization, but in the case of Spain the blunder would seem simply impossible were it not for the existence of such a book as that whose English title stands above. The course, then, of the writing of Spanish history has been that of a gradual awakening to this fundamental fact and necessity—how gradual will be plain in the following details.

Not unreasonably, if somewhat unthinkingly, the first renaissance of European Arabic studies might have been expected in Spain, and not, as was the fact, at Rome, Leyden, and Oxford. But the heat of the long conflict, and especially of the last struggle for Granada, had been too intense; the ecclesiastical and theological bitterness had become too keen; above all, the grip of the Inquisition—the most astounding and effective single fact in Spanish history—was too crushing for Spanish scholarship, and that in the patriotic field of the national life, to take any cognizance of the unclean and diabolic letters of the Moors. So it turned to chronicles, lying too often, if authorized by time and of a splendid picturesqueness; to royal records, fragmentary and biased; to plain romances, like that of the Cid; and to monastic charters—a mass of poetry, legend, and history with no clue through its labyrinth. Yet all the time the Arabic records were lying there, plain, straightforward, full, and fairly truthful. To these, then, in 1760, Casiri opened the way, in his ponderous, labored, and detailed but untrustworthy and badly planned catalogue of the Arabic MSS. in the library of the Escurial. The beginning was feeble, but still his was the honor of that first step which counts. In 1787 came a second advance, but in another direction. The great twenty-volume critical history of Masdeu appeared, and a destructive attack on the authenticity of many fundamental Spanish and Latin documents began. To this over-skepticism on one side was now to be added on another an enormous mass of reputed facts which very emphatically were not "so." In 1820 appeared the 'Historia de la Dominación de los Árabes en España' of Conde, epoch-making in a most unhappy sense. Published posthumously, it is in great part a compilation from the fragmentary and uncorrected materials of the author. This can be the only defence of his memory; as to his book, Dozy's verdict cannot be impugned, "Quidquid attigeris, ulcus est!" Yet after him all followed; to his words all swore. Although his knowledge of Arabic seems to have gone little beyond the alphabet, and his translations are simple guesses, for thirty years he represented for all, and still does for very many, the sum of the contribution which Arabic could make to the history of Spain.

At last the air was cleared and the way finally opened by the labors of a Dutch scholar and Arabist, Rheinhart Dozy. His work consists roughly in the publication of a number of Arabic texts bearing on the history of Spain, of 'Recherches sur l'Histoire et la Littérature de l'Espagne pendant le Moyen-Âge,' first published in 1849, and of a four-volume 'Histoire des Musulmans d'Espagne' (1861), which, for its period (A. D. 711-1110), is still the only trustworthy treatment in a Western language. Yet all of these, it has to be remembered, are purely pioneer work, though of the first quality, and the 'Histoire' is a delightfully written popular sketch. Since Dozy's time, a small group of native Spanish Arabists have been zealously at work following in his traces. At first, as was right, they gave themselves more to the publication of Arabic texts, and ten volumes of a "Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana" have appeared; one hundred would not exhaust those bearing directly on Spain. But of late, feeling apparently the necessity of popular interest and support, they have turned to the use of these materials, and little volumes and shorter studies are constantly appearing, blazing new paths through that tangled period. With it all, it is strange to observe against what odds this little band of Arabists has still to contend, and how the centuries of warfare with the Moors have hardened into other centuries of silent indifference to their remains. Not even yet is it necessary that the holder of a Spanish chair of history should know some Arabic, and the unhappy influence of Conde is still a force to reckon with. But the work begun by Dozy is going on, although we are still far from the time when any scholar, however learned and laborious, can essay a complete history of the Muslim period in Spain. Far too many texts are still to publish; too many preliminary investigations are still to carry out. And, whenever his time may come, the first necessity in him will be a thorough knowledge of Arabic and familiar acquaintance with Muslim life and thought. He must be, as was Dozy, that almost impossible compound, a student of mediæval Europe and an Orientalist.

How stands it, then, with Mr. Scott? His book covers over twenty-two hundred large octavo pages. It has a sparsely printed index of twelve pages. At the head of each chapter two bounding dates are given; these are almost the only ones in the whole book. From beginning to end there is not a single note or reference to source or authority. In the case of a popular handbook dwelling with a well-trodden field, on which there are standard reference books easily accessible to any one, such a course may be excusable. But in the case of a professedly authoritative history written in the grand style and dealing with the most obscure and unworked field in all the history of Europe, such a course means suspicion in the reader and second-hand incompetence in the writer. Mr. Scott, throughout the book, writes as though his history had been "sent down" to him, like the Qur'an, through the angel Gabriel. But at the beginning we are given twenty-six pages of "Authorities Consulted." These are arranged according to language, and a reading knowledge is asserted of English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Langue d'oc and Langue d'oil, Limoisin and Catalan, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic. This is excellent and is undoubtedly a competent equipment. The list itself, however, is hardly so satisfactory as the linguistic display. In the first place it has been compiled and printed with the most astonishing carelessness. It absolutely swarms with misprints; its proof has evidently been read by someone totally ignorant in Mr. Scott's array of tongues. And, in the second place, the "authorities" are of a mixedness quite peculiar.

On the first page of this list stand: Anderson—History of Commerce, London, 1789; Arnold—Ishmael; Beattie—Castles and Abbeys of England; Cutts—Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages; Davenport-Adams — Witch, Warlock and Magician; Davenport—An Apology for Mohammed; D'Israeli — Curiosities of Literature; and several others whose claims to be authorities on this or any other subject are much less than doubtful. The list, in fact, is absurd throughout, and any undergraduate who ventured to give it as "literature" with his thesis might look for a very bad quarter of an hour. Yet with the Hebrew and Arabic the matter becomes more serious. When an edition of the Talmud Babli in the original Hebrew is quoted—it must be that of Amsterdam, 1644-8, by Imman Benveniste, though it is put impossibly under Surenhusius—a claim to first-hand knowledge of Hebrew is made; and when Arabic editions and MSS. are given—it is a detail that one is said to be a MS. of the twelfth century and is ascribed to Ibn Khaldun, who died in 1406—we look for Arabic scholarship. So it is not seemly that the title of Maimonides's great work, 'The Teacher of the Perplexed,' should be rendered 'The Guide of Lost Spirits' (iii, 143), with a mistake besides in the Hebrew, that "Hebrew and pilgrim are derived from the same root" (iii, 125); and that Abu Harushma (?), a name given to Nachmanides, is translated "Father of Wisdom" (iii, 147). Nor is it well for an Arabist to explain Almoravides as meaning 'Wearers of the Veil' (ii, 199); to give a string of names so variously transliterated, contorted, and misprinted as at iii, 506; to derive mulatto from *muwallad;* to spell "lonilion" and render it 'pearl' (iii, 654); to transform "jami'a" into Djalma, *passim* (the origin of this form is mysterious; in Spanish it would be "Aljama" and in French "Djame'a," but whence "Djalma?); to write "Al-Nassir-al-Din-Allah" (i, 586) and "Madhi" for Mahdi (i, 581), and "Muraddin" for Murtaddun; not to recognize "Ajem" (i, 538); to continue "Abd al-Ruf"—probably for Ra'uf (i, 485); to make out of *Harami,* a robber, the proper name of a "famous brigand" (i, 21); to discover "that the words altar and talisman are practically synonymous in Arabic" (i, 37).

Nor, when we turn from linguistic matters, is our feeling of confidence increased, Mr. Scott makes grave use of the Gospel of Barnabas (i, 77), that very mediæval apocryphon, and takes occasion to explain that Mohammed means "illustrious." He conjectures that because the Qur'an begins with its longest chapters and ends with its shortest, "the reverse order in which they were revealed"(?), "it may have been at first written in some language other than Arabic, and in which the characters were read from left to right" (i, 105)—a sequence of thought which is more than mysterious. He tells us that the Hijra as an era was not publicly authorized till the tenth century (what he means by this is out of guessing; it raises the question whether he

has ever read an Arabic chronicle); that cards were known to the Arabs long before the Hijra (iii, 662); that there are no women saints in Islam (i, 119); that it was the philosophical ideas of India that Averroes had mastered and embraced (iii, 466, 474)—we can imagine with what indignation he would have rejected this slight to his great teacher, Aristotle.

But most characteristic of all for Mr. Scott's historical equipment and insight is the wholeheartedness with which he has accepted Dozy's fantastic hypothesis of the Hebrew origin of the Ka'ba and its ritual. This he takes as "proved" (i., 32, 37-40), and all the other investigations of the origins and history of the Hebrews and of early Arabia have gone past him like the wind. "Not improbable" for him, too, is it that a certain "northern division" of migratory population, of which we are said to learn from the Himyarite inscriptions, "were the Canaanites expelled by the sword of Joshua" (i., 18). All this must make the historical student gasp, but it is an exact sample of Mr. Scott's method. Anywhere, in a multifarious reading, mostly in antiquated and useless books, he finds a statement which suits him. It he promptly draws out and incorporates. So, he has discovered the idea of Arabic influence on the Book of Job. That becomes, in his large language, "The Book of Job, which has no apparent connection with the rest of the Scriptures, has been pronounced by competent critics a translation of an Arabic poem" (i., 50). But this method itself is ruled by the dominance of certain fixed ideas. The word Arab produces an ecstasy of wonder and admiration; the word monk, a fit of stately fury. "How lofty is the genius of the Arab race," we hear again and again; they studied and translated all literatures, "Persian, Chaldaic, Hebrew, Chinese, Hindu, and Sanskrit" (Mr. Scott delights in such beadrolls of names); "their energy exhausted every source of knowledge" (iii., 465); "modern science unquestionably owes everything to their genius" (iii., 532). But the monks! These unfortunates are not responsible for palimpsests only; they invented also the Hellenistic Greek of the New Testament. "The ancient manuscripts of the Gospels—perhaps destroyed for sinister reasons—have left no data for speculation as to their contents; but it is not unreasonable to at least surmise that the originals did not offer the glaring examples of inelegant diction and barbaric idiom that deface the modern versions" (i., 122; cf. 74). And so the trail of the monks brings all mediæval Christendom under the ban. Mr. Scott fairly revels in that remarkable myth—or, at best, survival in folk-lore—the *jus primæ noctis* (iii., 387), and Pope Joan has, with him, the most respectful treatment (iii., 330, *ff.*).

After this, it may seem hardly necessary to deal further with Mr. Scott's history. Yet one thing has to be said for him: he follows his Dozy faithfully. For the period with which it deals, Dozy's 'Histoire' is his guiding thread, although he adds to it an enormous mass of very dubious material from other sources, and adorns the whole with characteristic outbreaks on Arabs and monks, and with diverse flowery passages. Of these one specimen—*ex pede Herculem:*

"The prelate sighed for the cloister, reluctantly abandoned for the camp at the command of the Holy Father, and longed to return to the scenes of wassail—to the gay hunting parties in the forest; to the festive board, with its convivial and unclerical guests, its appetizing dishes and sparkling wines; to the embraces of those beautiful companions who, chosen for their rare fascinations, whiled away, behind the walls of palace and monastery, the leisure of the epicurean bishop with Oriental dances and with the lively notes of lute and castanet" (ii., 327).

Considering all which, the reader had better take his chance with Dozy's charming sketch; there he knows the ground on which he stands.

Yet again it may be said for Mr. Scott that he has perceived, though dimly and with most perverse solution, the three great problems for us in the history of Islam. First, why were the raids of the Muslim Arabs followed by so magnificent, if ephemeral, outbursts of civilization, literature, and science? Mr. Scott replies, The Arab genius. With that we need not trouble. These civilizations, beyond the first century or so, were not Arab. Secondly, why the decay and downfall in every case? Mr. Scott's solution—apart from Christian malignity, which would insist on recovering the territory of which it had been robbed (ii., 596, etc.)—seems to be that the Muslims quarrelled too much among themselves. That is true; but it is also a pretty severe arraignment of this glorious civilization that it was lacking in the one essential of good government; nor does it by any means adequately explain what is a persistent phenomenon throughout the Muslim world. Thirdly, what did the Muslim civilization do for Europe? Mr. Scott says Everything. We may seek a less sweeping solution.

Towards that solution, and on the kindred problems, Professor Emeritus Francisco Codera and his pupils have been working for several years. Notice has already been taken in these pages of the work of this school, and especially of one product, the suggestive and promising 'Algazel' of Sr. Asín Palacios, the successor of Sr. Codera in the chair of Arabic at Madrid. Now, in the present little volume, Sr. Codera has collected sixteen studies—reviews and independent notes—on the Arabic history of Spain, with a pointed but somewhat sorrowful prologue on the future of such investigations in that country. The studies are precisely of the kind needed; they correct much that has been falsely stated, and clear up much that has been obscure; to the historian in the broad, when he comes, they will be invaluable. Naturally, there is little to say of such a book as compared with Mr. Scott's remarkable performance. All it calls for is hearty commendation and good wishes to its author and his pupils and followers in their hard fight. They will have large part in the solution of the three problems.

The Letters of Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl of Orford. Chronologically arranged, and edited with notes and indices by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Vols. V.-VIII. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1904.

These four new volumes bring Walpole's correspondence up to May, 1774, and the number of letters to 1,539, against 1,435 in Cunningham's edition. The number of the letters in these later volumes now printed for the first time is twenty-two. None are of first-class interest, although one, addressed to Madame du Deffand on July 16, 1766, and relating to the quarrel which Rousseau vainly tried to force upon Hume, would be a document of much value if the particulars were not already notorious. It is incomplete, existing only in the copy made by Madame du Deffand's secretary, who transcribed merely the part relating to Rousseau. The Newcastle and Hardwicke papers, recently acquired by the British Museum, have been laid under contribution. There is an interesting letter to the second Lord Hardwicke, declining to show a proof of the continuation of 'Anecdotes of Painting,' for a reason honorable to Walpole:

"There is an unfortunate page or two in my book which would hurt a person now living, though I thought I had guarded with the utmost care against any such case. My dread of offending even near relations of very indifferent artists has long obstructed the completion of the work, and has kept it back, though printed off for some time."

Two letters to Walpole's constant butt, the Duke of Newcastle, exhibit him on civil terms with that nobleman, and making a promise which a companion letter to Lord Hertford proves him to have redeemed. Another letter, probably to Lord Egremont, shows him as actually doing something for his country, by forwarding a passage he has met with in Lord Sandwich's letters from Lisbon in Charles the Second's time respecting the influence of climate on military operations in Portugal, where England (1762) was sending an auxiliary force. It would appear that April and May were then considered the only months in which it was possible for an army to keep the field—a happy dispensation for the Portuguese! The most interesting of the new letters, however, are perhaps the four addressed to Sir Horace Mann, which have somehow escaped the collection hitherto, though one exists in a transcript by Walpole himself. This is remarkable for a consolation on disappointment with respect to an inheritance, conveyed with infinite grace and *esprit*. The other three relate to the vexations brought upon Walpole by the insanity of his nephew and the consequent dilapidation of the family estate. A gleam of Walpolian humor breaks out even here: "Justice Fielding has revived the hypothesis of the 'Beggar's Opera' making all our rogues. Garrick has in a manner given it up, but they continue it at Covent Garden—so we shall have but half the number."

On the whole, the attentive study of this correspondence must raise Walpole's character. His very limitations help him; had he been cast in a more heroic mould he would have been a less competent representative of the society which it was his especial mission to depict. He represents the culture of the eighteenth century, as it appeared to itself, with such spirit and cleverness that we forget for the time what a contracted world is his, and how much is going on around him and working beneath him of which he has not the faintest suspicion. But if he cannot appreciate Franklin or Watt, or comprehend the American Revolution or foresee the French, he is quite at home with what after all it most concerns him to apprehend—his own circle. This he not only

understands but incarnates; to know one is to know the other. What Chesterfield sets forth didactically, Walpole exhibits in action. There is a remarkable harmony and completeness in his figure, as the representative not of a period of transition, but of one which after long struggle had arrived at what it finally deemed a period of perfection, an age of settled views and approved maxims, whose political and social codes were made up. The period when he was chiefly productive has been characterized by Matthew Arnold as the golden age of the British aristocracy; and we find Walpole saying in 1762 that he has long beheld the increasing power of the press with concern, and that nothing but the Crown can reduce its exorbitance. His letters, in so far as they relate to politics, give perhaps as lively a picture as can be found of a country governed by good society, tempered by the right and power of the people to bring in a dictator, as in Chatham's case, when aristocratic inefficiency became too scandalous. Walpole himself formulates this idea when he says, speaking of Oliver Cromwell, "If we must be ridden, let it be by one who knows how to ride."

Next to social gossip and politics, the most prominent element in this portion of Walpole's correspondence is the antiquarianism which has been ridiculed as mere dilettantism, but was in reality no unimportant sign of the times. The reaction towards styles in both literature and art which the reigning taste had long pronounced obsolete, indicated, no less clearly than the direct utterances of thinkers and reformers, the consciousness that the age needed regeneration. It is not likely that Walpole had any definite ideas on this subject, and neither his Gothic architecture nor his Gothic romance contributed greatly to the Gothic revival. But the large share which similar interests occupied in his mind appears from the ample space allotted to them in his letters; the more remarkable as the correspondence does not proceed from one tied down to write upon particular topics, but from one wandering at pleasure over an ample field, and, with rare exception, touching upon those subjects alone which he finds entertaining to himself.

We have remarked already upon the necessity for a fuller annotation to this edition than the editor has as yet thought fit to bestow upon it. There is a salient instance in the letter to Lord Hertford of March 18, 1764 (vol. vi., p. 33):

"I forgot, too, to answer your question about Luther; and now I remember it, I cannot answer it. Some said his wife had been gallant. Some, that he had been too gallant, and that she suffered for it. Others laid it to his expenses at his election; others, again, to political squabbles on that subject between him and his wife—but, in short, as he sprang into the world by his election, so he withered when it was over, and has not been thought on since."

Ordinary readers will hear with stupefaction of Luther's matrimonial misadventures, his election to the English Parliament, and the decay of his credit and reputation with the British public. Mrs. Paget Toynbee could have told us, an she would, that the reference is to John Luther, an Essex squire, who obtained temporary notoriety by ousting the ministerial candidate from the representation of the county.

The Topography and Monuments of Ancient Rome. By Samuel Ball Platner. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. 1904. Pp. xiv + 514; 9 maps and plans, 95 illustrations.

A few years ago there was hardly a college or university in America where formal instruction was given in the topography of ancient Rome. Now we have changed all that. The foundation of an American School of Classical Studies in Rome has quickened the call for proper preparations for study on the spot of extant remains and earlier conditions; the discoveries made by recent excavations have aroused popular interest; and bright young students who have worked in Rome under the auspices of the new School have returned to this country eager to teach others the rudiments of the subject of which they have begun to learn something themselves.

This new awakening is doubtless responsible for the publication of Professor Platner's work, which is, we believe, the first handbook of the subject written by an American, though Professor Lanciani's five books in English have found a wide acceptance from their publication in this country, and the treatises of a number of Englishmen are well known. Of work in other languages we are not now speaking. Mr. Platner's book follows in general scheme and scope the 'Topographie der Stadt Rom' of Otto Richter, and in many respects his conclusions, though he has corrected sundry errors made by Richter even in his second edition. He professes also his great obligations to Professor Hülsen of the German Archæological Institute in Rome, though, it may be remarked, he does not follow Hülsen, or even mention his views, on all points; as, for example, in the identification of the gate at the summit of the Clivus Argentarius as the Porta Fontinalis, and in the suggestion that not the two-feet-square tufa blocks of the fragmentary "muro di Romulo" at the western corner of the Palatine, but a structure of smaller stones within them, may be part of the earliest Palatine wall. Another important point in which Mr. Platner differs from Hülsen is in accepting without question (p. 13) the statement that the Alban hut-urns were found under a layer of peperine. We notice, also, no mention of the theory that the existing remains of the Servian wall and *agger* all date from a restoration of the fourth century B. C. (Liv. vi. 32, 1, 2: vii., 20, 9), though this theory is mentioned for the Palatine fortification.

Richter's plan was exceedingly clear and constructive, and Mr. Platner has probably done well to follow it in a summary work like this, though it involves some repetition. The care with which all the most recent literature of the subject has been examined and cited up to the time when the book went to press, and the helpfulness of the plans and illustrations, is worthy of all praise and gratitude. Of course the excavations in and about the Forum and the Ara Pacis have marched ahead since the copy was completed, but it is a necessary corollary of advancing knowledge nowadays that scientific books should be in some details out of date about as soon as written.

It is a matter of some little surprise to us that Richter's theory of a Palatine-Septimontium-Four Regions-Servian development, in that easy chronological order, should have been so readily accepted as seems to have been the case. Mr. Platner follows it without a suggestion of the complex difficulties it creates. But it has the merit of being very straightforward and easy to grasp (if only the *advocatus diaboli* is not allowed a hearing), and, after all, no other theory can any more reasonably hope to reconcile all the questions of doubt. May we suggest here that as the organization of the city as four tribes, together with the construction of the first great ring-wall, is ascribed by tradition to the same period, there may be a possibility that the original "Servian" wall did not include the Aventine at all? Its long exclusion from the *pomerium* would thus be no puzzle. The inclusion of both Aventine and the wedge-shaped area on the northeast of the Four Regions within the fourth-century wall and *agger* would be due to the later conditions of settlement. (Even Mr. Platner holds that the Aventine had originally fortification-walls of its own.)

Mr. Platner, with many others, believes in the existence of *opus incertum* as a definite sort of wall-facing. But we are inclined to think that Vitruvius (our sole authority) understood nothing more by it than what we should call unfaced concrete. Yet we are bound to admit that certain early concrete walls show a more careful and uniform arrangement of the stones (at least on the outer surfaces) than in the usual stratified structure, and yet do not approach *opus reticulatum* in character. Mr. Platner also perpetuates an oft-repeated error in his remark (p. 23) that Gabine stone "withstands fire excellently." But Tacitus says this of peperine in general, Alban as well as Gabine (Ann. XV. 43: *saxo Gabino Albanoue solidarentur, quod is lapis ignibus imperuius est*), and, furthermore, says it clearly in contrast to not only wood (cf. *sine trabibus*), but a common building-stone of the time, travertine, which was readily calcined by fire. Nero was anxious to secure a slow-burning construction, and his direction was that not wood, but stone, should be used in certain parts of the new buildings, and that this stone should not be the sort that would crumble at the touch of flame. Neither Gabine nor Alban stone need, then, be characterized particularly as "fireproof," though it might well be pointed out that the great destruction caused by fires in imperial Rome was largely due to the use of travertine and marble.

Now and then we find, as almost of necessity, some slight inconsistencies. It is not easy to see how Sulla's *pomerium* can be said (p. 68) to have "coincided in general with the Servian wall," when Aventine and pseudo-Aventine were still excluded from the *pomerium*. Since Mr. Platner accepts Wissowa's doctrine of the Sucusa, he probably should not say (p. 437) that the *turris Mamilia* was in the Subura. On page 71 Mæcenas is said to have converted into a public park the Esquiline cemetery; on page 51 he is said (doubtless on the authority of Horace, Sat. I., 8, 14, 15) to have so transformed the Servian *agger*. It might have been well to make it clear that only one region and operation is referred to. The *agger* became an airy and sunny promenade, like the walls of Lucca, perhaps with *Anlagen*, while much of the adjacent district was turned over to residences (Hor. *l. c.*; Vit. Elag., 30, 4). On page 119 it might have been well to mention that

the gate in the wall of Aurelian just south of the prætorian camp was closed before the time of the Einsiedeln itinerant; otherwise the interpolation of the mention of it among gates built up in the sixteenth and later centuries might lead the beginner to infer that it also was open through mediæval times. Furthermore, the trumpets from the temple at Jerusalem, figured on the Arch of Titus, were of silver, and not of gold (Numbers 10, 1 ff.).

Such a book as this is one of the most difficult to keep free from typographical errors, especially in the numberless citations of literature; but it seems to be unusually excellent in this respect. We have noticed only a few such errors, and they not of a seriously misleading character. "Above," on page 112, line 14, is doubtless a slip of the pen for "below," since the author surely does not mean that the cliff was scarped above the wall-shelf. Just beneath we notice the frequent, but unjustifiable, use of "perpendicular" for "vertical."

In a book of such complexity of subject we might find much more material for discussion, but none that would impair our gratitude to the author for an extremely laborious, painstaking, and useful piece of work.

The Heart of the Orient: Saunterings through Georgia, Armenia, Persia, Turkomania, and Turkestan, to the Vale of Paradise. By Michael Myers Shoemaker. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

In a gossiping but interesting style the author of this volume takes us from Constantinople through the Black Sea and Transcaucasia along the beaten paths to Baku, and thence over the less familiar way leading to the south end of the Caspian Sea, and to Teheran, the capital of Persia. Returning to Baku, we cross the Caspian Sea, and follow the Transcaspian road to Andizhan, stopping at the most important places, and thence cross the mountains to the vicinity of Kashgar. Thus little ground is covered that has not repeatedly been gone over by other travellers. Nevertheless, the volume is of special interest at the present time by reason of the many observations of the author bearing upon the relations of Russia to the complicated affairs of Central Asia.

It is now only thirty years since Russia occupied Western Turkestan, but the transformation which has already taken place within that time is marvellous. The older portions of Askabad, Merv, Samarkand, Tashkend, and numerous smaller cities are, indeed, still unkempt and filthy in the extreme; but in every case there has grown up beside them a Russian settlement which is a model of neatness and order, where trees, watered by the irrigating streams, line the carefully laid-out streets, while churches, schools, museums, bathhouses, and tasteful residences combine to make the conditions of life exceedingly attractive. The strictness with which the Russian officials insist on seeing one's passports, instead of causing annoyance, should rather give the traveller a sense of relief, since it is an assurance that all suspicious characters are carefully looked after. Thirty years ago it was at the imminent risk of life that any European visited this region, while now, thanks to the Russian Government, nowhere is life safer than here.

The typical case of Russian cruelty in warfare occurred in the taking of Geok-Tepe by Skobeleff, in 1880. The importance of the occasion is kept in remembrance by means of a military museum close by the railroad station, in which are found many paintings descriptive of the terrible scenes of the capture. From all accounts it would seem that the slaughter was indiscriminate; several thousand of both sexes, including even children, being put to death, both outside and inside the walls. Altogether the scenes were such as to inflict an everlasting stigma upon the Russian name. On the other hand, it is proper to note that Gen. Skobeleff, in a remarkable degree, retained the respect of all the tribes of Central Asia, and was indeed the most successful of all Russian generals in governing the people and securing their general good will; so that even these Turkomans who were the object of the slaughter have been the first of the native races to be trusted with arms by the Russians. Preëminently in an irrigated country, a strong and just government is necessary to protect the rights of the various classes of people dependent upon the limited supply of water. Merv was ruined by the Khivans by the diversion of the water of the Murgab from the oasis which supported the city; tens of thousands of Persians, held in slavery, were liberated by the advance of the Russians when Khiva was taken. The Tekke Turkomans were ruthless in their disregard of the rights of others, and fanatical in their opposition to everything which would interfere with their despotic sway. Skobeleff's method of dealing with them was certainly effective, and all the people have rejoiced ever since; for the Russians, when their enemies are once subdued, do not rule with a specially heavy hand.

The Collected Mathematical Papers of James Joseph Sylvester. Volume I. Cambridge (Eng.) University Press; New York: Macmillan.

We receive with delight this first instalment, a beautiful and comfortable volume closely matching in outward appearance Forsyth's 'Theory of Functions.' It contains Sylvestor's work from 1837 to 1853. At this moment, when the chill of senility begins to be perceptible over the very formalistic mathematics that has been and still is in vogue, the virile genius of Sylvester needs to be more fully appreciated. Doubtless there are many memoirs more significant than his and of broader conceptions; but we doubt if there be any whose thought has the peculiar mathematical quality in a higher degree. There are more flawless gems of mathematical workmanship, there are papers of more perfect polish in their execution; but we are strongly inclined to think that there are none quite so instructive in the heuretic art, partly for the very reason that these have not been so finished as to conceal the brush-marks, partly because of the personal originality and singularity with which they are stamped, and partly because Sylvester's garrulity led him almost constantly to tell how he came by his ideas. It would be well worth the while of a student of methodeutical logic to take up the theory of invariants, just for the sake of comparing the ways of thinking of Cayley and Sylvester as exhibited nowhere so well as in this volume, with those of Clebsch, Gordan, etc.

Sylvester's habit of throwing his whole being—or only sparing to poetry and sentiment their strictly necessary aliment—for long year after year into the development of a single system of ideas, while recording his progress every two or three months (every month, in his most active years), renders this collection instructive beyond measure. Nor is the interest exclusively mathematical. Logical remarks of value are constantly occurring, and other philosophical suggestions are not rare. In one place we read, "Universal geometry brings home to the mind with an irresistible conviction the truth of the Kantian doctrine of locality." Verily, metaphysics is the Paris of the intellect: no sooner do the most scrupulously severe reasoners find their feet on this ground than they give the loosest reins of license to their logic. Universal geometry can testify concerning no other Space than its own, which is a space, not of three, but of an indefinite number of dimensions; and nothing is more striking in this generalized geometry than that it is decidedly easier for the human mind to comprehend a space of four dimensions than one of three. Give a higher geometer sixty days to accustom himself to a four-dimensional space, and he would be ever so much more at home there than he ever can be in this perverse world. Meantime, the dynamics of rotations asserts downright that the rotational part of motion, at least, is not relative; and as for the body alpha, the epistemological difficulties of this disguise of the reality of space are too serious; and if the fixed stars, or the whole universe, be identified with the body alpha, the difficulties become downright absurdities. The only body alpha that epistemology can admit is the body of space itself. Meantime, even if one were to prove that three-dimensional Euclidean space is native to the mind, that would be no argument in favor of Kant's position that it is *merely* an affair of the mind. On the contrary, the proper presumption would be that, in view of the unity of the universe, if such space is native to the mind, probably it is native to the outer world of reality also.

The volume is not without glimpses of human nature. Lagrange's so-called demonstration of the principle of virtual velocities "is contrary alike to sense and honesty"—yes, that is the color of it, "albeit sanctioned by the powerful oral authority of an ex-Cambridge professor." One wonders how its case would have gone without that orally powerful sanction. As for Lagrange's proof, it appears to us that cavillers mistake the purpose of it. At any rate, it does convince all reasonable living doubters, for the reason that every man's experience has given him an instinctive and virtual knowledge that work always has to be paid for, which the proof of Lagrange either tacitly takes for granted, or, as we interpret it, supposes to have been expressly admitted for the case of one pair of blocks and tackle. But we must confess to not having looked into the immortal book for many a year.

In every way this publication is a precious benefaction to mathematical students,

especially to those who have been treading too exclusively the boulevard of dominant ideas. The four earliest papers relate to the mathematics of physics. Then, for five years, from 1839 to 1844, Sylvester was occupied with elimination and multiple roots. Between 1844 and 1847 the editor, Mr. H. F. Baker, has found nothing. Has he searched Adrain's Diary? Three papers of 1847 relate to the integer equation—

$$x^3+y^3+z^3 = Dxyz$$

The two following years are blank; but from 1850 to the end of the volume (1853) papers follow one another at an average rate of one every month. Here we find the Essay on Canonical Forms, well-known discoveries in Determinants, the "law of inertia," and the great memoir on syzygetic relations and Sturm's theorem, which last was the first of Sylvester's papers to be ushered in with a poetical motto. It is those lines, "How charming is divine philosophy," in which the Lord Chancellor so successfully disguised his detestation and disgust of all the philosophy of his day.

We shall endeavor to keep our readers apprised of the appearance of future volumes, and we hope to find fewer clerical errors in the next. A chronology of Sylvester's changes of place, travels, and, if possible, of his forming of mathematical acquaintances, would be of advantage.

The Religion of the Universe. By J. Allanson Picton, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 1904.

It is now more than thirty years since Mr. Picton published 'The Mystery of Matter,' a book of very great ability, for which many readers were profoundly grateful because it seemed to show them a way through materialism in company with Science, never letting go her hand. Mr. Picton was then an Independent clergyman. Since then he has written a life of Cromwell, has been a member of Parliament, and has seemed to detach himself from his original ecclesiastical associations and religious interests; but it would appear from his present work that these are as vital for him as ever, and the voice which he obeys at eve is that which he "obeyed at prime," the voice of Herbert Spencer, as audible in that part of his writings which has been subjected to more adverse criticism than any other, the "Reconciliation of Religion and Science," introductory to his 'First Principles.' It gives a spice of special interest to Mr. Picton's book that it is based so confidently and cordially upon that part of Spencer's system which has been most generally decried, and about equally by those who have found his Unknowable Absolute a too negative denial, and those who have found it a too positive affirmation. For Mr. Picton it is a positive affirmation of a Reality whose finite phases may be known to both science and religion, but whose absolute totality is beyond the conception of either. He regrets, as many others have regretted, that Spencer took over from the orthodoxy of Hamilton and Mansel a term—the Unknowable—that was sure to subject him to wide misconception and abuse, and wishes that he had anticipated or adopted Matthew Arnold's favorite designation of "the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," which was "the Eternal."

Whatever the importance of Mr. Picton's 'Religion of the Universe' as expounded in the middle and later portions of his book, he has certainly in one of the earlier chapters wrought an effective protest against those lucubrations of Messrs. Balfour and Mallock which, from the watery coldness of a universal skepticism, confidently extract the sunshine of comfortable acquiescence in the traditional creeds. In his rejection of these Mr. Picton is perfectly frank, while at the same time he contends that the ideal and spiritual implications of those creeds are not dissipated by a construction which is opposed to supernaturalism in every form and manner and degree.

His tone is not without occasional severity, when he is characterizing those who retain "the form of sound doctrine" from which the substance has been wholly taken away; but it is conceivable that certain critics of more sternly scientific temper than his own may find his difference from those whose honesty he questions one of degree only, and inconsiderable at that. Though denying personality to the Unknowable (which may, as Spencer said, be "more than personal"), he still prefers to name it God, to name his religion Christianity, and to find values corresponding to revelation, inspiration, etc., and properly so called, in the actual or possible conditions of the spiritual life. He writes pertinently of "that hereditary habit which provides a mould into which all our interpretations of the Bible run," a habit which "becomes set in early life"; and it is impossible to avoid a grave suspicion that some habit of this kind is illustrated by the conduct of his own mental processes. Is not the real energy of these more bent on saving from the wreck of opinion as much traditional sentiment as possible, rather than on freely working out the religion of the universe from the data of scientific acquisition?

What this religion means for Mr. Picton is more generally exhibited in three chapters, "The Unknowable or God," "Revelation," and "What may be Known of God," and more particularly in others, "Evil" as suffering and sin, "The Everlasting Gospel," "Christianity," "Experimental Religion," "Eternal Life," "Worship and the Church." "That being whom we name God," he says, "is not a greatest person separate from the universe, but the Universe itself." The obvious defect of this definition is that it is a roundabout way of saying nothing in particular; like Omar Khayyám, he comes out "at the same door wherein he went." The universe, by being deified, is merely named, not known; and its qualities remain, for distrust or admiration, exactly what they were before. In the chapter "What may be Known of God," he—that is, the universe—appears such that he might be described "as unknown though well known," and to be worshipped as known, not as unknown or unknowable. Mr. Picton's procedure here is more rational than his main contention, for it is only what we know of the universe or of God that justifies us in extending to either, as unknown, the favorable or unfavorable sentiments of our hearts. It is true that Mr. Picton insists that his God is not the Unknown or the unexplored, but the Unknowable, the illimitable atmosphere of ignorance which invests everything that is, or can possibly be, known. But this Unknowable, as well as the Unknown, must take all the color of its significance from the soil of that field of cultivable knowledge in which we are appointed to work our whole lives long.

Particularly in the chapter on "Experimental Religion," but in many other places, Mr. Picton contends for the reality of a "cosmic emotion" of no paler hue than that excited by the traditional conceptions of the evangelical pietist. But while his own fervor is beyond question, it is hard to understand. The mere word "unknowable" seems to act upon him as a kind of charm, and to stir him to an exalted pitch of emotional satisfaction. In a yet more questionable shape appear his efforts to resolve the tragic side of life into agreement with an optimistic apprehension of God's "everything and more." He does not make the mistake so common with the pantheist and rhapsodist, and treat as negligible every painful aspect of the world, while recognizing every sweet and pleasant thing. But his disposition to think well of "things as they are" makes for too much complacency in his view of animal and human suffering. His special pleading, his minimizing of the tragic element, if more religious than the passionate revolt of others against this, is less human, and at certain points less moral. He does not compare favorably with Mill insisting, "I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that term to my fellow-creatures," or with Whittier crying plaintively,

> "The wrong which pains my soul below,
> I dare not throne above."

Apart from his optimistic pantheism Mr. Picton is evidently a man of generous sympathies and admirations, setting his face against the arrogant and selfish imperialism of the time. But he conceives that in such things mortal man may be more just than God without prejudice to God. "Against civilized races and their rulers the Tasmanians had certainly a claim for consideration, which was, we fear, too often cruelly ignored. But that does not in the least imply any injustice or cruelty in the laws of the universe which permitted their extirpation, for as towards the Infinite they could have no claim," etc. Surely here is another theophany of that convenient *deus ex machina* which, under the name of Destiny, has been so often invoked of late by bland apologists for public wrong.

Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen. By Jacob A. Riis. Illustrated. The Outlook Company. 1904.

The reception which a campaign biography such as this meets with is a fair gauge of the reading public to which it is addressed. It is as different from the old typical campaign biography of the *ante-Bellum Hispanicum* period as Mr. Roosevelt himself is from the typical candidate of that time. It is strenuous, it is loud, it is fervid, it is unmeasured, it is not logical. It is hoarsely enthusiastic, and is all pitched in one high, monotonous key of laudation, which, were there anything in literary or rhetorical tradition applicable to such an effort (and Mr. Riis clearly thinks that there is not), would be a rhetorical blunder. It seems sometimes as if the megaphone rather than the pen were being used. Granting everything

that Mr. Riis says, it is over-emphasized to the point of exhaustion.

It is painful to observe that disrespectful critics, instead of carping, have contented themselves with laughing. We have wondered, in reading the book, whether it is destined to prove adapted to the prevailing American taste, for if it is, it is highly important, and helps to mark the beginning of a new politico-literary era. Mr. Riis, if his candidate is elected, will be the successful biographer of the dominant political set (or "push," we should perhaps learn to say), of which Mr. Roosevelt will be the great patriot, Mr. Lodge the leading statesman, and Mr. Shaw the financier and economist. Let the issue be what it will, Mr. Riis may congratulate himself on having done his work completely—he stands alone in the literature of an era, and can never be replaced or outdone.

What he says of Mr. Roosevelt as police commissioner is practically Mr. Riis's thesis throughout—"every rascal" is "his implacable enemy; the honest, his followers almost to a man." Consequently, the chances are at least ninety-nine in a hundred that any hostile critic is a rascal. The impenitent reader often feels, less that he is being enlightened or reasoned with, than that his cerebellum is "in chancery," and that Mr. Riis is pounding it for the sin of disagreement. If, after a little of this ministration, he falls to recognize in Mr. Roosevelt the great exemplar of the latter's "life-rule"—"It is better to be faithful than to be famous"—he may be sure that the fault is not the biographer's. It should not be overlooked that Mr. Riis was originally a Democrat. The zeal of converts is proverbial, though sometimes dangerous to those whom they join.

The Policy and Administration of the Dutch in Java. By Clive Day. The Macmillan Co.

In this book we have a shining example of conscientious and honest scholarship. It is a work that shows its limitations on the surface, for, so far as we can glean from its pages, the author has had no acquaintance through personal experience with the Javanese or their Dutch masters, nor does he seem to be at all familiar with the currents of thought and the atmosphere of reform in Holland. He has, so far as we can see, taken simply the testimony of the printed documents in the case, and from these has written a most interesting work. This is to be welcomed and appraised all the more by the seeker after facts, because, along with its unquestionable scholarship, there is the modesty of the true man of science, who will make no random guesses, and, when lacking proof, ventures on no positive assertions. Professor Day stands on the simple ground of trustworthy testimony. He has read long and carefully, and sifted the evidence as given in the Dutch literature, from the earliest works to the magnificent monograph of Dr. P. J. Veth, of which the third volume is now before us. He has not hesitated to read carefully the English books on Java. Indeed, it was the wide divergence between the descriptions of the Dutch policy in Java as current in English, and the facts as they appeared in the writings of Dutch historians and in the original documents, that prompted the author to write this book, which bids fair to be very useful to students of colonial affairs. He has read the famous novel 'Max Havelaar,' in which "Multatuli" exposed the iniquities of the coffee culture and trade and the severities practised on the Javanese by agents of the Dutch Government, and he makes merry over J. W. B. Money's 'Java; or, How to Manage a Colony.'

Dr. Day's text adheres closely to his purpose in view, which is simply to tell of the policy and administration of the Dutch, although he furnishes an introductory chapter on the native organization, giving therein a good account of the island and its people. He confesses the need which students have felt, even after Pierson's and Veth's masterly works, of an exact knowledge of Javanese conditions before the Dutch came, and of the native economic organization. It was not possible for the native rulers to preserve peace, and in many ways the state of society was like that of mediæval Europe, the general situation making a grand opportunity for the exercise of European influence. Yet the Dutch East India Company, which is described so fully and in such detail, had no intention at first of political conquest, and was led into expansion, both political and economic, against the desires of the directors. In only one part of the seventeenth century was the Company really prosperous, and the decline of its trade was due not merely to corruption among its officials, but also and chiefly to the competition of foreigners.

The Company succeeded better as a ruler than as a trader. After it fell it was but a few years before the British rule began, which, in turn, after a few years more, gave way to the Dutch restoration. Although King William I. of the Netherlands had interviews with Sir Stamford Raffles, who explained his reforming methods, a reactionary policy was followed, and the "culture system" of forced labor, which became such an engine of oppression to the natives, was begun. The home Government wanted money, and, like the rest of the European peoples, the Dutch considered that colonies existed only for the benefit of the mother country. The rich revenues obtained by grinding the Javanese were appropriated, without any disturbance of public or private conscience, to the building up of the Netherlands railway system. Briefly stated, the culture system was one of credit bondage, an exchange of future labor for present good. The Dutch found it in use as a native institution, and they utilized it to solve the labor problem. Yet the culture system was not only a moral wrong, inflicting unnecessary suffering upon millions of people, but in the long run was like African slavery with us, economically bad. Its reform was one of the great moral triumphs of our age.

In his concluding chapters on recent fiscal policy and the modern government and provincial administration, the author is clear and informing, sticking closely to his one purpose. Yet so far as he touches on recent home sentiment, he is hardly just to the facts in the case, and it is evident that a nearer acquaintance with the Dutch people and with the political history that led to the triumph of the Kuyper Administration in July, 1901, would have made his book more satisfactory. Rare qualities are needed in the Dutch officers who share with the Javanese the government; but though the administration is still far from having reached the ideal of perfection, yet the keystone of the government of Java is coöperation between the Dutch and native officials. Vast improvement has taken place within the past decade and notably within the last two years. This has happened because the conscience of the nation has been thoroughly awakened, and the idea established that the Javanese are the wards, not the serfs, of the nation. This happy result has been achieved not alone by statesmen and politicians, or by the writings of Douwes Dekker (whose book, 'Max Havelaar,' must not be too closely compared with Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'), but through the direct and constant agitation of the subject of colonial reform by men of intense moral earnestness. The more humane treatment of the native of Insulinde, and especially of Java, has been insisted on by the people of the non-political or Independent churches, the "Christian Reformed" (from which come so large a proportion of our Dutch American immigrants) and the "Doleerende" churches led and organized by Dr. Abraham Kuyper, now the Premier of the kingdom.

Professor Day has not only made critical and scholarly use of his authorities, but has in quotation and proofreading shown remarkable accuracy. So far as we know, this is the only book in English treating of this subject which is worthy of entire praise. Nor does anything on the plan and in the spirit of this book exist in Dutch, so that Dr. Day's studies, being free from insular British prejudices, are sure of a welcome also in the Netherlands.

Business Documents of Murashû Sons of Nippur. By Albert T. Clay, Ph.D. Philadelphia: Published by the Department of Archæology and Palæontology of the University of Pennsylvania. 1904.

In May, 1893, there were discovered at Nippur 730 inscribed tablets, unbaked, but made of a peculiar clay which dried almost as hard as ordinary baked tablets. These tablets proved to be business archives of a commercial family, extending over three generations, and dated in the reigns of three Persian kings—Artaxerxes I., Darius II., and Artaxerxes II. (only one in the reign of the last named). A selection of the tablets of the time of Artaxerxes I., 464-424 B. C., edited by Hilprecht and Clay, was published by the generosity of Mr. Eckley Brinton Coxe, jr., in 1898, as Volume IX. of Series A of Cuneiform Texts of the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. A similar selection of the texts of the reign of Darius I., 424-405 B. C., 132 in all, copied in facsimile by Prof. Albert T. Clay, appears as Volume X. of the same series. This makes three volumes (I., IX., and X.) of the texts of the Babylonian expedition which have been published in eleven years, at which rate, considering the amount of material, it is not likely that the bulk of the inscriptions found by the American expedition to Nippur will be made accessible to scholars within half a century.

As in the preceding volumes of this series, each inscription is copied in facsimile with infinite labor, the effort being made to represent each peculiarity of writing on each tablet. In the present volume

these copies are reproduced in seventy-two plates, in addition to which we have seventeen plates containing photographic reproductions of selected tablets, seal impressions, and Aramaic dockets, Babylonian wine jars, water wheels, etc. A transliteration and translation of selected texts, twelve in number, is furnished by Dr. Clay. Six years ago the general editor of the publications of the University of Pennsylvania expedition to Babylonia wrote: "A complete transliteration and translation of the texts here published will be found in Series C"; and the editor of this volume writes: "A complete transliteration and translation of these texts . . . are expected to appear in Series C." Up to date no volume of Series C has been published, and, so far as outsiders can judge, the prospects of immediate publication are not good. In the interests of scholarship, it is to be regretted that arrangements could not have been made by which texts might have been rendered accessible to scholars more rapidly, and transliterations and translations of the officially published texts furnished approximately at the same time with the texts themselves. The French expedition to Susa has shown what is possible in the rapid and scientific publication of results.

The peculiar interest of the Murashû texts lies in the light which they throw on the daily life of the people through the commercial transactions recorded in them. The proper names of officials, witnesses, and places contained in these tablets give curious evidence of the great mixture of populations in Babylonia in the fifth century B. C., and hence in the introductory text especial attention has been given to the study of those names. We learn that there were settlements or colonies in or about Nippur of Ammonites, Hittites, Jews, Edomites, men of Hamath, Gaza, Ashkelon, and Heshbon. A large number of the names are of West-Semitic, and in many cases specifically Hebrew, origin. A concordance of these names is furnished, with notes on their origin and nationality. West-Semitic (that is, Aramæan and Canaanite) influence was very pronounced in the names on the tablets of the time of Artaxerxes I., published in Volume IX.; there is a marked increase of that influence in the tablets of the reign of Darius II., published in this volume. There is likewise an increase in the number of Aramæan dockets attached to the cuneiform tablets, showing, in the judgment of Professor Clay, that Aramæan was supplanting Babylonian as the language of general use in Babylonia itself, as it had already supplanted the various local languages and dialects in Palestine and the neighboring regions. With this conclusion the general editor, Professor Hilprecht, is not in agreement. He also differs from Professor Clay in regard to the formation of certain proper names, especially the interpretation of the suffix *iâma*. Professor Clay believes that this quite common suffix represents Yah or Yahu, a frequent component part of Hebrew proper names, standing for the special Hebrew name of God, Yahaweh—*m*, as often in Babylonian, representing a West-Semitic *u* or *w*. Hilprecht, on the other hand, regards this ending as practically meaningless, intended merely to give emphasis or extension to the word. Both find numerous Hebrew names on these tablets, evidence that a large colony of Jews was located at Nippur from the Captivity onward.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1904.

The Week.

Students of that fascinating subject —Roosevelt psychology—should not neglect to read the President's letter of acceptance entire, inordinately long though it be. It is indeed wordy, and in some parts bestows all its tediousness upon the reader relentlessly; but it reveals character. Self-confidence is said to be one of the requisites of the statesman, and that at least Mr. Roosevelt possesses. With what pitying condescension does he expound the common law to Judge Parker! And there is not a tinge of false modesty in his calm assertion that "no other Administration in our history, no other Government in the world," has stood for humanity more heroically than his own. Furthermore, "nowhere else in recent years has there been as fine an example of constructive statesmanship" as that shown in the Philippine Islands. His sole reference to the race question is in the shape of a retort. "Can our opponents deny that here at home the principles of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments have been in effect nullified?" Well, if so, why has he done nothing about it? Why did he not, as it was his sworn duty, call the attention of Congress to the matter, and ask for appropriate legislation? The Republican platform speaks of reducing the representation of the South. Is the President for that, or for doing anything? He does not say. If we were to apply to himself the method he uses in denouncing the Democrats, we should have to say that his failure to speak out shows that he is either insincere or afraid. His attitude falls in with the theory that the platform was merely such a trick as Hanna's in Ohio to catch the negro vote, while intending to do nothing whatever for the negro's political rights. Either way, the President shrinks from joining issue on the violated Amendments. So far as he is concerned, they are to have no prominence in this campaign.

"By direction of the President, officials will neither discuss nor give out any information regarding the annual estimates until further orders." This notice, issued on Friday to the heads of departments at Washington, comes at an appropriate time. Judge Parker has called attention to the growing recklessness and extravagance of the Republican Administration, and no one knows better than President Roosevelt that at this point the Republicans are exceedingly vulnerable. Take the single matter of naval expenditures, President Roosevelt's perhaps favorite way of spending money. In 1884 the appropriations were $15,980,437, and in 1885 less than ten millions. By 1890 the sum appropriated was $22,456,113; in 1898 it was $32,574,082; and in 1901, $55,623,422. But this enormous amount is modest compared with the expenditures since the present Administration has really warmed to its work. In 1902 the naval establishment called for $67,803,128; in 1903 for $82,618,034; and the last appropriation was $98,005,140. These figures speak for themselves.

The delegates to the American Bankers' Convention seem not to have heard of the Chicago platform, the Roosevelt letter of acceptance, or Senator Fairbanks's speeches. They have more pronounced feelings about the gold standard than anybody else, and would be the first to cry out against further "flexibility" on this issue. But though that high priest of muscular bimetallism, Henry Cabot Lodge, is now frightened almost out of his wits lest Judge Parker's election may accomplish what he himself was striving so hard for in 1894, the visiting bankers are absolutely unruffled. Any number of them are declaring that, though they voted for McKinley—or at any rate against Bryan—in the last two elections, they are now going back to their old resting-place in the Democratic fold. A former president of the American Bankers' Association says, indeed, that he is now going to vote the Democratic ticket because Judge Parker is "absolutely sound" on the money question. Another banker asserts that "there is a general feeling that the country will be safe whichever candidate is elected." These are typical statements.

Pickled sheepskins have become a factor in Massachusetts politics. A large amount of these skins have to be imported every year, and nearly half of them are consumed by the factories of Salem and Peabody. It would be cheaper to import them in their native state, but pickling is necessary for preservation. In handling, the first step is to get rid of the brine. In the past the skins have come in free, in accordance with a decision of the General Board of Appraisers, but on August 25 the Treasury Department sent out word that henceforth they were to be treated as partly manufactured goods, and taxed at 20 per cent. The manufacturers declared that this would demoralize their business, and in their heat some of them alleged that the Administration was trying to "stand pat" with the great packers of the West, who are large sellers of domestic sheepskins. This affair threw one more burden on the shoulders of Senator Lodge. The manufacturers promptly called on him to extricate them from their difficulty. In reply he wrote: "I had noticed in the papers the dispatch about pickled skins with surprise and annoyance. I am writing to the President about it." And he added that the decision of the General Board of Appraisers was an "eminently wise one."

The President responded nobly. If it was a question of pickled or no pickled sheepskins, it was also a duty to get the Senator out of *his* pickle as promptly as possible. So the tariff is "revised by its friends" in orthodox Republican style. The offending order is now suspended by telegram from Oyster Bay, and no action whatever is to be taken under it until the President returns to Washington (after the election?) and can "personally go over the matter with the Secretary of the Treasury." Thus do we see the power of the just President, how bravely he stands by his friends when it is merely a question of interpreting a law, and how the virtuous Lodge triumphs over all enemies. To-day he is exulting over those who would decry him for laboring hard for free sheepskins while denouncing free fish. Of course, this victory will not put a stop to the reciprocity agitation in his State. But it does illustrate how quickly our hair-trigger President shoots in campaign-time, when it is a question of saving or losing votes and the Senatorial orders have been received.

Aside from the fact that the population of Vermont has somewhat increased since 1890, the large Republican vote last week seems chargeable to Democratic indifference. No organized effort was made to press the real issues, although the Republicans gave more attention than usual to the State by sending into it the Vice-Presidential candidate and other national celebrities. The Democratic managers were content to let the State go by default. They apparently lacked the courage to bring forward the Canadian reciprocity arguments which have stirred Massachusetts so deeply, or to start an educational campaign on the tariff, and this is all the more striking since there was practically no State issue under discussion. Thus the policy of drift has borne its first fruit. Per contra, the Maine Democrats made gains in Monday's election, increasing their vote 30 per cent. over that of 1900, and, in a total poll much greater, cutting down the Republican majority by 3,000 or more. The marked

Democratic gains in Portland, Lewiston, and other cities seem to us peculiarly significant, coming as they do on the very day of President Roosevelt's careful explanation that all "good Americans" should vote the Republican ticket. He must have been pained to learn how many bad Americans there are in Maine. Meanwhile, impartial political observers will set down the result for just what it is worth—a clear sign, namely, that the Democrats are not the disorganized and dispirited crew their opponents delight to make them out; that the Presidential campaign is yet to be fought; and that no man can tell what the decision of 14,000,000 electors will be in November.

The Connecticut Democrats united last week on a strong candidate and on a platform which, while it renews its faith in "the historic system of local government," and commits the party to its preservation, urges the bestowal of "a just and adequate representation" in the House of Representatives on the populous communities. For years past one-sixth of the population, dwelling in the small towns, has controlled the Legislature, determined the taxes, robbed the cities of revenue, and chosen the United States Senators. Twelve years ago the Democrats elected the Governor and carried the State Senate, but the House of Representatives has never permitted any reform in its membership. Still, the movement for a change has grown, and the Democrats do well to bring it to the front again, since it is certain to win them votes—as will the admirable speech of the temporary chairman of the convention, Henry Wade Rogers, dean of the Yale Law School. The candidate for Governor, Mr. A. Heaton Robertson, now Corporation Counsel of New Haven, is far superior to his unsuccessful rival, Mayor Thayer of Norwich.

Utah has only three electoral votes, yet Mormon influence is strong in several of the neighboring States, and might turn a block of votes worth either party's having. Senator Smoot was warned months ago that if he persisted in his fight to control the State Republican party, it might upset the party balance. He did persist, controlled the convention, and landed his candidate for Congress. Now the consequences begin to appear, though the ultimate result is not at all clear. The exodus of Republican Gentiles from their party because Mormons dominate it, should, in the ordinary course of politics, be followed by an influx of Mormons from the other party. That is to say, when any issue is recognized as dominant, voters tend to align themselves on that issue, and let all others go. But the Mormon influence does not make itself felt in that way. It is able to-day to protest innocence of the charge of controlling politics because it never throws all its vote to either side. It is very likely true that it could not if it would deliver a perfectly solid vote. This year it appears a rather hard choice for the Church. On one side it sees a rallying of Gentiles around a Republican nucleus. On the other is a party which declares in its national platform for "the extermination of polygamy" and "the complete separation of Church and State in political affairs."

Tempering the oratorical wind to the Down East lamb, Senator Fairbanks spoke, at Brunswick, Me., on September 6, on the present decadence and future possibilities of American shipping. It was a congenially sepulchral theme, and he quite warmed up to it, assuring his hearers that the $150,000,000 we pay to foreign shipmasters is so much money out of our pockets. He reminded them also that a Congressional Commission had the whole matter of the merchant marine in hand, and that the Republican party would solve the problem "in a way to promote American industry and in a manner consistent with national honor." Brave words these, yet the solution remained a bit vague, and the shipbuilders of Bath would probably have preferred the single word "subsidy" to a hundred on the national honor. But the word "subsidy" no longer comes trippingly off Republican lips. Support, encouragement—all such innocuous synonyms are preferred. Consider only this jewel from Secretary Shaw's Oregon speech: "I am not talking for a ship subsidy, but I am willing to pay the price that will give us ships to carry our trade." As one should say, "While reluctant to admit the perhaps excessive claims of Tweedledum, I will cheerfully contribute to Tweedledee's support."

The accounts of the Bull Run manœuvres show plainly that the officers who planned them made the mistake of considering the militia efficient campaigners like the regulars. As a result, the programme was far beyond their strength, and we read of many men falling by the wayside, utterly exhausted, and of their inability on reaching camp to stay awake long enough to eat. The Twelfth New York is one of the sturdiest regiments of the National Guard, yet it had had only five hours for sleep in a stretch of forty hours when it was forced to "fight" all Thursday night and march thirty miles before returning to camp. To ask that men who lead sedentary lives or are, at least, wholly unaccustomed to marching should be put to such exertions, is to expose them to serious physical injuries. Moreover, it may be magnificent, but it is not good training. The men would be far better State soldiers if their eight days had been spent in regimental, brigade, and division exercises, winding up, perhaps, with one sham battle. Unquestionably, the generals and staff officers have profited, but we are inclined to think that the National Guard officers who have been opposed to joint manœuvres have been furnished with some additional arguments in support of their position.

Radium is the latest article of import to baffle the Treasury Department experts. If it is a precious metal, it comes in free; but if it is a "crude metallic mineral substance," it pays 20 per cent. ad valorem. If it is a crude mineral, it comes in free; while if it is a chemical it pays 25 per cent. The exegesis of the Dingley schedules has rightly become one of the most important branches of theological study for the high priests of protection. They have given us within a year decisions that frogs are dressed poultry, and snails are wild animals. They will not be daunted by a new element. There is a preëstablished harmony between the tariff and the visible universe. As the Philadelphia *Record* remarks, "Radium was not discovered until six years after the passage of the Dingley act, but the inspired authors of that law had their eyes on the future as well as present emergencies." Let not vigilance be relaxed. Already scientists are speculating whether a twelve-mile shaft into the earth would not bring forth enough radium to run the sewing-machines and steam heaters of the world. If that be true, cannot our own workmen dig as deep holes and bring up as much metal as those of Europe? The dutiability of radium is almost an academic question now, but when the time comes that we compete with Bohemia for the radium market of the world, we may venerate Secretary Shaw as the man who first barred the door against a product which pauper labor brings down to the unprofitable figure of $800,000 a pound.

There are signs of a reaction in the South from the sudden outbreak of lawlessness against the negro. A joint meeting of white and black citizens has been held in Tallahassee, Fla., to secure better feeling between them and discuss means of avoiding race conflicts. The pledge of negroes and whites to coöperate in the discovery and capture of criminals of every kind touches one of the vital points of the race question. Sympathy of the white man with the lyncher, and the alleged unwillingness of the negro to move against criminals of his own race, are among the most powerful agencies in stirring up bad blood. Acting Governor Cunningham of Alabama has been prompt to move in the Huntsville lynching case. Besides having a special grand jury summoned, he has called for an explanation

of the conduct of the militia. All this activity, however, will come to nothing unless somebody is really punished for the outrages. They are the inevitable results of a policy of distributing responsibility and punishing nobody. Such newspapers as the Charleston *News and Courier* are telling the South that the old apologies for mob rule should no longer be listened to, that lynchings took place long before Booker Washington dined at the White House, and that the only way to suppress lawlessness of any kind is to deal with it with a strong hand.

The ending of the Chicago meat strike could not have been more inglorious. President Donnelly of the butcher workmen, the man chiefly responsible for the trouble, made a striking exhibition of despair in announcing to the Allied Trades that he should put a formal end to the affair. "The strike has been lost. Our unions are rapidly being smashed to pieces, and, by the eternal, we are going to call the strike off and let as many of our men return to work as possible." "Smashed" is indeed the only word to describe the condition in which the labor unions at the stockyards now find themselves. Their members have been reduced to destitution, none of the ends for which they engaged in the nine-weeks' disturbance has been gained; the men go back to work as individuals, but the strikebreakers will not be discharged to make room for them. The "closed shop" has suffered a disaster which portends its ultimate extinction. Repugnant to every instinct of self-respecting human nature, and at variance with the great laws of trade, it is the device of ignorance, cupidity, and laziness. In this case ignorance has been coupled with audacity, and the result is ruin.

The Tibetan treaty, for which Col. Younghusband crossed the Himalayas, was signed on September 7 in the Dalai Lama's palace at Lhasa. The Oriental imagination has been impressed in one of its last retreats; some hundreds of half-armed mountaineers have been killed. Whether the game is quite worth the candle, we can not yet know. The diplomatic victory, in any case, is more or less incomplete, for the treaty has been approved, not by the Lama, but by more or less irresponsible representatives. More interesting than this expression of Lord Curzon's pride of place and zeal for the India tea trade is the question, Do the British mean to keep the self-sacrificing ordinance Mr. Balfour has solemnly made in Parliament? He assured the Commons that the Government wanted only satisfaction for Tibetan insolence, entertained no territorial ambitions, and would withdraw as soon as the treaty was negotiated. But already there is talk of British control of Tibet. In the place of the fugitive Lama, whose influences are vaguely understood to be pro-Russian, a rival pro-British Lama is to be set up. That is, Tibet is apparently to be made a feudatory dependency of the Empire. It would be strange, indeed, if Great Britain, having taken the first step towards annexation, should halt or retreat. One may expect to see a new, embarrassing, and by no means profitable responsibility added to the staggering burden of an over-extended Empire.

That the Chamberlain plan has made practically no progress among working-people is shown in a hostile resolution of the Trades Union Congress at Leeds. This vote represents the sober sentiment of the most intelligent class of artisans. The trades-union delegates are free from any suspicion of doctrinaire Cobdenism; they are interested very practically in such every-day matters as wages and cost of living. If they believed that under protective duties "the foreigner pays the tax," while a happy country "pays to itself," they would not scruple to take advantage of the foreigner's liberality or of such miraculous multiplication of wealth at home. As a matter of fact, these shrewd leaders of labor see that a tariff is a tax levied upon almost everything the common man buys. Accordingly, they condemn Mr. Chamberlain's tariff proposals in words which have a distinct application to our conditions in America. Premising that any departure from free trade would be detrimental to the interests of the working classes, on whom the burden of indirect taxation would fall most grievously, and to the prosperity of the nation as a whole, the Congress resolved:

> "That protective duties, by increasing the cost of the people's necessaries, are unjust in incidence and economically unsound, subsidizing capital at the expense of labor; and that a system of preference or retaliation, by creating cause for dispute with other countries, would be a hindrance to international progress and peace."

It is unquestionably a heavy blow to Mr. Chamberlain to find his scheme repudiated by the very people for whose defence against foreign competition it was ostensibly put forth.

That Kuropatkin has imitated Napoleon in one respect is quite evident. "I have never had a plan of campaign (*d'opération*)," said that Emperor. Moltke, writing in the German General Staff's history of the war with France, declared that "only the layman believes that a campaign takes place and is being carried to its end according to a plan worked out in every detail in the beginning. Certainly a commander will always keep in view his great objective, unaffected by changes in conditions and circumstances, but the roads by which he hopes to reach it can never be written down very far in advance." If the Russians have had to improvise plans and policies, it cannot be attributed to any conviction similar to Moltke's. The more the campaign is reviewed, the more evident become the blunders and some blighting influence like that divided control which the St. Petersburg newspapers are now hinting at more or less openly. The Japanese, on the other hand, have had a definite strategical problem before them, and so have been able to plan pretty well in advance the successive steps, granted the victory of their arms, of which they rightly felt so confident. It is to be hoped that the Japanese General Staff will follow its Prussian exemplar by publishing a frank history of its aims and accomplishments. In it the Japanese will have to justify the terrible loss of life at Liaoyang and at Port Arthur. They will probably have to admit that the absence of well-mounted and equipped cavalry reserve was responsible in good measure for their slowness in developing the campaign and their inability to follow up the success at Liaoyang.

The arrival of the Russian warship—for such the *Lena* is—at San Francisco raises a number of interesting questions, and has incidentally thrown some light on the *Ryeshitelni* incident at Chefoo. There, it will be remembered, the Japanese boarding lieutenant demanded to see for himself whether the disarmament of the Russian destroyer had or had not been carried out effectively. On Monday the Japanese consul tried to insist upon a similar right of inspection, to ascertain if the alleged disabilities of the *Lena* were figments of her officers' imagination or not. Quite properly, the collector informed him that that was the business of our Government, and not of his. It has never been claimed, hitherto, that a belligerent has the right to supersede the action of a neutral in enforcing neutrality. So far as our Government is concerned, no criticism can lie against it. It promptly inspected the warship and ascertained that her boilers were defective. According to the accepted law of nations, the *Lena* can now make such repairs as are necessary, provided that these repairs in no way increase her powers as a fighting vessel. Repairs to machinery are not included in this category. When the time comes for the *Lena's* departure, she will undoubtedly be allowed to take all the coal she wishes, whether her "nearest home port" be deemed Vladivostok or Libau. Once she has passed the three-mile limit, she will be free to intercept any American or foreign vessels bound for Japanese ports with contraband. But her return to San Francisco for more coal would then be impossible, since this would be making that port a base for hostile raids upon the enemy.

RE-ENTER THE ROUGH RIDER.

"Provided that lasts," wrote the wary Bismarck when King William commented apprehensively upon the successes of Napoleon III.; and "provided that lasts" was the thought of every sagacious observer on reading the speech of acceptance of "the new Roosevelt" last July. The September letter of acceptance comes to show that it was not to last. The rôle of cautious moderation, of whispered humbleness, has proved repulsive to Mr. Roosevelt. He seems to have been gazing upon the picture of himself which Secretary Taft and Attorney-General Moody have so laboriously painted—the portrait of a patient thinker, slow to wrath, and acting only after painful deliberation—and to have determined to stamp all such presentments as counterfeit. The letter gives us the old Roosevelt again. He is aggressive, scintillating, cocksure. He lays about him with words like clubs. His manner is that of punching heads rather than arguing. The imaginary Roosevelt of apologetic orators is, in short, impatiently kicked aside by the real Roosevelt, and the Rough Rider dashes to the head of the Republican column.

His letter being, in both form and substance, a half-dozen stump speeches rolled into one, calls for more detailed attention than can be given in a single newspaper article. But its main drift is easily characterized. Mr. Roosevelt's very defence of himself is of a sort to confirm the charge that he is an impetuous Executive who looks about for the law to validate his deed after the deed is done. He hotly asserts that his famous pension order was issued under the authority of "existing law." How unlucky for him that the solid Republican vote of the House sustained the point, when the order was later offered by the Democrats as an amendment, that it was "contrary to existing law"! The President also stoutly affirms that his action in the Panama affair was strictly in accordance with the Constitution. He does not say that it was not in violation of a treaty. But why argue on these points with a man who goes on frankly to avow such an extraordinary view of the Constitution? It is to be "observed positively as well as negatively," Mr. Roosevelt writes, and adds: "I should be derelict in my duty if I used a *false* [query, strict?] construction of the Constitution as a shield for weakness and timidity, or as an excuse for governmental impotence." Nothing could be plainer. The one part of the Constitution which President Roosevelt takes seriously is the "general welfare" clause. He regards himself as the judge of that welfare, rushes ahead and does what he thinks best, and then tells you that any Constitutional objection to his course is a "false construction" by which he will not be bound!

On the tariff, President Roosevelt has made a complete surrender to the most besotted protectionists. He writes like the most abject groveller before the tariff fetish. His own words he eats without choking—not alone his statement in his Life of Benton that protection is wrong in theory and vicious in practice, but even his declaration in 1902 that any tariff duty sheltering a monopoly should be at once abolished. And then this scholar, this college man, this sitter at the feet of them that know, sneers at the trained economists, the lifelong students of finance, as "professional counsellors who have confined themselves to study in the closet"! No one knows better than he what unworthy nonsense it is. Why, he himself, a little farther on, is betrayed into speaking of the "certainty of an economic law." Is Roosevelt also in the closet? Where else does he get his economic law; and what economic law is more certain than those which demonstrate the folly and social injustice of protective tariffs?

The President's meek submission to the high-tariff wing of his party lays him open to strong attack. He deprecates the use of any word implying that the tariff has moral relations. Let us think of it, he says, as pure "expediency." He does not know what is in the minds of the best men in his own party. Even in the Union League Club, old-fashioned Republicans are saying that their party is in danger of standing no longer for a cause, but for special interests. What is Aldrich in the Senate, they ask, but an agent of great corporations to see that they receive their tariff favors in due season? What is Depew but a whited lobbyist? Theodore Roosevelt knows how tariff bills are framed. He knows how their details are shaped by greedy schemers striking hands in secret; and yet he thinks it so extremely impolite of the Democrats to say that there is anything immoral in allowing a privileged few to buy the right to tax the whole people.

Weak and retreating on the tariff, the President is positively alarming when he comes to talk about the finances. What would cause a true statesman the gravest concern—namely, the coincidence of falling revenues with mounting expenditures, the certainty of a deficit and of the need of new taxes—he dismisses with a snap of his fingers. Far from urging retrenchment, he promises new lavishness. The public, he writes, desires the Government to incur still greater expenses, and incurred they shall be. The costly free rural delivery is to be extended all over the country, at an outlay of many millions; pensions are to be increased; to cap the climax, the President commits himself to the scheme of millions more for ship subsidies. Where is he to find the money? It never occurs to him to ask. "We do not stand still," he boasts of his party. Exactly; and that is why sober men are afraid of it and of him. They see him profoundly discontented with the routine work of giving a good administration, and eager to launch upon unknown seas. "We do not stand still." No; neither do the expenditures; neither does corruption; nor does the creation of monopoly and wealth based upon unequal taxation. And if you ask President Roosevelt how he is going to meet the vast expense of his spendthrift policies, he can only tell you that it will be done by inventing fresh methods of unjust taxation.

In effect, Mr. Roosevelt's letter is an offer of gigantic bribes. Elect me President, he says to the beneficiaries of the tariff, and you will be undisturbed in your purchased right to tax your fellow-citizens; elect me, he says to the pension-grabbers, and you may fill all your pockets at the Treasury; elect me, he says to the subsidy-hunters, and the Government will pay you handsomely to sail your ships; elect me, he says to the politicians, and you may fatten on the graft of the rural delivery; elect me, he says to the army, and your numbers, your privileges, your pay, and your opportunities to glut your warlike passions shall be increased; elect me, he says to the navy, and your smoke shall blacken the air on every coast and your guns be heard in every sea.

What is to be the country's answer to these bids for power in order to carry out grandiose but dangerous schemes? The answer which ought to be given may be found in that historian whom some of Mr. Roosevelt's friends have found him reading and reported the fact in their awe-struck way. Thucydides gives us in his Sixth Book an account of the lures which, to gratify his own ambition, Alcibiades held up before the Athenian people; and also gives us the warning speech which the old general, Nicias, made to the assembly. One sentence of his might well have been addressed to the American people, in connection with *their* brilliant young man and his glittering programme:

"Do not you give him the opportunity of indulging his own magnificent tastes at the expense of the state."

A CRITICAL PERIOD FOR LABOR.

This has been a test year for organized labor. Two years ago, wages were on an ascending scale, the movement culminating in the demands of railroad hands in all parts of the country for a larger share of the profits resulting from the great industrial boom. They obtained their end, but the inevitable effect was not long in asserting itself. Higher railroad wages meant greater burdens to shippers, and thus the circle was in a fair way to completion. Of course, the advance in the wage accounts of the railroads was not the cause

of the succeeding industrial depression, but it was unquestionably one of the concomitants of the backward movement. The analogies between labor and capital are close. From 1898 to 1903 the profits of the latter were astonishingly large, and no one had time to reflect seriously on the means employed to secure them. A year ago, however, it began to be seen that many of these methods had been extremely vicious. It was then discovered that inflation of nominal capital, struggle for monopoly, and payment of unearned dividends had resulted in losses which in very great measure offset the apparent profits of previous years. To-day, labor is in very much the same position. It, too, has struggled for monopoly, for an arbitrary rather than a natural wage scale, and it is now confronted by the necessity of carefully overhauling its methods.

Those who are giving serious thought to this situation will derive assistance from a paper on "Some Aspects of the Labor Question in America," presented at the recent meeting of the British Association by Mr. C. J. Hamilton of University College, Cardiff. As Great Britain has her special labor problems, Mr. Hamilton's views cannot, in their American applications, be construed entirely in accordance with the dictum that the voice of the intelligent foreigner is the voice of posterity. Still, his statements regarding our conditions have a detachment not easily acquired this side of the Atlantic. He plainly sees that this is an anxious time in the United States. He recalls President Hadley's declaration of last fall that "within two years there will be the greatest conflict between organized labor and organized capital that the United States has yet seen," and says that it is now in process of verification. The immediate cause of the conflict is the depression of trade, bringing with it wage reductions and an increase in the number of the unemployed.

The labor unions, which, it is asserted, have probably doubled their membership since 1900, are ostensibly fighting against the downward tendency of prices and wages. But this is not the real cause of the struggle. The closed shop is what organized labor is actually contending for. In developing this idea, Mr. Hamilton points out many of the features which distinguish our problem from that of the Old World. He finds here, for example, a great lack of equality in industrial conditions; the difference between one part of the country and another being as great as that between Lancashire of 1845 and of to-day. The prevalence of child labor at the South, defective factory laws, the large foreign element in our industrial population, and the negro are touched on in passing. But it is the labor union and the character of its management that receives most attention. No one familiar with conditions here and abroad can dissent from the statement that our labor leadership is far behind that of Great Britain. We have a few men of great spectacular attainments; in their sphere as noteworthy and as harmful to public interests as some of the more reckless "barons of finance" and "captains of industry" about whom we heard so much prior to 1903. But the high efficiency of many of the British trades unions is not the result of playing to the galleries, but of patient, unremitting, unobtrusive effort on the part of the leaders to familiarize themselves and those whom they have represented with the facts which make for the solid and permanent advantage of British labor.

The closed shop has not come. If it were possible to introduce it, the means employed have so far been wrong in their very essence. As our English critic declares, "It must come, not by coercion of employer nor of employee, but by establishing the union's claim to be necessary to the worker and not injurious to the employer or the public." This is a large programme, but can it be carried out? There is a strong belief that combined capital has more to gain than lose from a perfected organization of labor. Great employers have repeatedly said of late that they were glad to have their men join the unions, as it made bargaining with them easier. Such optimism is, however, to be regarded lightly at this stage of the game; present conditions have existed too short a time to admit of their bearings being seen with any clearness. Any benefit to combined capital from organized labor must spring from more stable conditions in the unions than are yet evident. So far, the injury to the employer and public has greatly outweighed any benefit which they may have secured. As yet the public feels that both capital and labor often aim at illegitimate ends. The former frequently strives to restrict output, crush competition, and artificially raise prices; the latter fights for the degrading of the efficient workman to the level of the lazy and incompetent, and the restricting of the number of apprentices—both with the intent of thwarting the natural law of production and wages respectively. Fighting on such lines can never result in permanent victory.

OUR "NEW POLICY" WITH THE RED BROTHER.

How to support the Indian has been a troublesome problem for the Government ever since it changed its policy toward the red man from war to peace. It made the mistake of passing at a single bound from one extreme to the other. In its zeal to prove the sincerity of its repentance, it beat the sword into a pap-spoon instead of stopping halfway with a ploughshare. Now it is compelled to take the backward track, and in the name of humanity is trying to lift the disarmed Indian from the cradle where it has been confining him for a quarter of a century, set him on his feet, and teach him to walk alone.

The so-called "new policy" has so much common sense underlying it that the only wonder is that it is not already an old policy. But the question when it ought to have been begun is academic: the practical question is, how to get the machinery of the reformed system into good running order. The idea is to give the Indian, not food, but the means of obtaining food by paying the price for it. To this end, a year or two ago, orders were issued at Washington to notify the younger and able-bodied members of the several tribes that the issue of rations would be suspended after a certain date, and that they must prepare for the change. At the same time, all practical means were studied for providing work for those Indians who wished a chance to earn something. If an Indian had any knowledge of agriculture or stock-raising, he was encouraged to turn it to account; if he had not, the Government sought to devise some form of bread-winning labor that he could pursue. Now and then the method employed was as crude as that described in the old story of the beggar who was directed to spend his whole morning carrying a pile of bricks from one spot in his patron's garden to another, and his whole afternoon carrying them back again.

But a more rational scheme was gradually evolved when it was discovered that a people reared to war or the chase could not be turned into farmers or laborers overnight. The authorities of the Indian establishment perceived that they must reckon for a good many years to come with the question of giving their wards something to do. So they looked about for possible improvements which would not ordinarily have been considered necessaries, yet which it would distinctly benefit the Indian to have at command. An irrigating ditch here, a better highway to market there, a fence to enclose a tribal cattle-pasture in another place, was started with Indian labor under white supervision. Those Indians who had no facilities for raising crops or lacked the wherewithal to procure livestock, could get a job at day-wages by applying for it, provided they did so before the rolls were full; their compensation came, as a rule, out of the funds, or the interest on the funds, held in trust for them by the Government, so that the process suggested taking money from one pocket to put into the other. But the trust funds were by law designed to promote their education and civilization, and to spend this income upon labor which would at once fill their stomachs, train their hands, and strengthen their characters,

seemed like killing a number of birds with one stone.

Still, all this was providing only for the able-bodied class, young enough to do something for their own maintenance. The older generation, whom it was hopeless to try to bring into relations with their changed environment, must be cared for as long as they lived. They were too feeble to labor, too old to be taught. They belonged, moreover, to the historic stratum which had resisted the Government's encroachment upon the open hunting-grounds of the West, and had laid down their arms with an implied understanding that their conquerors would provide for them virtually as for prisoners of war. The Government has continued to recognize this obligation on the theory that the old people cannot last very much longer any way, and that their treatment as objects of charity will establish no embarrassing precedent. But behold the result. If the Indian has one trait more firmly seated in his nature than another, it is generosity in material things. He will give away the last object he owns to any friend who asks him; and accordingly, now that the bulk of the Indians receive no gratuities from the Government, no sooner does an aged red man draw his periodical issue of rations than he is surrounded by all the loafers in the reservation, and, before he can reach home with his prize, they will have stripped him of it. This is a wrong, indeed, which the authorities appear powerless to abate unless the system be radically changed. Orders issued against the spendthrift practice are so much wasted ammunition; the spongers ignore them, of course, and the victims are too good-natured to refuse an appeal. As a consequence, this doubly harmful extravagance bids fair to be indefinitely continued, and the aged and infirm people whom the Government desires to supply with some comforts may have their end hastened by hunger in spite of benevolent intentions.

Only one practicable solution of the difficulty has been proposed thus far. That is, the foundation by the Government of a central soup-kitchen or free eating-house in every area inhabited by a considerable number of old and feeble Indians, around which they can camp, and where they can be fed twice or three times a day, on presentation of a ticket, being allowed to carry nothing away. This would insure their protection from the harpies. The soup-kitchen could, moreover, in cases of extreme emergency like a sudden crop blight or an epidemic of disabling disease, be used for dispensing a little temporary relief to the sound and youthful members of a tribe, who would otherwise be forced to fast through no fault of their own. From any point of view, the free-meal dispensary system would be only a makeshift of a few years' duration; for as soon as the now decrepit generation passes away, there would be no more use for anything of the sort.

With such an addition to the equipment of the Indian establishment, we should see the "new policy" in full blast, and its effects upon the reservation Indians at large could be philosophically studied. As matters look now, its results will amply justify its adoption. It will be a blessed day for the red race and for the whole country when the last vestige of the reservation system disappears; but meanwhile the new policy will afford a bridge from the conditions of the last twenty-five years to those of independent Indian citizenship and self-support.

THE WAR POWER OF JAPAN.

The extent and the cost of the victory at Liaoyang are still in doubt; no such doubt invests the sudden coming of Japan to her military majority. Indeed, the war power of Japan has already been admitted with a premature if prophetic readiness. The mildly dismayed *Spectator* constantly reminds its readers that the traditional balance of power in the Far East has been upset, openly grudges the ascendency of Japan, and fears it. Russian critics, instead of resting their case on the marvellous success of Russia as a colonizer in Asia, invoke the Yellow Peril, and bid the world shudder at what may be the reflux of the great Mongol invasions. That dithyrambic and very able correspondent, Mr. A. G. Hales, of the London *Daily News*, continuously warns his placid Cobdenite readers that the Japanese rifle, the Japanese ship, and the Japanese factory are equally menaces to the predominance of Europe in the Far East. In America, so far, the old sting of Russian diplomatic subterfuge and a chivalrous sympathy for the Yankees of the East have kept most of us from this gloomy sort of prognostication; but already people are beginning to find something uncanny and a little formidable in the continued success of a people with whom at bottom we seem to have so little in common.

So far as these apprehensions are based on a belief in the military prowess of Japan, they are abundantly justified. Today it is doubtful if England and her colonies combined could put into the field an army equal to Oyama's. And certainly no other nation can match that combination of fanatical indifference to death with perfect coolness in battle, that command of the higher strategy with regard for the minutiæ of tactics and logistics, which have made the armies of Japan for their numbers perhaps the best in the world. Fully warranted, too, is the surmise that the war record of Japan—whatever the final result of the long contest—must powerfully work upon the imagination of all Mongol Asia. It may mean the awakening of China to national consciousness and military emulation. The thrill must pass into Burmah and India. In the long run the East may wish to take its destiny into its own hands, and then Japan will have shown the way either to the most alluring triumph, or in any case to splendid defeat. In short, the imagination is not likely to exaggerate the probable effects of the war.

But why should any one deplore the military ascendency of Japan unless he believes that power is to be ruthlessly employed, and why should any one entertain such a thought? History has not taught that either the Chinese or the Japanese belong to the class of invading Mongols. In fact, the kind of material from which is recruited the hordes of Genghis Khan and the Mantchu conquerors has almost disappeared. The military capacity of Japan by no means implies an insatiable desire for conquest. To-day she wages under extreme provocation, and to the brink of financial exhaustion, what is for her a defensive campaign. There is no reason to believe that the immemorial wisdom and self-restraint of the samurai and the newly learned lesson of science have suddenly been converted into some Napoleonic madness. Nor need we fear that a China aroused to the point of throwing off foreign control would wreak her new-found forces against the tundras of Siberia, the inhospitable sands of Turkestan, and the barrier of the Himalayas.

It is time for large views on these subjects; and instead of large views we see everywhere the sullen attitude of the functionary whose sinecure is to be abolished. For two centuries and more, Europe has got into the way of considering the East as its own. Behind the gentle deprecation of such papers as the *Spectator* lies the unavowed conviction that China is made for treaty ports, and trade concessions and to afford ports of call for British shipping. In this comfortable assurance the European mind has hardened until it is a wrench to think any other way. Now, brave thinking on the subject is wanted. Chancellors are needed who will have the courage to admit that China's present condition of tutelage is anomalous and should be temporary. England particularly must be brought to eschew the manners of a discharged officeholder, and assume the benignity of a valued trustee happily relieved of a burdensome charge. And, speaking more broadly, Western civilization seems likely to be put to a shrewd test: Can it adapt itself to impending changes in the Far East as skilfully as feudal Japan transformed itself into a modern military State?

It is because they make against such hopefulness that our ancient journalistic voices prophesying war do substantial harm. It would be better cheerfully to admit that the Japanese child will no

longer come to its European grandam, and that the Chinese infant may also lose its love of diplomatic apples and figs. In fact, it would lead to kinder and clearer thinking on the subject if it were realized that the Yellow Peril must be most acutely felt in Japan. Can that nation withstand the glamour of her success; can she conduct her vast war expenditures without peculation; will her expanding commerce establish itself in honesty and permanency; will the conversion of her beautiful small industries into great manufactures leave the peculiar merit of her social order intact?—these are challenges far more urgent for the leaders of Japan than any surmises of new Tartar invasions for the arbiters of waning overlordships in the Far East.

THE DEFENCE OF A CASTLE.

When a mediæval castle was close beset, a motley crowd of defenders rallied against the last assault. Beside the noble chatelain and his men at arms stood the chaplain and the factor, the scullions and turnspits and all the *rascaille* of the cellar and stable; maid and mistress dropped feminine acts of mercy and sped the dropping of boiling oil from the walls. As near a replica of this picture as our unromantic times can afford is presented at Heidelberg, where all manner of men and women are leagued together in defence of the unrestored—as they would say, undestroyed—portion of the historic castle. In this cause are united grave professors with capped and booted students; with both—in Germany a surprising alliance—the blue-stockings of the women's clubs. Stalwart aid comes from the Social Democrats of the Palatinate, who have promised, if the Grand Duchy insists on its plan of restoration "against the will of the entire civilized world," to do battle against the desecration with the formidable weapon of the strike. Still stranger reinforcement, the official poet, Wildenbruch, adds his protest against the misguided zeal of the officialdom of Baden.

And this parade of defenders is not without cause. Unsparing restoration has already disfigured the graceful ruins of the Friedrichs-bau: now it is proposed to rebuild and roof-in the still more precious remains of the Otto Heinrichs-bau—the finest monument of the Renaissance in Germany. Taking advantage of the alleged instability of the famous façade, the Government of Baden has tried to gratify that insensate grudge which bureaucracy always bears to the beautiful. A dozen high privy architects stand ready to destroy the design which legend has rashly but not so unreasonably attributed to Michelangelo, and to put up in spick-and-span perfection their notion of a fine Renaissance castle-palace. On this propensity of officials to destroy the beautiful objects confided to their charge a lamentable, in some ways a laughable, chapter might be written. The mere tourist is competent to curse the hideous polychromy which in the name of restoration has profaned the stately corridors of Blois; all sensitive persons feel the affront when a single meddlesome hand reduces all the pictures of a gallery to a common vulgarity of repaint and glaring varnish. And the evil lurks in more occult forms. At Washington a zealous engineer proposed modestly to make three White Houses grow where one grew before; in the famous museum of a not very distant *Weissnichtwo* a careful curator has furtively "restored" even borrowed pictures with his own willing hand. Universally, the sight of a great work of art provokes in a certain order of mind an irresistible desire to make it over into a dull copyplate facsimile, and one may hazard the opinion that the wreck caused by war and religious fanaticism is probably less than that deliberately contrived by Ministries of Fine Arts.

Evidently those who could not keep their fingers off the Otto Heinrichs-bau forgot to reckon with the sentiment of the Heidelbergers. The town lives by sentiment, and incidentally by boarding students and the English. Sentiment fills the Neckar vale from the Philosophenweg to the Schloss. And surely the love of the mouldering castle as it is, is reasonable enough. Utility no longer has any lien on those deserted halls. Why a supererogatory roof over a castle whose only lawful occupant is the Heidelberg Tun? Such in effect is the cry, from the gay assemblies of the Hirschgasse to the solemn conclaves of Herr Bebel's Social Democrats.

Nor is there any deficiency of rationalistic support of the sentimentalists. Herr Privy-Over-Buildings-Councillor Hermann Eggert shows that the tooth of time for two centuries has worn down the sandstone only from a half to two millimetres, and maintains that the present façade will last for centuries with a little quite unobtrusive buttressing from behind. Herr Paul Garin, in the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, erects the defences of the castle "from the ground out." Architecture, he opines, differs from all the other arts in that it supplies two pleasures, separated in time; namely, you may enjoy the outside or the inside of a building. The most concentrated and artistic impression is that of the interior, which, unless the circumstances are uncommonly favorable, lasts but for a little time. The effect of the exterior, on the other hand, is mixed and diffused. The building is effective in regard to its site, adjacent buildings, the enveloping light and air, the entire landscape, in short. So the treatment of ancient buildings which have found their permanent place in the landscape is to be dictated, not by the principles of archæology or architecture, but by broader considerations of the picturesque. Or, to reduce Herr Garin's somewhat complicated reasoning to epitome, a beautiful building in ruins is no longer, properly speaking, an object of art, like a picture or statue. To it neither the science of curators nor the pedantries of restorers has any application. To preserve it means not to restore it, but simply to retard its crumbling, to keep its quality as a ruin—a problem in engineering, not in architecture. To rebuild it in its imagined perfection is a stupidity analogous to that of erecting artificial ruins.

Such, indeed, seems to be the rule. And we have no doubt that Herr Garin's certainly heavy battery of æsthetic distinctions will notably inspire the stalwart garrison of professors and Social Democrats, as well as the light volunteers from the Hirschgasse and the women's clubs. Tourists, both sentimental and rationalistic, will wish them godspeed in their defence of the castle at Heidelberg, for if it is further to be archæologized, there is no reason why Melrose Abbey should not be converted either into a museum specimen of decorated English Gothic, or into a very passable free library.

Correspondence.

THE CONTINUITY OF PARTIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The question of the continuity of parties raised by a correspondent in your issue of September 1 is an interesting one. One party is stated to be that of the collectivists and of the believers in a centralized government. One wonders, when he observes some current political tendencies, whether this doctrine is about to receive a considerable extension. We have had within recent years the cases of Congress placing in President McKinley's hands autocratic power during the Spanish-American war, and in President Roosevelt's hands the settlement of the Isthmian Canal question. We have seen later the acquiescence by Congress in the Executive encroachment through the service-pension order.

Now all this is bad enough, but what shall we say when we see conditions shaping themselves in such a way that the people will be themselves led to increase Executive power at the expense of Congress? What, for instance, is to be the outcome of teachings such as William Allen White's in a recent magazine article? If the Republican Congress is so thoroughly corrupt and the President so aggressively honest as Mr. White makes out, what is left for the people to do but to pounce on their representatives and make them disgorge their dishonest power, and turn it over to one the people can trust?

By the way, it is reported in the newspapers that it is Cortelyou's plan to use the magazines this fall as one medium by which to reach the people. Is Mr. White's article one of the inspired series? Certainly the concluding paragraphs and the Presi-

dent's picture are introduced with dramatic (political) effect.

On second thought, one naturally asks himself what species of political acumen it is that goes to the length of traducing the rank and file of a party in order to exalt its head? Alas, what a multitude of popular idols must be shattered in order that one great one may stand out in stronger relief! J. V. C.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., September 8, 1904.

TOUCHING GERMAN AFFAIRS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have often wished the excellence of your periodical might extend itself also to matters relating to German affairs. Sometimes I notice your statements are not based on impartial evidence, and are apparently inspired by the German weekly *Die Nation* or the *Berliner Tageblatt*, both of which represent only a small minority of German public opinion.

In your issue of August 11 you state that the German Chancellor, last winter, expelled from Berlin Russian students of both sexes who had participated in mass meetings criticising *their own Government*, and you called this *dirty work*. The fact, however, is that these students, who, most of them, happened to be Jews, violently and tactlessly attacked the German Government and the Chancellor of the Empire. One may or may not believe in expulsion of this sort, and I, for one, do not believe in it, yet you will admit that this cannot justly and fairly be called "dirty work." Or would you, for instance, apply this term to the practice of the United States, sanctioned by a majority of the American people, of turning out immigrants, even after a somewhat long stay in the country, for reasons for which they, in a great many cases, cannot be morally blamed? And as to the cause of the whole affair connected with these Russian students —the close supervision of nihilistic suspects hailing from the Czar's dominions—everybody interested knows that the Russian Government entertains a network of political detectives in these United States; furthermore, that Mr. Cleveland's Administration ratified a treaty of extradition of political criminals between the United States and Russia; lastly, that public sentiment in the United States favors an international organization of detective and police work against radical revolutionary movements and persons. Right after the assassination of President McKinley the call for such organization was, naturally, loudest and most insistent in the United States. Of course, conditions in Russia are very unlike those of a civilized Western country, as we take this term, but in such a case the principle of non-interference is to be absolutely upheld. Nations must work out their own destinies. Meddling with internal Russian (or Rumanian) affairs would justify interference from outside with the grave problem of the status of the negro and negro lynching in the United States. Moreover, the German Empire is the next-door neighbor of Russia, and nothing can alter this fact and the probability that a great political and social conflagration in Russia would endanger her neighbors. Germany's policy, therefore, must recognize this fact and act accordingly.

I just happen to remember another erroneous editorial statement of yours made some time ago. It related to the German Social Democrats, and Paul Singer and Eduard Bernstein were named as the only prominent and sober-minded intellects the German Socialist party had to show. The flagrant mistake is in the coupling of these two names—the one of which stands for the most irrational, senseless radicalism, while Bernstein represents "revisionism" such as Jean Jaurès's in France. Bernstein and a great many other keen minds of the younger socialistic generation (such as Schippel, David, Von Vollmar) have done their very best (and no doubt they will succeed) to turn the German workingmen to the realities of life, to interest them in the vital economic problems of the day; in a word, to turn them away from the senseless and iconoclastic revolutionary radicalism represented by August Bebel and Paul Singer. Dr. Benedict Friedländer, in his work 'Die vier Hauptströmungen der modernen sozialen Bewegung,' shows how men like Bernstein have taken up the work where the blind and aged philosopher-economist Eugen Dühring left it a generation ago.

This, I think, you will not consider too trifling to be corrected, or deem it smacking too much of German "Gründlichkeit," which some Americans, in these days, like to put in vituperative quotation marks.

Yours, KARL DETLEV JESSEN.

CAMBRIDGE, September 11, 1904.

[At this moment we cannot verify the facts in the case of the expulsion of the Russian students. As regards the Socialists, our words were (Vol. 77, p. 457): "For the creation of parliamentary Socialism in Germany, credit is due largely to such leaders as Singer and Bernstein—men who have pinned their faith rather to evolution than to revolution."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Further announcements by G. P. Putnam's Sons are 'The United States, 1607-1904,' by William Estabrook Chancellor and Fletcher Willis Hewes, in ten volumes that may be had separately; 'History of the Civil War in the United States,' by W. Birkbeck Wood, A.M.; 'The Constitutional Decisions of John Marshall,' in two volumes, edited by Joseph P. Cotton, jr.; 'Ralph Waldo Emerson,' by Elizabeth Luther Cary; 'Narragansett Bay,' viewed historically and picturesquely, by Edgar Mayhew Bacon; 'Scientific Aspects of Mormonism,' by Prof. Nels F. Nelson; an illustrated "Asiatic Neighbors Series," beginning with 'Indian Life in Town and Country,' by Herbert Compton; 'The Kingdom of Siam,' edited by Cecil Carter, M.A.; 'Jiu-jitsu Combat Tricks,' by H. Irving Hancock; the remaining three volumes of Tarver's translation of Hanotaux's 'Contemporary France'; 'The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries,' from the German of Adolph Harnack; Sainte-Beuve's 'Portraits of the Seventeenth Century,' translated by Miss Wormeley; 'The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell,' edited upon Carlyle by S. C. Lomas; 'The Kaiser [William II.] as He Is,' by Henri de Noussanne; Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' edited by Prof. Edwin Cannon; 'A History of Yachting, 1600-1815,' by Arthur H. Clark; 'The Tuition of Time, and Other Poems,' by the late Guy Wetmore Carryl; 'Earthquakes in the Light of the New Seismology,' by Major Clarence E. Dutton, U. S. A.; 'A Dictionary of the Targumim, the Talmud Babli, and Jerushalmi and the Midrashic Literature,' by Morris Jastrow; 'Miniatures,' by Dudley Heath, and 'Porcelain,' by Edward Dillon.

The sixth volume of "Early Western Travels" (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.) is, as the editor, Dr. Thwaites, points out, companionable to Lewis and Clark's Journal. It reprints Brackenridge's 'Journal of a Voyage up the River Missouri,' in 1811, and Huntington's translation of Franchère's 'Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America' in 1811-14—*i. e.*, close upon the pioneers at the beginning and at the end of their transcontinental progress. Brackenridge notes passing under the bluff on which Sergeant Floyd was buried beneath a marking cross, which the river would one day menace with undermining, and cause the grave to be removed. Among the Mandans he was on George Catlin's old ground. His observations of the Indians are valuable and in accord with those of contemporary travellers. His narrative is that of a highly cultivated man; Franchère's, that of an obviously humane man, whose story deals with Astoria, the Columbia River, etc., and also paints the Indians as they were, but with more sympathy than Brackenridge.

"Macbeth" is the latest and fifth volume in the Crowell 16mo series of reproductions of Shakspere's First Folio, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, whose conscientious labors double in pages the text of the play. Literary illustrations, a glossary, variant readings, and select critical appreciations combine to enhance the value of the scrupulous reprint itself.

The late Wilbur J. Chamberlain's 'Ordered to China,' which we reviewed a year ago in the American edition, now comes to us from London with Methuen & Co.'s imprint. In its new form it is light to the hand, and the type is large if condensed. Its racy journalistic impressionism reads equally well in English or American dress, and in what relates to the Boxer rising and the siege of Peking these letters have an historical value.

There is good and good-natured fooling in verse in Harry Graham's 'Misrepresentative Men' (Fox, Duffield & Co.), his gallery embracing all ages from Adam, Diogenes, Nero, Joan of Arc, Bacon, Marat, to Paderewski, Sir Thomas Lipton, and Theodore Roosevelt, of whom we are told

> "In winter he will work all day,
> But when the sun shines he makes Hay."

Strothmann's illustrations are a fair match. Those of Florence Wyman in the 'Fusser's Book' of Anna Archbald and Georgina Jones (same publishers) are much more interesting than the smart Rules. They show a woman's eye for costume and are cleverly drawn.

Drawing on the larger work of J. R. Walbran, Dr. George Hodges of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass., has given in convenient form the history of Fountains Abbey (E. P. Dutton & Co.). He tells how it was founded by Cistercians in 1132 in the valley of the Skell, Yorkshire; how within twenty years eight colonies

went forth from it; how in 1146 or 1147 it was sacked and partly burned by misjudging adherents of an archbishop; how, through ups and downs of fortune, and even in the great enlargement which came to it, the original purpose of strict discipline, clean living, and high ideals was at least measurably maintained; and how, when the religious houses had had their long day, and their wealth had roused the greed of king and nobles, this abbey shared in 1539 the general spoliation. Of its physical aspects a fair idea is afforded by the researches of W. H. St. John Hope and a ground plan drawn by Harold Brakspear, reproduced in this volume. Seven photogravures justify the reputation of the ruins as among the most beautiful in England. However injured in the past, they are now carefully preserved by the owner, the Marquis of Ripon.

Messrs. Scribner send us the well-designed Baedeker, 'Italy from the Alps to Naples,' with an eye to the hurried traveller who cannot "do" everything. It is compiled from the familiar three volumes for Northern, Central, and Southern Italy, and has the merit of the standard series of handbooks. The advertisement shows that even this abridgment is published also in four sections—Northern Italy; Liguria, Tuscany, Umbria; Rome and its Environs; Naples and its Environs. This for the pedestrian's advantage in particular.

On the initiative of Hermann Wagner, the Royal Academy of Sciences in Göttingen has arranged for the systematic cataloguing of all the older geographical and cartographical material found in the different universities of Germany. For the present, at least, the year 1570 is the later limit. The material is to include (1) manuscript portulans and world charts; (2) printed charts of separate countries or of the world; (3) reports of exploring expeditions; (4) cosmographies and similar handbooks; (5) manuscripts containing geographical material; (6) globes. The current issue of the Göttingen *Nachrichten* contains the first specimens of this work, being the report of two tours among the libraries of North Germany by Walter Ruge of Leipzig, who makes a systematic report of his finds. These were unexpectedly rich, especially in the old university library of Helmstedt, of which a preliminary report was given in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* last year. Here were found a number of original charts and not a few reprints of valuable charts now lost. Unfortunately, many are in a bad state of preservation.

The second volume of Postgate's 'Corpus Poetarum Latinorum' (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan) is nearing completion; we have received the second part, and the third and final one is promised for the end of this year. In this issue the procession of poets of the Silver Age continues; Schenkl contributes a second edition of his text of Calpurnius, and Postgate follows it up with Columella's poetical book, "ut Maronis imitatores hic Georgicon, ille Bucolicon ordine se exciperent." Summers is responsible for the whole of Silius, Wilkins for the 'Thebais' and 'Achilleis' of Statius (with a fresh collation of the Codex Puteanus and other MSS.), Davies and Postgate together for his 'Silvæ.' In this portion of the work, therefore, we have a set of authors who are more often consulted than actually read, for there are dreary wastes in them which none but an editor would willingly try to cross; but scholars will be only the more grateful to the projectors of this 'Corpus' for making consultation so easy, and to the general editor and his assistants for providing sound and sane texts and a critical apparatus full enough to satisfy the needs of all except special students of these matters. The work has already taken an important place among the productions of classical scholarship, and the present fascicle is fully up to the high standard which its predecessors have obtained.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for August contains an informing article on Peru, by A. A. Calderon of the Peruvian Legation. The impression conveyed is of a country with great natural resources, undeveloped from lack of population and of transportation facilities and because of an unstable government. Peru is divided into three well-defined zones—the coast, of which the chief products are sugar and cotton; the sierra, with vast pastures and mineral wealth; and the Montaña, or forest region, abounding in rubber trees. The population is about four inhabitants to the square mile, by far the larger part being native Indians, who cultivate small tracts of land in the Sierra and work in the mines. The difficulties of transportation may be illustrated by the fact that till recently "it was not uncommon for persons wishing to go from Lima to Iquitos to travel via New York, Pará, and up the Amazon." A Government road, called the Via Central, has been built across the Andes to the head of navigation, by which Iquitos, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, can now be reached in twenty days. The completion of the Panama Canal will make the world-market 3,000 instead of as at present 9,000 miles distant.

It is reported from Milan that an earnest attempt is to be made to restore Da Vinci's mural painting of the Lord's Supper. The work is to be done by the enthusiastic artist and experienced restorer Luigi Carenaghi, and his method will be to fasten to the wall by means of a colorless glue the color flakes that have peeled or are threatening to peel from the wall. The work, from its perishing condition, will require an extraordinary measure of patience, and doubts are entertained if the venture will be successful.

—"Transactions of the Department of Archæology" is the title of a new publication of the Department of Archæology of the University of Pennsylvania, intended as an official organ to convey information to subscribers and elicit interest in the work of exploration, of which Parts 1 and 2 of Volume I. have just appeared under one cover. There is no foreword or introduction of any sort, nor any statement of periods of publication. The Department of Archæology appears on the cover as the publisher, and the names of the officers of the department are printed within. Two-thirds of Part 1 consist of the "Report of the American Exploration Society's excavations at Gournia, Crete, 1901-1903," by Miss Harriet A. Boyd, plentifully illustrated by half-tones, cuts, sketch maps of Crete and the Isthmus of Hierapetra, and a plan of the central acropolis of Gournia, so far as excavated, with one colored plate. (Miss Boyd herself in the text designates her article as an "introduction to the Report.") Gournia is the modern name of an unknown ancient town, either Minoa or in the neighborhood of Minoa, on the north shore of the isthmus connecting the eastern end of the island with the main part of Crete. The excavations at this spot up to date have revealed "a well-preserved town, dating from the earlier period of the great palace at Knossos (about 1800-1500 B. C.), and containing a large quantity of tools, pottery, and other articles of daily use." Miss Boyd also describes, briefly, her explorations and excavations in the same neighborhood in 1900, prior to her engagement with the American Exploration Society of Philadelphia. Another article, by Professor Bates, describes a black-figured amphora, now in the Free Museum of Science and Art of the University of Pennsylvania, containing scenes from the Aethiopis, supposed to be the work of the well-known Attic painter, Amasis, a contemporary of Pisistratus. Mr. William H. Furness, 3d, with a keen sense of humor, and lovely tropical pictures as illustrations, tells about the extraordinary stone money of the Island of Uap in the Caroline group; and Mr. George Byron Gordon discusses "Chronological Sequence in the Maya Ruins of Central America." Part 2 is a reprint in English of a lecture delivered before the German court and university circles by Prof. H. V. Hilprecht, entitled "In the Temple of Bel at Nippur." It is entirely of a popular, not scientific, character, and practically a reprint in both text and illustrations from his recent book on the excavations at Nippur, which has already been reviewed in these columns.

—The August *Library Journal* contains one article that might interest readers outside the craft, namely, Dr. Flügel's appreciation of "Henry Bradshaw: Librarian and Scholar," read before the Library Association of California. It cannot fail to awaken a desire to know more about this remarkable man, and they should be referred to Mr. Prothero's 'Memoir of Henry Bradshaw' (not 'Life' as Dr. Flügel calls it) (London, 1888), and to Bradshaw's 'Collected Papers' (not 'Letters and Papers') (Cambridge, 1889). When Bradshaw, in 1867, accepted the librarianship of Cambridge University, he gave up all hope of ever being able to make independent use of the vast amount of information in regard to manuscripts and early printed books, which he had accumulated during years devoted to research in Cambridge and elsewhere; he was truly a martyr to his own ideal of a librarian as "one who earns his living by attending to the wants of those for whose use the library under his charge exists—his primary duty being, in the widest possible sense of the phrase, to save the time of those who seek his services." By a happy coincidence, the July number of the *Library* publishes the first instalment of Bradshaw's correspondence with Mr. Winter Jones and other officials of the British Museum—inquiries about early printed books in the Museum Library, bits of information in regard to his own researches and discoveries, which he always felt in duty bound to report to headquarters, collations of rare books, and the like. It is a pity that the volume of Bradshaw's letters on scientific and literary subjects mentioned in the preface to Mr. Prothero's 'Memoir' has not been published. Even a selection from

his notebooks might find a small circle of readers.

—Bradshaw was the founder of what may be called the "natural history" school of bibliography, the most successful exemplar of which was Robert Proctor, whose untimely death in the Alps was an irreparable loss to his science. More successful than his master, he had found time to complete his *magnum opus*, the 'Index to Early Printed Books in the British Museum.' Its first volume, dealing with the incunabula, was published in 1898, and gave its author at once reputation as one of the foremost bibliographers of the time; of the second volume, covering the period from 1500 to 1520, the part describing the productions of the German presses was in the printer's hands at the time of Proctor's death, while the material for the remainder was found to be in such shape that Mr. A. W. Pollard hopes to be able to complete it. Mr. Pollard will also issue in a separate volume Proctor's scattered papers on bibliographical subjects. The January and April numbers of the *Library* contain a biographical sketch of Proctor, and an estimate of his work, both by Mr. Pollard.

—Dr. Hugo Ganz of Vienna gives an interesting account in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of an evening he recently spent with Count Tolstoy, who discoursed with him for six hours on a variety of topics. He spoke, among other things, enthusiastically of a great enterprise for benefiting the masses which was started at his suggestion—the Posrednik. The Moscow publisher Gorbunoff prints annually several millions of good books, principally stories, which are sold at about cost price and take the place of the trash with which the markets used to be flooded. The Count looks on this as a continuation of school education and of even greater importance than that. He also spoke of his own reading, saying that at present he was entirely under the influence of two Germans, Kant and Lichtenberg. He admired the wit as well as the philosophy of Lichtenberg (who was one of Schopenhauer's favorite authors), and expressed his astonishment that the Germans should neglect him and go mad over a mere trifler and feuilletonist like Nietzsche, who is no philosopher at all, no searcher for truth. When his visitor ventured the opinion that the German-speaking countries have produced no really great author since Gottfried Keller, the Count expressed surprise, and said he had never heard of him. He declared his preference for Heine's poems over Goethe's; maintained that Shakspere as well as Goethe wrote only for æsthetic reasons, without shedding their heart blood, as Schiller did. Shakspere he spoke of as being coarse, immoral, a flatterer of the great and despiser of the small, a calumniator of the people, tasteless in his jokes, unjust in his sympathies. His art, too, is overrated, for he took all that is best in him from other writers. But the world is blind on this subject, owing to a species of hypnotism—"Massensuggestion." Concerning the Dreyfus affair, Tolstoy said that he had received probably a thousand letters at the time urging him to raise his voice, but that he did not care to, as he thought that altogether too much fuss had been made over the matter, which had degenerated into a newspaper epidemic.

—The 'Chronicon Adæ de Usk' was edited for the first time in 1876 by Sir E. M. Thompson from a unique manuscript in the British Museum. But this manuscript is incomplete, stopping at the year 1404. In 1885 the missing portion, which continues the record till 1421, came to light at Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. The discovery was made by agents of the Historical Manuscripts' Commission, but, through a misunderstanding of its true character, they did not communicate the fact to the editor, who had already published the earlier portion of the chronicle. Thus nearly twenty years have elapsed between the recovery of the text and its publication in conjunction with the manuscript of the British Museum. We make this bibliographical statement because, while the volume now issued by Sir E. M. Thompson is a second edition, it is far from being a second edition in the ordinary sense of the word. It contains matter which is essentially new in respect to both text and comment. Adam of Usk cannot be called a chronicler of the higher class, like William of Malmesbury or Matthew Paris, but the character of the information which he furnishes is rather distinctive. A native of Monmouthshire, he was born about 1352, and owed his first promotion to Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March. Through this patron he received an exhibition at Oxford, where he took the doctor's degree and eventually filled the chair of civil law. Owing to his legal acquirements he gained considerable prominence, but soon fell into disgrace through a singular act of brigandage. "Grievous is it," says Sir E. M. Thompson, "to have to relate that Adam of Usk, a doctor of laws of Oxford, a clergyman of standing, and one who enjoyed the protection of the great and powerful, . . . had, on the 2d November, 1400, taken to the road in Westminster and stolen a horse, color black, saddle and bridle, value one hundred shillings, together with the sum of fourteen marks in cash, all the property of one Walter Jakes; and that Adam and his servants, Edward Usk and Richard Edoyn, were convicted as common thieves." For this offence our author was driven into exile, but by no means lost his influence in the world, since he went to Rome and became chaplain to Pope Innocent VII. Eventually he returned to England, though not before he had seen enough of ecclesiastical affairs during the Schism to improve the quality of his chronicle. It is for social and ecclesiastical history rather than for politics and war that this narrative is valuable. Adam was not a monk, but a very active clerk, who saw a good deal of life in England and abroad. Hence his chronicle, though brief, has a note of its own and deserves such an editor as it has found.

LEWIS AND CLARK IN PURIS NATURALIBUS.

The Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804-1806, for the first time published in full and exactly as written. Edited, with introduction, notes, and index, by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Seven volumes, with Atlas. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

Are we getting too much of Lewis and Clark? The Germans are said to have complained because the Goethe admirers have edited the very shaving-papers of their idol and even the contents of his waste-baskets. Is there no danger that in a similar way Lewis and Clark will be "written to the dregs"? We have here presented every scrap that can be gleaned coming from the Captains and their men. Some certainly will declare that there is no time for this. For our part, we are not so minded. In the coming of these heroes the eyes of intelligent men first beheld the nobler features of the beautiful land that is our mother when at last the veil of mystery began to depart from them. From no achievement of our history have flowed consequences more important; no exploit has been put through with more manful efficiency, or better deserves to be set forth with all fulness of detail.

Dr. Thwaites, who puts these volumes in order for us, has now for some time been rising upon the world as a worker in Western history until at the present moment he may properly be regarded as our foremost authority in that field. Though born in Boston and educated in New England schools, his fate early threw him into the Mississippi Valley, with the conditions and development of which he has become intimately, indeed rather oddly, familiar. Though a scholar and writer, he has had a hankering always for the backwoods, and has explored the trails and streams as eagerly as the books. He has traced the course of the pathfinders, paddling his canoe down many of the historic waterways, hunting, camping, portaging in the ancient fashion, reproducing for himself so far as possible the old *voyageur* life. His most noteworthy exploit in this kind has been on the Ohio, down which he coursed in aboriginal fashion from its headwaters to its mouth for a thousand miles. Thus imbued with wilderness tastes, and at the same time thoroughly up in the books, Dr. Thwaites possesses precisely the equipment for editing such a series as the "Jesuit Relations," and now Lewis and Clark.

The story of the original records of the expedition is as follows. Jefferson, whose conduct of the whole matter of the expedition was most judicious, directed that not only the Captains but the men, if any of them were competent to do so, should make records, to be preserved as the most precious thing they carried. Such records were accordingly kept by the Captains, by the four sergeants, and, by two, possibly three, privates. On the return, Jefferson desired that an account based on these documents should at once be published. But before the publication could be managed, both Lewis and Clark had become absorbed in other ways. They had received, together with commissions as brigadier-generals, important assignments—Lewis to the governorship of Louisiana, and Clark to the office of Indian agent. The manuscripts waited; the sole authentic source of information concerning the enterprise meantime being the journal of Sergeant Patrick Gass, which appeared in 1807, a few months after the return.

Jefferson continued to press, and in 1809 Lewis set out for Philadelphia (where the documents had been put into the keeping of the American Philosophical Society), with the design of superintending the preparation and issue of the story already so

long delayed. On the road came the tragedy of his death, which occurred at a lonely spot in Tennessee; probably a murder, though long believed to be a suicide. Jefferson now turned to Clark, who, having no taste or training for such work, after a time engaged Nicholas Biddle, subsequently famous and even then remarked for his brilliant gifts, to prepare a suitable narrative.

The data from which Biddle now set to work to make his digest consisted, first, of the journals of the Captains, together with papers in looser shape; second, the journal of Gass, as well as those of the Sergeants Ordway and perhaps Pryor, still in manuscript—journals which afterwards disappeared; and, third, the oral communications of Clark, who met Biddle in Virginia and elsewhere, and also of George Shannon, a bright boy who had been in the rank and file, and who was now brought on from Kentucky to give what help he could. Dr. Thwaites estimates that the memoranda in Biddle's hands amounted to a million and a half of words, from which, incorporating the oral suggestions of Clark and Shannon, he produced at last a digest of three hundred and seventy thousand words. This saw the light in 1814, eight years after the expedition returned. The Biddle digest took its place at once as a work of high and authoritative character. The fact that it was merely an abstract and not the veritable record of Lewis and Clark, was soon wellnigh forgotten. The mass of documents from which it had been derived was returned for the most part to the keeping of the American Philosophical Society, of which Jefferson was president; he earnestly asserted that every scrap relating to the enterprise belonged rightfully to the Government, and, with a wise appreciation of their value, demanded that all papers should be scrupulously guarded. He particularly regretted that the volume of scientific records did not appear. Dr. Barton, to whom the editorship was entrusted, died with the data in his hands, and, in spite of Jefferson's urgency, nothing was done to secure a successor.

The original records thus committed to the vault in Philadelphia were lost to sight for seventy-five years, and the story of their re-discovery is interesting. Dr. Elliott Coues of Washington, a scientist of eminence in Government employ, engaged about 1890 in preparing an annotated reissue of the Biddle text of Lewis and Clark, which had become a tolerably rare book. Though a man of incisive intelligence, likely to be informed as to all sources from which help might come, he was quite unaware of the existence close at hand to him in Philadelphia of the collection which Jefferson had protected. His work was finished and in the printer's hands, the galley proofs in fact undergoing inspection, when by chance he heard that possibly a treasure might lie concealed in the American Philosophical Society's vaults. Furnished with a letter from a son of Clark, he applied for permission to examine, and saw at once the importance of the find. He forthwith set about a complete revision of his work, incorporating with his notes many extracts from the original documents, and making very plain their value as imparting interest and accuracy—and flavor—to the story. Thus enriched, the work long withheld appeared in 1893, in four volumes, and takes rank in the first class in the literature of scientific travel.

As the centenary of the Lewis and Clark Expedition drew near, perhaps by some occult incitement from the spirit of Jefferson, the guardians of the documents became impressed with the appropriateness of publishing them in full in celebration of the occasion. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. undertook the publication; and Dr. Thwaites was fitly engaged as editor. Dr. Thwaites had an experience quite similar to that of Dr. Coues. He, too, had advanced far in his labors when he was startled and disconcerted (agreeably, we may well believe) by a most unexpected find. The documents at Philadelphia had been studied, annotated, and largely made ready, with the thought that nothing besides existed; the work was announced, the printers already engaged, when the revelation came in the following manner: Biddle, as we have said, is known to have used the journal of Sergeant Ordway, but it could not be found at Philadelphia. Thinking it possible it might be preserved by the descendants of Clark, to whom Ordway had sold it, Dr. Thwaites entered upon a correspondence with them, as a result of which the fact came out that the Philadelphia collection by no means contained all the relics of Lewis and Clark. Though Jefferson had pressed to have everything surrendered, Clark had retained much which the Voorhis family, descendants living in the city of New York, still carefully cherished and were willing to surrender. Dr. Thwaites hereupon recast his work so as to make it include the New York material, and, thus supplemented, it is now offered to the world. Dr. Thwaites presents: (1.) The Philadelphia deposit, consisting of eighteen carefully prepared note-books and a large mass of loose papers. (2.) The Voorhis collection, comprising four more careful note-books; an orderly book, in less formal shape, kept for the most part by Ordway, who was first sergeant, but in which there are entries by other hands; a field-book of Clark's, enclosed roughly in elk skin, carried in his pocket during the fall and early winter of 1805, as they were making their way down the Pacific slope; many letters of high interest; and finally sixty maps. (3.) To the documents left by the Captains are added the journal of Sergeant Floyd, never until now correctly printed, and the journal of Private Whitehouse, just discovered. The journal of Ordway, the hunt for which led to the finding of the Voorhis collection, still eludes the search, as do also those of Pryor, Frazier, and Shannon, if they ever existed.

It cannot be claimed that the "Original Journals" bring to light any new fact of importance. Biddle's good judgment saw to it that nothing essential should escape mention in his digest. The Originals contain more details, though occasionally Biddle gives something omitted in them, and presumably obtained from the oral communications of Clark or Shannon. But there is a personal quality about the Originals which makes them far more vivid and interesting than the digest; and in many a description there are touches, pruned away by Biddle, which make the picture graphic. It seems to have been proper etiquette in that generation to suppress the rank and file. Instead of giving the name of the actor in a deed, both Biddle and Gass are apt to put it "one of our men." In the Originals the name appears much more often, sometimes with a bit of racy comment, and the interest is greater. Touches of character, often quaint and amusing, appear in the Originals which the arranger cut out, so that as "human documents" the gain is vast. Lewis and Clark really stand out now for the first time clearly revealed in their individuality, contrasting and sharply marked types of manhood, yet both souls of heroic mould, supplementing each the other as they move among their perils. Lewis, of the two, is more a man of the pen, portraying at length with real zest plants, animals, phenomena, that come up to be described. His temperament is poetic, with eyes open to the beauty of nature; now and then appears a dash of humor. Some of his records are marked by delicacy, indeed by high spiritual refinement; and if now and then they are a bit sentimental and overstrained, the naïve and ingenuous confidence only endears the writer to us the more.

"June 18, 1805, I determined to give the river a name, and in honor of Miss Maria W—d called it Maria's River. It is true that the hue of the waters of this turbulent and troubled stream but illy comport with the pure celestial virtues and amiable qualifications of that lovely fair one, but, on the other hand, it is a noble river."

Here is the entry for August 17, 1805:

"This day I completed my thirty-first year, and conceived that I had in all human probability now existed about half the period which I am to remain in this sublunary world. . . . I viewed with regret the many hours spent in indolence, and now sorely feel the want of that information which those hours would have given me had they been judiciously expended. But since they are past and cannot be recalled, I dash from me the gloomy thought and resolved in future to redouble my exertions, . . . and in future to live for mankind as I have heretofore lived for myself."

Contrasting with Lewis, the records of Clark are often characterized by a frontier roughness. No doubt his diary was a sore trial to him, kept only because Jefferson had commanded it. The beauty of nature receives small attention. He drives bluntly at his topic without sentiment, introspection, or tautology, and is a law unto himself as to grammar and spelling. Though the appeal of nature awoke no vivid response in him, he was quick to recognize human worth. Of a starving tribe, he writes: "Those people are not begerley, but generous. Only one has asked me for anything, and he for powder." And of Sacâga-wea, the Bird-woman, the heroine of the expedition, he says: "To her I ascribe equal fortitude and resolution with any one on board." As woodsman and waterman, Clark was undoubtedly the superior; and in dealing with the tribes, though Lewis was in a high degree tactful and intrepid, Clark probably was the more dexterous. In the annals of the frontier, in fact, the great brothers Clark, George Rogers and William, are beyond all others past masters in the art of Indian management. William was, too, the surveyor and draughtsman of the enterprise. Although entirely untrained, he made numerous maps, which, with all their shortcomings, are still excellent cartographic examples. The Atlas containing the more elaborate of these, sixty in number, we have already noticed (*Nation*, April 28, 1904), and shall not here dwell upon. As remarkable as the maps are the many drawings of men,

beasts, birds, plants, and natural objects, lavishly interspersed throughout the documents, on separate sheets, and also about the margins and within the text—off-hand sketches, charged with vigor and life.

Lewis and Clark had each their particular gifts, and each in his way was a fine type of manhood. How brave, humane, and high-purposed they were is now for the first time made plain in these Originals. The manly affection that bound them together, now also for the first time revealed in correspondence brought to light by Dr. Thwaites, and the momentous development flowing from their connected effort, make their friendship, as the editor declares, one of the most memorable in history.

It is a story most creditable, but, like all things human, it has its shadows—shadows now first made plain in this full unfolding. The rank and file were, to be sure, picked men and composed a most courageous and serviceable company; but they were gathered from garrisons and frontier communities where license and not law prevailed, as the rule, and had the vices of their station. As the rough edge of advancing civilization cuts into barbarism, it is the barbarian women who suffer first, and the Lewis and Clark expedition is only another illustration of the fact. Little restraint seems to have been put upon the men. As regards the subordination, moreover, to which the party was brought, we know now for the first time clearly the drastic and old-fashioned methods employed by the commanders to subdue their following. In great part it was at the start a body of turbulent and ill-disciplined youths. George Shannon was only sixteen when he enlisted, and others probably were not much beyond boyhood. Some of the best were at first unpromising. In the camp at Wood River, John Shields, Reuben Fields and John Colter, the very flower of the rank and file, gave trouble. For offences grave and light, floggings were inexorably administered. Read and Newman were not only whipped, but discharged. John Collins and Hugh Hall, for getting drunk on stolen whiskey, were whipped but not discharged. The case of Alexander Willard awakens sympathy—a young New Hampshire man of superb physique, who was picked as the best out of a hundred men. He afterwards lived in St. Louis as the friend and neighbor of Clark, but at 75 tramped across the continent again to Oregon. There he lived, in patriarchal dignity, the progenitor of twelve children, fifty grandchildren, and thirty great-grandchildren, till the age of 88. His breaking-in with Lewis and Clark grew out of the fact that, being accused of sleeping on guard, he pleaded guilty to lying down but not to sleeping. He was, however, adjudged to receive a hundred lashes "on the bear back," which were forthwith administered. Bratton used to tell his children that on such occasions the agents of the punishment were afraid to lay on mildly lest they themselves should suffer; and on one occasion a Ricara chief who was present wept at the sight and begged that mercy might be shown. It was the way of the world—a slaveholding world, in those days, and both Captains were Virginia-born. Moreover, flogging then prevailed in our army and navy. Strangely enough, the sufferers seemed to bear no rancor. After the first, the need for discipline apparently disappeared, and perfect harmony and obedience prevailed to the end.

As regards the work of Dr. Thwaites in arranging the vast and chaotic mass of material, and in providing it with proper introduction and notes, it is all that could be expected from a scholar so able and painstaking. Now and then a better word might have been chosen. We think it absurd to call Clark's spelling "phonetic." If the sounds the good Captain uttered answered at all to the strange combinations which he sometimes set upon his page, the very wilderness would have had a grievance. July 4, 1805, the party being then high up the Missouri, Lewis "witnessed a nois," a strange rumbling from the mountains like cannon fire. He speaks at other times of something similar. So far as we know, this has never been explained. The trenchant Dr. Coues in a note, after declaring the passage to have been much misconceived, denounces the "dunces" who have referred to it, but vouchsafes no solution of the mystery; nor does Dr. Thwaites, though the phenomenon well deserves to be accounted for. But oversights are rare, the friendly commentator being at hand for every difficulty. The bibliography of Mr. V. H. Paltsits is a marvel of minute accuracy. We shall take occasion later to notice the scientific memoranda, making volume six of the series, and also the Floyd and Whitehouse diaries, and the full appendix making volume seven. The Original Journals will appear also in an *édition de luxe*, sumptuously appointed, and embellished with the illustrations of Bodmer. These magnificent pictures of the Indians of the time of Lewis and Clark, prepared for the work of Maximilian, Prince of Wied, the early traveller, are held to surpass all others in interest.

WAGNER'S MOST INTERESTING LETTERS.—I.

Richard Wagner an Mathilde Wesendonk. Berlin: Alexander Duncker.

In one of these letters to Frau Wesendonk, Wagner declares that whereas Goethe was *ein ganzer und vollkommener Augenmensch*—a man who lived entirely in the world of sight—he himself was "too much of an ear-man" (*zu entschieden Ohrenmensch*). Nevertheless, Goethe shared with Wagner and Schopenhauer a distressing sensitiveness to noise. Wagner suffered untold agonies, loss of sleep, and interruption of labor from the din incidental to city life, and this volume contains some amusing illustrations of the measures to which he resorted to escape it. His residence in Zurich being opposite a smithy, he paid the blacksmith to keep quiet during the morning hours which he devoted to composition. But the pianos in the neighborhood multiplied till he had to take to flight. At another time, when he was staying at the Hotel Schweizerhof in Lucerne, he tried in vain to preserve peace by paying, as long as he could afford it, for the rooms adjoining his. His maid did all she could to help him; "Vreneli," he writes, "is here my guardian angel; she intrigues and does her best to keep away troublesome neighbors; children are not tolerated on our story. Joseph has, moreover, stopped up the door to the adjoining room with a mattress and hung a portière over it, which gives my room a quite imposing theatrical appearance."

What Wagner always wanted, and what he could not afford to pay for, was an "Asyl"—a secluded retreat where he would hear nothing save the song of birds and other sounds of nature. It was, therefore, a stroke of good fortune that, at the most creative period, such an "Asyl" was provided for him. His friend, Otto Wesendonk, a wealthy associate of a New York silk house, owned a luxurious and beautifully situated villa on an eminence near Zurich, of which a picture is included in the present volume. A stone's throw from it, Herr Wesendonk erected a small building which he placed at the disposal of Wagner, who occupied it with his wife for sixteen months, during which he was engaged on his "Tristan and Isolde." He had first become acquainted with the Wesendonk family at Dresden in 1852, five years before he accepted their hospitable offer of the "Asyl"; in 1853 an intimate friendship was established between them at Zurich. Wagner read his poems to Frau Wesendonk, played Beethoven and his own music for her, initiated her into the philosophy of Schopenhauer, and otherwise wrote his wisdom on her mind, which, in her own words, he had found "like a white sheet of blank paper." Her husband gave him an American gold pen, with which he wrote the whole of the orchestral score of "Die Walküre"; and subsequently, when Wagner needed money, bought this score of him, and afterwards presented it to the King of Bavaria. He further advanced a large sum on the unwritten parts of the Nibelung Tetralogy, without asking or expecting restitution. He may be classed, in short, with Liszt and Ludwig II. as one of Wagner's leading benefactors. "But Otto must really be awfully tired of me," the composer wrote to Frau Wesendonk in 1863; "always ready to help me, how often he has thought that now at last I must be able to get along; yet we always come back to the old spot—nothing seems to avail—it is all thrown away."

In his Swiss asylum Wagner would have been happy to spend the rest of his life; but it was not to be. In a long letter which he wrote to his sister Kläre on August 20, 1858, he explained why he finally felt constrained to leave. This letter is included in the present volume, but the editor injudiciously omitted a paragraph which throws an interesting light on the situation. In this paragraph (printed in the Berlin *Tägliche Rundschau* of September 23, 1902) Wagner says that his intimate friendship with Frau Wesendonk aroused her husband's jealousy, but that she succeeded in allaying this feeling to such an extent that he not only remained on the best of terms with his guest, but continued to assist him materially. A volume of letters ('Briefe R. Wagner's an Otto Wesendonk'), the last of which is dated 1870, gives eloquent evidence of the cordial relations that continued to exist between the two men. The trouble came from Wagner's wife; she looked on the friendship between her husband and Frau Wesendonk as a common intrigue, and acted accordingly; the upshot being that Wagner took her away from the "Asyl," to which he never again returned.

It is impossible to read this volume of letters without concluding that Frau Wagner (the composer's first wife, of course, is here in question) did him as great an injustice in thus doubting his conduct as she

did him harm in driving him away from a place so ideally suited for creating operas. To his sister, Wagner wrote: "Since our union was out of the question, our deep affection took on the sad, melancholy character which wards off all that is common and low, and finds its sole source of joy in the other's happiness." The very fact that Frau Wesendonk (who died in 1902) gave orders that this correspondence should be printed verbatim, without omissions, evinces her conviction that it would silence all doubt and malicious gossip. It might be said that Frau Wagner's character had the natural effect of intensifying the intimacy against which her jealousy raged. Frau Wesendonk was in all these respects the reverse of Frau Wagner. To her he played in the afternoon what he had composed in the morning, sure of her sympathetic appreciation. With her he could talk over his plans, his hopes, his disappointments, and his moods, whether *himmelhoch jauchzend* or *zum Tode betrübt;* and when he had left the "Asyl," letters had to take the place of conversation. "Once on a time," he writes three years after the separation, "I found the heart and the soul that in such moments understood me completely, and which I loved because of this perfect appreciation. . . . You are the angel of my repose, the guardian of my life." On another occasion he tells her about the deep impression made on him by a perusal of "Lohengrin" and of his plans for a new opera, "The Victor," which was to be a sort of sequel to "Lohengrin." "I cannot write you anything but such gossip"; he adds, "that alone seems worth while. And you are the only one with whom I love to gossip about such things; and when I do, time and space, which encompass naught but torture and distress, are annihilated." He tells her that he is more sincere with her than with himself; that it would be impossible for him to communicate his thoughts to a man in the same way as to her; that he always felt safest when he allowed her feelings and suggestions to guide him. But the most striking proof of his devotion to this remarkable woman is that, after he left the "Asyl," he wrote a special diary for her, in which he confided to her his inmost thoughts almost daily for several months. The preface to the present volume states that he wished this diary as well as his letters to be destroyed; but Frau Wesendonk ignored this request—most fortunately, for this book contains many pages that are more fascinating even than Wagner's letters to Liszt, both musically and personally. Nowhere else, indeed, does Wagner show his character in such a favorable light; the late Dr. Hanslick himself might have here learned to pity and love his old foe.

Musically, too, this friendship bore valuable fruit. Frau Wesendonk was not only able to appreciate her poet-musician, she herself had a poetic gift. "You have become a poetess in the noblest sense of the word," he once wrote to her; and every singer is familiar with the five poems of hers which he set to music. Two of these —"Träume" and "Im Treibhaus"—he himself designated as Studies to "Tristan and Isolde." "I have never done anything better than these songs," he wrote to her; "few of my works can be placed beside them." On a subsequent occasion he goes so far as to say concerning "Träume": "God knows, I now like this song better than the scene in the opera. Heavens, this is more beautiful than anything I have done. I quiver in my deepest nerves when I hear it." The personal element enters into this judgment, to be sure, but so it does in the case of the opera. "Tristan and Isolde" is largely autobiographic. In a letter dated December 21, 1861, he exclaims: "That I wrote 'Tristan' I owe to you, and thank you therefor from my deepest soul to all eternity." The first act of the opera was composed in the "Asyl," and the situation in it is not unlike that of Wagner and his friend as described in that letter to his sister: "We at once recognized the fact that we could never think of being united; hence we became resigned, gave up every selfish wish, suffered, endured, but—loved one another."

The second act of "Tristan" was composed in Venice, whence the letters to Frau Wesendonk contain many interesting details regarding the progress and process of composition and Wagner's life in that romantic city, which seemed like a dream:

"For the first time I breathe this invariably delicious pure air; the faery-world aspect of the city keeps me as by magic in a melancholy-joyous condition. When I take a gondola ride in the evening to the Lido, I seem to hear a long-drawn-out soft violin tone such as I love and once compared you to; now you can imagine how I feel here on the sea by moonlight."

Of course this mood did not continue any more than the fine weather, but his opera absorbed him more and more; early in October, 1858, he resumed work on it, and on December 8 he writes: "I feel as if I should like to devote all the rest of my life to this music. Oh, it will be deep and beautiful. . . . Anything equal to this I have after all not written before." By the tenth of the following March he had completed the second act, and pronounced it the summit of his art up to that time. "For my art I need the world less and less; so far as my health permits, I should be capable of working on always in this way even if none of this music should ever be performed." "With such care do I compose everything that the shortest phrase assumes as much importance as a whole act." "The other evening Ritter and Winterberger succeeded in persuading me to play the principal things, and a fine state of mind was the result! All my former works, poor things, were cast aside for this one act. Thus do I rage against myself, and always assassinate all my offspring but one." The last act followed close upon the second. On August 27 he writes joyfully: "Don Felix [Draeseke] asserts that the third act of 'Tristan' is even more beautiful than the second. But concerning this matter I beg you to set him right thoroughly. Am I to tolerate such things?" When he began this act, in April, he wrote: "I see clearly that I shall never more invent anything; that one highest period of bloom started such a multitude of germs within me that I now need only to resort to them to raise my flowers with ease." A little later: "Child, this 'Tristan' will be something terrible! This last act!!! I fear the opera will be forbidden—unless a poor performance should make a parody of it; only a mediocre performance can save me! Really good ones must make the hearers insane." "Child, child, I have just shed tears while composing. . . . It is enormously tragic! All overwhelming!"

Frau Wesendonk was not only the actual heroine of this, the most Wagnerian of operas; it was also her good fortune to be made the first recipient of the detailed plans for "Parsifal." At the time when her acquaintance with Wagner began, the "Parsifal" had not yet been differentiated from "Tristan"; ultimately he transferred to it not only some things that he had intended for the last act of "Tristan," but also some of the material for two operas which he never wrote: "Der Sieger" and "Jesus von Nazareth." We see from these letters that while he was in the midst of the "Tristan" composition the "Parsifal" story was gradually shaping itself in his mind. In the Diary, on October 1, 1858, he refers to the Good Friday scene in the third act of "Parzival" (the spelling Parsifal was not used till 1877); in the following January he says that his mind is filled with presentments of Sawitri and Parzival. On March 2 he writes: "The 'Parzival' has occupied me much of late; particularly does a peculiar character, a wonderfully world-demonic woman, the Grail messenger [Kundry], appear before me more and more vividly and fascinatingly. If I should ever succeed in finishing this poem it would be something very original. Only I fail to see how I can live long enough to carry out all my plans." On May 30 he begins to show alarm at the evocations of his own fancy. Referring to "Tristan" he writes:

"This last act is a real fever—the deepest, unprecedented suffering and longing, followed at once by unprecedented exultant joy. Heaven knows, no one has ever taken his art so seriously, and Semper is right. It is this that has quite recently prejudiced me against the 'Parzival.' It became clear to me that it would be a most onerous undertaking. Accurately considered, Anfortas [*sic*] is the principal and central figure. But that makes a stupendous story. Try to imagine, for heaven's sake, what it means! To my mind it became clear suddenly with a terrifying effect; it is my 'Tristan' with an inconceivable intensification."

He proceeds to sketch the tragic situation, and adds: "Am I to carry out such a thing, and even compose music for it? No, thank you very much! Let who will do that; I shall keep it off my shoulders." Then three more pages about the drama, and again the exclamation: "Am I to assume such a task? God save me! This very day I take leave of this senseless project; let Geibel write the poem and Liszt the music," he adds playfully. But in August, 1860, he writes again, from Paris: "Once more my mind has been quite busy of late with 'Parzival'; it is becoming more and more lucid; when once all the details have ripened, the writing of this poem must prove an unheard-of pleasure to me. Before that is done, however, many years may pass. I should like, too, in this case, for once, to let the poem stand without music." Five years later, at the urgent desire of Ludwig II., he wrote out a complete sketch of the "Parsifal" drama and sent it to the King with the words: "The time has come; the greatest, most perfect works remain to be created."

LOGICAL LIGHTS.

Ch. Renouvier, Membre de l'Institut: Les Derniers Entretiens. Recueillis par Louis Prat. Paris: Armand Colin. 1904. Pp. 107.

Studies in Logical Theory. By John Dewey.

With the Coöperation of Members and Fellows of the Department of Philosophy. (The Decennial Publications, Second Series, Volume XI.) University of Chicago Press. 1903. 8vo. Pp. 378.

The metaphysical and logical philosophy of Charles Bernard Renouvier, who died on the first day of last September, aged eighty-eight years and eight months, is the most highly esteemed of any by the average Frenchman of to-day; or, as Renouvier himself perhaps more accurately put it, "il est entendu que Renouvier est très fort, mais on ne le lit pas." Considering that the proper date of it is 1848, or earlier, its style and method being those of that period, and its determinative elements having been fixed not long after that date, its reasonings must be praised for their strictness, in comparison with those of metaphysicians generally. Indeed, had their author, instead of coming from the arena of political journalism to take up philosophy when the *Coup d'État* had shut his mouth to the socialism he had been talking, only received a sound training in any successful branch of scientific research, his native vigor of intellect would have shaped those reasonings to rise above the level of other metaphysical argumentations, and would have caused them to prove something—or, at any rate, to go towards proving something. He himself maintained that the fundamentals of his system were as perfectly demonstrated as the theorems of mathematics, if not more so. When, at last, he came to perceive that a senile ossification of his tissues had advanced so far as to leave him now but a few days more to live—a week or a fortnight, he imagined—with a tremendous effort he gathered all his forces in order to pour into the ear of his devoted disciple and bosom friend, M. Louis Prat, some last philosophical injunctions that to him seemed precious above rubies.

Beginning appropriately (though he may not have noticed the coincidence) on the feast of St. Augustine, August 28—it fell upon a Friday—he spoke continuously from one o'clock till three, and then, after half an hour's intermission, for near two hours longer, M. Prat taking notes, stenographic or other. On the morrow, a very long forenoon discourse was supplemented by a shorter one before sunset. Sunday brought another lecture; Monday two—one in the afternoon, the other from nine to eleven in the evening. At 8:45 the next morning he expired. So undeniable was his earnestness. Apostle and martyr of the gospel of work, he was determined to expend his energy to its last grain in doing his duty. Another philosopher in his place might have thought that, since his doctrine was capable of demonstration, it must eventually be acknowledged, no matter with what contumely it was received at first, and that his business should be confined to presenting once for all a demonstration of it that any vaporous supplement could only mar; decency, indeed, forbidding that a priest of divine philosophy should put her into a position of mendicance for a lodging. But (singular scepticism!) this continuator of the great optimist, Leibniz, had no confidence in his own doctrine's ever coming to be generally received, for all its scientific and demonstrative truth. He had reckoned up the chances and found them adverse.

He hated to die; and in these talks—not "*entretiens*," by the way, since there were no interlocutors, nor any subject agreed upon at the outset—we cannot detect any marked falling off of intellectual powers as compared with the 'Essais de Critique Générale,' the 'Science de la Morale,' and 'La Nouvelle Monadologie,' to say nothing of last year's 'Le Personnalisme.' Being in such possession of his faculties, and in no great bodily pain as long as he kept still, it would have seemed unnatural if he had relished the idea of death. He said: "Je m'en vais. Il me semble que je glisse sur une pente, et je dois, par moments, faire un effort pour me retenir. C'est étrange! ce glissement dans l'inconnu a comme une espèce d'attrait pour moi." He was interested in his own interesting personality; and the little volume is far better worth reading for its human elements than for any utility to a scientific philosophy. It gives two portraits.

The volume of which Professor Dewey is the father forms a part of the University of Chicago's exhibit of an impressive decade's work, and is a worthy part of it, being the monument of what he has done in his own department. Here are eleven essays, four by himself, defining his conception of the business of the logician, seven by the students whom he has helped to form and set upon their own intellectual legs. It affords conclusive proof of the service he has rendered to these accomplished thinkers and, no doubt, to others; and they in their turn will render to another generation services of the same nature. Whatever there was to be gained by contact with a sincere student of philosophy, as such, they have manifestly gained. Are there any further services that logic could be expected to perform? Are any logical questions now being agitated in the different sciences? Is there any such question as to the constitution of matter, the value of mechanical hypotheses, now open in physics? Are there any methods as to more or less statistical methods of philological and historical criticism? If there are such questions, has past experience gone to show that there was any help to be had from broader sweeps of study than specialists can make? Is it worth while to examine at all into the questions here asked; and if it be, is it best to carry to them vague impressions, or the exactest conceptions that studies specially directed to them have been able to evoke?

There are specialists who are disposed to think any inquiries from the outside into their methods are impertinent. They say, with perfect justice, that they understand fully their own business, and wish to be let alone. Unquestionably, they must be right. There is, however, another class of specialists whose aims are of such a nature that they can sometimes make good use of ideas which have grown up in other studies. Such specialists, when they have created, say, physical chemistry, the new astronomy, physiological psychology, stylometry, etc., have sometimes gained a certain measure of esteem even from those of straiter sects. It has often happened that general studies of logic have resulted in such applications of one science to another. Analytical geometry was first conferred upon the human race as an illustrative example of the 'Discours de la Méthode.' The group of writers whom, abandoning all attempt at finding a descriptive designation, we may roughly call the English school of logicians, meaning, for example, Boole, De Morgan, Whewell, J. S. Mill, Jevons, Venn, Pearson, MacColl, etc., while pursuing studies often purely theoretical, are nevertheless taking a road which may be expected to lead to results of high value for the positive sciences. Those whom we may as roughly call the German school of logicians, meaning such writers as Christoph Sigwart, Wundt, Schuppe, Benno Erdmann, Julius Bergmann, Glogau, Husserl, etc., are engaged upon problems which must be acknowledged to underlie the others, but attack them in a manner which the exact logicians regard as entirely irrelevant, because they make *truth*, which is a matter of fact, to be a matter of a way of thinking or even of linguistic expression. The Chicago school or group are manifestly in radical opposition to the exact logicians, and are not making any studies which anybody in his senses can expect, directly or indirectly, in any considerable degree, to influence twentieth-century science.

Prof. Dewey regards himself as radically opposed to the German school, and explains how he is so. We must confess that had he not put so much emphasis upon it, we should hardly have deemed the point of difference so important; but we suppose he must know what his own affiliations are and are not. He seems to regard what he calls "logic" as a natural history of thought. If such a natural history can be worked out, it will undoubtedly form valuable knowledge; and with all our heart we wish the Chicago school godspeed in their enterprise of discovery. But their task will call for such extreme subtlety, precision, and definiteness of thought that we hope their new science will not disdain to take a lesson, if not from any of the older logicians of the country, nor from that American thinker who first essayed to use his great powers of observation to establish a natural history of mental products—we mean Dr. James Rush—at least from the well-established natural history of Nature, chemistry, botany and zoology; the lesson, to wit, that a natural history can hope to begin a successful course of discovery only from the day when it abandons altogether the trivial language of practical life, and sets up a thoroughly new glossary of words exclusively its own, thereby not confusing our meagre philosophical vocabulary with the burden of added meanings to old words. If calling the new natural history by the name of "logic" (a suspicious beginning) is to be a way of prejudging the question of whether or not there be a logic which is more than a mere natural history, inasmuch as it would pronounce one proceeding of thought to be sound and valid and another to be otherwise, then we should regard this appropriation of that name to be itself fresh confirmation of our opinion of the urgent need of such a normative science at this day.

The Life of Horace Binney. With selections from his letters. By Charles Chauncey Binney. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Horace Binney was a great lawyer in a generation of great lawyers; in fact, professionally he was a leader among the eminent men who have made our law famous.

The Girard will case, when almost lost, was won by him against Webster; he might, had he chosen, been a judge of the Supreme Court; in his old age, his modesty obliged him to disclaim the titular headship of the American law. But, as his grandson's volume shows, he was a remarkable man in many other ways, and the public owes the author a debt of gratitude for this record of his life.

The preface explains why no complete memoir has been before published (Mr. Binney died nearly thirty years since); and the explanation throws a light upon two strongly marked traits of his character, his modesty and his delicacy of feeling. The first made him averse to the idea of becoming the subject of a biography; it was apparently owing to an extraordinary sensitiveness to his correspondents' "right of privacy" that he made a habit throughout his life of destroying all the letters he received:

"Had his oldest son survived him, this lack could and probably would have been made up for by personal knowledge, but it was not known until a few years ago that many of Mr. Binney's letters had been preserved by the families of those who had received them. This discovery made it possible to prepare a fairly connected account of his whole life, but, owing to lapse of time, it has been left to one whose personal knowledge is only a memory of boyhood to attempt what could have been much better done by those of a generation ago."

Thus it is that we have been hitherto without any proper life of a man very distinguished while alive, who was born while the war of the Revolution was still going on, who belonged to the generation and professional rank of Webster and Story, whose active professional life came to an end twenty years before the civil war opened, and who died ten years after that war ended, at the venerable age of ninety-five.

Of New England ancestry, Mr. Binney was born in Philadelphia. He entered Harvard at the age of thirteen, and throughout his life saw much of the world; but it was as a citizen of Pennsylvania that he made his mark. His relation to public life was a simple one. He cordially detested American politics, but felt himself at the same time obliged to discharge any public duty that he might be imperatively called upon to undertake. He allowed himself to be elected to Congress, where, in the contest over the removal of the deposits, he played an important part, vehemently attacking Jackson, though without the venom which distinguishes much of the political controversy of that time. It is not too much to say that Mr. Binney was, and felt himself to be, handicapped in the political career of that day because he was a gentleman. Born a Federalist, he came of age just at the time when that party was passing forever from power. For one who could not be a Democrat, and to whom "Whig" never meant anything, the country, through the gradual democratization of its institutions, and especially through the democratization of the judiciary, seemed to have been delivered over to the Evil One; and Mr. Binney lived and died without ever being a party man. He was, as his grandson suggests, a "Mugwump" before mugwumpery as a political force was organized. It was only when the civil war broke out and all good citizens united to save the country that he was able to take sides with hearty good will, and help to vindicate in his old age the Federalist ideal of his youth.

Mr. Binney was a man who united in a remarkable manner sturdy common sense with a high degree of sensibility. A man less egotistic or more delicately alive to obligations it would have been hard to find during his lifetme. On the other hand, his thoroughly healthy, virile character saved him from all illusions and morbidness. There is not much to quote from him, but we may except his reflections on a lawyer's life (given at some length in chapter v.), which show what an extremely sane view he took of his profession and its limitations.

In gaining his position as a leader of the bar, we are told that his greatest strength lay in his thoroughness and sincerity. Of the former, some of the evidence is preserved in Binney's Reports of the decisions of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. It was the combination of both traits which early won him the confidence of the bench. So much nonsense has been written on the subject of a lawyer's duty to sacrifice everything to his client's interest, that it is interesting to see what he thought about it.

"I may say to my children," he wrote, in reviewing his career, "that I never knowingly committed an injustice towards a client or the opposite party. I never prosecuted a case that I thought a dishonest one, and I have washed my hands of more than one that I discovered to be such after I had undertaken it, as well as declined many which I perceived to be so when first presented to me."

It must be observed, too, that in mentioning his avoidance of stratagems, tricks, and artifices, he does not claim any special virtue, but very candidly dwells upon this course of conduct as having been highly advantageous to him in gaining the confidence of court and bar. Like Franklin, he never forgot that honesty is the best policy; but this was not the reason why he was honest.

When a lawyer is gone, it is often difficult for the next generation to make out in what his professional force chiefly lay. In Mr. Binney's case we suspect we should not be far wrong were we to guess that he most nearly resembled lawyers like Kent and Story; and that, in not securing him, the bench lost the services of one who would have been a very distinguished judge. He does not seem to have been a great jury lawyer, though we get the impression of one who had considerable command of language and force of expression. "Eloquent" in conversation he is called by one of his last visitors. Strikingly handsome he must have been, to judge by the reproductions of Sully's and Stuart's portraits and the photograph taken at the age of eighty—and in the forensic career the presence of the man always counts for something.

He saw within his own lifetime the rise and spread of democracy throughout the world, and in his own country the destruction by it of that colonial aristocracy which, when he was born, was in control of government and society. He sympathized with no feature of the movement, except that it involved the abolition of slavery. Otherwise he detested democracy, chiefly because it represented to him a species of tyranny over the individual conscience. He really remained to the end what he had begun—a follower of Hamilton in believing some species of constitutional monarchy, combined with representative institutions, to be the best form of government in the world. How far he was right in the belief that it is the inevitable effect of democracy to lead us to undervalue integrity, and to put at the head of all the virtues the low art of gaining power by pandering to the prejudices and passions of the populace, is a question which carries us back two generations. So thoroughly has democracy won the day that we have ceased even to be interested in the question. But on one point Mr. Binney was so clearly right that his opinions here recorded have been already vindicated by time. He foresaw much of what short elective judicial terms would lead to, and foretold it. We, who have lived to see judicial nominations put up for sale to the highest bidder, can now perceive without difficulty how right the old conservatives were in their views of this subject.

Okoubo. Par Maurice Courant. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1904.

Those who insist that the Japanese are not only a young nation, but in origin a "white" race, find the best illustration of their theory in Okubo, "the brain" of the Restoration of 1868 and the chief builder of the new Japan. His mind worked like that of a European, and in dress and carriage, in personal appearance and action, with full mustache and luxuriant side-whiskers, he seemed so much like one that it was hard to believe that he was a pure-blooded Japanese. Maurice Courant, already known for his scholarly work in Korean bibliography, has with keen insight and literary charm presented a vivid picture of this native of Satsuma, who lifted the Mikado out of myth and mystery and set his feet on the solid earth. Courant shows that the great minister was a Japanese of the Japanese, and that the spirit impelling him was that of the native *bushido* and not imported from the Occident, while his blood for untold generations past had run in the veins of the Satsuma clan, out of which so many of the leaders of modern Japan have sprung.

In the Japan of 1830, into which Okubo was born, there were mobs of figureheads but few men of light or leading. Yedo was then, as Tokio is now, the chief centre of power. Of the two or three hundred feudal barons or daimios, only five or six were of any personal importance. Yet in the capitals or castle towns of these few were groups of scholars, reformers, and earnest men waiting for the salvation of the nation and ready to achieve it. Nominally a despotism ruled Japan, but in reality it was a democracy of the cultured samurai or gentry. These able men of inferior rank purposely let their nominal masters live in luxury and even debauchery, so that they themselves, lying low and hidden, could rule while screening their larger purpose. All the moral forces were in Confucianism, for Buddhism was hopelessly impotent in the dry rot of superstition. Around the ancestral temple of the Satsuma clan gathered the men whose aim was to ruin the work of Iyeyasu and make a new, or rather a revived, nation.

Yet in curious, almost amusing, contrast to those Japanese of to-day who ostentatiously, almost blatantly, ascribe all victory and success to "the virtues of His Ma-

jesty," the good theocrat in Tokio, and who tell us that the spring of all power and the secret of Japan's renascence lie in the (quite recently expanded) theories of imperialism and the exaltation of the Emperor, the early "Mikado-reverencers," even to 1850, knew not the theory formed later. The purpose of Okubo and of Nariaki, his master, was not at first the supremacy of the Mikado, but the union of the two governments of Kioto and Yedo, and the practical fusion of the Court and landed nobilities (*kugé* and *daimio*). Not until the advent of foreigners did Okubo and his fellow-workers conceive and plan for the supremacy of the Emperor and for absolute imperialism.

With profound political sagacity, Okubo divined the force and trend of the invisible currents in both the air and the ocean of the world's politics, and his home and foreign policy was directed to the one end of a unified Japan able to resist even Russia. Whether a game of war or peace, Okubo was resolved on the subordination of China in the Oriental, and the humbling of Russia in the Occidental world, while he toiled to make Japan great and to bridge the chasm between the East and West. He swept away feudalism, crushed the Korean war project of 1874, personally appeared in Peking to settle the Formosa affair, resisted the agitation of the Liberals for a Parliament, and strenuously drove forward economic development and railroad-building. Having broken with his old comrade Saigo, now become the reactionary, he met with unquailing courage and put down the Satsuma rebellion of 1877. Then, with the élan and joyous welcome of the willing martyr who already beholds the transfiguration of his ideal, he met the assassins and death. His work was done, and he knew it. The ability of Japan to face Russia today results, in a vast degree, from the prescience and tireless practical genius of Okubo. He among the first had the vision. His was the service also to actualize the dream.

To have lived such a life in forty-seven years (1830-1877) is granted only to the elect sons of men. How Okubo's memory, even in his opposition to a Parliament before Japan was ready for it, seems already amply vindicated in the history of the fifteen years of the Diet's existence! Nominally governed, in constitutional imperialism, as a limited monarchy, with upper and lower houses of Parliament, Japan is in reality ruled, as Holland is, by a Council of State, composed of the sovereign and a few elect elders, with a nominal legislature that votes supplies, but is bowled down by the premier whenever it is hostile or shows "unreasonable opposition."

Securing his data from original sources, with illustrations in sidelight gathered from a mighty wealth of Japanese authorities of the first order of value, M. Courant has given us a glowing picture, of which we know not whether to admire more the vividness or the accuracy. The portrait, both in text and in photogravure, is wonderfully like the Okubo whom we knew and talked with. In this series of "Ministres et Hommes d'état," we wonder if any of the other volumes contain two hundred pages of more fascinating biography. Amid the hill ranges of books on Japan, this rises like a peak.

The Gems of the East (The Philippine Islands). By A. Henry Savage Landor. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We are informed that this book is the "most complete work yet published on the topography, ethnology, civil and political conditions of the Philippines to-day," and it is also given to us as the most interesting and valuable descriptive book of travels in the islands. Most space is devoted to the author's "observations" upon the characteristics, physical and other, of some of the Philippine people. He inserts many photographs meant to illustrate these observations, and likewise tables of measurements ostensibly of value. In only one case, however, do these tables indicate how many individuals were measured to form the basis of his averages, and, when we find that his Moros are frequently taller than the members of the hill-tribes of Mindanao (the so-called "Indonesians"), as are also the stunted Mangyanes of Mindoro (of whom he must have seen but a handful, if any at all), we pass the measurement tables by without further attention. Mr. Landor is continually finding likenesses between the most diverse types in the Philippines and the Papuans or the hairy Ainus of the Japanese northland; one wonders if he has ever seen the Papuans or the Ainus. He rehearses to us the stale stories about human sacrifices and cannibalism among the hill tribes of the Davao region, but throws no light on the subject. He would have us believe that he, alone and unarmed and not speaking their language, put a large band of supposedly very bloodthirsty headhunters in the Cordillera of Northern Luzon to rout by the firmness of his presence—or, perhaps, by the flash of his eye. Similarly, in eastern Mindanao, where he thinks he found a "white tribe," he, single-handed, stormed the tree-houses of the savages who make human sacrifices, and who, he cautiously hints, may be cannibals. Then he calmed the denizens of these aerial perches, which he had reached on strips of bamboo and over the waving tops of bamboo clumps, by gently rubbing them and stroking their hair, as one would a cat; we are not informed if they purred. Every one knows there are headhunters in Luzon, though they are mostly a pretty good sort of fellows to meet, after all, and headhunting is a kind of ceremonial custom among them, which they long since ceased to practise upon white men, unless a white man is deliberately looking for trouble among them. It is reasonably sure that there are occasional human sacrifices in the interior of Mindanao, but if there is cannibalism in connection with it (as is by no means proved as yet), it is of a ceremonial character and is rare.

Mr. Landor's observations on native languages are utterly worthless. In the first place, he has no conception at all of the formation or the grammar of the principal Philippine dialects, nor does he seem to have any fair understanding of what agglutinative languages are like in general. If he had taken the pains to post himself in this particular, he might have made some contributions to knowledge during his brief and hasty trip; at any rate, he might have avoided falling into ridiculous errors. We discover from his frequent misspellings that he has little or no knowledge of the Spanish language, though he quotes a long sentence or two indicative of fluency in it. For communication with the natives everywhere, he did not therefore have even this assistance to successful interpretation, and was dependent on hearsay, yet he never distinguishes between what was told him in a given district and what he is supposed to have learned for himself; in fact, is chary of giving credit at all. He aimed first for the island of Palawan and its many smaller neighbors, where he might have done some interesting work. Instead, he has brought forth only a hodge-podge of information and misinformation. He is continually talking about the Tagbanuas (which word he persistently misspells, to suit his English taste for "Tagbanoua") as if they were a separate and distinct tribe, instead of various bands, both of mixed and of rather pure ancestry, badly classified under one imperfect designation by the Spaniards ("Tagbanua" meaning "people of the place," or "aborigines"). He tells us gravely that no words in "Tagbanua" (which is not the name of a dialect at all) begin with w, h, v, x, y, or z; inasmuch as there is no h, v, x, or z in the Malay dialects. this will not seem unduly strange.

Mr. Landor tells of gutta percha being obtained on Tawi-tawi from the *Ficus elastica*, which is a rubber-tree—something altogether different and distinct. He says that the little swift which builds the edible nests so prized as a delicacy by the Chinese, builds them with gum from a tree (one would infer he meant by bearing this gum for the purpose as other birds bear twigs, hair, etc.); and he calls the *ipil*, the solid, iron-like wood of the Philippines, which will sink in water, a "porous" wood. One might get the impression from his "topographical notes," which are most frequent and generally impertinent, that he had been in many places which he actually saw only on the map; these notes in such cases read suspiciously as if derived from the Government publications, Military Notes on the Philippines, or the Philippine Gazetteer, neither of which, by the way, is to be depended upon for accuracy. He puts Basilan in the Sulu archipelago; he repeatedly confuses in his writing the east and west shores of bays, east and west coasts of islands, etc.; finally, he caps the climax, for a "topographical authority," by stating that he came to Manila from Santa Cruz on the Laguna de Bay by passing through Bataan and Zambales provinces. Just why he made this trip at all, or why he mentions those provinces as visited by him, it is hard to explain on any other ground than that he was seeking to be able to say he had been "all over the Philippine archipelago." This it was, apparently, which led him to merely walk across Sebú island, and to do the same by night across Negros (never seeing at all, by the way, the curious primitive mountaineers of Negros, whom an ethnologist might well be expected to hunt out). He pooh-poohs the difficulties of exploring the interior of Mindoro; but it is noteworthy that he refused its challenge, and simply reports upon its people from hearsay (and inaccurately). He foots up 16,000 miles of travel in his 250 days in the archipelago; one would like to see an itinerary, even though almost all his mileage was by sea.

He did, however, spend almost all his time on land in the out-of-the-way places.

For this reason he should have been more cautious in giving information and passing criticism on the vastly more important and more populous districts of the Christian Filipinos. Modern sanitation and its methods are especially abhorrent to him, and he loses no chance for a fling at the efforts of the military and civil authorities in the islands to fight the spread of cholera. He has no patience with the American attempts at establishing an educational system in the islands, which he is sure is all wrong, because it does not consist entirely of manual training. If he had read more of the history of the Spanish régime in the authorities which he contemptuously disregards, he would go a little more slowly in praising Spain for having done wonders in public works for the islands, whether or no he liked the present American methods of building roads, schoolhouses, barracks, etc.

Is there nothing good to be said about the book? We hoped so when we came to the descriptions of Mr. Landor's experiences among the Moros of the Lake Lanao region, which he had the good fortune to visit when Pershing was engaged in his expedition of 1903 against Fort Bakolod and other strongholds. We get several rather interesting pictures of this expedition, which the author accompanied, and a few details that are of value, but no real insight into the situation that exists there, into the policy that was pursued by the Americans up to the break which came under Baldwin and Chaffee in 1902, leading to the present rather turbulent conditions. The author took no trouble to find out anything more than the few facts here and there upon which he could base wise-sounding criticisms and attempts to be "smart." As for his experiences among the Moros generally, he assumed, as with the "Indonesians" and the Igorrotes, that he was nearly the first white man who ever really saw them, and was telling the listening world some entirely new things; a reading of the more important of the voluminous Spanish sources would have saved him the pains of making these errors (indeed of visiting the Moro country at all).

To make a book of nearly six hundred pages out of such stuff is the merest vanity on the part of the author, and is strange judgment on the part of the publishers.

The English People: A Study of their Political Psychology. By Émile Boutmy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

When Burke declared that he did not know how to frame an indictment of a whole people, he exposed a fallacy which vitiates myriads of books. Nothing, indeed, delights men more than to generalize from insufficient evidence; we seem to increase our own importance by laying down propositions of magnificent size. *Ex uno disce omnes* is the maxim according to which judgments covering whole races are pronounced, and he who has perchance met a single Chinaman will tell you what are the characteristics of the other four hundred millions.

Even Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, the author of 'France,' who contributes a very discriminating introduction to the book before us, allows himself a little loose generalization. Not one in 500 of the educated Englishmen who go to France for their pleasure, he tells us, takes the opportunity to gain any acquaintance with the people and their institutions. It was not always so. The journals of Arthur Young "were only, in an extended form, what every English traveller brought back from his foreign tour." This proposition Mr. Bodley proceeds to fortify by a story of a party of English legislators who made a tour in France at the invitation of some members of the Government. At Bordeaux "the historic Château Laffitte opened its gates to the visitors. From the sacred recesses of its cellars were brought forth precious vintages not offered to mortal palates twice in a generation. But the British guests, unmindful of the unique privilege, demanded whiskey." We confess incredulity as to the facts; and the suggested inference that good French wines are not appreciated by Englishmen is absurd. The statistics of the wine-trade dispose of the suggestion.

The beam in his own eyes, however, does not prevent Mr. Bodley from regarding the mote with which Mr. Boutmy is afflicted. M. Boutmy has constructed an English people in accordance with his idea of what it ought to be. Many years ago, when he brought out his famous 'Essai sur Tite-Live,' he wrote: "The difficulty which I experience in an investigation is to discover a characteristic and dominant feature from which everything can be geometrically deduced—in a word, what I need is to have the formula of my subject." So here M. Boutmy has made out his formula for the typical Englishman; and if the facts do not fit the theory, so much the worse for the facts. We do not deny that the theory is interesting. It is sometimes even plausible, and many of the observations of the author are keen and enlightening. We feel, after reading the book, not that we have a correct view of the English people, but that our views have been to some extent corrected. At the same time we cannot help being struck by observations which are true only to a limited extent, and are occasionally false altogether.

Thus, M. Boutmy thinks it necessary to begin by attributing to climate a powerful influence on national character. The climate of the United Kingdom, he remarks, does not vary to any great extent. But no one can ignore the differences between the Irish people and the English; even M. Boutmy is compelled to admit that his typical Englishman has no likeness to the inhabitant of Erin. Obviously, when a difficulty like this is encountered, it is necessary to explain that circumstances alter cases; and, after a time, the number of supplementary and contradictory theories becomes confusing. The climate, we are told, compels men to subsist chiefly on animal food—a statement which an English peasant as well as an Irish one might read with pathetic astonishment. But the inconsistency is explained by the qualifying proposition that there are two types of Englishmen, as distinct as the greyhound and the bulldog. The one is

"slender, vigorous, agile, with fresh coloring and animated physiognomy; the other cadaverous, with leaden eyes, and concentrated or rather sunk, in himself; the first maintained, with infinite care, thanks to an abundant and wholesome diet, continuous exercise and habits of decorum and restraint; the second, deformed, wasted, and ruined in less than a generation by insufficient nourishment and the abuse of strong liquors, unrelaxing labor and insufficient recreation, and finally and chiefly by a self-abandonment and a sort of callous indifference, which are vices common to all the wretched, and allow man to succumb without an effort to the destructive operation of natural causes."

Hence, whenever the reader encounters a generalization that is palpably untrue, he must remember that Englishmen are of many types, and that what is untrue of one may very likely be true of another. We might multiply instances of these half-true generalizations, along with many brilliant and suggestive passages. But, for the reasons given, we cannot regard the book as a safe guide for those who wish to study England. It may be read with a certain pleasure by those who have some acquaintance with English history, and who are able to form their judgments with regard to the laws of evidence. Nor, in view of the severe disability of almost total blindness under which M. Boutmy has labored, can we help admiring the courage with which he has attacked one of the most difficult of problems, and the skill, if not the correctness, with which he has drawn his picture.

The Associative Processes of the Guinea Pig: A Study of the Psychical Development of an Animal with a Nervous System Well Medullated at Birth. By Jessie Allen. (Contribution from the Departments of Psychology and Neurology of the University of Chicago. Reprinted from the *Journal of Comparative Neurology and Psychology.* Vol. XIV., 1904.)

While the philosophers are disputing about the relation between mind and body (with meagre results, so far, it would appear), exact facts regarding their relations in man and lower animals are slowly accumulating. The latest contributions are joint products of the Departments of Psychology and Neurology of the University of Chicago. Dr. John B. Watson's study on the psychical development of the white rat, entitled 'Animal Education,' was noticed in these columns earlier in the year. Miss Allen's paper both controls and enlarges that research in very interesting particulars. The rat is born blind, naked, and helpless, and requires twenty-three days to reach psychical maturity, as measured by Dr. Watson's ingenious method. That is, twenty-three days is the earliest age at which the young rat is capable of learning the most complicated trick which the adult is capable of learning. At birth the rat has not a single medullated nerve fibre in its brain, though such fibres make up nearly all the nervous pathways of the adult brain. The guinea pig, on the other hand, has nearly perfect use of all of its senses and most of its instincts from birth, and is active and well clothed with fur. Miss Allen's problem was to determine the course of psychical development of the guinea pig and the parallel development of the nervous pathways within the brain, and to correlate both of these with the data for the white rat.

The animals are closely related, both being rodents, and similarity of habits and instincts was to have been expected. The adult guinea pig, however, when tested in detail, is found to be far less ingenious than the rat and incapable of learning any but the simplest tricks. The guinea pig is

constantly running about and can solve problems, such as finding his way to food through a labyrinth of passages fenced off with wire netting. He remembers well the true path, and soon learns to take the shortest course, avoiding blind alleys and unnecessary turns. But he cannot solve problems requiring ingenuity at which a rat is very adept, such as opening the door of a box of wire netting containing food by means of a latch. The rat gradually acquires this ingenuity parallel with the development of the nervous pathways until it is fully perfected at twenty-three days of age.

"The guinea pig stands in complete contrast to the white rat. Though no experimental records of memory were obtained from the guinea pig during its first day, a simple path was learned upon the second day, and upon the third day the most complex problem was solved, being a complicated labyrinth.

"No experiments were made with the rat to determine how early a complicated labyrinth could be learned, but Watson's rats solved a simple labyrinth at nineteen days.

"When the guinea pig has found his way through a labyrinth he has reached the end of his psychical powers. He cannot pull a latch nor push a bolt, he will not depress an inclined plane, he will not chew a string nor stamp his foot. All the ingenuity which the white rat acquires after he has solved the labyrinth is a *terra incognita* to the guinea pig, who thus pays the penalty of his early maturity.

"The experience of the white rat extends to strange combinations of wires and springs, and all the delightful surprises revealed by secret doors. But when the guinea pig has turned the proper number of corners, his dinner must be waiting for him or he does not get it.

"The rat at three days is just learning to crawl, has never seen an object, and remembers nothing. The guinea pig at that age has triumphantly recalled a complex path, at the end of which he is eating his well-deserved carrot.

"At twenty-three days the rat is lifting latches neatly, and forming what Hobhouse calls 'practical judgments' as to the value of an inclined plane in a situation at the centre of which is his food—a desired thing, an end. The guinea pig is still wearing out the floor of the same labyrinth."

Our chief interest in this comparison grows out of the fact that we have accurate knowledge of the development of some features of the nervous systems of these animals, permitting a very definite, even though meagre, correlation of mental with corporeal function. Dr. Watson found in the rat at birth no medullated nerve fibres, and that in general the psychic functions anticipate in development the appearance of medullary sheaths in the nerve paths which must serve those functions. That is, these nerve paths are able to perform their functions before their fibres are fully supplied with medullary sheaths, as they are in the adult. Even at twenty-four days old, when the rat's ingenuity seems to be at its maximum, its central nervous system has far less than half as many medullated nerve fibres as the adult. This is correlated with the fact that the older rat is constantly learning, *i. e.*, forming new associations, though he is not increasing in ingenuity or the ability to solve an entirely new problem, and again illustrates the appearance of mental function in advance of the complete medullation of the corresponding nerve centres.

The young guinea pig's brain offers as complete a contrast to the rat's brain as does its behavior. The spinal cord of the guinea pig at birth is as far advanced in development as that of the rat at twenty-four days, and the same is in general true of the rest of the nervous system. At birth no important cerebral pathways of the guinea pig are unmedullated. In short, the guinea pig's early neural maturity is purchased at the price of mental plasticity and educability, and we have here a very graphic illustration of the principle of the value to the race of a prolonged infancy.

The Domesday Boroughs. By Adolphus Ballard, B.A., LL.B., Town Clerk of Woodstock, Clerk to the Guardians of the Oxford Incorporation, Author of Histories of Chipping Norton, Woodstock, and Chichester. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1904.

This work is a comparative study of the financial constitution of the boroughs of 1086, based wholly upon the analysis of the Domesday evidence. It furnishes a good lexicon and primer for this cross-section of early economic history. But it is not a book for the general reader. Unless one already has some knowledge of Domesday or is willing to make a laborious assault thereon, it is not a book to attempt. For the adept in early English industrial matters, however, it is of interest as a painstaking and thoroughgoing comparison of local peculiarities in matters of finance. Mr. Ballard evidently believes with Jowett that "real uncertainties are better than imaginary certainties," and in his preface modestly claims not that he has made any new discoveries of importance, but only that his "conclusions throw doubts on several points that have hitherto been regarded as settled." Of these the most important is connected with the jurisdiction of the borough court in 1086. Except in a few isolated cases Mr. Ballard inclines to question whether the borough was a hundred of itself. While the borough court existed from Anglo-Saxon times, "there is nothing to lead us to suppose that its existence excluded the jurisdiction of the hundred court; otherwise we should not find so many charters of later date granting that the burgesses should not be impleaded without the borough. . . ." (p. 53).

No attempt is made by the author to reconstruct the life of the citizen of the Domesday borough, but he furnishes raw material in abundance for such a sketch. His study inclines him to reaffirm Professor Maitland's theory that the borough originated in the need of a garrison into which the rural inhabitants could occasionally retire, when menaced by foes like the Danes, whose incursions the scattered country dwellers could but feebly resist. Confirmatory evidence is found in the fact that in the boroughs where there were other householders than the King, the town houses with their complement of burgesses to defend the wall were "contributed" by the country manors to which the town houses were appurtenant. The curious "welter of jurisdiction" is seen in the different persons in whom various kinds of jurisdiction vested. The landlord of a borough house commonly received not only rent (*gablum*), but sac and soke, or the penal fines incurred by his tenants. The market dues and other customs went in one place to the King, in another to the Archbishop, and in many others were curiously divided among a number of recipients. "The vast majority of the burgesses were landless men, and therefore must have had to earn their living by trade or handicraft" (p. 61). The annual renders in kind made by boroughs to the King are sometimes curious. Thus, Norwich furnished each year a bear and six dogs for bear-baiting, until, the bear supply becoming low, the borough was allowed to substitute a race-horse (p. 79). Almost every borough had its own mint. A burgess at Ipswich, it appears, might be a slave (*servus*), although the distinguishing mark of the burgess was that he paid geld only as distinguished from a number of other payments made by the non-burgess. "It would seem from indications at Colchester, Oxford, and Norwich that women could be burgesses" (p. 57). The evidence for communal property held by and for all burgesses alike is "sparse and scanty" (p. 112). The importance of various kinds of toll, or franchises, as we should now call them, discredits the notion that land was the one form of wealth.

The author can hardly be charged with losing the forest in the trees, because he resolutely confines himself to the study of individual trees, but we have to thank him for upsetting many of the easy generalizations which a superficial study of the period is only too ready to inflict upon us.

Methods and Aims in Archæology. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. With 66 illustrations. Macmillan. 1904.

A cook-book may be duller reading than the unabridged dictionary to an ordinary mortal, but may rival the latest popular novel in the eyes both of the *gourmet* and of the *cordon bleu*. The first ten chapters of Mr. Petrie's work are somewhat like the cook-book. They give in precise detail a systematic statement of the practical problems that confront a scientific excavator in Egypt, and the way in which these problems are met and solved by Mr. Petrie himself. It thus corresponds to, and supplements, on the side of field-work, that very useful little volume published a few years ago by MM. Blanchet and Villenoisy, 'Guide Pratique de l'Antiquaire,' which concerns itself chiefly with museum work. Mr. Petrie discusses everything, from the management of the fellahîn laborers to the details of the bargain that the archæologist should make with his publishers. As an exposition of the methods developed and followed by the prince of excavators, the book of some two hundred and twenty-five pages could not fail to command the zealous attention of any persons who are, or hope hereafter to become, actively concerned in archæological excavations.

Many of the details, to be sure, apply to Egypt alone, but the principles are as applicable elsewhere as there. Others than present or future excavators, moreover, will find these pages of deep interest, and others even than readers technically interested in Egyptology. Few will perhaps care to master the writer's suggested method of conducting surveys for archæological purposes; but any man who is interested in the historic results of such work as Mr. Petrie and others have been carrying on for years in Egypt, will find somewhat of the same pleasure in reading Mr. Petrie's book as in standing by his side on the edge of some buried town emerging in slow resurrection from the sands of centu-

ries, to watch the chains of grinning boys passing their baskets of earth up from one to the other out of the shadows of the deepening pit. For Mr. Petrie has the happy faculty of writing brightly on dusty themes, and the illustrations of his volume, taken for the most part from photographs on the spot, add much to the illumination of his discussion.

The concluding chapters of the book touch upon wider aspects of the theme—the need of systematic archæology in place of the present desultory and scattered study, the nature and judgment of archæological evidence, the ethics of archæology; and, his serious work finally accomplished, the author concludes with a little dithyramb on the fascination of history. Under the heading of systematic archæology he pleads the urgent need of the publication of a *corpus* of archæological finds, classified according to form and to ascertained data, by reference to which new discoveries could be defined; and urges the construction of a proper archæological repository instead of mere show-museums.

"Let us hope," he says, "that if we are too hide-bound in England to grasp the new conditions of research, that [*sic*] at least in America some one will provide such a storehouse for all time; where some day the history of the world may be studied, when we have hopelessly lost the chance of preserving what might at present be had for the asking. If we are to make up our minds to ignore and lose what is now being lost and destroyed every year owing to our ignorance and blindness, we must look to the New World to rescue from our misuse the material we now throw away, and so preserve the history of mankind."

Perhaps the most striking (and the least conclusive) passage in the chapter on the ethics of archæology is that in which the writer passionately declares that to destroy the work of the men of past ages is as much a crime as to murder them. More practical is the rest of his vigorous plea for all possible wisdom and care in excavation and in the conservation and publication of finds. It will surely startle some timid minds when they hear Mr. Petrie declare that, sooner or later, all gold work will disappear from our museums into our melting-pots, and that (as a counsel of perfection) it would be well to make, and to disperse over all countries, twenty electrotypes of every bit of ancient gold and silver work, and then to sink the original gold in the ocean, where it will require a national undertaking to recover it in future ages when only a few wrecks of the electrotypes will have survived. But not only gold and silver are destined to vanish from our museums in years to come: "bronze," this woful prophet tells us, "is sure to disappear in warfare sooner or later, especially as metals grow scarcer owing to exhaustion of mines." But before we shudder at the approach of Armageddon, let us comfort Mr. Petrie with the thought that new processes for the extraction of metals from their less tractable combinations are fast coming into being, along with other processes of tempering. It is possible that any chance lump of clay may equip Gog and Magog with keener and more enduring blades than that of Saladin, and our museum bronzes yet be safe. But, we might ask, what is the use of laboring for their conservation in behalf of such a brute world as Mr. Petrie's second-sight foretells?

Let us close with a spirited passage from the last chapter of the book, which may well illustrate the vigor, as well as the tendency toward exaggeration, of the writer:

"If past loves and hopes seem thus to give their life to the lasting walls, how fearful is the breath of terror that clings round every stone of the Colosseum. One single mangled death there made ten thousand fiends of men who sat on those benches; and every year had its thousands of such agonies, through all the centuries. The mass of horror beyond all thought that dwells in that arena is only exceeded by the thousandfold fire of cruelty that has burnt on those seats around. The place is hell petrified."

Eleanor Ormerod, LL. D., Economic Entomologist: Autobiography and Correspondence. Edited by Robert Wallace, Professor of Agriculture and Rural Economy in the University of Edinburgh. With portrait and illustrations. London: West, Newman & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904. 8vo, pp. xx, 348. 30 plates and 76 text figures.

This book will be read with interest by all who knew Miss Ormerod or her work, and it deserves to be read more generally, because it portrays an utterly unselfish, modest woman whose only ambition was to so carry on her chosen life work as to benefit the agriculturists and horticulturists of Great Britain; and this she accomplished.

Well born and with ample means at her disposal, this lady, whose tastes led her to the study of nature and especially of the life histories of the commoner and injurious insects, gradually came to devote all her time to the work, not for her own gratification merely, or to form a collection, or even to add to technical scientific knowledge, but to publish broadcast the practical results of her researches. To that end she prepared and, at her own expense, published annually from 1877 to 1900 a report of the season's work with injurious insects, upon the best methods of dealing with these, etc. Twenty-four annual reports in all, besides four volumes of more systematized observations, were all offered at a price barely sufficient to pay for the mere printing. Further, she frequently replied to a question by sending a Report, and all her correspondents were annually remembered; so, to say the least, she derived no pecuniary profit from her labors. That these were finally appreciated is indicated by the fact that in April, 1900, only about a year before her death, the University of Edinburgh conferred upon her the degree of LL. D.; and she was the first and is thus far the only woman so honored by that University.

Mr. Wallace's volume is fragmentary in character, consisting of autobiographical notes, strung together, systematized and supplemented by the editor; extracts from some of Miss Ormerod's writings and (rather voluminously) from an extensive correspondence on entomological and personal matters with students and friends in all parts of the world. Miss Ormerod wrote well, and her letters are as carefully worded as her other writings. A kindly humor and a disposition to make the best of even the greatest misfortunes are evident throughout, and are quite in keeping with the cheery presence so well remembered by those who had the pleasure of her personal acquaintance. As a memorial, therefore, the volume will be valued. It will hardly be bought, in this country at least, for the information it contains.

The text illustrations are introduced for typographical reasons and are not really necessary; yet they are good, well selected, and applicable to the matter dealt with. The plates belong to the more strictly biographical portion, and are generally good. Print, paper and index can all be praised.

Greek Sculpture; Its Spirit and Principles. By Edmund von Mach, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The elusive character of the so-called "spirit" of art or literature is nowhere more clearly shown than in the writings of those who seek to separate it from an historical survey of the artistic and literary productions which constitute the embodiment of the "spirit." Dr. von Mach, in his introduction, complains that other recent works on Greek sculpture are really histories of Greek art or sculpture, or histories of ancient artists, and that such an historic treatment of the subject makes a clear understanding of the spirit of Greek sculpture impossible. One might, perhaps, reply to these rather extreme strictures on recent archæological work by calling attention to the author's sound advice at the beginning of his opening chapter, where he urges a thorough acquaintance with the monuments. How such a thorough acquaintance is to be obtained without a fair notion of historic development as a foundation, is difficult to see, and many will feel that there must be something the matter with the "artistic public" and the "intelligent layman," if certain of the histories of Greek sculpture cannot "legitimately appeal" to them. However, there is no doubt a place for the study of æsthetics as illustrated by the monuments of Greek art, and an attempt to deal with this side of the subject might be of great value.

The author of the present work divides his book into two parts, the first of which contains what are termed "the lessons drawn from Greek sculpture." The second has in it more discussion of specific works of art and of the tendencies of given artists; but the division is vague, and it is not always easy to see why it was made at all, since some portions of the second part might appropriately be included in the first, and vice-versa.

Dr. von Mach shows throughout an easy mastery of English idiom; English might well have been his mother tongue. About the only verbal peculiarity noted is his use of the word "eclecticism," on pages 9 and 26, which seems a little strange, but this is apparently due to his holding closely to an etymological signification, and the meaning is plain enough. He has an excellent knowledge of the facts of his subject; his training has clearly been admirable, and it has been supplemented by much observation and study on his own part. This makes it somewhat difficult to understand certain of the defects of his work, which, as a whole, lacks the reserve and sobriety of taste that are characteristic of Greek feeling. Here, for example, is a comment on the Niké of Samothrace: "The head is gone, but one never fails to see in the glorious breasts and in the beautiful abdomen the

hilarious joy with which the swift motion through space has imbued her." A somewhat "sophomoric" rhetoric and a tendency to introduce elementary and obvious moral truths are so frequent as to make the judicious grieve. Such terms, too, as "Hermes the Dreamer" for the statue at Olympia, and "Autumn Days" (see page 339, note) for the works of the Hellenistic period—employed that is, as definite designations—give the rather unpleasant effect which is always produced by the misplaced use of poetic phrases. In the spelling of classical proper names it is hard nowadays to follow any satisfactory system, but such a form as Rhamnos (Pl. xl, Fig. 2) had surely better be avoided.

The criticism of the book is strongly subjective, and a brief remark in connection with the discussion of the Apollo Belvedere seems to throw some light on the reason for this: "Almost sneeringly the Belvedere Apollo is watching—perhaps the flight of an arrow. Let one look in his face and study his features, and then analyze one's own emotions. They are hardly of the nobler sort." This is far too much the method which has constantly been followed; but the analysis of the critic's emotions is surely only the beginning of criticism, if, that is, there is such a thing as objective truth. The question whether the emotions themselves are in accord with sound artistic judgment must not be forgotten. Somewhat the same "subjectivity" appears also in the constant tendency almost to identify ethical and artistic excellence: "Truth, faith, moderation, patience, and diligence are the cardinal virtues of good men, as they are the chief characteristics of the best Greek sculpture." Phidias must have been wrongfully accused, because a man who knew how to portray the gods could not be other than noble and honest. So certain does this seem that one authority for his exile must originally have written ἀποφυγών, "acquitted," instead of φυγών. Phidias may indeed have been without guilt, but such text criticism is hardly convincing. Nor is it clear that the theory of the "mental image" or "memory picture," of which much is said, can be very helpful to the student who seeks to gain an appreciation of Greek art. Dr. von Mach, of course, does not intend to say that such a theory was consciously held by the artist, but his insistence on it is such that one almost comes to think of the sculptor as bravely working at his "mental images," and wondering how soon his skill will enable him to present them accurately. The whole argumentation appears to amount to little more than some such simple statement as this: The Greeks for some time, like other artistic peoples, did not acquire the necessary skill to represent what they saw; like other good artists, too, they appreciated the fact that the reality does not always appear real, and so they did not represent it; furthermore, their best work shows the ability to employ artistic "conventions" with great skill. In a popular work especially a discussion which seems unnecessarily learned is unfortunate, since it leads untrained minds to believe they are doing profitable thinking when they are not. The "educators" are a warning here.

The author is at his best in the discussion of relief sculpture. Here there are many good and suggestive observations, and the chapters are well worth reading. The account, too, of the Parthenon frieze is simple and straightforward. The constant insistence upon the rapidity of artistic development among the Greeks will perhaps seem to some rather overdone. This is, of course, old doctrne, but recent years have so greatly increased our knowledge of the development of Greek art that we can now see much the same degree of difference, let us say between the early art of the Acropolis and that of Scopas and Praxiteles, as may be observed between the work of Giotto and that of Michael Angelo. In each case the period of time which elapsed is approximately the same. When the impulse to artistic production once gathers headway, is its course not always rather rapid? It is easy, too, in laying emphasis upon the intellectual stimulus which came to the Greeks after the Persian wars (see pages 143, 157, 159) to forget the stimulating social changes of the previous century. We, of course, know much less in detail about this period, but the literary and political developments and the general spiritual activity of the time were certainly marked, and, however crude its artistic achievements may appear in the light of later performance, the vigor of youthful promise is to be seen on every hand. The beginnings of iambic and lyric poetry and the remains of plastic art which antedate the Persian wars are as instinct with the spirit of freedom as anything which the men of later day produced.

Dr. von Mach and his publishers are to be congratulated upon the general appearance of this book, and upon the high average of excellence attained in the numerous and well-selected illustrations. Most of these are conveniently grouped on forty half-tone plates, at the end of the volume, which is furnished with a good index.

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A Belle of the Fifties. Memoirs of Mrs. Clay of Alabama. Edited by Ada Sterling. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Boynton, H. W. Journalism and Literature. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
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Ellis, Robinson. Catulli Carmina. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d.
Fletcher, C. R. L. An Introductory History of England from the Earliest Times to the Close of the Middle Ages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.
Garrison, E. E. The Roosevelt Doctrine. New York: Robert Grier Cooke. $1.
Harben, Will N. The Georgians. Harpers. $1.50.
Ingram, John K. Practical Morals. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan.
Jungman, Nico, and Jungman, Beatrix. Holland. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. $6 net.
Lewis, Alfred Henry. The President. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.
Matthews, Rev. T. T. Thirty Years in Madagascar. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.75.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1904.

The Week.

No period in twenty years has been more inopportune for a feud among Republicans of this State. The Republican strength has been waning ever since 1900. In 1902 Odell scraped through with less than 10,000 plurality; in 1903 Greater New York passed over to Tammany control by a substantial majority. By assuming the duties of State Chairman, Gov. Odell has disgusted the better element of all parties. Only a few weeks ago well-informed Republican politicians were privately admitting that the movement of the independent vote toward the Democrats was irresistible; that New York would be against Roosevelt and against any Republican candidate for Governor, except, perhaps, Elihu Root. A man with "an Odell tag" on him—to use Senator Platt's expressive phrase—was foredoomed to defeat. And now we have a man who bears the Odell tag, put on him after a very bitter and dramatic struggle. Of Mr. Higgins personally every one speaks well. He is quiet, well-trained in business, and, as Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has had a creditable record. The doubt, however, is whether he has the courage to break up what is known as "the State Capitol gang," whether his backbone can withstand the pressure of the Odell machine.

The New York Republican platform certainly contains not a syllable that will serve as a summons to the defeated and disgruntled faction. The laudation of President Roosevelt's "honesty, wisdom, courage, and patriotism," and the endorsement of the national platform are in the usual perfunctory style; while the commendation of Governor Odell will, of course, excite among the disaffected only derisive laughter. The proposal to "increase the effectiveness of the school system" and build up the State's educational facilities "wherever practicable" is too general to win votes or to bind the party. The further purchase and preservation of Adirondack forest lands is highly commendable, provided the process does not mean more fat fees for favored Republican lawyers and landbrokers. The most curious plank is that in praise of the present system of indirect taxation. "The effective measures of the Republican party in this direction constitute the greatest step taken in the history of our commonwealth for the relief of taxpayers." And yet there seems to be a rift within the lute, for "if any taxes heretofore levied, especially such as affect the savings of the people, appear to be unjust or unnecessary, we favor such revision of the tax laws as will equitably correct such condition." Here is no trumpet-call to stir the hearts of the Republican hosts.

It appears to be fated that some orator or other should make a "break" at every political convention, and it was Chairman Fassett's turn at Saratoga on Friday. In one of his mounting periods about "that brave and fearless, etc.," he said that President Roosevelt had even dared to "defy the labor unions." Imagine the gasps and sinking of heart among the delegates. They must have felt something like that grief of strong men which moved the Democrats at St. Louis when that consummate naval rhetorician, Capt. Hobson, ventured to praise President Cleveland as a man who had taken a labor union by the throat. Woe was pictured on every countenance. One Democratic Congressman was heard to wail: "That speech means 3,000 Republican majority in my district." But perhaps Fassett's assertion that Roosevelt is the true Ajax defying organized labor will save the distraught Democrat after all. Seriously, the dread of saying anything which can be tortured into an affront to "labor" is one of the most needless of the many fears which haunt politicians.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon has chosen a most inappropriate time to sound a "note of alarm" over the Republican prospects. Brief was the joy of those who read in veracious Republican newspapers in this city on Friday: "There is little doubt that the Parker managers regard the fight as lost." If so, why was the country informed the same day that Speaker Cannon, who has been travelling through the West, disagrees with the general notion of the party that the Democrats are asleep? Why has he "read the riot act to both State and national managers"? If the Republicans have the Democrats on the run, there can be no call for such an emergency measure. Neither can it be necessary for Uncle Joe, at his time of life, to buckle down to active campaigning. What can have happened? This: he has learned that "an appeal to the discontented" is being sent out from New York. "Every man who is out of work," he says, is now receiving the attention of the Democratic managers. But the country never was more prosperous, say President Roosevelt, Senator Fairbanks, and Republican orators generally. Don't joke on serious subjects, Uncle Joe! How can there be any unemployed and discontented? Does not the Chicago platform declare in so many words that, "under the Dingley tariff, labor has been fully employed, wages have risen, and all industries have revived and prospered"?

New Jersey Democrats gave the Republicans fresh cause for worry on Thursday. Mr. Black, their nominee for Governor, is an able lawyer of excellent record, as far as possible from the type of machine politician; while the issue of equal taxation which the Convention pushed to the front is one over which the State is becoming aroused, though the Republicans are sorely divided about it. The Republican Mayor of Jersey City has severely arraigned the men in control of his party for subserviency to railroad interests, and for extravagant and oppressive legislation. The answer which the party managers propose to make is to nominate for the Governorship Senator Stokes, a well-known henchman of the railroads.

A Washington dispatch reports that Chairman Cowherd has urged the Southern members of the Democratic Congressional Committee to bring out a large vote this fall in every district, whether there is opposition to the Democratic candidate or not. Some advocates of reducing Southern representation find an argument in the preposterously small vote by which Southern districts send Democrats to Congress. It has been computed that a white Mississippian who votes has something like forty times more representation, proportionately, than a New Yorker. Efforts to bring the whole body of Southern white men to the polls will obviously reduce this apparent inequality. Yet such efforts must be in their very nature artificial, so long as one party practically monopolizes the voting privilege. All the Congressmen from Mississippi, all but two from Georgia, and all from Florida were elected without opposition at the polls. Will any man inconvenience himself to vote in such an election merely for the sake of making an impression on the North? Men will turn out and vote when there is something to vote about. The Democratic primary in the South has usurped the place of the election. In such a contest as the one between Congressman Bankhead and the spectacular Richmond Hobson, last April, a vote is polled immensely larger than that on election day. The returns just at hand from the South Carolina primary show the condition that must always exist when there is no healthy division of parties. Though not quite complete, they show that 11,319 men voted in the primary of the Sixth District, which chose its present Congressman by a total vote of 3,981, while in the Second District there were cast 10,072

votes in the primary to only 5,381 in the actual election of last year.

As the Statesboro outrage was one of the most shocking triumphs of lawlessness over order which the black history of Southern lynchings affords, the whole country has an interest in the meting out of justice to the men responsible. The court of inquiry, after hearing evidence, recommended a court-martial for Capt. Hitch, Lieuts. Cone, Mell, and Griner, the officers in command of those precious "soldiers" who, opposing a frenzied mob with Quaker guns, permitted two convicted criminals to be taken away from them and burned at the stake. Gov. Terrell has promptly carried out the recommendation, and the court-martial is to convene at Savannah a week hence. Lieut. McIntyre, who seems to have been made of different stuff from his fellow-officers, and was badly wounded while trying to save the negroes from the mob, is rightly exonerated. Some of these same militia announced before going to the manœuvres that they would not submit to "chaffing" by Northern troops on their part in the Statesboro affair. They have now to face something more serious than mere ridicule.

To the Administration the American cigar has appealed, and not in vain, against the flaunting manners of the Havana. There are miserable beings, cravens and weaklings of the smoker class, who prefer the bland aroma of the Havana to the simpler pungency of the American article. These bad Americans have taken advantage of the conspicuous pink revenue stamp with which the customs mark all imported cigars. By looking out for this band these effete lovers of pauper-made *perfectos* have been able to avoid the humbler and more wholesome article sealed only with the green internal-revenue stamp. This distinction the lovers of the American weed have held to be unfair advertising of the imported product. Only make the boxes alike, it was suggested, and the most graceless consumer of *Vuelta Abajo* may gradually be drawn, through the deceptive pleasures of Key West, to the milder fragrance of the Connecticut brands, to the more masculine delights of Louisiana plantation leaf, while, with the flaunting temptation of the pink stamp removed, he may finally be won to his birthright as a free-born American smoker—the Pittsburgh stogy. Of course, a well-disposed Administration had to get round the difficulty that by law the imported cigar-boxes must be plainly stamped, and that such stamp perforce and intentionally advertises the fact that the cigars are imported. But this difficulty will be remedied by making the customs revenue stamp small, and affixing it to the bottom of the box, where it will cost the bad American some pains to see it. Has the history of tariff humors and curiosities a more picayune chapter to show than this?

Some communities in this country earnestly desire foreign immigration. Others are pretty strongly opposed to it. Obviously, the practical immigration problem is one of distribution. The immigrant has a perverse way of settling in those places which do not want him and ignoring those which do. Any systematic effort made by the Government agents in Europe to attract immigrants to some particular spot in need of them, would be attacked with some justice on the ground that we get more than we want without advertising for them. Commissioners of immigration for many years past have believed that something in the way of better distribution could be accomplished by affording the States needing labor an opportunity after the immigrant has landed of giving him information about conditions in their sections and inviting him to settle there. Commissioner-General Sargent renews the recommendation this year, and asks Congress for a chance to begin work of this kind at Ellis Island. It is doubtless true that the majority of arrivals already know their destinations, but, if there is any considerable percentage which could be diverted to more useful fields by an explanation of the conditions, the plan may be worth trying.

The strongest impression which one gets from the speeches at the annual meeting of the American Bankers' Association is that banking in this country betrays great diversity. This is true as regards those institutions which operate under the National Banking law, and it is doubly so in the case of those which do business under other charters. In the one instance, the supervision of the Comptroller of the Currency and certain general requirements as to methods give an appearance of solidarity; in the other, we find the trust companies and private banks, not only differing among themselves in policy, but likewise flying in the face of provisions which are regarded as indispensable to the best interests of the national banks. The need of greater conservatism on the part of this class of fiduciary institutions was admitted on all sides in the proceedings; but, even better, real steps were taken to accomplish this end. The abuses of trust companies were discussed with surprising frankness by Mr. F. H. Fries. Broadly speaking, he said, the trust company acts for others and not for itself. To engage, therefore, in a business incompatible with these relations is foreign to the purposes for which it is intended. With this as a text, it was easy for him to pass on to the subject of promoting, underwriting, and reserve requirements. Topics more vital than these have not engaged the attention of the financial world in the last year. Mr. Fries, himself a trust-company president, did not mince words in talking about "the gross impropriety of a trust company becoming a promoter, or entering the field of speculation in any way." He also declared that if such an institution does a commercial banking business, the same reserves that are required of the national and State banks should be kept by it, and the same system of supervision should be submitted to. This excellent precept was accompanied by resolutions looking to the passage of uniform laws by the different States for supervision of trust companies.

An interesting divergence of opinion was revealed in the matter of an "emergency circulation" of currency. The question at issue concerns the familiar problem how the banks are to meet severe financial crises in the future, with the present system of reserves and note circulation. Panics of the past—those of 1893, 1890, and 1884, for instance—have been met by the use of clearing-house loan certificates, whereby all banks in a given clearing-house association virtually pooled their credit, the stronger institutions accepting from the weaker, in lieu of cash payment on a debit balance, certificates based on such assets of the weaker bank as the clearing-house committee should approve. Of recent years, the tendency of banking discussion has been towards the abandonment of this contrivance, and the substitution of a more regular and permanent measure of possible relief. Mr. Hepburn's address to the Bankers' Convention advocated adoption of the German system, under which banks are allowed, in time of stress, to issue notes in excess of the ordinary legal limit; such excess issue being, however, so heavily taxed by the Government as to ensure retirement when the emergency is ended. The president of the Association, Mr. Bigelow, took ground flatly against all plans of emergency circulation, remarking that when extravagance in trade or finance causes trouble in money markets, "the public is only worse off for any elaborate, prearranged plan to let it out of a bad hole in an easy way."

Canada as well as the United States is preparing for a general election in November. As Mr. Chamberlain has been telling the world that ardent appeals were coming from the colonies for imperial federation and preferential trade, it might naturally be supposed that these were now the leading issues in the campaign across the border. But in fact they are playing almost absolutely no part. In the last session of

the Dominion Parliament no one had the courage to bring them to the front. They were not regarded as a winning card then, and there is even less disposition on the part either of the Liberals or the Cpposition to talk about them on the stump. The present administration "points with pride" to the prosperous condition of the country and to its policy of railway extension, but it sees great possibilities of evil in the Chamberlain programme as a campaign issue. The French Canadians have distinctly not warmed to the late colonial secretary. And the English-speaking part of the community, when it comes to changing imperial federation and preferential trade from the realm of sentiment to that of practical attainment, are strongly of the opinion that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. The Canadians have no desire to increase their armaments at home, or contribute to the support of the British army and navy. They are, too, asking what profit there is for them in increasing the cost of food in Great Britain and diminishing their own manufacturing industry.

The effect of the war upon American cotton goods in Mantchuria is not so easily predicted as President N. B. Borden of the Fall River Cotton Manufacturers' Association supposes. Japanese success, in his opinion, is to be the salvation of the cotton mills of this country. He argues that the great falling off in our exports of cotton goods to China in the last eighteen months was due to Russia's attempt in the early part of 1903 to close that market to us, and that our business is picking up there now that the Czar's troops are being driven out. Prior to April, 1903, he says, we exported about 36,000,000 yards a month to China—the larger part to Mantchuria—but by November, 1903, the sales were down to 1,000,000 yards. In July, 1904, they were 17,244,010 yards, against only 9,751,868 in 1903. Undoubtedly, heavy rebates on the Siberian railway and the use of American labels on Russian cottons handicapped our mills considerably last year, and so, unquestionably, has the disturbed state of the country done in 1904. But the real explanation of our decreased exports is to be found in high-priced goods. Not the Czar, but Mr. Sully, is to blame for our manufacturers' ills in China in the last year or more. One thing Americans have got to learn—the Chinaman is the last person in the world that can be crowded in the matter of prices. As regards the future, there is a strong belief that Japan's purpose is not to open up Mantchuria to American cotton goods, but to obtain an outlet for her own growing manufactures.

Black but convincing is the picture of the horrors of war that is presented in Prince Radziwill's account of conditions at Port Arthur: the envenomed antagonism on each side, the disregard of flags of truce or surrender, the heaps of decaying dead on the surrounding hills, the probability of a massacre of the Russians when the fortress is finally captured. This one description is a sufficient answer to the Roosevelt rodomontade about the enervating effects of peace, and the need of war to brace the physcial and moral fibre of a nation. It would be quite as sensible to argue—as some silly persons do—that a course of gluttony, drunkenness, and sensuality is needed to develop a man's physique and expand his higher mental and moral nature. Upon a nation a war has much the same effect as debauchery upon the individual: it throws the rein to all his basest and fiercest passions; it gluts the ape and tiger in his nature till they overmaster the atrophied man.

Writing after the sortie of the Russian fleet from Port Arthur, Capt. A. T. Mahan calls attention in the *National Review* to Admiral Togo's extreme care to preserve his battleships. Other critics have declared that no portion of the Russian fleet would have escaped if its opponents had been Anglo-Saxons. The only explanation of the Japanese failure to close in is that the Admiral dared not risk the loss of a single ship. As Capt. Mahan puts it, Japan does not yet feel that she has any margin of sea power to spare, and he adds: "What a justification of the [Russian] tenure of Port Arthur and the consequent harassment of the enemy's little navy!" He differs from those critics who have thought that Port Arthur lost its importance so far as the land campaign is concerned, as soon as the Japanese armies "contained" it and pushed on into Mantchuria. He thinks that the delay it has occasioned has been of the greatest consequence, and points out that the time occupied by the siege was quite sufficient to have enabled the Russians to send out a reinforcing fleet large enough to turn the scale. Capt. Mahan also thinks that Kuropatkin's policy of successful retreat has been the proper one (his paper was written before the disastrous battle at Liaoyang). He quotes Bonaparte as saying in 1797: "Though our military position was imposing, it must not be thought that we had everything in our hands. Had the enemy awaited me, I should have beaten him; but had he continued to fall back, continually augmenting his resources, the situation might have become embarrassing." The question in Mantchuria now is: Has Oyama crippled Kuropatkin sufficiently to make such a plan of effective withdrawal impossible?

Probably no man of our time was more thoroughly trained for greatness than the late Prince Herbert von Bismarck. He came into the diplomatic service before his thirtieth year, with the glamour of his three wounds at Mars-la-Tour. All the grades of the service were promptly opened to him, and he was equal to every promotion. At the time of the elder Bismarck's forced resignation, the son was Minister of State, and had in every sense served up to the position. He was called back from a romantic elopement with the unhappy Princess Carolath with a severity usually applied only to wayward princes of the blood, and the tardiness of his subsequent marriage was unquestionably indicative of the personal sacrifice he had made to his father's ambitions. In fact, there are few cases where the son of a great statesman has been at once so rigidly and wisely trained for administration and so carefully safeguarded against all temporary swerving from one ideal. And Herbert von Bismarck's abilities, though not of the first order, were of a kind to justify his father's pains. It was fortunate, perhaps, that, declining to accept the eclipse of his name with his father's fortunes, he sought a seat in the Reichstag, and for twelve years played with astuteness and often with eloquence the part of candid friend to the Government that had dismissed his father and himself. A life like his does much to rebut that charge of degeneracy so frequently made against the sons of geniuses. Had he stuck to the army, he might have won a still higher position.

Since the future of Italy is largely bound up in the House of Savoy, there will be general rejoicing at the birth of an heir to King Victor Emmanuel III. and Queen Helena. The tiny crown prince is to take the name and title of his grandfather, Humbert, who, before he became King, was Prince of Piedmont. That title recalls the glories of the *Risorgimento*, and happily is noncontentious. Victor Emmanuel III.'s designation as Prince of Naples was always offensive to Garibaldians, who remembered how Naples was won from the Bourbons; and the style of Prince of Rome would raise the Papal question at a time when the Pope has been showing a conciliatory disposition. The new prince may live to see the working out of many movements now confused. Socialism is yet to be tried in Italy; it might conceivably take a republican as well as anti-dynastic form. Before long the faithful Romanists, now kept out of political life by the *non expedit*, will begin to play their part in the state, forming, very likely, a stalwart element of the now sadly broken conservative party. These and other possibilities await the infant who comes acclaimed by a nation and recalling in his name the mountain origins and military glories of his race.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE PENSION ORDER.

Report No. 1 of the Constitution Club, published on Thursday, deals with the charge that President Roosevelt's pension order of March 15, 1904, was an unconstitutional exercise of power. The conclusion at which this body of eminent lawyers arrives is that the order was, in effect, legislation by executive usurpation. It was tantamount to taking anywhere from $5,000,000 to $12,000,000 a year from the Treasury without warrant of law, and handing it over to applicants for pensions. After a careful examination of the law and the facts, taking into consideration every explanation or defence which has been offered, the Constitution Club's verdict is: "We conclude that the order was unconstitutional, lawless, and most reprehensible."

A wider inspection of the facts than is offered in this condensed report will certainly not deter candid minds from agreeing with its conclusion. This thing was not done in a corner. The President's motives were well understood. Earlier in the session of Congress friendly dispatches had represented him as being ready to accept the act for a service pension, for which so great pressure had been exerted. But the party managers feared that such a largess would not look well with an election coming. Yet something had to be done. A bill was pending in Congress which proposed a compromise. It read as follows:

> "That every officer or enlisted man in the army or navy of the United States coming within the provisions of the second section of the act of June 27, 1890, as amended by the act of May 9, 1900, who is or may become sixty-two years of age, shall be pensioned under said acts at $6 per month, and every one who is or may become sixty-five years of age shall be pensioned at $8 per month; those who are or who may become sixty-eight years of age shall be pensioned at $10 per month; and those who are or who may become seventy years of age shall be pensioned at $12 per month."

But it was found that this measure could not pass. That is, the end could not be attained through the law-making body. Whereupon, the President arrogated law-making powers to himself, took his pen, and sat down quickly and wrote:

> "Ordered, (1) In the adjudication of pension claims under said act of June 27, 1890, as amended, it shall be taken and considered as an evidential fact, if the contrary does not appear, and if all other legal requirements are properly met, that, *when a claimant has passed the age of sixty-two years he is disabled* one-half in ability to perform manual labor, and is entitled to be rated at $6 per month; after sixty-five years, at $8 per month; after sixty-eight years, at $10 per month; and after seventy years, at $12 per month."

In other words, the President proceeded to enact in precise terms a law which Congress had declined to enact!

The exact illegality of his order lies in its arbitrarily creating a presumption of fact which the pension law did not create, and which he had no authority to create, and in changing the burden of proof. The law said that there should be a pension for disability when "due proof" of disability had been made. Mr. Roosevelt steps in and says that attaining the age of sixty-two years shall be due proof. He got that out of his own head, not out of the law. But, say his apologists (he does not say it himself), it is simply a "rebuttable" presumption of fact which he established. Proof that an applicant sixty-two years of age is *not* one-half disabled may be produced. Yes, but who is going to produce it? Certainly not the applicant. The burden of proof formerly rested upon him. It was removed by the Roosevelt order and placed upon the Government. What that will mean in actual practice may fairly be inferred from what has taken place in the Pension Office before. For seven years, under an order of President McKinley, it has been held that the age of sixty-five was presumptive evidence of being one-half disabled. That was exactly the kind of "rebuttable" presumption of fact that is now alleged in President Roosevelt's defence. But what was the practice? The Commissioner of Pensions made a sweeping ruling that "a claimant for pension . . . who has attained the age of sixty-five years shall be *entitled* to at least the minimum rate of pension." No more talk of rebuttal! The general rule was established; and so it will be now, undoubtedly, with the Roosevelt order making sixty-two the proof of being one-half disabled. No wonder that professional old soldiers like Private Dalzell hailed the President's ruling as being "quite equivalent to the passage of the service-pension bill, concerning which there has been so much lying to us."

That the order was a radical change of the existing law was confessed by the House Republicans when the Democrats, proposing to make the thing legal, offered it as an amendment to the Pension act. Instantly Mr. Hemenway, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, made the point of order that it was "new legislation"—in other words, was a "change of existing law." After much squirming, when the Republicans found how they had been tricked into declaring the President's order an act of legislation, the chairman of the Committee of the Whole sustained the point of order, though he tried to make out that the possibility of "rebuttal" made the Presidential order different from the amendment. But we have seen that a "rebuttable" presumption in pension matters really means one that is never rebutted.

Another stretch of power in the order is the clause declaring that it shall not be "retroactive." But if it is only a proper interpretation of the law, why should it not avail all claimants under the law from the beginning? Congressman Williams put the point sharply:

> "How can a construction of the law of 1890, if it is a proper construction, if it is not an executive decree, if it is not an executive usurpation, if it is not executive-made law—how can it 'take effect' for the first time on April 13, 1904, and 'not be deemed retroactive?'
>
> "How can a proper construction of a law passed in 1890 have decreed about it by an executive officer of this Government that it shall not date back to the time of its passage?"

Private Dalzell will not listen to the nonsense about the order not being retroactive. "If it is the law now, it was the law in June, 1890. . . . I estimate there are at least 300,000 veterans who now may go on the rolls by virtue of this decision."

Over and above all questions of legality, President Roosevelt's order was an obvious electioneering move. He seeks to shelter himself, as so many times before, under the mighty shadow of Mr. Cleveland's name, referring to a technically similar but practically very different pension order of his, and also to one of President McKinley's. But the dates are significant. Mr. Cleveland's order was issued in 1893, and McKinley's in 1897—that is, *three years* instead of seven months before an election. Roosevelt's order was nothing but a bit of campaign strategy. The Grand Army was threatening. Not content with having forced Roosevelt to throw Commissioner Evans to the pension wolves, it insisted upon further proof of anxiety for the soldier vote. The pension order was the result. A bold act of executive usurpation, it was besides an open bid for votes, on terms and by means that a scrupulous and inflexible President would have scorned.

GRAFT, RETAIL AND WHOLESALE.

Graft is the pertinent topic which Representative Robert Baker of Brooklyn discusses in the September issue of the *Arena*. He plainly thinks that his exemplary behavior in returning railway passes entitles him to speak with both authority and feeling. The article, though interesting, loses in force because Mr. Baker spreads himself thin over a large area. He denounces the various forms of graft to which office-holders and Government contractors are addicted; he passes swift and severe judgment upon the private citizen who tries to "work" the Government—Federal, State, or Municipal—for special favors; he is equally emphatic in his condemnation of corporations—say, railway and express companies—which, by offering secret rates to pet customers, grant them an advantage over rivals; and he makes havoc of those who water stock and promote swindling enterprises. He has his fling at so many different kinds of rascality, and mixes them up so impartially, that the reader carries away a rather confused impression that the

year 1904 is, as South described the year 1660, "the grand epoch of falsehood as well as debauchery."

It is, however, worth while to detach from his general indictment of the age in which he lives some of his more significant charges against the corrupters of government. These villains fall into two classes: the plain, vulgar thieves, who evade or break the laws; and the schemers who buy, directly or indirectly, special legislation under shelter of which they fatten. In the first class are the men, like August W. Machen and George W. Beavers, who have been defrauding the Postal Department. Their operations have more than once been described in our columns; and in the last issue of *McClure's* William Allen White has, in a much-debated article, reviewed their whole career of crime. Although honest people cannot hold two opinions about their conduct, Mr. White says quite bluntly, "Official Washington knew their power and presumed they were stealing, and official Washington honored them"; for "the man who is making 'easy money' off the Government is looked up to with a kind of envious respect." In this cynical opinion of the official conscience Congressman Baker concurs, for he regards the postal revelations as the mere little surface outcropping of a rich and inexhaustible vein.

This fact, indeed, may explain why the Republicans, fearful of an appalling disclosure of knavery, succeeded in staving off a general round-up of the rogues. Senator Lodge held off the hounds by pompously promising a full investigation "in our own time and our own way"; but his own time turns out to be never. On the floor of the House and in responsible public prints the charge was openly made that the railway mail service was rotten from top to bottom; and yet the Republicans dared not put in the probe. Mr. Baker very properly, then, returns to the attack upon "those greater criminals who, through collusion with higher officials and party chiefs, have taken from the Treasury millions every year in excessive mail-transportation payments." He adds the specification that "six millions are appropriated for rental of mail-cars at a cost equal to the original cost of the car, many being over twenty years old." In this accusation Mr. Baker, the Democrat, is heartily backed by William Allen White, Republican and ardent eulogist of President Rooseveit:

> "Railroad officials, who connive with Congressmen to carry tons of franked Congressional mail up and down their railroads during weighing time, to increase the bills against the Government, get restless when a man so powerful as August W. Machen has a penitentiary sentence in front of him and thirteen untried indictments behind him."

This uneasiness, however, has been groundless, for the Republicans refused to prise up the lid that conceals these iniquities. Mr. Roosevelt, the dauntless and resolute hunter of rascals, tamely acquiesced in the party programme of smothering the facts, and did not even make such an investigation as lay in the power of the Administration, independent of Congress. For what he did in bringing wrong-doers to justice he deserves praise; but more than one admirer of his quenchless energy is puzzled to know why his hand was stayed, why it never struck those "higher officials and party chiefs."

At the head of those who procure laws under which they may plunder with comparative safety, are the public-service corporations and the beneficiaries of the tariff. In regard to the corporations, Mr. Baker makes the sweeping statement: "There is not a clean page in their whole history; it has been one of long-continued, persistent bribery." When one recalls the scandals in regard to street railways, electric lighting, gas, and water companies that have blackened the annals of municipal and State legislatures in New York and every other commonwealth in this country, one must admit that Mr. Baker's arraignment has only too much support in fact. In this dirty business both parties are equally guilty; both Republicans and Democrats have been equally eager for a share of the loot. In New York, Croker and Platt, the Tammany tough and the moral rural Republican, have conspired to pillage the people. Neither the pot nor the kettle can call names.

The Republicans, however, must bear the odium of the tariff. They have framed the schedules; they have "fried the fat"; they have taken pay for legislation in campaign funds, and have defiantly asserted that this legalized robbery of the many for the benefit of the few is the bulwark of national prosperity. Never was there a more glaring falsehood. It would be as sane to declare that defalcation is the basic principle of sound banking, cheating the life of trade, hypocrisy the soul of religion, adultery the binding cement of wholesome family life.

The tariff grafting is a wholesale operation, compared with which the peculations of a few hundred thousand dollars in the Postal Department are mere petty larceny. The poison of that "Protection" which filches from millions for the sake of enriching the chosen thousands runs through all the arteries of state, and breaks out in our reckless and venal extravagance. The contagion of corruption spreads from the senatorial advocate of special interests down to the humblest ward-worker and district captain in the obscurest corner of the country. Through men like Gorman it infects and destroys even the sound tissue of the Opposition. For this reason, then, the Democratic party, if true to its mission, must wage now and in the days to come an uncompromising and relentless war for tariff reform. The leaders must organize a campaign of education, must gather and compact into a fighting army all who hold as the cardinal article of their political creed that saying of John Bright's, "There is nothing in public affairs that tends more to make men dishonest than the system of Protection. It was so in this country before our free-trade era; it is so now in the United States."

A TWO-WORLD EXHIBITION OF PAINTING.

A number of American collectors have fallen upon the singularly happy idea of exhibiting side by side a hundred of the best American with a hundred of the best European pictures. For this purpose an association has been formed, including a remarkable list of patrons of art; the Fine Arts building at Fifty-seventh Street has been hired for the late fall and early winter; and a provisional list of nineteenth-century masterpieces has been made. Living artists will not be excluded, though naturally those whose fame is generally admitted will be most fully represented. Certain limitations are imposed also by the nature of the material and by the prudence of the committee. Obviously, no comparison of mural painting is possible; portraits as such are excluded. The show, then, will consist chiefly of landscapes and marines—the most characteristic product of the century just past, with figure pieces in a subordinate position. Within these limits Chairman John Harsen Rhoades, and Mr. William T. Evans—whose part has been as prominent in the invention of the idea as it will be in its execution—and their associates mean to hang only the best examples that may be had. And such may easily be got without going beyond the galleries of the gentlemen immediately interested in the project.

It is no new thing, of course, for American paintings to be hung with fine European pictures. The Salons and the British societies; the International Exhibitions of Munich, Venice, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh; even the current exhibitions of the dealers and, too rarely, the walls of our private houses have accustomed us to pass rapidly from the art of the New to that of the Old World. But it is fair to say that the comparison will never have been so complete and so insistent as it must be in this exhibition of two hundred masterpieces. We do not know the plans of the committee in detail, but the imagination readily supplies happy juxtapositions. Fancy the choicest of Winslow Homer's marines, for example, alternated with the best of Courbet, and, for the sake of contrast, one of Monet's finest studies of moving water. Think what combinations could be wrought about Inness, following him chronologically, by se-

lections from Français, Harpignies, Daubigny, and Rousseau. Between the Homer Martins would naturally be interpolated the tonalists, Corot, Cazin, with Sisley perhaps at the end. Wyant at one end of his career might fairly challenge comparison with Michel; at the other, with the landscapes of Millet. Preëstablished harmonies would be found between Mr. La Farge and Delacroix and Watts. Mr. Tryon's delicate art would call for a variety of gallery mates, of which William Maris, Chavannes in landscape, seem prescribed, while Millet's "The Sheepfold," in Mr. Henry Walters's collection at Baltimore, could hang only beside one of Mr. Tryon's later versions of moonlit landscape.

Already the intention of this novel exhibition will be apparent. Based in part upon a patriotic pride in American art, it waives the provincialism that usually goes with such confidence. For there is humility as well as pride in the attempt to measure a national art by international standards. The gentleman who hangs his favorite Inness beside a superb Rousseau accepts a hazardous comparison by which his picture must stand or fall. And, in fact, this exhibition, which cannot fail to afford pleasure to the most casual art-lover, is really significant, because it will furnish compactly the data for a just estimate of American painting. If, as most of the European critics reiterate unfeelingly, our painting is merely a clever reflection of the schools of Paris, that fact cannot fail to be demonstrated when the alleged originals are in sight. If, as is rather foolishly maintained (it seems to us), we enjoy a technical superiority over the Old World, combined with inferiority of substance, that indictment will be fully proved. If, on the other hand, there has been and is a specific American quality in men as different, say, as George Fuller and Mr. Blashfield, we shall learn wherein this vaguely divined Americanism consists. If it be true, as the youngest of our painters maintain with no little energy, that all the artists born before the seventies have suffered from congenital anæmia, why, the symptoms of this malady will surely be recognized in the presence of the most robust work of the French, Belgian, and Dutch schools.

These and other considerations combine to make the two-world exhibition a very important event. It cannot fail to bring about a juster, we believe, a higher, appreciation of American art; it may very likely modify its future course, for the lessons of such a comparative show are of a kind to which self-flattery itself can hardly turn a deaf ear. Finally, since the affair is wholly in the hands of laymen, it will give our artists a chance to see themselves as others—in this case, very competent judges—see them. The money proceeds of the exhibition will go to the Orthopedic Hospital.

RESEARCH COURSES AT OXFORD.

A volunteer committee of Oxford professors and fellows has issued unofficially a pamphlet entitled 'Oxford University: Programme of Special Studies for the Academical Year 1904-5, together with some account of opportunities for special work or research existing in the University' (The Clarendon Press). This publication shows at least a hospitable sentiment towards research; it is an expression of that liberal tendency which established the honor courses in modern literature, and relaxed somewhat the stringent requirements for foreign candidates for the bachelor's degree. The list of higher courses presented is in some respects remarkable for its richness; in others, no less surprising for inequality and lack of coördination. Oxford still lacks what a German, French, Scandinavian, or Italian university would regard as a reasonably equipped faculty of philosophy. On the other hand, it offers extraordinary facilities in many departments for those maturer students to whom this pamphlet is an overture.

At the outset it should be said that, unlike most modern universities, nothing like a curriculum is planned. Indeed, no higher degrees are offered in course—for the Oxford B.Sc. and B.Litt. hardly deserve that rating. Except for the very scanty provision of university lectures and exercises, the "special courses" are simply those which are thrown open as a matter of courtesy and public spirit by learned members of the several colleges. There is, however, a frequent proffer of "supervision," the value of which only those who have experienced the habitual generosity of Oxford scholarship can adequately appreciate. The formal machinery of research is mostly lacking; the word seminar occurs just once (in the Geographical Department), and presumably the thing is rare also. Evidently, Oxford not only is not a degree shop, but it is not a place to which a hopeful bachelor could honestly be advised to go on the chance of developing a vocation on the spot. There is no process by which all sorts and conditions of graduates may be signed, sealed, and delivered as contributors to the sum of human knowledge.

Probably there will be no disposition to press such a consummation. Oxford, although she lacks the inspiration of a striving band of *doctorandi*, has no mean substitute in her resident fellows and in the best of the aspirants for honors. Though there is little or no forced research on the Isis, there is no stagnation either in a community including, among those who come first to mind Professors Schiller and Caird, in philosophy; Robinson Ellis in Latin; Principal Moore in Dante; Sweet and Napier in English philology; Cheyne and Driver in Semitics; J. Rhys in Celtic languages; Sayce in Assyriology—not to go beyond the faculty of philosophy and letters. But here the great discrepancy between the departments should be noted. In philosophy more than forty courses are open—an embarrassment of choice. You may study the early books of Aristotle's Ethics under any one of three dons; Bacon or Kant, with an alternative of instructors; logic in from one to half a dozen courses. Such a prospect is not for the untutored seeker after the minimum of metaphysics that will absolve a degree; to find one's own among the Oxford philosophers one should be a very gourmet of ethics. In line with Oxford tradition, there is a similar though smaller display of courses in the classical languages and in history, while, generally speaking, the natural sciences offer comparatively a small showing of opportunities. One notes, in contrast to the general literary tendency of the lectures on the classics, a perhaps excessively philological leaning in the teaching of modern languages, which suggests that the honors course in this subject is not really naturalized, and hints that Mr. Churton Collins's rather vociferous criticism of this school was in part at least well grounded.

The scholars who thus advertise the facilities offered to advanced students at Oxford are frank enough to say that these seekers after knowledge must be able to find their own way about. This is easily to be inferred from the advice that, "generally speaking, paper work [in our academic jargon, seminary reports] . . . takes the form of essays rather of set pieces of work." This is fair warning that the Oxford professors do not supply leading-strings for infant investigators who do not yet know their own minds.

On the whole, the invitation of the University is offered chiefly to advanced students. Only those who have themselves and their purposes of investigation reasonably well in hand are likely to profit by graduate study at Oxford. Such students will meet with the most unaffected cordiality, in both academic and personal relations. They will be treated rather as younger colleagues than as pupils. It is possible that Oxford must, with the other universities, move on towards the regimentation of all studies; but for a time one would be glad to see her gradually drawing in an élite of young investigators, and settling her freer methods against the increasing formalism of the other great schools. It may not be superfluous to add that, while there is a very minimum of the snobbery of wealth at Oxford, the scale of living is higher than that of an American, and *à fortiori*, the Continental universities; nor is that

economy which may be so tolerable and even amusing on the Spree or the Seine even comfortable on the Isis. The Oxford graduate student will fail to get the best out of his experience unless he is of the happy middle condition between poverty and riches.

PRUSSIAN OWNERSHIP OF COAL MINES.

The attempt of the Prussian Government to add another to its numerous coal mines has met with a severe check, if not with a final defeat. At a meeting of the stockholders of the great Hibernia mine, held at Düsseldorf, the Government's bid for the property was rejected by an overwhelming vote. With more than two-thirds of the stock represented, the Government and its ally, the Bank of Dresden, polled only two and a half millions, while their opponents voted shares valued at more than 29 millions of marks. Then, as if to make the Government reverse the more hopeless, a six and one-half million increase of the stock was decreed, very little of which will be allowed to find its way into the hands of those who favor Government ownership. Naturally, the opponents of the sale are jubilant. In their opinion the real desire of the Prussian Minister of Commerce and Industry, Herr Möller, is to acquire all the large coal mines in Rhenish Westphalia, the most important group in the entire kingdom.

Newspapers like the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, and individuals that favor nationalization, will not, however, accept the defeat as final. The above organ of the Agrarians declares that the Government will not be balked, and intimates that there are other and surer ways of accomplishing its end than by the purchase of a majority of the shares. By this it can mean only legislation against the Coal Trust or a condemnation of the mines, on the ground of the general welfare. It unhesitatingly avers that nationalization must come some day, and its opinion is of considerable importance because of the friendly relations of the Agrarians to the Government, as evidenced by the latter's readiness to sell coal to the farmers' associations at a lower rate than the Trust will give them. Even so liberal a newspaper as the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, perhaps the most weighty in Germany, which is certainly beyond all governmental influences, declines to believe that the stockholders' vote is final. A financial crisis or hard times might, it thinks, induce the owners of the Hibernia to part with their property, and on less favorable terms. It has heartily approved Herr Möller's plan.

From the American point of view, the most interesting phase of this situation lies in the announcement that the Government's action was based on fear of a dangerous private monopoly. This the semi-official *Politische Nachrichten* of Berlin very clearly intimates. The Government's original aim, as set forth in the inspired press, was to assure itself a sufficient supply of coal for its railroads and for military purposes, and also to become a member of the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate. As it investigated the situation, it found that the Trust's influence had grown very rapidly; that it had absorbed all the small mines which had hitherto acted as a check upon its operations; that it was supreme in its field, and meditated incursions into other and related industries. The Government then decided that the general welfare was a further and more cogent reason for its entering into competition with the syndicate. The decision is noteworthy, since this is the first time that the Government has admitted the danger of a monopoly of any industry.

It is not, of course, the first time that Prussia has taken a step towards State ownership. The control of railroads and telegraphs was assumed long ago, and it has owned coal mines in the Saar district and in upper Silesia for many years. Hitherto other considerations than a fear of the Trusts have guided such investments. As in this country, the great industrial combinations seem to be doing the work of State Socialism far better and far more rapidly than its avowed advocates ever dreamed. The coal strike of two years ago revealed to our public the practical monopoly of the Pennsylvania coal fields. As in monarchical Germany, the thought which then presented itself to many minds in this republic was Government ownership and control, even though we had no such excuse as the national ownership of railroads. In his letter of acceptance, President Roosevelt says that it was his interference which alone prevented the movement from becoming too "irresistible" for even his unchanging "principles."

Fortunately, in this country the working of statutory and economic laws has shown and will continue to show the needlessness of a plunge into Socialism. In Germany the possibility of a resort to legal control seems for the moment all but forgotten. Her editors see the State fighting the great combination of capital in Westphalia and coming out second best. They see ministers and chancellors taking orders from manufacturers or Agrarians in Landtag or Reichstag, and they ask, in despair, what is to be the fate of the consumer and the individual? They remember that the Government itself has helped into being the Coal and Steel Trusts which now terrify the very ministers who were the fairy godmothers when these infants were born, and praised them so highly but the other day, when they were growing to their full strength. Only the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and one or two others call for a revision of the laws bearing on coal mining. The rest of the press affects, like the Berlin *Tageblatt*, to believe that the decisive conflict between the State and the capitalistic forces has not yet begun, or urges the Government on to further attempts to obtain control not only of the Hibernia but of all private mines, in order to avenge its defeat and to prove that the final arbitrament rests with itself and not with the capitalists who defy it.

DANIEL WILLARD FISKE.

The life of Willard Fiske, who died very suddenly at Frankfort on September 18, was like a well-rounded sonnet in which the last line echoes the first. His most recent bibliographic labor was expended upon a work in two volumes, yet to appear, entitled 'Chess in Iceland and in Icelandic Literature, with Historical Notes on Other Table Games.' Even as a sophomore at Hamilton College, in the late forties, he resolved to forfeit the remainder of the course that he might go abroad and study the Scandinavian languages—in Copenhagen with Rafn, in Upsala for two years at the University, his true Alma Mater. From 1852 to 1859 he was assistant at the Astor Library in this city, and began making the Icelandic collection which is now possibly the largest and completest in the world. Meanwhile, in 1857, he took part in the tournament of the American Chess Congress in New York, and edited its 'Book.'

When his relations with the *Nation* first began (in 1874) he was still preoccupied with Icelandic, and not till some years later did he reveal his new interest in forming a Petrarch collection, ultimately to be, like the Icelandic, one of the foremost extant. Thereafter, the two passions were fostered together, and in his catholic library Heine's answering "Pine and Palm" was realized. In 1886 he was engaged upon a list of books printed in Iceland supplementary to Lidderdale's for the British Museum, and he contrived in the winter of 1888-9 to get out a second supplement. That winter was spent in Egypt, and he all but finished there a side task, an index to Spitta Bey's Modern Arabic Grammar. A new enterprise now fired his imagination and enlisted his liberal propaganda, namely, a Romanized alphabet for the development of the colloquial Egyptian. To this end he prepared a Primer and a postal gazetteer. In August, 1889, he wrote to us:

> "I am greatly interested in a new movement going on in Egypt—a movement which seems to me to give good hope of an extended Saracenic revival. It grows out of the anti-Darwinian difficulty at Beirut, some few years back. It now has at Cairo a monthly scientific organ (very like the *Popular Science Monthly*), a monthly literary organ (in which the doctors of the Moslem university of El-Azhur write articles which are printed side by side with those of Christian Arabs), and a daily, the largest and best printed in the Arabic tongue. In the editorial rooms of the scientific journal I saw a library of some 5,000 volumes, English, French, and German."

This was wholly characteristic of Mr. Fiske's ability to sympathize with his environment. It was exemplified again in his using an enforced stay in Switzerland in gathering up with great rapidity a unique

collection of text-books and other works in the various Swiss dialects, which he then presented to Cornell University, as he also presented the great Dante collection raised with like promptitude.

The period following his connection with the Astor Library saw some fumbling for a settled vocation. In 1859-60 he was secretary of the American Geographical Society. In 1861-62 he was attached to the American Legation at Vienna, under Motley. Journalism in Syracuse and in Hartford occupied him from 1864 to 1868, when he was called to Cornell as professor of Northern European languages and University librarian. In 1879 he paid his first visit to Iceland, where he was well known and received a real ovation. In the following year he married Miss Jennie McGraw, the wealthy daughter of one of the chief pillars of Cornell, who unhappily was taken from him in the following year. Meanwhile, differences much to be regretted arose between himself and the Trustees of the University, and led to a suit involving the beneficent will of his wife, with such interruption of friendly relations that he definitively fixed his residence abroad, and transferred his two precious collections to Florence, Italy, at first occupying the late home of George P. Marsh, in the Villa Forini, Porta alla Croce, and afterwards purchasing the Villa Landor, once the haunt of Walter Savage Landor, and more or less authentically associated with the scene of the Decameron. Here he dispensed a lavish hospitality to Americans, English, Italians, persons of every nationality, resident or sojourning, and pursued his bibliographical work with a feverish industry, stimulated by his uncertain health. He was long a valetudinarian, and his death will not surprise his intimate acquaintance. After all, with too little care of his body, he surpassed the age of seventy, having been born at Ellisburg, Jefferson County, New York, on November 11, 1831.

Mr. Fiske's nature was essentially modest, simple, and trustful, ardent, persistent, generous—in his day of small things as in his prosperity; and his attachments were deep and lasting. Some of the closest of these were for ex-President Andrew D. White of Cornell, the late Charles Dudley Warner, the late Eugene Schuyler, the late Dean Sage, the late W. J. Stillman, and Prof. E. P. Evans, now of Munich. The imbroglio with Cornell was personal to the Trustees, and unmercenary; and, besides the gifts to the Library already enumerated, it is the common expectation that his Icelandic and Petrarchan collections will ultimately find their way to Ithaca. At that institution he was an active promoter of the chapter-house system for Greek-letter societies. Childless himself, he had a kindly drawing towards youth. Verse was an occasional solace, as a privately printed volume evidences. Mr. Fiske will be greatly missed, as he was much beloved.

THE *REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM* OF PARTY GOVERNMENT.

LONDON, September 3, 1904.

The main object of party government, as it exists in England, is to ensure that the country shall be governed by the statesmen who command the confidence, and in accordance with the policy which has gained the deliberate assent, of the electors, or (to use a received though inaccurate expression) of the "nation." My purpose in this letter is, first, to point out that at the present moment our English party system fails, or is likely to fail, in the attainment of its main object, and next to show that this failure arises mainly from permanent causes, the existence whereof shakes one's faith in the whole party system.

(1.) The system has at this moment broken down, or, at best, is on the point of a breakdown.

Consider, for a moment, the position of a free-trade Unionist—that is, of a man who is both a strenuous opponent of home rule and a believer in free trade. Such a person—and there are thousands of such Englishmen—is in a difficult position. The Ministry, indeed, and its supporters, guided nominally by Mr. Balfour, but deeply influenced by Mr. Chamberlain, are strong Unionists; but then they are also for the most part protectionists. The Opposition, led nominally at any rate by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, consists of men who are free traders, but are certainly not Unionists and will assuredly not carry out the policy of Unionism. At every election our free-trade Unionist is, then, placed between the horns of this dilemma: if he votes for an Opposition candidate he imperils Unionism; if he votes for an adherent of the Ministry he imperils free trade.

What makes the difficulties of a Liberal Unionist worth consideration is that, owing to a peculiar combination of circumstances, the nation stands, or is likely to stand, in the same position as that occupied by every free-trade Unionist. The majority of the electors have, it is certain, not forsaken the policy of maintaining the Union with Ireland. It is in the highest degree probable that they still adhere to the principles of free trade, at any rate as regards any taxation which threatens to raise the price of corn. But if this be anything like a true account of the actual situation, how can it be hoped that, at the next general election, the will of the nation will obtain recognition? If ministers obtain a majority, the maintenance of the Union will, one may hope, be secured, but encouragement will assuredly be given to the policy of protection; if the Opposition should be victorious, the attack on free trade will be repelled, the maintenance of the Union with Ireland will become a matter of extreme difficulty, the promotion of a really Unionist policy will be all but an impossibility. No one seriously believes that if Mr. Morley becomes again Irish secretary, the so-called Crimes Act will, if the necessity arise, be used for the maintenance of law and order. If, then, the object of party government is to give expression in Parliament to the will of the nation, the party system is at this very moment—to state the matter in the most moderate terms—on the point of breaking down.

(2.) This breakdown, or collapse, is due not to merely transitory circumstances, but to permanent causes.

This assertion will be denied by many Englishmen far better acquainted than myself with the details of public life. The prime minister's position and his intellectual peculiarities, Mr. Chamberlain's conversion to the doctrines of protection, the tardy action of the Duke of Devonshire—the conduct, in short, of individual statesmen—are, it will be argued, the accidents which have produced the present political situation, nor can any sane man doubt that the interests, the prejudices, and the peculiarities of politicians do tell for a great deal in public life; but the course of large movements is, we may feel sure, governed in the long run by general causes. If Gladstone had permanently retired from public life in 1874, we might not have witnessed in 1886 the startling transformation of English Liberals into home rulers; but an outsider who looks back over the events of the last eighteen or twenty years, must feel sure that, sooner or later, some English statesman would have perceived the party advantages and have convinced himself of the public benefit to be derived from an alliance between some English party and the Irish Nationalists. It is more than possible that, if Mr. Chamberlain had never become secretary of state for the colonies, English elections might not at the present moment be determined by the belief or disbelief of the voters in so-called fiscal reform. But any student who, having noted the course of opinion during the last thirty years, has traced the gradual decline of the old faith in *laissez-faire*, and has realized the close affinity between Socialism and protection, will hardly doubt that, by this time, some leading statesman would have pressed upon the country the revival of a protective policy. However this may be, it will be found that the proper working of the party system depends on certain conditions or assumptions, and that the breakdown of that system is due in great part to the failure of these conditions.

Among these necessary conditions the most essential are the existence of two, and if possible not more than two, parties, each of which holds a definite and opposed political faith, and a faith wide enough to cover all the main fields of national policy; the support by the nation—or, to use a current expression, by public opinion—of one or other of these creeds; the maintenance of a tacit understanding that the two parties which divide the country are each of them prepared to acquiesce and bow to the final decision of the nation, and are at any rate loyal to the fundamental institutions of the country. Though the existence of these among other conditions is always assumed by the apologists for the party system, the assumption is never more than approximately true. No party is at any time provided with a completely coherent creed. It is never true that there is complete agreement between the whole, even of the leaders, of a given party. Praed's lines:

> "I think that some men loathe the schemes their dearest friends are planning,
> That Mr. Hume hates Mr. Brougham much more than Mr. Canning,"

are still remembered after more than seventy years from the time when they were written, because satire aimed at the politicians of 1830 or 1832 applies in its essence to English politicians of every generation.

It is never, again, the case that public opinion supports any party with anything like absolute unanimity. Public opinion is itself to a certain extent a political fiction. On many matters, and those matters of importance, the public have often no opinion at all, and on others opinion may be hopelessly divided. Nor can we ever assert

that all persons interested in politics are prepared loyally to obey the will of the majority. Among partisans there will always be found fanatics who are virtually revolutionists, and are prepared in one shape or another to disobey or defy laws which do not meet with their approval. The assumption, however, that the conditions needed for the fair working of the party system are in existence, is at times substantially true. Between 1830 and 1850, for example, or even we may say till 1868, Tories and Whigs, or Conservatives and Liberals, were divided from each other, speaking broadly, on the definite issue, whether it was or was not expedient to withstand the progress of democracy. And this difference told in one form or another upon the answer to every question which affected national policy. There existed two distinct political creeds, to either of which a man could honestly and consistently adhere. Between 1867 and 1885 both parties promoted or acquiesced in the establishment of household suffrage. Resistance to democratic government came to an end, the Tory democrat made his appearance, the whole aspect of English politics underwent a change. This change, be it added, coincided with a much wider though less noticed revolution. Faith in *laissez-faire*, great and substantial as have been its triumphs, began to suffer an eclipse, and the decline in the power of Benthamite Liberalism was of necessity an advance towards Socialism. The definite old political creeds had vanished, though their disappearance was for a long time concealed by the maintenance of all party names and formulas. Does any one who looks at facts and not at names believe that among the so-called Tories or the so-called Liberals of to-day there is to be found the kind of definite political faith needed for the working of party government? The current political terms of the day—Unionism, Fiscal Reform, Disestablishment, Imperialism, Passive Resistance, the Labor Party, and a lot more of similar expressions—bear witness to the real state of facts.

The political world is cut through and through by cross-divisions. A man may be a democrat and a protectionist, he may be an imperialist and a free trader, he may equally well be an imperialist and a protectionist, or, while the most ardent advocate of freedom of trade, may be opposed to freedom of every other kind, and the fervent defender of everything tending to exalt the influence of the Church or the clergy. And cross-divisions of this kind are not peculiar to men actively engaged in public life; they exist as much among the electors as among the members of Parliament by whom the electors are represented. Nor does it seem at all likely that a definite political creed which one party upholds and another assails as a whole, admits of reëstablishment. The spread of education among the masses of the people, the diversified interests of modern life, and the complication of modern civilization all oppose the formation, either among politicians or among the public, of coherent and systematic creeds the dogmas of which may apply to all the main concerns of the nation. The inconsistencies of public men represent at bottom nothing else than the fluctuation or uncertainty of public opinion.

But the necessary disappearance of true party creeds has more than one result. Parties, in the first place, turn into factions; small bodies, in the second place, who pursue with genuine enthusiasm some single object, attain exaggerated and therefore dangerous, influence; and thus temperance reformers, home rulers, trade-unionists, clerical zealots, passive-resisters, or anti-vaccinationists, obtain a power to which they have no legitimate right. The despotism of the minority becomes at least as real and certainly as pressing a danger as the tyranny of the majority. The tacit understanding, in the last place, that every party shall bow to the will of the nation and must be loyal to the fundamental institutions of the country, ceases to command respect. This is a matter which admits of ample illustration; but here let me content myself with a mere reference to the development during the last thirty years of parliamentary obstruction. Such obstruction is at bottom nothing less than moral rebellion against the authority of the nation, but it bids fair to become a recognized weapon of parliamentary warfare, and a weapon, let it be added, of which the members of every party will, as suits the interests of partisanship, in turn denounce and applaud the employment.

If the party system in England has at this moment broken down, and fails to secure that supremacy of the nation which it is intended to promote, and if this breakdown is due not to the accidents of to-day, but to permanent causes, we have before us something very like the *reductio ad absurdum* of party government. AN OBSERVER.

THE PRINCESS DES URSINS.

PARIS, September 1, 1904.

The present Duke de la Trémoille has made very important contributions to historical science. He has published, at his own expense, several collections of letters taken from his very rich archives, and the Academy of Inscriptions and Fine Arts has very justly given him the title of *Académicien libre*. His latest publication consists of four beautiful octavo volumes, containing the correspondence of the famous Princess des Ursins, who was born La Trémoille. The Duke de la Trémoille seems always to have avoided publicity with as much care as others look for it; his books are given by him to his personal friends and to great libraries; they are printed with so much luxury that they could hardly find many purchasers in the shops. The four volumes of the Correspondence of Madame des Ursins have been printed at Nantes, at the printing-office of Émile Grimaud, and do great honor to this provincial printer.

Anne-Marie de la Trémoille-Noirmoustier had a very romantic life. She was married first in 1659 to Adrien Blaise de Talleyrand, who was called the Prince de Chalais and had to leave Paris after a famous duel in 1666. He fled to Périgord, to Spain, and afterwards to Italy. On the point of taking service with the republic of Venice, he died in 1670. His wife was at the time in Rome; she had many friends there, among others the Duke de Bracciano, of the house of Orsini, who married her in 1675.

"The new spouse," says Saint-Simon, in his inedited works (*Duchés Esteints*), "was handsome and young, and not unaware of it. She was in every way grace itself. Nobility; politeness, which charmed even more by its measure; a peculiarity of speech still natural and fluent; an involuntary eloquence which was touching; and especially an insinuating manner against which there was no defence; an infinite wit, and a mind superior enough to allow it in others and not to make show of her own; a rare talent for adapting herself to others—all was flowers and perfume with her; all attracted people to her with more grace even of mind than of body," etc., etc.

Saint-Simon continues thus with that extraordinary and untranslatable abundance which is characteristic of him, and which is at times almost overwhelming.

The Duchess of Bracciano spent several years in Rome, where she kept a little court. She was not on very good terms with her husband, and went to France without him. She lived there more at Paris than at Versailles. Madame de Maintenon was afraid of her beauty and of the influence she might gain over the King by her great intelligence and her wit. She refused to become a *dame d'honneur* to the Duchess de Chartres, afterwards Duchess d'Orléans, and in consequence lived more and more away from the court. Her income was diminishing, her husband was getting old, and she returned to Italy. The Duke of Bracciano died soon afterwards, leaving her nothing but debts. She sold the Duchy of Bracciano to a nephew of the Pope, and changed her name to that of Princess des Ursins, which she always bore afterwards and under which she is known to history. During her journeys she had become acquainted in Turin with the two Duchesses of Savoy and the Duke. Soon after the death of the Duke of Bracciano arose the question of the marriage of the King of Spain. The King of France and M. de Savoie (as the Duke was commonly called in France) had to choose a *camarera mayor*.

"They needed one," says Saint-Simon, "with talent to form the young Princess, who was only thirteen years old, without making her disgusted with her manners and still less the King of Spain; who would know how to amuse them and to unite them closer, who would be well inclined towards France, on whom our court could count, and who would follow its directions. She was also to be agreeable to the Court of Turin, so as to win over the Princess, and, above all, it was important that she would not be disagreeable to the Spaniards. No Spanish lady could fill the principal of these conditions; a Frenchwoman would have revolted the Spaniards; the Court of Turin proposed the Princess des Ursins, who was quit of a husband, and who alone combined all that could be desired. Madame de Maintenon found it so more than anybody, for it delivered her forever from a rival at court. The affair was soon settled, and Madame des Ursins, who could no longer live in Rome in the style to which she was accustomed, fond of power, saw the skies open and had not long to wait."

The Princess conducted the young Princess of Savoy to Catalonia, where, on the 2d of November, 1701, the nuptial ceremony took place at Figueira. The King and his wife spent the winter in Barcelona; in the spring the King left for Naples, and conducted the campaign in Lombardy, the Queen meanwhile remaining in Madrid with the title of Regent. The real power belonged to the Archbishop of Toledo. Madame des Ursins employed her time in developing the faculties of the young Queen, She carried on a regular correspondence with Madame de Maintenon, who, on her part, saw constantly the Duchess de Bourgogne, sister of the Queen of Spain. Madame des Ursins and Madame de Mainte-

non together had in their hands all the threads of affairs in the two countries.

Philip V., the King, was only too much disposed to be inspired by trusty advisers. Madame des Ursins persuaded Madame de Maintenon that she was herself mostly her mouthpiece and her instrument. The Queen was very intelligent and agreeable; she liked Madame des Ursins, and the King was more and more attached to his wife. Madame de Maintenon was perfectly satisfied, and counted on governing Spain through the agency of Madame des Ursins, "with the same power," says Saint-Simon, "and the same artifices which she used in France, where she never seemed to the King to meddle with anything, but where, in fact, she made him choose or dismiss whomever she liked; where she made the ministers do anything she pleased; where she seemed indifferent to what she really wished, and what the King often himself proposed; and where she turned out the ministers who wanted to shake off this dependency."

Madame des Ursins could not have found a better model. She had one advantage over Madame de Maintenon, namely, the affection she inspired in the young Queen, and the affection which the King felt for his wife; but her favor depended entirely upon the Queen, and, losing her, she would lose everything, in a country which has always shown itself very impatient of the power of a foreign favorite.

The correspondence of the first years opens with Madame des Ursins's entrance upon her functions at the Court of Spain. "How much cleverness," says the Duke de la Trémoille, "she shows in order to ingratiate herself in the mind of the King and to attain power! Homage, praise, outbursts of enthusiasm glorifying the acts of the master—with what infinite art all this was said! The talent developed by Madame des Ursins in the service of her ambition could not be surpassed." Volume one begins with a letter from the Duchess of Bracciano to the Count de Maurepas, Secretary of State (Paris, January 28), and ends with a letter from the Princess des Ursins to the Duke de Noailles (Barcelona, December 6, 1701). Immediately before the latter we find one to Louis XIV., written also from Barcelona (November 27, 1701). It reads thus:

"SIRE: I have not yet given myself the honor to thank your Majesty for the employment which your Majesty has confided to me. I did not know where I was going, and I trembled on seeing myself destined to serve a King and a Queen whom I did not know. Now, Sire, that I find myself almost equally honored by the confidence of both, that I perceive that their Majesties think only of my pleasure, and that it seems to me that these peoples consider you as the protector of their monarchy—having lost my fear, I feel your kindness in full force, and I take the liberty to offer a thousand humble thanks to your Majesty. I believe, Sire, that I can announce to you that henceforward the Queen, entirely occupied with what may make her beloved by the King and by his subjects, will thoroughly discharge her duties. . . . I will use all care in fortifying these sentiments. I will also do all that is possible in order that the King, leaving each thing in its place, may give his affection to the Queen and remain master of his authority."

This programme, written in the purest style of the *grand siècle* (a century, it has been said, in which all women wrote to perfection), shows very clearly what was the character of Madame des Ursins's function. She was to be the real Ambassador of France, the real inspirer of the Spanish policy.

In this first volume of the beautiful publication of the Duke de la Trémoille, the only one with which I shall deal at present, are many interesting letters. The reader is carried only to the time when Madame des Ursins's favor was established. How this favor ended and what treatment she received at the hands of the King of Spain's second wife, Elisabeth Farnese, is well known to all the readers of Saint-Simon. All the incidents of her departure from Spain, of the cold reception she received, on her return, from the King and from Madame de Maintenon, were fit subjects for the pen of the terrible witness who has given us the most vivid account of everything that fell under his eyes or came to his knowledge in the reign of Louis XIV. Saint-Simon condensed in his inedited 'Duchés Esteints' all that concerns Madame des Ursins, and which can be found in the Memoirs only in chronological fragments; and the Duke de la Trémoille was happily inspired in giving as the preface to his beautiful work this condensed life of the Princess. We find in it all the anecdotes which lend so much life to the Memoirs, and the strange personality of the Princess appears more complete and more lifelike. She was, on the whole, a most remarkable woman. She had all the adroitness, the capacity of a statesman; she had immense ambition; and when, at the end of her life, she retired to Rome, she attached herself to the Old Pretender, in whose house she died.

It will always remain a mystery if Louis XIV. was or was not a secret accomplice of Elisabeth Farnese, whom Madame des Ursins had selected as a wife for the King of Spain, after the untimely death of his first wife. The Italian Princess certainly did not obey Louis XIV.'s instructions when she ordered Madame des Ursins to be arrested, thrown into a post-chaise, and taken with a maid to Burgos and to Bayonne. Madame des Ursins had played the part of a statesman; she was treated like a prisoner of state. Louis XIV. must have been somewhat ashamed of the conduct of his son, the King of Spain, but Philip V. was a feeble prince, who was a tool in the hands of Elisabeth Farnese, and the Italian Queen lost little time in getting rid of the French Princess.

Correspondence.

THE DUTCH EAST INDIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last number of your esteemed weekly, my attention was especially drawn to an unsigned criticism of 'The Policy of Administration of the Dutch in Java,' recently issued by the Macmillan Co. Written by Mr. Clive Day, assistant professor of economic history in Yale University, as the result of a vast amount of laborious research, directed by an eminently judicious and discriminating mind, it certainly merits the highest praise, and I concur heartily with the anonymous critic when he calls it a "shining example of conscientious and honest scholarship." But, as a Dutchman from Java, I may perhaps be allowed to demur against the conclusion reached by your critic, and which, to me, appears very surprising. He tells us that "so far as he (Professor Clive Day) touches on recent home sentiment, he is hardly just to the facts in the case," while "it is evident that a nearer acquaintance with the Dutch people and with its political history that led to the triumph of the Kuyper Administration in July, 1901, would have made his book more satisfactory"—a statement which serves him as an introduction to the apotheosis of that triumphant Kuyper Administration.

Now, it is not Professor Clive Day but his critic who here labors under a delusion. Anyway, it would be very interesting to hear the last-named make good his assertion that "vast improvement [in the government of Java] has taken place within the past decade, and notably within the last two years." In Java, or, to cover the whole case, in the Dutch East Indies, we have experienced nothing of the sort. On the contrary, the condition of the natives is steadily growing worse, and the measures promised in September, 1901 (a repetition of the promises which, among other promises, made the Kuyper faction triumph at the polls)—the measures, not to ameliorate the poor condition of the natives (liable to cost money, and all new expenses are to be scrupulously avoided), but, provisionally, to investigate once more the reasons which have led and are leading to economic decline (reasons too well known without the red tape of a new official investigation)—are moving so slowly that it looks very much as if the great object in view is simply to put the fulfilment of the promises off till the end of time, *pecuniæ causa*.

Promises, heaven knows, have been bestowed on the Dutch Indies in plenty. There is no political party in the Netherlands but, when it came to power (or, more correctly speaking, in order to come to power), promised abundance of good things to those colonies: profusion of talk, immediately forgotten after the promises had served their political purpose. So will the Kuyper faction. And how the Kuyper faction failed to live up to its promises, exactly as the other factions failed before the Kuyper triumph mentioned by your critic, may be made clear to him by a perusal of the debates in both the houses of the States General, when the colonial budget for the current year was under consideration and the action (want of action) on the part of the present Minister of the Colonies and the present Governor-General of the Indies, and their manifest inability to grapple with the highly unsatisfactory state of affairs, met with the severest censure.

What we are looking for, irrespective of party, is a real awakening of the Dutch conscience in the Netherlands, not only in words but in deeds; a determination to make up for the past, to do away with the unavowable but nevertheless strongly rooted consideration that, since the Netherlands never have been honest in their dealings with the Indies, they need not be honest now; a clear conviction that, in colonial administration as in other administrations, honesty, after all, is the best policy, though bad politics for the whole may be good "business" for some. If Holland wants to retain her position as a colonial power under the new conditions that are shaping in the Far East, she will have to change her colonial methods a good deal and very soon. She will have to rise to the idea that the

natives, as your critic points out, "are the wards, not the serfs of the nation." Dr. Kuyper's Administration, like the administrations that went before, has, thus far, done absolutely nothing in this direction.

A good deal more might be said on the subject, but I am afraid of already having encroached too much on the *Nation's* space, and ask permission to close with a quotation from 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table,' wholly applicable to the relation between the Dutch Indies and the Netherlands, and for which my present Boston relations are responsible: "The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are going."

Yours respectfully, J. F. SCHELTEMA.

[Our impressions of recent amelioration in the affairs of Insulinde were derived from Dutch gentlemen who had recently been in Java and were very far from being Kuyperites, as are we ourselves. We had no idea of ascribing the awakening of the Dutch conscience *solely* to the work of the Roman Catholics and the radical Calvinists who make up the Dutch Premier's following. The Kuyperites allege that the labor troubles and other pressing questions at home have compelled postponement of the needed reforms in Java.—ED. NATION.]

'GERMAN-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is it possible that several of your correspondents are unacquainted with Ratzel's masterly work, 'Die Vereinigten-Staaten von Nord-Amerika'? And am I right in believing that the recent death of Ratzel himself has been very inadequately noticed in the press on our side the water?

This looks like strange treatment of the standard German book on the United States, and of the eminent German professor whose knowledge of our land and sympathy with its people were so extraordinarily keen and far-reaching. Probably no other person on the Continent had so exhaustive and broad an understanding of our national character as the distinguished geographer at Leipzig—odd that your correspondent from Leipzig should have disregarded him; and perhaps no work could have contributed more toward enlightening home-staying Germans on everything connected with the United States than his two well-known volumes. These have been before the German public for a quarter of a century now—Part II. meanwhile undergoing one considerable revision (1893); they may be found in every library of importance throughout Germany, for at home their worth was recognized from the beginning. In other countries, too, for example, Scandinavia, they still count as a "highly valued work" (*Stockholm's Dagblad*, August 13), and properly. To judge from current discussion in the *Nation*, they might be better known in America. The very first comparison of Professor Münsterberg's opinions on 'Die Amerikaner' should be with Ratzel's, as these are found in his 'Vereinigte-Staaten' and in subsequent shorter articles.

LANE COOPER.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, September 12, 1904.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will publish immediately a reprint of Gass's Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition (edition of 1811), with an introduction by James K. Hosmer, LL.D., with facsimiles of the original illustrations and portraits. The typography will be elegant.

Ludwig Max Goldberger's 'Land of Unbounded Possibilities,' a review of the industrial and economic conditions of the United States, is in the press of A. Wessels Co.

Lemcke & Buechner are publishers for the United States of Prof. George N. Olcott's 'Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ Epigraphicæ,' a dictionary of Latin inscriptions (Rome: Loescher & Co.). The first fascicle is out, of 24 pages. There are to be four a year at 50 cents each.

The Clarendon Press, Oxford, has nearly ready a 'Concordance of Dante's Prose and of the Canzoniere,' edited by E. S. Sheldon, Ph.D. (Harvard); 'Dante's Divina Commedia,' translated into English prose by H. F. Tozer, M.A.; a facsimile reproduction of the first folio of Chaucer (1532), edited by Professor Skeat; 'The Tragedies of Seneca,' rendered into English verse by Ella Isabel Harris, Ph.D. (Yale); 'The Letters of Dorothy Wadham (1609-1618),' edited by the Rev. Robert Barlow Gardiner; 'Documents relating to the French Revolution,' in two volumes, edited by L. G. Wickham Legg; 'The Early History of India, from B. C. 600 to the Mohammedan Conquest,' by Vincent A. Smith; 'Origines Icelandicæ,' comprising translations of the Landnámabóc and the earliest prose sagas of the Old Northern Tongue, by G. Vigfússon and York Powell; and Dickens's Christmas Books in five tiny volumes printed on India paper, with the original illustrations, the set weighing less than two ounces.

Little, Brown & Co.'s fall list embraces a limited edition of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's descriptive text accompanying fifty facsimiles of Rembrandt's etchings, with a complete annotated catalogue, introduction and notes by Campbell Dodgson of the Prints Department of the British Museum; an illustrated reprint of Hamerton's 'Intellectual Life'; 'The Fires of St. John,' from the German of Sudermann by Charlotte Porter; 'The Little Book of Life after Death,' from the German of Gustav T. Fechner by Mary E. Wadsworth, introduced by William James; 'Roma Beata,' by Maud Howe; 'The Monroe Doctrine,' by T. B. Edgington of the Memphis Bar; and 'The Expansion of the Common Law,' by Sir F. Pollock.

Mr. Sidney S. Rider, Providence, is distributing to subscribers his long-expected work, 'The Lands of Rhode Island as they were known to Caunounicus and Miantunnomu when Roger Williams Came in 1636. With an Indian Map of the Principal Locations Known to the Nahigansets, and Elaborate Historical Notes.' There are eighteen maps and illustrations.

'The College Girl of America,' by Miss Mary Caroline Crawford, a graduate of Radcliffe, is announced by L. C. Page & Co., Boston. It will be freely illustrated from the life.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, are about to publish 'Life Stories for Young People,' translations from the German of the lives of Mozart, Beethoven, Joan of Arc, and William Tell. Furthermore, four child stories of the late Thomas Dunn English will be brought out under the title, 'The Little Giant, and Other Wonder Tales.'

Elliot Stock, London, will soon have ready 'Actual India: An Outline for the General Reader,' by Arthur Sawtell, with a new map.

The Consolidated Index to the first fifty volumes of the quarterly *Register* of the New England Historic Genealogical Society in Boston awaits, to be printed, a subscription large or small according to general participation. It is ready, in two divisions—of persons and of places—and is unquestionably the most important undertaking yet witnessed in the interest of genealogical research. The scheme is to print in parts at a price per part ranging from a possible $1.67 (600 subscribers) to $5 (200) subscribers. The number of parts seems as yet indeterminate. Twenty of from 96 to 128 pages are estimated. Every public library ought to be found among the subscribers.

'Peace and Progress,' two poems by Nathan Haskell Dole, will appear in time for the meeting of the International Peace Congress early in October.

Ginn & Co. have put out a fresh edition, with illustrations, of the late John Fiske's fluent popular little sketch 'How the United States Became a Nation.' It well exhibits the dangers, both in proportion and in judgment, which such work involves. Take the chapter headed "The Rise of the Democracy." Here we find in one paragraph the coming into use of friction matches and the whole anti-slavery movement (twelve lines) coördinated, together with this wild extravagance regarding Webster: "He was probably the greatest orator that ever lived, after Demosthenes and Chatham, and as a master of the English language he was superior to Chatham." In reference to his Union-saving utterances: "In this way Webster rendered incalculable service, and not a bit too soon; for"—notice the extraordinary conjunction — "humanitarian movements were beginning to mark this new era." Was Webster's Union, then, opposed to humanitarianism? If so, to whom did he render "incalculable service"? We cannot think it any service to Mr. Fiske's memory to revive this hasty epitome.

The late Canon Ainger, who brought out an edition of Charles Lamb's Letters in 1888, twice reissued—in 1900 in an *édition de luxe*—made the (for him) final increment in the two volumes just issued by Macmillan. The letters to John Rickman alone, here printed for the first time, bear an appreciable ratio to the whole, being nearly one-twentieth; and perhaps their contents, having a high Lambish and personal flavor, might be computed at a still higher ratio. The eccentric poet George Dyer, among others, figures in them, concerning whom Leslie Stephen wrote in the Dictionary of National Biography with touches quite akin to Lamb's own humor. The new output is handy and presentable, and leaves nothing to desire except the prolonged life of the lamented compiler.

The superb edition of the 'Poem of the Cid' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), to which Mr. Archer M. Huntington has been devoting his energies during the last seven or eight

years, has at last reached completion. The first two volumes, containing the text and an English translation, were noticed at length in these columns two years ago; the third and final volume, now before us, is made up entirely of notes on the Spanish text. The two hundred large quarto pages, printed in triple columns, give ample evidence of the scholarly care which Mr. Huntington has dedicated to this great monument of Spanish literature. The earlier doubt of scholars as to his accurate collation of the manuscript is now wholly set at rest, and such eminent Hispanists as Sr. Menéndez Pidal and M. Morel-Fatio have already testified to the value of his latest labors. The De Vinne typography, the valuable illustrations, the full vellum cover, add to the attractiveness of the work, but it may be fairly doubted whether the triple-columned page will be found a convenience rather than a hindrance for ready reference.

An octavo volume of more than 1,000 pages issues from the Government Printing-Office in Stockholm: 'Sweden: Its People and Its Industry.' This is the English version following the French, which was partly distributed at the Paris Exposition in 1900, as the present may be at St. Louis; and it surpasses both the French and Swedish in bulk, besides having the advantage of the latest information. It is supplied with beautiful illustrations, greatly augmented in number by private generosity supplementing the Government appropriation. All foreigners have much to learn from this national advertisement. We will instance its convenience for reference by citing the chapter on the Nobel Foundation, with an abstract of its statutes and the inventor's portrait. Under the heading of "Telephone Service" we are told that the development of the system in Sweden "has for many years been of greater extent, relatively to the population, than that of any other country in the world." Perhaps Norway does not lag far behind. We recall the late Professor Boyesen's telling of his telephoning to his grandmother from his mountain camp to learn how to boil coffee. The English of the text naturally shows some defect of idiom, but not to an unpleasant extent.

Everything connected with the relations of our countrymen to Germany in the early years of the nineteenth century is interesting and of value. Mr. Leonard L. Mackall, therefore, has done well in supplementing Prof. H. S. White's well-known article, "Goethe in Amerika" (*Goethe Jahrbuch*, v. 219-256) with a paper of his own, "Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe und Amerikanern," of which he has favored us with a reprint from the *Jahrbuch*, xxv. Here we find some scattered letters from Edward Everett, Theodore Lyman, George Bancroft, and G. H. Calvert to Goethe. Especially interesting is Goethe's comment (p. 36) upon Bancroft's Goethe article in the *North American*, October, 1824, and Mackall's note (p. 23) upon the "German Society" of Boston-Cambridge in 1828. The cream of the paper, however, is that part which deals with Cogswell's connection with Goethe, and the part played by Cogswell in obtaining for Harvard in 1819 a presentation set of Goethe's works from the poet himself. Mr. Mackall has thrown a ray of light upon one stage of American culture. We wish that he had arranged his notes better; one is often puzzled to determine whether they are genuine footnotes to the page or references to the supplement at the end of the paper. Also, the proofreader of the *Jahrbuch* needs admonishment. We doubt that Calvert ever spelled "pardo*nn*ed" (p. 20), or that Edward Everett is responsible for "introduction to *You* notice" (p. 5). Further, who is responsible for the "(*sic*)" in: "der berühmten Johns (*sic*) Hopkins University" (p. 24)? That Cogswell in 1818 could have written such schoolboy French as that printed at pages 8, 9, 12, seems to us scarcely credible.

The September number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* is, as usual, largely occupied with reports and summaries of the last Commencement exercises. A weighty paper is that of Charles Francis Adams on the proposed increase of the tuition fee at Harvard, with its ingenious division of the profits between annual deficit and new scholarships for the deserving poor student. The first Harvard men to obtain Rhodes scholarships have their history and qualifications set forth, with the conclusion that "the rather exacting character tests laid down by Mr. Rhodes are certainly well met" in these two instances. Among recent benefactions, noticeable is the fund established by Arthur T. Lyman, its income being for unrestricted use "for the general benefit of Harvard College at the discretion of the Corporation." Mr. Lyman should have imitators.

The increase of the cultivable land in Egypt, if the irrigation projects advocated in Sir William Garstin's report on the "Basin of the Upper Nile" are carried out, will be nearly 25 per cent., or over one million acres, bringing in an annual revenue to the Government of $6,000,000. In the Sudan a million acres, especially adapted to the growth of cotton, will be added to the land now under cultivation. These new irrigation works include the construction of a barrage on the Blue Nile, the Abyssinian branch; regulation of the discharge of the Equatorial Lakes at their outlets; and, greatest of all, the cutting a new channel, more than 200 miles in length, between Bor and the mouth of the Sobat. This would leave to one side the vast swamp region where the river loses half its volume and the sudd prevents navigation. In the Sudan, population is needed to develop its present resources, but in Egypt a veritable land hunger prevails. In order to supply the numerous applications for land which it is now impossible to grant, Lord Cromer proposes immediately to raise the Assuan dam, which in the two years since its completion has proved so successful that it must be enlarged.

—We have already noticed volumes i., ii., and iii. of 'Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers' (Macmillan), in the new edition extended to five large square volumes. Volume iv. now comes to hand, and the assurances of its preface are borne out on examination, viz., that there are more new biographies in it than in any of the preceding volumes. Nor are they of new men only; *e. g.*, Raeburn, Reynolds, Romney, Rossetti, and John Russell, the miniaturist, have biographies especially prepared for this edition. Among these notices it is odd to find a biography of Ruskin, for assuredly he was neither painter nor engraver. He is announced as "English art reformer," and the notice has been written by one who believes in him and his teachings. An odd sentence near the close of the article may be quoted: "As a reconstructive legislator in art, Ruskin has not been generally accepted—at least not yet." The initials signed to this article, "F. H.," stand for the name of Frederic Harrison, sociologist and Positivist and the author of a recent work on Ruskin; and this makes his contribution seem like a strange invasion of the general scheme of the dictionary. Other art writers of great reputation are artists, perhaps without exception, and accordingly Eugène Fromentin is named in a previous volume; but of him, painter and writer, there are only ten lines of text in addition to a brief table of his works, although as a writer on painting he is of quite immeasurable value to the student. Eugène Delacroix and Gustave Courbet are also artists whose briefer writings upon their own art are never to be ignored by students, and yet Courbet's writing is not mentioned in its place, and to Delacroix as a writer only four lines of text are allowed. To devote then, nearly three columns to the very questionable influence of Ruskin is a strange distortion of the purpose of the book. Some "art writers and critics" and some "gifted amateurs" are mentioned, but they seem to be practising artists too, in every case recognized in the preface. The extremely British aspect of the revision has been spoken of in previous notices. May we detect insularity in the omission, under Allan Ramsay, the Scotch painter, to indicate that his portrait of Rousseau as well as of Hume hangs in the National Gallery at Edinburgh? In spite of its size and completeness, and in spite of the absence of any other work brought down to date as thoroughly, it is still to be said as has been said in former notices, that the illustrations are the most notable part of the Dictionary. The present volume contains 106 photographic cuts illustrating the product of 71 different artists.

—The northern Netherlands have been many times described in books, with color, drawing, and text, but seldom in one volume with such rich tinting and sympathetic commentary as in 'Holland, by Nico Jungman, text by Beatrix Jungman' (London: Black; New York: Macmillan), in the series with which Mortimer Menpes's six books have made us familiar. The artist, formerly a student in the University of Amsterdam, even as a young man, made the acquaintance of Drenthe cottagers, whose steady diet consisted of boiled potatoes dipped in pork-fat gravy, with weak coffee, and dark bread such as Dutch horses feed on. The detail of color, of faces, and of the environment of nature and artifice in the pictures shows long and loving familiarity, and the text is the delightful chat of a cultivated woman able to tramp and even more to see. Her genuine English origin shows itself at many points, but for literary purposes this is an advantage. She cannot discern any evil in the early consumption of tobacco by very small boys, yet enlarges upon the prevalence of the national scourge, consumption, and the vile and almost universal male habit of spitting, connecting the two, but not the three phenomena. Witchcraft, we find, still lingers, despite Weir and Bekker and their books. In this land of gold-buttons and ear ornaments, the collaborating couple wandered

far and wide, and the book is therefore almost unique in giving so much of description, in pen and pencil, of out-of-the-way places in provinces other than those threaded by railways. To the phenomena of Spanish blood, influencing face and feature in the southern provinces, the draughtsman and colorist has given discriminating attention. Few books let us so freely into the peasants' homes, as does this one. The suggestions of the low conditions of life, tending almost to savagery, in Drenthe do not seem, judging from our own personal observations on the spot, to be exaggerated. Among the odd customs seen in an all-the-year-round stay is the garlanding of an ox, from which when alive customers select the tid-bits which they are to purchase cold.

—The question of ambidextrousness has been receiving considerable attention of late. At the recent meeting of the Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health in England, Mr. John Jackson read a paper in which he emphasized the importance of manual training in schools, and strongly endorsed the view that one-handed culture neglected one brain lobe, which thus became more or less atrophied, with positive resulting mental deterioration. There is in London a school for girls in which a specialty is made of training both hands equally; as there are about two hundred pupils, some interesting experimental conclusions may, no doubt, be looked for in time. On this side of the Atlantic the latest contribution to the subject is Mr. Albert Ross Parsons's 'Mind and Fingers: Contrapuntal Exercises for Pianoforte Students, Teachers and Virtuosi,' published by J. H. Schroeder, New York. Mr. Parsons, in his preface, favors the opinion that primitive man practised ambidextrousness, and that civilized man stands alone among created beings in neglecting one of two limbs, which is all the more anomalous in view of his using the two eyes, ears, and legs impartially. In these days of great competition, why reduce our strength by one-half? "In school work and much manual work, such as carrying weights, the postures which follow from the constant use of the right hand tend to dorsal and other curvatures." Mr. Parsons is inclined to think the day will yet dawn when applied music (*i. e.*, the playing on instruments) will no longer be snobbishly excluded from university courses, as less worthy of a place there than the handling of plane and saw. He makes the somewhat mystifying assertion that psychologists who are aware of the grounds upon which manual training has been introduced into the curriculum of schools and universities, will be interested to know that students hitherto slow in mathematical work have stated, with pleasant surprise, that, after practising five-finger exercises on the pianoforte diligently, they have unexpectedly found their studies in mathematics much easier. The connection is not clear. However, there can be no doubt that ambidextrousness will be fostered by a course of such exercises as Mr. Parsons's. He has made more than a thousand different combinations of the five fingers, in groups of six, twelve, and twenty-four notes, in parallel and contrary motion, in binary and ternary rhythm, and in the major and minor modes of all keys; and persistent practice of these, in school or out, will, no doubt, make players ambidextrous experts if it does not land them in a lunatic asylum.

—Mr. Plummer's edition of Bede filled one great gap, and another is now closed up by Mr. W. H. Stevenson's edition of Asser (Frowde). 'The Life of King Alfred,' by Asser, Bishop of Sherborne, is, without exaggeration, one of the most important documents in English history. Besides being the earliest biography devoted to a layman of our race, it commemorates the deeds of an illustrious sovereign and throws light upon the character of a true reformer. No oue pretends that it stands high as a piece of literary composition, but it is a bright gleam from out the Dark Ages—if only we are willing to admit that it is not a forgery of the eleventh or twelfth century. The text of Asser has cried out for a scholarly editor ever since the days, now more than sixty years ago, when Thomas Wright assailed its authenticity in the pages of *Archæologia*. His criticisms, followed by the still stronger attack of Sir Henry Howorth and aided by certain obvious difficulties of the text, have created the impression in many minds that Asser belongs to the same class with Ingulph of Croyland, Richard of Cirencester, and the spurious Life of St. Grimbald. The question is rendered infinitely complicated by the shortcomings of early editors like Parker, Camden, and Wise, who interpolated outrageously, and by the loss of the unique manuscript which was burned along with other treasures of the Cottonian Library in 1731. Pauli, Stubbs, and Freeman have all had something to say about the authenticity of Asser, and all have been inclined to accept the greater part of the work as genuine. Mr. Stevenson goes further still. While showing a willingness to admit the presence of certain problems which remain after all minor charges have been answered, he maintains that the case of Wright and Howorth breaks down altogether under critical examination. Not only is it difficult to find a motive for forgery, but internal evidence supplies strong marks of authenticity. For example, "Mr. Bradshaw has remarked that the Welsh words in the Life 'are of such unmistakable purity that it is an absolute impossibility that the work can be a forgery of the twelfth century.'" Professor Rhys is also of the same opinion. From the twelfth century forward the history of the work can be determined with perfect clearness from the copious use which is made of it by Florence of Worcester, Simeon of Durham, William of Malmesbury, Gerald of Wales, and the historians of St. Albans. Of the serious difficulties that the work presents, most arise from Asser's love of rhetoric. The embellishments of a writer who speaks of gold and silver-covered buildings as existing in the ninth century are sufficiently patent, but Asser was a Celt, and apparently possessed a fair measure of the racial temperament. Mr. Stevenson's edition is a fine piece of scholarship, and no less discriminating than learned.

—The recent publication in Japan, in a book of six hundred pages, of 'The History of Popular Rights in the Far East,' besides being a notable revelation of the "steady gain of man," is also a striking proof of the influence of British and American political ideas in the development of constitutional Japan. How far the Japanese have advanced may be shown by reference to the discussion of "Coercion in Japan," in an editorial thus headed in the *Nation* of February 16, 1888, commenting adversely on the arbitrary edict of December 25, 1887. The illegal arrest of members of the Liberal party, this journal said, endangered Japan's position among civilized nations, and it foreshadowed the perils to the country of further postponement of the promise, in the imperial oath of 1868, to form a representative government. The article precipitated a violent controversy on both sides of the Pacific. The dangers of assassination were especially pointed out, which to some writers in Japan (not very old residents) had "a curious air of anachronism about it," as if assassination by knife or bomb were forever a thing of the past. As simple matter of fact, within two years, besides other acts of violence, Minister Mori was stabbed to death, and Count Okuma had his leg blown off with an iron gas-pipe loaded with dynamite. A strong reaction in public sentiment followed, and the ministry in power, that had invoked the Imperial rescript under which the leaders of popular rights were illegally arrested, was replaced by a cabinet more radically in favor of law than of edict. One year later the Constitution was proclaimed. Of the men thrown into prison in 1888, Kataoka, after one year's confinement, was four times elected Speaker of the Lower House. He died recently, and his successor in the chair is Kono, who from 1887 to 1894 enjoyed seven years of enforced seclusion. A notable proportion of members of the Diet or of those holding high office have been in prison, some, like Muramatsu, even for attempting to defend those illegally arrested. With the steadying influence of passionate loyalty, these men, most of them pupils of American teachers, being familiar with the political ideas in vogue in England and the United States, have taken these countries as their examples in practical government, and the great republic as their model in liberty of conscience. The recent threefold series of meetings in Tokio, and other cities, of leading and influential men, some in very high office, to express their debt of gratitude to Americans, especially to the pioneer diplomatists and teachers; and of the University graduates, representing thirty-five Japanese institutions of learning, to acknowledge their intellectual obligations to this country; and of all religionists, Shinto, Buddhist, and Christian, and of the various sects of the three religions, to show that as to the war they are one in sentiment, are all profoundly significant. They prove beyond a doubt that the conflict in the Far East is for the Japanese not in any sense a religious war, or one of creed, race, or color, but one which is being fought out on other lines of division and conflict.

—While the question of making Mme. de Warens's "Les Charmettes" at Chambéry a national monument is still pending in France, the memory of Rousseau is being cultivated in another quarter, at Montmorency, by a committee imbued with taste and historical sense. Messrs. Badin, Louvet, and Ponsin have established a Rousseau Museum at No. 6 *bis* in the street bearing his name. One may see there, says M. Bournon in the *Débats*, furniture lent to Rousseau by his hosts, the Montmorency-Luxembourgs, and of a meanness that an

artisan household would resent—the table on which the 'Nouvelle Héloïse' was written, scarce fit for a doll's dinner party; Houdon's death-mask; the register of the death of Thérèse Levasseur; engravings and plans of Rousseau's divers residences, and a modest library of his works. The present proprietor of the Hermitage, a foreigner, calls it Posilippo, and the above committee rightly protests. It is No. 10 on the Rue de l'Ermitage (formerly Rue Grétry), and is closed to visitors. The house to which Rousseau retired from the Hermitage, a scant mile distant, has been marked by a tablet: "Le Mont Louis, habité par J. J. Rousseau 1757-1762.' This house was altered during the Second Empire, but the tower is unchanged, as is an alley of lindens, and a round stone table bearing a commemorative inscription in verse to the author of Saint-Preux and Julie.

WAGNER'S MOST INTERESTING LETTERS.—II.

Richard Wagner an Mathilde Wesendonk. Berlin: Alexander Duncker.

Besides "Parsifal" and "Tristan," there are two more of Wagner's works—"Tannhäuser" and the "Meistersinger"—concerning which these letters furnish new light and information. Of particular importance is what he says regarding the new version of "Tannhäuser" made for Paris. Some of his admirers have held, not without reason, that the rewriting of some of the scenes in the later and more mature "Tristan" manner marred the unity of style in this opera. This may be so; nevertheless, the new version is a great improvement on the old, which should now be definitively discarded. No one who is thoroughly familiar with the two versions can doubt that Wagner hit the nail on the head when he wrote to Frau Wesendonk:

"This Court of Venus was obviously the weak spot in my work; having no good ballet at my disposal at the time, I simply made a few coarse brush-marks and thus spoiled much; that is, I left the impression of this Venusberg quite colorless and vague, the consequence of which was the loss of the important background against which the tragedy that follows is to be built up pathetically. All the subsequent decisive reminiscences and exhortations, which should fill us with grewsome emotions (and which are needed to explain the play), lost their effect and significance almost completely; fear and persistent disquietude were not felt. At the same time I fully realize that at the age when I wrote 'Tannhäuser' I was not yet able to create what was here wanted; that required a much greater mastership, which I have acquired only now; now, after writing Isolde's final exaltation, I have only just become able to invent the correct ending for the 'Flying Dutchman' overture and to find the right tones for the grewsomeness of the Venusberg."

In this case, once more, Frau Wesendonk is the confidant to whom he imparts his germinating fancies, even before he has had time to jot them down for his own use. He tells her at great length (two printed pages) about the graces, the sirens, the bacchantes, the amorettes of the Bacchanale, with an apology for doing this in a letter to "Elizabeth." In December of the following year (1861) he begins to give glimpses of his only comic opera. A visit to Nuremberg in the preceding summer had recalled vividly his original "Meistersinger" sketch, and now, amid the abhorred distractions of Vienna and Paris, he resumes this early plan. Oddly enough, he writes that in this sketch he now finds "little or nothing" of use to him, when, as a matter of fact, it contains many of the best things to be found in the ultimate poem (the sketch was printed in *Die Musik*, 1902). His one desire is to work, to create; he had felt the imperative necessity of beginning this opera to save himself, "as men's lives are sometimes saved by the advent of insanity." He was pleased to find his memory so clear, his inventive faculty still active and vigorous. "I shall frequently send you specimens of my work. How you will open your eyes when you see my 'Meistersinger'!" In January: "Sometimes I have to laugh, sometimes to weep, so that I cannot continue to write my poem. I commend to you Sixtus Beckmesser. David, too, will win your favor." He assures her that, with the exception of eight lines taken from Hans Sachs's "Lied auf Luther," everything is his own, and he is pleased because Frau Wesendonk finds the pedantry of the Mastersingers so amusing; that was what he had aimed at: "lachen soll man!" When the music for the introduction to the third act had one day suddenly come into his mind (it is the gem of the whole opera), he wrote: "I now see clearly that this will be my most finished masterwork!"

Glimpses of the workshop of genius, both musical and poetic, like some of the foregoing, abound in these letters. Shortly after taking up his abode in the "Asyl," Wagner wrote a brief note in which he said: "The first thing I came across was a melody which I did not at all know at first what to do with; till suddenly the words for it presented themselves from the last scene of 'Siegfried.' A good sign. Yesterday, also, the beginning of the second act suggested itself, in the form of Fafner's repose, for which I found a humorous sentimental manner of presentation. Of all this you will know more when the swallow arrives in your house to-morrow to inspect its nest." Once, at Lucerne, his mind obstinately refused to work for a whole week. At the passage, "vor Sehnsucht nicht zu sterben," his creative faculty balked stubbornly. He was probably suffering from dyspepsia, for at this time he received from his correspondent a box of home-made zwieback which helped at once, and to which thenceforth he frequently refers humorously in his letters as an infallible remedy for balky composers. On another occasion, he was so displeased with a certain passage that he felt the necessity of doing it all over again; but nothing fit to take its place suggested itself, and finally he found, on playing it once more, that it was so good that he could not improve on it. George Sand records similar incidents in the life of Chopin. Regarding the first half of the third act of "Tristan," Wagner writes: "The passages depicting suffering always take me a long time; . . . the fresh, lively, fiery parts proceed much more quickly; thus do I, even in the technical execution, live in my work, sad or joyous according to the situation." The absoluteness of this absorption in his task is admirably summed up in his exclamation made as this opera neared its completion: "Noch hat er mich; dann habe ich ihn"—"It still possesses me; by and bye I shall possess it."

Albert Wagner believed that his brother was more of a poet than a musician, and there are passages in some of Richard Wagner's letters to Frau Wesendonk and elsewhere which indicate that, in some of his moods, at any rate, he shared this opinion. In August, 1860, he wrote from Paris:

"What a poet I am! Heaven help me, I am becoming quite presumptuous! This never-ending translation of 'Tannhäuser' has made me already so conceited; this very task, which makes it necessary to proceed word by word, was actually the first occasion to show me how concise and incapable of alteration my poem is. A word, a shade of meaning, changed makes my translators, like myself, confess that something essential has been sacrificed. At first I believed in the possibility of small changes; we had to abandon one and all such attempts. I grew quite astonished and found by comparison that I know very few things of which the same can be asserted. In short, I had to make up my mind to acknowledge to myself that the poem, in particular, could not have been improved on. What do you say to that? In the music I can more easily make improvements. Here and there I give particularly to the orchestra more expressive and richly colored passages. The Venus scene alone I shall do over again entirely. Frau Venus I conceived awkwardly; some good intimations, but no real life. In this scene I have written a considerable number of additional verses; the goddess of joy herself becomes sympathetic, and Tannhäuser's anguish is made real, so that his appeal to the Virgin Mary breaks from his soul as a real cry of anguish. Such a thing I could not do in the days when this opera was written."

In another letter he explains why and how he came to assist in the translation of his opera—a letter (p. 178) which it is to be hoped every future translator of a musical poem will read and take to heart. Wagner was not an expert in French—somewhere he speaks of the torture of having to speak that language; but he knew enough to be dismayed at the version submitted to him in Paris—so dismayed that at first he thought of throwing up the whole job; for to him the poem was as important as the music. Then it occurred to him that sooner or later his opera would nevertheless be produced with just such a marred text—had not even Goethe's masterpieces been thus maltreated? Therefore the only safeguard was for him to assist personally in translating the poem. "And thus I sit every forenoon with my young poet, going over with him verse by verse, word by word, nay, syllable by syllable, oft searching hours for the best turn, the best word; I sing for him and thus make him clairvoyant for a world which theretofore had been undiscovered by him. Now I am pleased with his eagerness, his growing enthusiasm, his frank confession of his former blindness, and—well, we shall see! In any case I know I am providing for my child for all time as well as I can." Of exceptional interest also are pages 125-6, in which Wagner confesses that he made a mistake in publishing the "Tristan" poem before the completion of the music, and draws a comparison between absolute poetry and poetry intended for music; in the former there are minute details taken from life, politics, society, house, and home, for which the music-poet has no use, the endless variety of melodic and harmonic material taking the place of those details in his work. Consequently, the real significance of the musical poem must be almost unrecognizable without the aid of the score.

The necessity of doing even his own translating illustrates the enormity of the

task with which Wagner saw himself confronted in all directions. Frau Wesendonk was one of the few persons who understood his position, and in his heart-to-heart talks with her he therefore frequently dwells on the tragic dilemma of his life. It was not simply that he was obliged to exploit his personality by giving concerts and thus wasting his energies in the effort to keep the pot boiling. The trouble lay deeper. He felt, usually, that the great task of his life was to create as many works as possible; and for this, with his poor health, he needed every scrap of his energy. But, on the other hand, why continue creating works which no one but himself could interpret? We who hear excellent performances of his works every winter find it difficult to realize the situation of half a century ago. In the references to "Tristan" made in two letters (pp. 242, 206) this situation is vividly shown:

" 'Tristan' is and remains a wonder! How I could have done such a thing becomes more and more incomprehensible to me; in reading it over again I opened wide eye and ear! How terribly I shall have to atone some day for this work when I shall undertake to have it properly presented: I have a clear presentiment of the unheard-of tortures awaiting me; for it is useless to try to deceive myself—I have herein gone far beyond present possibilities of execution. . . .

"All previous experiences are insignificant in comparison with a discovery I made at the first orchestral rehearsal for my concert. . . . I had the 'Tristan' prelude played for the first time; and—as if scales had fallen from my eyes—I perceived what an immeasurable distance I had got away from the world during the last eight years. This little *Vorspiel* was so incomprehensibly *new* to the musicians that I was compelled, as it were, to guide them from note to note as if for the discovery of gems in a miner's shaft."

But not only to the players was this music unintelligible; the audiences, according to Hans von Bülow's testimony, took it "on faith" until Wagner's own interpretation of it aroused sudden enthusiasm. "The Hungarians," writes Wagner, "who had had no idea of my music, and who, in their national theatre, lived on Verdi, etc., alone, understood every one of my selections from the 'Nibelungen,' 'Tristan,' 'Meistersinger,' with incredible alacrity, and it was obvious that this was so simply because I myself interpreted them." Nay, more: "I need but give a perfect performance of a fragment, and even the most experienced and gifted of my disciples are obliged to confess that they had previously had practically no conception of it." This was before the days of Hans Richter, Bülow, Seidl; but even they had to learn from him; *mirabile dictu*, Liszt himself, the most versatile interpreter of all times, had by no means divined all the secrets of "Lohengrin," and that was an early work. In 1856 Liszt visited Wagner, who wrote to Otto Wesendonk that his guest frankly confessed that he had very much needed his (Wagner's) help to penetrate the inner depths of his works.

After asking himself a number of times whether, under the conditions just described, it were more important for him to create new works or furnish the key to those already completed, Wagner concluded it would be necessary to do both; and he did so, though at a terrible cost of vitality. He asks Frau Wesendonk to compare his photograph taken before his concert trip to Russia with that taken after it, and note the pitiful difference. It must be remembered that his health was always precarious; often, even when working under the most favorable conditions, he was unable to write more than an hour or two a day. Dr. Gould's theory, set forth at great length in the *Lancet*, that this lack of sturdiness was a result of eye-strain, seems borne out by one passage: "After my work I usually lie down a while in order to rest my eyes for a quarter of an hour. Yesterday I was unwilling to yield, and wrote to you instead. But the expiation followed promptly; dizziness overcame me completely so that I had to stop." But eye-strain hardly accounts for everything. There was organic trouble, too, and, like most men of genius, Wagner was peculiarly sensitive to meteorological conditions. His letters are peppered with complaints and remarks like these: "Child, this is abominable weather. All work has been arrested for two days; the brain stubbornly refuses its tribute." "This God-forsaken weather arrests all mental activity; clouds and rain are heavy as lead!" "If only the sunspots would disappear; clear weather is still my best medicine." "When the air is clear and dry, everything can be done with me, just as when I am loved; but if the atmosphere presses down on me, I can at most offer defiance and resistance, but beauty becomes precarious." Further light is thrown on this point by a passage in which he protests against the current notion that he was pampered and needed luxurious surroundings to be able to work. In the room where he happened to write, even his beloved morning sun was excluded—"I could imagine myself in a prison," he exclaims; yet he works steadily on. "But, for the most part," he adds significantly, "it is only every second day that I can do my work with pleasure; the alternate day is usually less good because the favorable day always makes me overweening and inclined to overwork."

The necessity of economizing his energy and vitality also, no doubt, helps to account for Wagner's love of solitude and his aversion to social intercourse, although this was largely a matter of temperament, as in the case of Beethoven, Schumann, Verdi, Tchaikovsky, and other masters. From Venice he writes: "I have chosen for my meals an hour when I am sure to be alone in the restaurant." "The only person I talk to is Ritter, who is sufficiently taciturn not to disturb me." "A good-natured and really educated and intelligent man, a Prince Dolgoruki, called on me one day; I was pleased when he came, but more when he left. I am so contented when I am not entertained and distracted." "I always look on conversation with others as a useless, resultless exertion." "I flee human beings, undertakings, finally all intercourse, completely, because in truth everything tortures me—that's the kind of a man I am, and I cannot help it." Much of this is, of course, a mere expression of mood, and, although Wagner's correspondent sometimes remonstrates with him, it makes him happy to know that she understands these moods, however unreasonable they may seem; once (pp. 73, 78) he is on the verge of suicide. "Suffering, grief, discontent, bad humor, all assume in me an extreme (*enthusiastischen*) character." "Quick and violent changes of mood, from one extreme to another, are founded in my inmost nature." Hence we are not surprised to find him at times complaining of the very solitude he has created. "An agreeable, sympathetic person, if only a servant, is what I need." "On the whole, I constantly live entirely alone. Nothing suits me better. Often, however, my solitude makes me unhappy. What is to help me then? Reminiscence and—sleep." But there is another consolation: "The process of creating makes me forget all my wretchedness"; and, after all, "in the end, I know no one with whom I would swap places."

While Wagner's best friends sometimes suffered from the "enthusiastic" extremes of his moodiness, they were quick to forget and forgive. Their devotion touched him: "Yesterday Winterberger, who is going to Rome, took leave of me; he wept and sobbed violently. Karl, too, who left me in November, was incredibly affected. They all love me very much, after all, and they seem to regard me with what I might almost call veneration." He made warm friends in Paris, of whom he gives interesting sketches in some of these letters; one day he sat next to Berlioz, who promptly introduced Gounod; then a number of well-known men crowded about Berlioz, asking to be presented to Wagner, who writes: "Strange to say, all of them were enthusiasts who had studied my scores." This was in 1859. He adds the inevitable second thought: "I now fear many a call and must be on my guard." To the most intimate of all his friends there are, of course, a number of references. The most interesting of these is the explanation (p. 234) of why he ceased corresponding with Liszt. It was because he did not care to write his intimate letters to two; Liszt had no secrets and shared all his letters with the Princess von Wittgenstein. But the two friends found other ways of communicating, "like a parted pair of lovers," and there was no break in the friendship: "He continues to love me, and to me he remains forever a noble, most beloved man." In one of the fourteen letters of Frau Wesendonk appended to this volume she refers to a characteristic remark once made by Liszt: "I esteem men by what they are to Wagner." If Liszt could have read these letters, he would have found his reward in this tribute to his creative genius: "His 'Faust' has really given me great pleasure, and the second part (Gretchen) has made an unforgettably deep impression on me."

RECENT CELTIC LITERATURE.

Several important contributions to Celtic or Arthurian studies have been made in recent years by women—notably by Miss Jessie G. Weston in England and Miss Lucy A. Paton in this country. A new recruit for the work, and a very strong one, now appears to have been found in Miss L. Winifred Faraday, whose translation of the Irish 'Tain Bo Cuailnge' ('The Cattle-Raid of Cuailnge') forms the sixteenth number in Mr. Nutt's "Grimm Library." Because of the special interest of the saga, and also because of its inaccessibility, Miss Faraday's translation is a valuable addition to the materials available for the study of early Celtic literature. The 'Tain Bo Cuailnge' is the central tale in the earlier Irish saga-cycle, and contains the principal episodes in the life of the great epic hero, Cuchulainn. Several summaries or analyses of it have been published, but no complete edition or

translation has been made hitherto. For an accurate knowledge of the contents of the saga it has been necessary to consult either the original manuscripts or the facsimile reproductions of them published by the Royal Irish Academy. Consequently, even Irish scholars who have been able to make use of these sources will be glad to have a good English translation in convenient form. An edition of the text, with a German translation, has long been promised by Professor Windisch of Leipzig, and is said to be nearly ready. This will doubtless supply a much fuller introduction and commentary than Miss Faraday's, which is intended simply to give the necessary information to English readers. But Professor Windisch's work will not supersede Miss Faraday's, since his translation will be based upon a different text. Two versions of the 'Tain' have long been recognized, that preserved in the Book of the Dun Cow and the Yellow Book of Lecan, and another preserved in the Book of Leinster. The second is the more complete and systematic, and Professor Zimmer, who published an analysis of the saga in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift* (Vol. XXVIII.), held it to be the more original. But this opinion was controverted by Dr. Nettlau and Professor Strachan, and Miss Faraday has made the text in the Book of the Dun Cow the basis of her translation. Professor Windisch, who will edit the Irish original of both versions, will translate the Leinster text. So far as we have examined Miss Faraday's translation we find it to be accurate and cautious, such as might be expected from a scholar who has had the privilege of Professor Strachan's instruction and advice. It is a very close rendering of the original. Many words are indicated as doubtful or left untranslated altogether. This, however, is an evidence, not of the shortcomings of the translator, but of how much remains to be done in the elucidation of early Irish.

The language movement in Ireland steadily produces a considerable number of publications of literary, educational or propagandist character. A recent volume of interest is 'The Book of Father Eugene' (*Leabhar an Athar Eoghan*) by Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, compiled in memory of the late Father Eugene O'Growney, who died in Los Angeles in 1899. It may be obtained from Mr. David Nutt in London. Father O'Growney gave the best part of his short life to the teaching of Gaelic and to the struggle for its restoration, and an account of his work necessarily contains much of the history of the movement in which he took an important part. Miss O'Farrelly has made a very substantial volume, including biographical material and appreciative notices of Father O'Growney in both English and Irish, and a number of his own articles in both languages which she has collected and reprinted. A detailed account is given of the course by which Father O'Growney's remains were carried in honor back to Ireland—a really remarkable tribute of affection for him and of devotion to the cause for which he worked.

He is best known by reason of his five series of "Simple Lessons in Gaelic," the most widely used of all the text-books in the subject. More than three hundred thousand copies of the first series have been printed, and the work is so generally accessible that Miss O'Farrelly did not repeat it in the memorial volume. She has brought together, however, nearly all of Father O'Growney's other writings, and the collection is interesting, though the pieces are of very unequal value. A number of newspaper articles are included, some of which represent the author's earliest attempts at Gaelic composition (for the language was not native to him), while others provide Irish renderings of familiar songs like "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." Among the more serious pieces are modernizations of early Irish saga-texts and contributions to grammar and lexicography. An outline of Irish grammar, which Father O'Growney first compiled and published for the use of his classes in Maynooth College, is reprinted with additions and corrections by the editor. The main interest of this treatise is as a record of Father O'Growney's teaching. It is characterized by the same lucidity which has made his "Simple Lessons" so useful, and as an example of his method it is worth preserving for other teachers of the language. It can hardly be regarded, even with the editorial changes, as an accurate presentation of Irish grammar on historical principles, though much minute knowledge of modern Irish usage is embodied both in the original text and in Miss O'Farrelly's additions.

The volume closes with a considerable list of words and phrases collected in Aran and Meath, and previously published in the *Archiv für Celtische Lexicographie*. Father O'Growney labored faithfully for years to acquire a knowledge of the living spoken Gaelic, and if his life and health had been spared he would probably have made important contributions to the published literature concerning Irish dialects. He appears to have had a strong interest in the scientific, as well as in the practical bearings of his work, and he was possessed of knowledge which philological science could have turned to good account. But it was his fortune to become rather a teacher of wide influence than an investigator, and as such he will be well remembered.

Further testimony to the vigor of the language revival in Ireland is to be found in the appearance of two English-Irish dictionaries during the past year. The first was published last summer by the Celtic Association in Dublin and compiled by its secretary, Mr. E. E. Fournier. The second, by Mr. T. O'Neill Lane, has been recently published by Mr. David Nutt, in London. Both are primarily practical in aim. They are intended not so much to explain English words to speakers of Gaelic, only a small proportion of whom are ignorant of English, as to help speakers of English in the use of Gaelic. Both of them are well arranged to serve this purpose. For the thousands of members of the Gaelic League who are trying to master the language for daily use, Mr. Fournier's book has the advantage of being smaller and less expensive (six shillings, as against twelve and sixpence), and it appears to contain about as many words as the other. Mr. Lane's book, on the other hand, is better made and more handsomely printed, and it is clearly the product of more labor and scholarship. The separate articles are usually much fuller than in Mr. Fournier's, and there are a good many citations from literature and from earlier lexicographers. In comparing the two dictionaries with each other, and with earlier books of the same sort, like Foley's (1855), one is struck by the frequent disagreement in the rendering chosen for the same English word. This not only holds for the new terms of the sciences and industries—terms for which Irish in the days of its general use did not have to provide equivalents—but applies also to some of the commoner words on nearly every page. Such disparities make the Irish dictionaries, in comparison with similar works dealing with English or French or German, seem almost irresponsible. But the comparison is not altogether fair. From one point of view the work of the Irish lexicographers is rather to be regarded as peculiarly responsible. It must be remembered that there is no universally accepted standard of literary usage in modern Irish, and that the language movement is in part an effort at creation as well as at restoration. Different dialects are pressing their rival claims, which are by no means easy to settle; and sometimes also choices have to be made between words and phrases, or even grammatical forms, employed in the classic prose of the seventeenth century, and others that have taken their place in the living speech. Under such circumstances makers of grammars and dictionaries have a greater share than usual in the making of language, and they are judged largely by their contribution to this work. Mr. Lane has been criticised, for example, for showing too much preference for the dialect of Munster. Mr. Fournier has taken a different liberty, and has gone pretty far in the manufacture of new words. Coinages like *speactroscopa*, "spectroscope"; *tearmórméatra*, "thermometer"; and *eleictreomaighnéatach*, "electromagnetic," are in his pages. It remains to be seen how far each of these tendencies will operate in the actual development of the language. The influence of the Munster dialect is likely to be important because of the literary activity of Munster men in the Gaelic movement. Some provision also will have to be made for scientific terms in case Irish comes to be employed in all departments of modern life. But it is not clear whether foreign names will be freely borrowed, as in Mr. Fournier's coinage, or Irish will follow the example of Welsh in building up equivalents of many of them out of its native resources.

GLEIG'S REMINISCENCES OF WELLINGTON.

Personal Reminiscences of the First Duke of Wellington. With sketches of some of his guests and contemporaries. By the late George Robert Gleig, M.A. Edited by his daughter, Mary E. Gleig. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

There is as yet no satisfactory biography of the Iron Duke, though on the military and political side his 'Dispatches' offer a plenteous, if not even a terrifying stock of material, and for his private life *mémoires pour servir* are still appearing. The present volume is one of the latter class. Its writer, born in 1796, left Oxford at the age of fourteen to enter the army, and, after active service in the Peninsula and in America, returned with six wounds to Oxford

in 1816 to fit himself for the Church. Ordained in 1820, he became curate of Ash and rector of Ivy Church. Ash is only eight miles from Walmer Castle, and it was during his incumbency of Ash, and particularly during the years 1829-1834, that he was brought most into intimacy with the Duke. In 1834 he was appointed Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital, and, ten years later, Chaplain General to the Forces, a situation in which his earnest labors soon led to the further office of Inspector-General of Military Schools. He died in 1888.

A strong Tory and Churchman, a decided enemy to cant in every form, and highly esteemed for his philanthropy and zeal in the work of his offices, he also found time for much literary production. His best book was undoubtedly his first, 'The Subaltern,' and it was this which first brought him to the notice of the Duke. In it he described with much literary skill, vivacity, and accuracy what was really his own experience (the book first appeared anonymously in *Blackwood's*) as a young officer in the Peninsula and the south of France. The admiration expressed by the Duke for the "simplicity and truth" of the narrations of the scenes and events in which the youth had taken part, shows that the book can never be neglected by any who wish to get a trustworthy picture of the every-day life of these campaigns. His other works (including his 'Warren Hastings,' Macaulay's "three big, bad volumes full of undigested correspondence and undiscerning paregyric") are all but forgotten now; even his Life of the Duke, based on Brialmont and published in 1862, is heavy and, except for the anecdotes, uninteresting. And the present volume will be a disappointment to all acquainted with the subject, so far as its title arouses expectation of much that is new about the Duke. To novices, however, and to the collector of Wellingtoniana it may be welcome.

The fact is, that anecdote has been pretty well exhausted (the best in this volume we have already seen elsewhere), and it would seem as if there could scarcely remain unpublished any writings by the Duke which his well-known unwillingness to "wound the vanity of nations or individuals" would suffer his heirs to give to the world. Thus, in this volume are printed fifteen letters written by the Duke to Gleig during the Reform agitation of 1831, when Gleig, infected by the Duke's conviction that on the defeat of the bill depended the existence of the monarchy, was one of his most active supporters in the county of Kent. But of them, ten appeared long ago in the 'Dispatches'; four others are of no consequence; and the fifth is but further confirmation of that traditional horror which the Duke felt for anything approaching deceit, even in political measures. "I have two objections," he writes in this, "to the course which you propose. The first is one of conscience. I could not deceive any man." This is like his protest to Gleig in another letter (already published): "Nothing shall induce me to utter a word, either in public or in private, which I don't believe to be true." In fact, as Mr. Gleig notes in another part of his book, the Duke was forced into domestic politics from a sense of duty and against his will. "He detested them, not only because the whole course of his active life had carried him, so to speak, outside their sphere, but because the shifts and devices, not always either creditable or honest, to which party leaders are driven, were to him particularly distasteful." It was evidently not until after the event that the reverend gentleman, who had suggested one of these very "shifts" to the Duke, realized "the beauty of those moral qualities which rendered him incapable of ever becoming the successful administrator of the affairs of a country prone, as all popularly governed countries are, to be cajoled into clamoring for whatever adroit flatterers lead them to regard as conducive to their welfare."

There are three other letters from the Duke in this book, but they are personal to Gleig and of no general interest. An appendix of sixty-five pages contains the remarkable memorandum in which the Duke criticised Napoleon's Russian campaign; but this was published years since in the 'Dispatches,' and, indeed, was lent to Sir Walter Scott to use in his 'Life of Napoleon.' There are four illustrations: a photogravure of Gleig (who looks the typical, sturdy country parson); an engraving of Lawrence's best-known portrait of the Duke; and half-tones of Stratfieldsaye and the grave of the Duke's charger Copenhagen. By the way, Gleig's regret that the "agents entrusted with the duty of purchasing a domain for the Duke had not been instructed to make an offer for Sir John Cope's magnificent place, Bramshill" seems to be mistaken, now that we know from a letter in Ellesmere's memoir that the Duke himself inspected it and rejected it for Stratfieldsaye.

For the rest, we are given some account of the Duke as a host at Walmer and Stratfieldsaye with estimates of some of the guests who visited him. Among them are Talleyrand, Gens. Nugent and Alava, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Robert Peel, the Arbuthnots, and Croker; but of none are we told anything of particular interest that was not known before.

Of the origin of the unhappy relations between the Duke and his wife, Mr. Gleig does not give the usual story. This is to the effect that the pair had loved in their youth before Arthur Wellesley went out, with no particular prospects, to India, but that Lady Catharine Pakenham's father had refused to consent to a match between them; and that on his return, though he loved no longer, he had felt it the part of honor to offer himself again to a beauty somewhat faded and unaccompanied by any great intellect. But Mr. Gleig adds that at the time of this return Lady Catharine was engaged to another man, and that she accepted the old love, now the hero of Assaye and secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, before being off with the new. Wellington, "to whom the story was told in a spirit by no means friendly to the poor lady, received the impression that he had been grossly deceived, and never afterwards got rid of it." That this is the true story one can scarcely doubt, since this volume is dedicated by permission to the present Duke, who, we are told, has read the proofs. To a man constituted as Wellington was, no happiness could have come of such a beginning, which tied him to a woman "very amiable, very religious" (!), but "who could not bring herself to take the slightest interest in the subjects which mainly engrossed his attention," and whose "habit of admiring him in public" was to him intolerable. Consequently, that thereafter "his lady friends were to him friends only" is a dictum of Mr. Gleig's to which, in spite of his ducal voucher, we find it hard to subscribe in the face of all the smoke which has so long risen from various anecdotic fires.

Another new version of the cause of an oft-told tragedy—the suicide of Gurwood, editor of the 'Dispatches,' is given here. The official version, in the Dictionary of National Biography, is to the effect that he broke down under excessive mental strain and the effect of his old wounds. But, according to Gleig, Gurwood had entertained the ambition of becoming the Duke's Boswell, and to that end, being brought for many years into daily communication with him, he had kept a record of the Duke's conversations. He did this with full knowledge that, if there was a thing which the Duke abhorred more than another, it was a violation of the sanctity of private intercourse. Through a person of whom Gurwood had made a confidant, "whom I shall not name because he acted abominably," the Duke was informed of Gurwood's plan, sent for him, and insisted that the manuscripts should be burned. "He made a bonfire of his precious memoranda, and never held up his head again." He was a preternaturally sensitive man, says Gleig (and as further proof relates another anecdote about his bursting into tears in church during a sermon of Gleig's on the battle of Waterloo), and felt that he was covered with such a load of shame that it rendered life unbearable. Whether the world has lost by the miscarriage of his project is a point that Gleig questions. According to him, Gurwood, "though brave and not wanting in intelligence, was very vain, and certainly did not possess mind enough to read the Duke's character aright." But what contemporary of Johnson would not have passed the same judgment upon the prince of biographers? Upon the whole, while Gurwood, who owed nearly everything in life to the Duke's favor, committed the unpardonable sin in attempting behind his back what he never would have dared breathe to his face, we yet cannot but regret the loss of what would undoubtedly have been a faithful record.

We have noted one or two slips here and there in the narrative; for instance, the statement that it was in 1830, on the death of George IV., that the Duke of Cumberland went to Hanover to take possession. It could not have been in that year that Gleig saw his duchess received at Walmer as Queen, for he did not succeed until 1837, and the Duke of Cambridge was in charge of Hanover during the reigns of George IV. and William IV. But these reminiscences were written when Gleig was verging on his ninetieth year, and at such an age the wonder is that memory was not busier with her tricks.

Elizabethan Critical Essays. Edited, with an introduction, by G. Gregory Smith. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1904. Two volumes; pp. xcii., 431; iv., 509.

Mr. Smith's introduction, we believe, is open to but one criticism, and that not unimportant. This we can state, but can hardly define or explain. The unfolding of

ideas is orderly, unflagging, and comprehensive, yet there is an indescribable viscid quality in the matter of its phraseology. The selections from authors of whose work only brief excerpts are given, and the excisions from essays or letters in the main here reprinted, seem to have been made with the best judgment on careful consideration. Salient are the tractates on metrification: out of 747 pages of text, about three-eighths is taken up with utterances bearing on questions of prosody. A student of the history of the study of versification is thus enabled to gauge how feeble was the analytic insight of the age as compared with its creative faculties, and to give date and author for the origin of many ideas, technical terms, and catch-phrases which have been more or less uniformly repeated by all later treatises on versification down to our day. Beyond the light thus thrown on the psychology of the period and the comfort given to the keen-scented noser-out of sources, we cannot see that this matter is of any value to anybody, unless, perhaps, for its quaint style as literature. To a present-day student of English versification it is practically of no interest or importance whatever.

Most of these writers on metres are but blind leaders of the blind; the best have only flashes of illumination. With doctrinaire narrowness they dwell on the simplest and most mechanical rhythms, and all ignore or cavalierly dismiss the variable and Protean lilts which offered the most fascinating field for study and most demanded analysis and explanation. The exquisite subtleties of artistic expression evolved by their creative contemporaries they never allude to, probably never divined at all. Their speculations about applying classic conceptions to the clarifying of ideas on English rhythms, or to the devising of new metrical methods, are of the merest academic interest. Their conclusions are nugatory. To be sure, the superficial, fragmentary dilletantism of Gascoigne is that of an entirely sensible man. But he, while the first of the series, surpasses all his successors. His general comprehension of what he barely touches on is not duplicated among those following him. Each says some good things, but all are much at sea, vague, and, not only that, but full of false views and misleading assertions. We emphasize this because, on the one hand, these portions contain by far the most definite and striking set of opinions aired in the essays, and their worth has been and still is likely to be overrated; and, on the other hand, the present rage for thoroughness in scholarship leads many instructors to urge their charges too soon to intensive study, and many students to strain after an impossible ideal of scrutiny of all sources. Modern treatises, poor as the most ambitious is, are more informing for tyros than these haphazard jottings or hasty expressions of half-digested meditations.

The reading of these essays as separate compositions was little likely to produce any effect on one's intellectual emotions. Far different is the result when they are deftly treated as a correlated series. The perusal of them thus brought together, placed in chronological order and fully annotated, with cross-references added, brings home to one how brief was the flowering period and how rapid the ripening and decay of that dazzling combination of feelings and abilities which we call the Elizabethan spirit. This is seen quite as clearly in the modification of the pseudo-critical and critical essay as in the development of lyrical poetry or in the course run through by the drama. The change of temper as of manner is astonishing and unmistakable. There is a fumbling movement to the thinking of the scholarly Ascham, as of Lodge and Webbe, which appears no more later. Meres is stupid, but not tentative. There is a breath of pristine manhood half divined in Ascham, gloriously pungent in Sidney, and lingering on in Harington, which vanishes never to return. Nothing in the earlier writings foreshadows what comes upon us with the surprise of the first shower of dead leaves in a moist, summery autumn, when we find Daniel's approximations in mental posture, method and expression to the smug self-contentment, neat antitheses and aphoristic didacticism of the time of Pope. The time was a long way off, and lo! here already a foretaste of its twang; a patchouli differing as much as possible from the woodsy perfume of Ascham and Sidney. All in the space of one generation, in a mere thirty-five years, this miraculous sunburst of splendid activities had dawned, blazed and waned. The date of Ascham's 'Scholemaster' was 1570—it cannot have been composed much earlier; the date of Daniel's 'Defence' was 1603. The difference in attitude is positive. The early Elizabethans were enraptured with the universe; the pre-Jacobeans were already tending to the state of mind of the age of Anne and becoming satisfied with themselves. The early Elizabethans seem to us like joyous children suddenly made free of a spacious, beautiful garden, dancing from flower to flower, not suspecting any limits to what they might find or might do; men not long after their time appear to us verging even then toward the likeness of elders conning pressed specimen plants in an herbarium.

It is informing to find in the essayists, as in poets and dramatists, the same swift blooming, maturing, and withering of the age's characteristic. Without such a garner as Mr. Gregory Smith's we might still fail to realize it. His book appears to have added to the world's knowledge of his subject by shedding fresh light upon it, and all who are interested should give him hearty thanks.

The index is very full and apparently very faithful, but in several instances we have failed to find on a page referred to any trace of allusion to or naming of the author in question. The editing of the numerous blunders of Elizabethan printers or proofreaders seems to have been done with the perfection of tact. We think, however, we may venture to suggest that the "eccentricities of Webbe" (or of his printer) referred to in the preface (p. vii.) have in some cases escaped notice. Surely we should read in volume I., page 266, line 16, "match" for "watch"; 268.22, "may" for "way"; 282.5 "Wee" for "VVe"; and I. 49.16 xiiij should apparently be xiij.

One curious point also seems to disclose itself. It is evident from what Gabriel Harvey says in his letter to Spenser, I., 95.4-5, that the second and third lines of Spenser's English iambic trimeters, I. 90.30-31, are here printed not only as they were set up in the first imprint, but also exactly as Harvey saw them written out by Spenser when he received them from him. Yet it seems probable that Spenser composed the lines correctly by ear, and divided them wrongly when he wrote them out, or when he copied them into his letter to Harvey. For, if "thought" be taken as the last word of the second line instead of as the first word of the third line, the two lines scan perfectly, though somewhat woodenly.

The notes cover nearly every conceivable point in the texts as to which information or elucidation might be desired by a competent reader. Yet we miss a wished-for note here and there. On I.16.28 we should like to be told, if possible, who was the Englishman, who, in Ascham's opinion, surpassed all Latinists in England, though he knew no Greek. No note on I.139.17 explains the reference to "Euander's mother," which is less likely to be generally intelligible than many references for which explanatory notes are given. We have found but one mistaken note, that on II.315.13. From II.315.9-13 it distinctly appears that Meres is intentionally giving a list of Mediæval and Renaissance Latinists who won a reputation classing them with the ancient Latin poets; the note seems to assume that Meres blunderingly supposed that the latter-day authors of his list were ancient. Many of the notes are fine, compact, and informing; as, for instance, that on the canon on the three unities, I.398-399, a jewel of a tiny monograph.

We are pleased to see that, although late (after the text was stereotyped or printed), the editor was able to register his decision that our Puttenham was not George, but his brother Richard. His belief will help towards general recognition of what is now fairly well established.

An Index to Poetry and Recitations. . . . Including over 30,000 titles from 369 books. Edited by Edith Granger, A.B. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1904. 4to, pp. 970.

The Reciter's Treasury of Prose and Drama, Serious and Humorous. Compiled and edited by Ernest Pertwee. London: Routledge; New York: Dutton. 1904. 12mo, pp. 942.

An Eighteenth-Century Anthology. With an Introduction by Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. 1904. 16mo, pp. 328.

The "college girl" has set a high example of originality, intelligence, laboriousness, and accuracy in the 'Index to Poetry and Recitations' at the head of our list. The prose and verse (English and American) derived from so many collections is laid open to recovery by a faulty memory, or to discovery—for example, by one in search of appropriate readings or recitals on special days (Arbor Day, Labor Day, Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's) as detailed in an appendix. There is an index first of titles (381 pages); next of authors (some 200 pages); finally, of first lines, whether prose or verse. This last is all the aid that can, in the nature of the case, be afforded the defective verbal mem-

ory, which may, however, be endeavoring to trace a piece by some line, stanza, or period in the body of it. We have already mentioned the first appendix. There is a second, grouping charades, dialogues, plays, drills, pantomimes, parodies, and tableaux. There is a third, of noted personages—J. Q. Adams, Blaine, Cæsar, Dickens, Hugo, Dr. Johnson, Landor, Bonaparte, Shakspere, Webster, Wordsworth, etc. A fourth appendix points the way to temperance selections.

Such an exhibition might be thought to suffice in the way of praise of this reference manual, which is presumably the most copious index of poetical first lines in existence. The "librarian, teacher, bookseller, elocutionist, etc.," for whom it is intended, will recognize its utility at a glance,and will give it a place beside Poole's Index. As our testing of the innumerable cross-references has never found the diligent compiler nodding, we have no criticism to offer. What we have to say in closing is mere remark. Some prominent collections of verse have been passed over, and of course with some loss, especially in the middle and lower grades; the best poems occur in all, or at least in many. We will instance Bates's 'Cambridge Book of Poetry and Song,' Epes Sargent's 'Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry,' Fields and Whipple's 'Family Library of British Poetry,' which range with Dana, Bryant, and Coates, indexed by Miss Granger. It may be that the first part of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury' was practically included in the collections availed of; the second part less probably. One may regret these because the text is more likely to be punctilious than in their American rivals—a matter which Miss Granger could hardly pronounce upon for all her sources. In one narrow field, also, we miss Higginson and Bigelow's 'American Sonnets' and Crandall's 'Representative Sonnets by American Poets,' however much they overlap Mr. Stedman's 'American Anthology' here indexed. Finally, and this by way of praise once more, the author-index is, as far as it goes, a very convenient table of contents for the poets embraced in the scheme. Bayard Taylor, for example, is displayed in three-quarters of a column, Father Tabb in one-half, Tennyson in four columns, Wordsworth in rather more than four. Of the prose likewise, as, Webster in two and a half columns. Where else shall we go for this sort of thing? We are glad to observe that future editions are contemplated.

Miss Granger might have been more pleased had Mr. Pertwee's 'Reciter's Treasury of Prose and Drama' preceded her Index instead of appearing simultaneously. Its bulk is kept down by paper a little too thin, as permitting the reverse print to show through; otherwise the make-up is liberal and handsome. The authors quoted in extract are almost wholly English—with some translations—so that it is worth while to enumerate the Americans, viz., Miss Daskam, a fellow-alumna of Miss Granger; Richard Harding Davis; Mr. Dooley; Emerson; Uncle Remus; and Hawthorne. Upward of ninety authors altogether are drawn upon, with a nice taste and a wide range. The book is wholly commendable. It is a companion to Mr. Pertwee's 'Reciter's Treasury of Verse.'

The little Anthology sponsored by Mr. Alfred Austin takes us from Pope to Jane Elliot, and embraces the "Rape of the Lock," "The Ancient Mariner," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," "The Deserted Village" and "The Traveller," and Gray's "Elegy," along with shorter poems of good allure from Crabbe, Wordsworth, Cowper, and the rest—all strictly published between 1700 and 1800. As notable as anything in Mr. Austin's grave introduction is his elaborate defence of Pope against Matthew Arnold's relegation of him rather to prose writers; with a citation to the contrary at first hand from Tennyson, and help from Byron. For Crabbe, too, he has a good word. The volume is No. 15 in the "Red Letter Library."

William Churchill Houston. 1746-1788. By Thomas Allen Glenn. Norristown, Pa., Privately Printed. 1904.

Born in South Carolina in 1746, a citizen of North Carolina until graduated at Princeton in 1763, Houston's mature years were identified with New Jersey. Made a tutor immediately upon graduation, he was elected to the professorship of mathematics in 1771, and held that place without allowing it to interfere with his public duties until 1783. During much of 1776 he was a captain of New Jersey militia and saw some field service, and was a member of the Committee of Safety. He was in succession Deputy Secretary of Congress (a confidential office), a member of the New Jersey Assembly, and a member of Congress until 1781. Declining the Comptrollership of the Treasury, in 1781 he accepted the Clerkship of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, having been admitted to the bar in the same year, and he continued in the practice of the law and in the discharge of high political duties during the short remainder of his life.

His crowning service was in the Convention of 1787, which framed the national Constitution. Four delegates were appointed from New Jersey. Of these, Col. John Neilson, of New Brunswick, notwithstanding his conspicuous and well-proved patriotism, appears to have been unable to accept the weighty duty, presumably from pressing private reasons, and later Governor Livingston and Abraham Clark, the signer (whose health prevented his acceptance), were added. Curiously, Houston's name is not attached to the engrossed draft. On the other hand, Paterson, afterwards Chancellor, signed the Constitution, but did not sign the report of the Commissioners to the Legislature, which Houston did sign. There is no doubt that Houston was an active participant in all the deliberations of the Convention, or that he accepted the document as a whole; and the absence of his signature thereto appears to have been an inadvertence rather than a refusal. He died suddenly in 1788, at Philadelphia, where he was buried, but the resting-place of his body cannot now be determined.

Houston did more than fill a seat in Congress. He kept up an intelligent correspondence with the Governor, explaining legislation and urging coöperation; jointly with Robert Morris and Governor Livingston he made himself responsible for £7,000 to supply clothing for the State troops, if the Legislature failed to appropriate; and he devoted himself to the study and discussion of questions of finance. He steadily looked forward, and in the hour of greatest distress was hopeful as well as thoughtful, as in his comment on the capture of Charleston: "These things fulfil the end of God's government, where partial evil is general good. We pity our suffering brethren, but no man despairs of the republick." The Mecklenburg Declaration was written by his classmate Brevard, and was given out in the county of his boyhood. One may recognize in Houston an equal and enduring love of political freedom. With a longer life he must have secured a broader fame.

This little book, edited by Mr. Thomas Allen Glenn, is a contribution to the library of intelligent patriotism, notwithstanding the original material concerning its hero is confessedly limited. Because of that limitation, matter having only an indirect bearing on the subject had to be used. Of this the part touching the action at Princeton, for example, is not quite exact in some of its details. There are also one or two errors of the types. But on the whole the pious office of perpetuating an ancestral reputation has been modestly and attractively discharged, and, as the preface hopes, the book may well lead others to let gleams of light upon the patriotic past.

The Cathedrals of Southern France. By Francis Miltoun. Illustrations by Blanche McManus. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1904.

The new volume in the cathedral series much resembles the same author's 'Cathedrals of Northern France,' reviewed by us a little less than a year ago. It has the same fanciful cover, and the same elaborate endpapers with local maps included in the decoration; pictures of the same unsatisfactory and even vexatious character, giving neither pretty illustrations nor valuable knowledge of the monuments; and a text in which there is some evidence of sincere feeling for the buildings to which the book is devoted. One looks in vain for description of any monument, for information by means of which one might learn how important it is to visit a building, or, when in its presence, how and in what way it should be studied. Thus, in the great church of Albi, the essential peculiarity of its structure is missed, although in every clause one expects to find it stated; and again, at Carcassonne, we are left without a word as to the unusual character of the ancient cathedral as a Gothic structure. In like manner, the unique and unmatched west front of Arles, with its statues and decorative sculpture, is dismissed with brief and unsympathetic remark; and the still more astonishing front of St. Gilles is mentioned merely in connection with the Arles church. In fact, one does not discover anywhere that architecture as a fine art, or as an art of the builder, or as an art of the workman in decorative trades, has interested the author. The doubt is as to who are the persons to whom such a book is more useful or even more attractive than a good guide-book of the accepted type.

The main divisions are: Part I., Southern France in General; Part II., South of the Loire; Part III., The Rhone Valley; Part IV., The Mediterranean Coast; Part V., The Valley of the Garonne. Then there are appendices, such as a sketch-map of France, and another of the bishoprics and archbishoprics in the south—a classification of architectural style taken from De Caumont, as

printed in a book nearly half a century old, and one whose limitations bind us no longer, however much we may feel our indebtedness to the author. What is more likely to be useful is a brief list of the districts of Southern France—those of historical fame or of well-known local distinction—such old-time names as the Limousin, the Morvan, Berry and the Bordelais. It is worth any one's while to learn these by heart, for one does not now find them in maps or in gazetteers. There are in the appendix and in the text a number of little plans of churches which miss being of great value because they are without the internal points of support. The extreme outline of a cruciform church is not in itself very precious—you want beside that the piers which really do the greatest part of the work in carrying the vaulted roof. On the other hand, there is a useful little plan of the cathedral of Avignon, associated with the vast palaces of the Popes which adjoins it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ainger, Alfred. The Letters of Charles Lamb. Two vols. Macmillan.
Alchin, C. A. Ear Training for Teacher and Pupil. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.
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Anthony, Gardner C. Elements of Mechanical Drawing. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Bacon's Advancement of Learning. Vol. I. Edited by Albert S. Cook. Boston: Ginn & Co. 75c.
Bacon, Edgar Mayhew. Narragansett Bay. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Bruce, Mary Stone. Grammaire Française. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Vol. IV. N—R. Edited by George C. Williamson. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan.
Buchanan, Thomas. The Castle Comedy. Harpers. $2 net.
Candy, Albert L. The Elements of Plane and Solid Analytic Geometry. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Chamberlain, James Franklin. How We Are Clothed. Macmillan. 40c.
Clarke, B. H. Minnows and Tritons. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
College Entrance Requirements in English, 1906-1908. American Book Company.
Croiset, Alfred and Maurice. An Abridged History of Greek Literature. Translated by George F. Heffelbower. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Draper, George Otis. Still on the Search. New York: Peter Eckler.
Dutton, Clarence Edward. Earthquakes in the Light of the New Seismology. London: John Murray; New York: Putnams. $2 net.
Fiske, John. How the United States Became a Nation. 2d ed. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Foster, Edwin W. Elementary Woodworking. Boston: Ginn & Co. 75c.
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Gwynn, Stephen. The Masters of English Literature. Macmillan.
Hills, E. C., and Ford, J. D. M. A Spanish Grammar. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Hubbell, George A. Up through Childhood. Putnams.
Housman, Laurence. Sabrina Warham. Macmillan. $1.50.
Imperator et Rex (William II. of Germany). By the author of 'The Martyrdom of an Empress.' Harpers. $2.25 net.
Jenner, Henry. A Handbook of the Cornish Language. London: David Nutt. 4s. net.
Johnson, Sidona V. A Short History of Oregon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Latham, Charles. In English Homes. Imported by Scribners. $15 net.
Latter, Oswald H. The Natural History of Some Animals. (Cambridge Biological Series.) Cambridge (Eng.): The University Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Laycock, Craven, and Scales, Robert Leighton. Argumentation and Debate. Macmillan. $1.25.
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Niemann, August. Der Weltkrieg: Deutsche Träume, Berlin-Leipzig: W. Vobach & Co.; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Oppenheim, Mrs. Ansel. Evelyn. Broadway Publishing Company.
Pomes ov the Peepul. By a Syndicate of the Amalgamated Dilect Forgers' Union. Chicago: T. S. Denison $1.
Pollock, Sir Frederick. The Expansion of the Common Law. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.
Pomeroy's Code Remedies. Revised and enlarged by Thomas A. Bogle. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6.30.
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Spencer and Gillen. The Northern Tribes of Central Australia. London: Macmillan. 21 shillings net.
Starr, Frederick. Readings from Modern Mexican Authors. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.
Sweden, Its People and Its Industry. Edited by Gustav Sundbärg. Published at Stockholm by order of the Government.
The American Jewish Year Book. Edited by Cyrus Adler and Henrietta Szold. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.
The De Monarchia of Dante Alighieri. Edited by Aurelia Henry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
The Pilgrim Hymnal. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.
The Voyages of Pedro Fernandez De Quiros, 1595 to 1606. Two vols. Translated and edited by Sir Clements Markham. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society.
Twain, Mark. A Dog's Tale. Harpers. $1.
Vandam, Albert D. Men and Manners of the Third Republic. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: James Pott & Co. $3 net.
Weekes, Rose K. Love in Chief. Harpers. $1.50.
Weir, Harrison. The Poultry Book. Part XII. Doubleday, Page & Co. 60c.
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The Week.

The President is no doubt giving his attention to the attempt of the Republican State Committee to assess Federal officeholders in Kenfucky. The circular letter of the Republican campaigners given out by the Democratic National Committee on Saturday reveals, if genuine, a condition of affairs which must make the former Civil Service Commissioner now in the White House writhe. We all remember with what zeal and indignation he used his powers to stop the collection of contributions from officeholders during the Harrison campaign. The ink on the specific orders against assessments of the present Civil Service Commission is scarcely dry. Yet here we have a most flagrant violation. The chairman of the State Finance Committee writes to the postal clerks and carriers that a list of all Kentucky contributors will be sent to Mr. Cortelyou "to be filed with the records of the National Committee." What else does this mean than an implied promise to refer to them, if after election there are opportunities for new appointments or promotions? The receiver of the letter learns also that it is "confidently expected" that aid and a liberal contribution—not less than $70—will be forthcoming at once. What officeholder will dare to resist so outrageous a "hold-up"? There is nothing left for him but to draw his check for the amount so kindly specified in advance. This ought to make the preacher of political morality in the White House fairly boil over with wrath.

"He dealt with a delicate and difficult situation," writes Senator Fairbanks with regard to President Roosevelt's course toward Panama. This oracular statement is forthwith corroborated by Señor J. Gabriel Duque, editor of the Panama *Star and Herald*, who arrived here last week. With engaging confidence Señor Duque tells the world that he was offered the presidency of the so-called republic if he would lead the rebellion. Whatever may have been the exact terms of the proposal which Señor Duque received, no one will now deny his assertion that the revolution, a "spontaneous uprising of the people," was brought about by a lavish expenditure of money raised in the United States. On this point Señor Duque merely confirms the letters of the staff correspondent of the *Evening Post*, who visited Panama, and the correspondents of other newspapers. Señor Duque, as reported by the *Tribune*, defender of the Administration, assures us:

> "All the rebel generals, with the exception of President Amador, received from $4,000 to $8,000 apiece for their work. The United States was cognizant of this, I believe. It has been said that I had made an agreement with Secretary Hay, but this is false, although we knew that the United States would not allow the Colombian troops to enter Panama, once we had firmly seized the reins of government."

So long as the revolutionists knew that the United States would prevent interference by the Colombian Government—knowledge founded, as the event showed, on the most substantial basis of fact—an agreement with Secretary Hay was wholly superfluous. Obviously, when Secretary Hay telegraphed to Mr. Beaupré that the people of Panama had adopted a government of their own, "republican in form," he meant "in form only."

Roosevelt organs receive in dead silence the statement made by Señor Duque, that the Panama revolution was simply a vulgar plot, hatched and financed in this country under the very eyes of the Administration. Simultaneously with this betrayal of the whole sordid scheme, comes the publication at Bogotá of Gen. Reyes's pamphlet, 'Misión Diplomática y Militar.' It is a colorless account of the fruitless endeavors of Colombia to induce this Government to do justice, showing again how Secretary Hay took fright at the President's illegal course, and would not squarely say to Reyes in Washington what had been said to him, under instructions, by our naval officers at Panama. It is a miserable and humiliating story; but the Republicans do not even care whether there was a national disgrace involved in it. Let us all go on yelling about the rapid-fire President who could "do things," and dismiss questions of morality and public honor as "tiresome."

Prominent among the classes of people supporting Roosevelt, we learn, are the Quakers. Mr. W. D. Foulke says that he does not know of a single Republican Quaker who will not vote for Roosevelt. That candidate, it is true, has expressed the opinion that the Quaker may be as dangerous to his country as the fire-eater. Hence it is a rare exhibition of humility if these lovers of peace none the less trust their fortunes to the apostle of the Big Stick. The campaign has been thus far so destitute of novel features that political managers are justified in catching at any suggestion of an innovation. A parade of Friends with Rough Rider hats in place of the traditional broad-brims would be such a novelty, yet we confess we have faint hope of seeing it. If such an alignment were possible, no news of the same sort could create surprise. We should look next week for the formation of a Steel Rail Manufacturers' Parker and Davis League, a resolution of the New York Liquor Dealers' Association endorsing Swallow, and a Debs club on Fifth Avenue.

J. Edward Addicks of course regards the agreement of Senator Fairbanks to speak in Delaware under the patronage of the Addicks "Union" Republicans as proof that the Addicks faction is now accepted by President Roosevelt. Addicks's Wilmington *Sun* joyfully asserts:

> "The Republican party, in all its organized or recognized official capacity, from its Presidential leader down, has recognized the Union Republican party of this State as a part of and the representative of the national Republican party. This fact brands the so-called 'Regular' party in this State as a rebellious faction, at war with and opposing the success of the national Republican party."

In theory President Roosevelt is implacable toward corruption. His voice has been the shrillest in declaring, "We cannot compromise with dishonesty, with sin"; "No man who condones corruption in others can possibly do his duty by the community." In practice, President Roosevelt will not compromise with dishonesty unless he can thereby gain some advantage for the Republican party; he will not condone corruption except for the sake of electoral votes. Before he appointed Byrne United States District Attorney, he and Postmaster-General Payne said they must recognize the Addicks faction because it had 12,000—mostly purchased—votes, against 8,000 for the Regulars. Although the President later professed that the Byrne appointment was personal, yet his action in the Todd postmastership and the sending of Fairbanks to strengthen the Addicks faction are evidence enough that, in the struggle for decency, the Delaware Regulars must reckon without the aid of the loudest talker about honesty in the United States.

Jaundiced critics of President Roosevelt (we have heard it alleged that such beings exist) will say that his giving out of a letter from Gov. Wright, as if in answer to Judge Parker on the Philippines, is a prostitution of the public service to partisan ends. But we at least cannot so view it. To us it appears one more fearless act of an heroic President, letting the truth be known though it make against even himself. Gov. Wright says that "the continued discussion as to the capacity of the Filipino for self-government and his immediate or ultimate independence is having its effect here, and makes our task

more difficult." Now this is a shaft aimed directly at Mr. Roosevelt himself, for it was he, the President of the United States, knowing that his words would go with all their official weight to the Philippines, who said in his Memorial Day address in 1902, that our task in the Philippines was the introduction of "the orderly liberty, the law-abiding freedom of the individual, which is the only sure foundation upon which *national independence* can be built." So Gov. Wright is addressing a severe rebuke to President Roosevelt. And that noble man, instead of dismissing or censuring an impudent subordinate, boldly publishes his own condemnation!

Roosevelt is running like a prairie fire—in Europe. So returning travellers gravely tell us. As they step upon the dock, they inform the palpitating reporters that, while of course they are not prepared to say what the campaign conditions are in this country, the Republican outlook in England and on the Continent is most flattering. Viewed from Eatanswill, Pumpernickel, or Torrevecchio, Parker has no show at all. We would say nothing to discourage these amiable prophets whose hearts within them burn, and who apparently say to themselves, "This is my own, my native land, where everything goes." Nor would we speak one unkind word of those distinguished foreigners who inform us, en route to or from St. Louis, that President Roosevelt's election is certain. Their example, however, makes the reticence of Mr. James Bryce the more extraordinary. He is a foreigner who knows this country well, and who follows our politics with eager intelligence, yet he absolutely refuses to be interviewed on the Presidential campaign, and, we understand, notifies his friends that if they see any opinion attributed to him in the press they may set it down as an invention. Perhaps Mr. Bryce is not only recalling Hosea Biglow's advice to those who are suffering from suppressed prophecy, but is mindful of that amazing distortion of his words which made him describe Mr. Roosevelt as the greatest President since Washington.

The withdrawal of Senator Elkins from active campaign work against his father-in-law seems to prove that there was some sagacity among the Democrats when they took a candidate not merely from the enemy's country, but from the family circle of a Republican boss. This is so unusual an element in a political situation that its effect is impossible to gauge, and it perhaps accounts for the extremely conflicting reports from West Virginia. The politicians assume the existence in every State of a large body of voters who are ready to throw to the winds their convictions on the tariff, Imperialism, and the money question, in order to vote for any ticket that has a man from their own State upon it. It must be said that the history of Presidential elections yields very little confirmation of this theory. Since the foundation of the Republican party, its Vice-Presidential candidates have carried their own States eight times and lost them three times. Two of these three failures, moreover, were in years when the national ticket was successful. In the same period the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidates, chosen more uniformly from doubtful States than the Republican, secured their own States five times to seven failures.

"I submit the proposition to any blacksmith in the United States," writes Commissioner Ware in a confident defence of Pension Order No. 78. As an author of effective campaign dodgers, Mr. Ware is close rival to the President. He writes with the same vigor and defiance, and makes his appeal direct to the palpitant heart of the masses. Is the question one of international law? By all means let us refer it to a boatload of clam-diggers. Is it the tariff? Away with the vaporings of "those professional counsellors who have confined themselves to study in the closet"; give us the verdict of the pushcart men and we ask nothing further. This, broadly speaking, seems the principle upon which the Republican advocates construct the brief. "How did the Commissioner get the money to pay those pensions?" Did he "open the Treasury with a crowbar and abstract the money"? No. Every blacksmith knows that Mr. Ware, versatile as he is, is not a cracksman. With the best crowbar ever forged he could not prise his way into the Treasury in less than forty-eight hours; and in that time he would surely be caught. The theory of the crowbar is clearly untenable. What, then, are these lawyers fussing about? Why do they trouble us with their hair-splitting and quibbling? Blacksmiths' Union No. 1 is unanimous, and adjournment is in order.

To "let Lodge down easy" is now the delicate problem that confronts the Massachusetts Republicans. Every member of the party is expected to be politely blind to the fact that he has received a severe caning at the hands of the friends of reciprocity. The Boston Chamber of Commerce's plank on freer trade relations with Canada is to be made a part of the platform by the State Convention on October 7, but the machine will "amplify it with explanatory sentences." These, it is hoped, will convince the public that Lodge, while standing upon such a platform, "is not taking an attitude inconsistent on this matter up to date." The declaration regarding reciprocity is now engaging the attention of ex-Gov. W. Murray Crane, Dana Malone, who is to head the resolutions committee, and Lodge himself. According to the Boston *Herald*, it is immaterial who frames it, as it will "be brought within the sphere of Lodge's pen" before it goes to its final draft. The fact is, it is hoped that the level head of W. Murray Crane will find a way to rescue the party in Massachusetts from the ridiculous plight in which Lodge has landed it. The Republican machine makes no bones of the fact that the friends of reciprocity will be given what they demand. At the same time, it proposes to show that Lodge is triumphant. The latter is making the task as difficult as possible. He has lost his head, and is easily incited to say rash things. He has just been taunted, for example, into defining his position once more. Now he is in favor of reciprocity if it can be so arranged as to satisfy forty-five States of the Union.

Senator Stone's observation that the Missouri campaign on both sides is apathetic beyond all precedent will surprise Easterners who remember that the early summer saw a struggle of unexampled excitement in the primaries. Yet the explanation is probably simple enough It was one of the jokes of the convention which nominated Mr. Folk that his managers did not even know by sight the leading politicians of the old order. The men who used to handle the machinery, set off the fireworks, and arrange the ratification meetings, are not now in control. The peculiar nature of the canvass is shown by the particular question which is just now uppermost in the State newspapers: whether Boss Butler did or did not contribute $200 to the Folk campaign fund. Butler says he followed his invariable custom of past years and gave it to the campaign collector. State Chairman Vandiver says he never received it. Everybody seems to agree that if Butler did contribute the money, it was with a view to discrediting the head of the ticket and masking his own purposes. Since the sole danger to the Folk ticket comes from a nominally Democratic element which dares not fight him in the open, apathy on the surface is only to be expected. As for danger to the ticket through radical disaffection, it is well known that the element aroused by the Circuit Attorney's energetic campaign includes precisely what was best and soundest in Mr. Bryan's following.

United States Senator McLaurin of Mississippi last week tried to defend his client (a white fiend who last winter tortured and burned a negro and his innocent wife under circumstances of unprintable atrocity) on the ground that the burning was a necessity. That there is some logic in this, from the

Southern point of view, is plain. Where there are courts ready and willing to try negro criminals, the only possible excuse for resorting to lynch law is the contention that the safety of the community as a whole demands it. If his plea is granted, the Senator will have to admit that he represents a State which is still uncivilized, for the first evidence of stability and orderliness is the working of the courts. As a matter of fact, this excuse is as hoary and invalid as the old Southern argument that you must not let the slaves read lest there be a servile insurrection. So, too, is the statement often made by lawless Southerners that there must be lynchings unless the South is to become an impossible residence for white women. But no defender of this institution—not even Senator McLaurin—can excuse the horrible killing on September 21, near Talbotton, Georgia, of two negroes who had actually been declared innocent of the charge of conspiring to murder whites. Doubtless the motives these lynchers would acknowledge are the same offered by the Senator in his defence. The "niggers" must be taught a lesson as a "warning" that this is a white man's country, and that the negro must stay in his "place."

The Huntsville militia company which failed to prevent the lynching of a negro in that city on September 7 has been disbanded. The trial of the cowardly officers who connived at the Statesboro lynching is progressing steadily. Gov. Terrell of Georgia has announced that he will turn over the names of the mob leaders to the Bullock County Grand Jury, and will call upon it to follow the example of the Huntsville special grand jury, which recommended the impeachment of the sheriff, mayor, and chief of police on the charges of wilful neglect of duty and total incompetency. It also urged the reorganization of the police department from top to bottom. Still more notable signs of an aroused public conscience at the South are found in the press. The Atlanta *Constitution's* headlines declared last week that Georgia mobs are "very helpful to Roosevelt." Strongly Democratic as it is, that newspaper stated that the Democratic managers feel as if they might as well give up their efforts to impress the country with their belief that the Democracy is a great law-and-order and constitutional party, if these Southern lynchings are to continue. The Florida *Times-Union* is even more outspoken. In its opinion, "the deadliest enemy that the Southern white man has is that class which is represented by the brutal desperadoes who shot two unarmed and unoffending negroes near Talbotton, Ga., Wednesday." It calls upon the farmers of the South to guarantee protection to the negroes unless they wish to face the prospect "of neglected crops and unpicked cotton." At the same time it urges upon the negroes the duty of keeping their ruffians under.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has just decided that the soldiers' bounty bill, passed by the last Legislature over the Governor's veto, is unconstitutional. This decision is based on the fact that "the act provided for legislation that is in the interest of private individuals, and not for the benefit of the general public." This, the judges now declare, renders any bounty bill unconstitutional. The law in question provided for the payment of $125 to every civil war veteran who had not previously received an enlistment bounty from the State. Technically, bounties and pensions are two different things, but practically they have but one meaning. Anyhow, this particular bounty measure has a haunting resemblance to Order No. 78. It is a pity some way could not be found to get the latter before the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

Is or is not New England cotton manufacturing doomed? The question is perennial. Among the latest to attempt an answer is President Walmsley of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association. He sounded a cheerful note in his annual address this week. There are difficulties, but the way out of them is not hard to see. Of first importance is the labor problem. Mr. Walmsley, a New Bedford manufacturer, thinks there should be "more conciliation between employers and employed." He is averse to any change in the working hours in New England; and as for wages, it is well to look the fact squarely in the face that they never can be brought down to the Southern level. "Any forced attempt," he says, "to reduce wages below a normal standard must inevitably result in failure." Such statements cause a wry face in Fall River. But, undoubtedly, Mr. Walmsley is right in his main contention that the problem before the New England mills is one not of labor, but of management. Many of the older mills, he finds, are in a deplorable condition, physically and financially, due to lack of ability on the part of those in charge. Let such "close down and go out of business altogether, and the sooner the better." On the whole, the cotton industry of New England has little to fear. It will progress in the direction of finer and more varied fabrics, resembling Switzerland in this particular. As a Southern manufacturer points out, Switzerland "buys cotton and sells skill."

The volume of our exports to Cuba is said to be "most discouraging" to those who looked for a large increase in business as a result of the reciprocity treaty. But that was no magician's wand by which all the laws of trade were to be overturned. It was not calculated of itself to throw the commerce of the island into our hands. It did make the way easier for our merchants and manufacturers; and if they have not been willing or able to avail themselves of the opportunity, that is not the fault of the treaty. For the first quarter of the present fiscal year the imports into Cuba from the United States increased only 3 per cent., against a gain of many times that figure in those from the leading European nations, whose cost of production has cheapened while ours has gone up, and whose better understanding of the needs of the Cuban market, and longer datings, continue to give the Englishman, German, and Spaniard the advantage, notwithstanding the tariff concessions to this country. Apparently, the Cuban market is evidently not worth our applying our "dumping" policy to it. But, of course, we are not going to tolerate present conditions forever. Minister Squiers is quite right in telling President Palma that our merchants and manufacturers "will not long support" a reciprocity arrangement which works like the present one. If Palma has half an eye he will quickly perceive that we may soon have to intervene "in the interests of civilization."

It will not be Minister Fielding's fault if his anti-dumping regulations are not made effective by the Canadian customs officials. He does not propose to have foreign goods—notably those from the United States—exported to the Dominion at less than the fair market price in the original country. Knowing well that it is harder to corner the purchaser of "dumped" commodities than to catch a flea, he has framed an invoice which is likely to tax the ingenuity of the importer to the fullest extent. The latter is obliged to swear that the invoice exhibits the fair market value of the goods "at the time and place of direct exportation to Canada, and as when sold at the same time and place in like quantity and condition for home consumption, in the principal markets of the country whence exported directly to Canada, without any discount or deduction for cash or on account of any drawback or bounty, or on account of any royalty actually payable thereon, or payable thereon when sold for home consumption but not payable when exported, or on account of the exportation thereof, or for any special consideration whatever." He must also swear that no different invoice of the goods mentioned has been or will be furnished to any one, and that no understanding has been or will be made between exporter and importer, "either by way of discount, rebate, salary, compensation," etc., other than as shown "in said invoice." Mr. Fielding probably says: "If this does not diminish 'dumping,' it will at least increase perjury."

THE PARKER CAMPAIGN.

Judge Parker's letter of acceptance contains some effective answers to the challenging document issued by the President three weeks ago. Omniscience being his foible, Mr. Roosevelt undertook to teach the Judge law, with the same patient condescension revealed in his instruction of the bishops in theology. The plight in which jurist Roosevelt is now left can best be exhibited by the use of parallel columns:

PRES'T ROOSEVELT.

"It is now asserted 'that the common law, as developed, affords a complete legal remedy against monopolies.' But there is no common law of the United States. Its rules can be enforced only by the State courts and officers. No Federal court or officer could take any action whatever under them."

JUDGE PARKER.

"Whether there is any common law which can be applied and enforced by the Federal courts, cannot be determined by the President, or by a candidate for the Presidency.

"The determination of this question was left by the people in framing the Constitution to the judiciary and not to the Executive. The Supreme Court of the United States has recently considered this question, and, in the case of the Western Union Telegraph Company vs. The Call Publishing Company, to be found in the one hundred and eighty-first volume of the United States Supreme Court reports, at page 92, it decided that common-law principles could be applied by United States courts in cases involving interstate commerce, in the absence of United States statutes specifically covering the case. Such is the law of the land."

Imagine the wigging which the Republican lawyer who stuffed the President will get on his next visit to the White House!

One of the hectoring demands of the President's letter was that calling upon his opponents to say whether his pension order, which they affirm was illegally issued, they would dare revoke. "Will they now authoritatively state that they intend to do this?" "If elected, I will revoke the order," says Judge Parker, quietly. He adds that he will urge Congress to do by law what the President attempted to do by Executive order—that is, give veterans a pension for age. While this is only following up what the Democrats of the House proposed, we are bound to say that we do not like such an approach to the promise of a service pension. But rebuke of Judge Parker for this lies in no Republican mouth. And fancy the jubilation of Mr. Roosevelt's admirers if he had so emphatically replied to an antagonist's challenge. "Teddy Calls his Bluff," would have been the exultant headlines. Well, we hope to hear less of this Republican boastfulness, hereafter, even if the party of moral ideas is compelled to find some other than gambling terms in which to glorify its policies and its candidates.

For the rest, Judge Parker's letter states the issues before the people, and the views which he holds, with explicitness and courage. His inflexible adherence to the gold standard he reiterates. For the Republicans to attempt to flog that dead horse along the road any further is as sensible as it would be to try to make the Julian calendar an issue in this campaign. Judge Parker speaks with emphasis, yet with precision, on the question of imperialism. No one can doubt where he stands. He is for the application of traditional Americanism, both at home and abroad—no man above the law, no subject people beyond the pale of the Constitution. He forcibly controverts the pretence that a promise of independence to the Filipinos would plunge them into war and massacre. He has human nature, if not the Republican wiseacres, on his side when he maintains that it would, rather, stimulate them in worthy national pride and efforts to become fit citizens of a free republic.

Upon the tariff issue Judge Parker puts much more edge than he did in his speech of acceptance. He perceives that the inevitable course of the campaign makes the tariff abominations of the Republican party a powerful weapon in the hands of the Democrats. Judge Parker is telling in his exposure of the way in which the high-tariff dogma has become the article of a standing or falling party with the Republicans. They have turned their back on their own teachings. They have falsified their own professions, and have flouted the solemn warnings of President McKinley, on the subject of tempering protection with reciprocity. President Roosevelt they have compelled to retract his own writings and speeches. Insensate protection, like a baleful obsession, now guides Republican policy. There are Republican tariff revisionists, as Judge Parker points out, but they are powerless in their own party. They may afford valuable aid in tariff reduction if the Democrats are given a mandate to set about that work, but if Roosevelt is elected, what warrant has any rational man for supposing that the Shylocks of protection will not go on exacting their pound of flesh?

Judge Parker has done all that could reasonably be asked of him to make his campaign a success. We have scant sympathy with the demand that he do something startling every week, or make a car-end tour of the country. Have we become so demoralized by the methods of Bryan and Roosevelt that we can take no interest in a political campaign unless it is sensational and spectacular? Are Americans to refuse henceforth to listen to a candidate unless he rides at them like a cowboy "shooting up the town"? We are loath to believe it. We should be sorry to think that effective campaigning must now be one long hysteric appeal to excitable electors, no issue of any value unless it can be shrieked about, no argument to be weighed unless printed with red ink in types a foot high. We recall the Tilden campaign, the Cleveland campaigns. In them the candidate was not expected to make of himself either a peep-show or a daily shocker. Mr. Cleveland, if memory serves, delivered no more than three speeches in 1884. Then, as in 1876 and 1892, the Democrats had a dignified candidate and a good cause. They have both to-day. Never were more important issues more squarely joined. Judge Parker puts them with directness and candor in his letter. It remains for those to whom the principles he lays down are dear, and to whom the perils wrapped up in Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy are grave and imminent, to take up the work of the campaign with steady and heightened enthusiasm.

THE NEW YORK SITUATION.

Presidential candidates and party organs are always, perforce, filled with admiration of the wisdom of political conventions. That is a part of their professional etiquette. Accordingly, Judge Parker is "pleased" with the result at Saratoga, however strong the evidence may be that he wanted another man nominated for Governor. In like manner, President Roosevelt was particularly "delighted" with the action of the Republican Convention. It is known that, in private, he does not conceal his dislike and distrust of Odell; but publicly he is bound to accept whatever the Republican boss proposes, and to be effusive about its being the very wisest course possible. That is one of the differences between a Presidential candidate and an independent newspaper, which, more fortunate than thick-and-thin partisans, is not compelled by the exigencies of politics either to stultify itself or to attempt to deceive its readers. If it has, with the *Sun*, called a man a "desperate political operator," it feels that it is, in decency, debarred from advocating his election as Governor. If it has dwelt upon the impropriety of a judge continuing to be a party boss, it is not ready, with the *World*, to turn a sharp corner and say that "this objection will not exist when he resigns from the bench." The plain moral of that would be that we may rightly say to every politically ambitious judge: "Use your judicial office for all there is in it. Be an open partisan on the bench. Smear your ermine with the oil of the political machine. Then get yourself nominated for a civil office, and all will be forgiven."

For our part we cannot advise anybody to vote for D. Cady Herrick. His ability we do not question. On the bench, so far as we know, he has been an impartial judge. But are we to attack Odellism with a candidate adept in all the disreputable arts of Democratic

politics in Albany County? Are we to preach judicial propriety while nominating a man who has been a local party boss though a judge? It will be said that Herrick was a useful organizer for Mr. Cleveland. So was the notorious Rasin of Baltimore, but that does not fit him to be Governor. That Herrick has long been Hill's enemy will be brought forward as a conclusive argument; but that alone is not enough. No; earnestly desiring as we do the success of the Democratic national ticket, we have our own character and consistency to sustain, and will not support Herrick for Governor. In passing by Jerome and Shepard to nominate him, the Democratic Convention deliberately threw away its great opportunity.

But while we feel and reiterate the grave objections to Judge Herrick which should have prevented his nomination, we are disposed to do full justice to the work of the Democratic Convention in other respects. The nominees for the minor offices seem to be much above the average. Of Mr. Harrison, named for Lieutenant-Governor, nothing but good is said by those familiar with his record in Congress. The final decision in the case of the judicial nominations was very gratifying. It definitively takes the Court of Appeals out of politics. This is more noteworthy in that it was a wise and proper step at variance with the desires and hopes of the machine Democrats. They wanted to make spoils of the judgeships, and they had an ostensible reason in the arbitrary methods of Odell as well as in the previous partisan attitude of Judge Werner. But, happily, the personal resentments and malign counsels of Hill were, in this matter, resolutely put aside. His personal discomfiture was heightened by the complete collapse of his cherished Stanchfield boom, and also by the failure of his eleventh-hour scheme to conspire with Boss McCarren and force the nomination of Comptroller Grout. It is a pity that the men who broke down all those Hill plots had not determination enough to keep on, and compel the nomination of a better man for Governor.

The actual situation in the New York State election is plainly one to perplex the independent voter. He was never more courted at the polls, yet never more flouted in conventions. Both candidates hasten to assure him—Lieut.-Gov. Higgins at Olean and Judge Herrick at Albany—that they are their own masters, and that every voter who hates a boss ought to be for them. Yet men sworn to no party will not find the choice simple. It is not an instance of being happy were 'tother away, but were both away. Neither is a candidate that independents would have chosen; yet one nomination made the other possible. If Odell had been willing to take a man like Root, the Democrats would never have thought of naming Herrick.

We do not pretend to say at present what choice of evils should be made by independents. One thing to remember is that the independent vote cannot be "delivered." Any self-constituted custodian who tries to put it in a bag and carry it to a given destination, will find that he has a light burden on arrival. To be an independent is to be independent. It is improper to speak of him as "bolting," for that implies that he sometimes submits to the curb. The situation which the unattached and conscientious voter has now to face is this: On one side he has a candidate of respectable record and good business ability, put forward by one of the most ruthless and predatory political machines ever constructed. The Democratic platform, in its scathing attacks upon Odell, only speaks the thoughts of many Republican hearts. On the other side, we have a party which exhibits a great improvement, on the whole, upon its course and control in this State for some years past, with a candidate who is admittedly of great ability and marked personal force, and of irreproachable private life, yet whose political activities in the past have been highly questionable, and whose mixing up of politics with jurisprudence has been, as the *Times*, which supports him, says, both an "impropriety and a scandal." Clearly, then, those who think the objections to Higgins and his bad company more weighty than those which lie against Herrick and *his* company, will make their choice accordingly, and vice versa. What the independent voter, alone with his conscience and a lead pencil, will do, can no more be predicted than what a jury will do. But it is certain that he will do what he thinks for the public good, and that, unlike the partisan and the ignorant, he will be able perfectly to discriminate between national and State issues.

NEW YORK IN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

It is natural that, now as so often before, the political interest of the country should centre upon New York. The experience of more than a century proves that six times out of seven the candidate for whom it votes becomes President. It has taken part in twenty-eight Presidential elections. It has voted on the losing side at four. On three of these occasions its support was lent to distinguished sons of its own. De Witt Clinton was one of the greatest public men to whom its soil has given birth. In 1812 his popularity, and the opposition of the commercial centres to the foreign policy of the Administration and to the second war with Great Britain, won for him its vote as against James Madison. In 1868 the Tammany Hall of William M. Tweed was at the height of its power. It pleased it in that year to show its strength, and Horatio Seymour received in the counties below the Harlem a larger proportion of their total vote than was ever before or has ever since been given to any Presidential candidate. His majority below the river was 30,000 more than that given to McClellan four years before. As a result, he received the electoral votes of the State. Eight years afterwards another great New Yorker, Samuel J. Tilden, then Governor, carried his State by what was absolutely, although not relatively, the largest plurality it had up to that time ever given a Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Had conditions in the South been then what they ever since have been, he would, of course, have succeeded to the Presidential chair. As it was, after the country had been for months on the verge of civil war, Hayes was inaugurated. The sole occasion upon which New York has voted for an unsuccessful Presidential candidate who was not one of its own citizens was in 1856, when it gave to John C. Frémont the then enormous plurality of 80,000—a figure relatively even greater than the 143,000 by which McKinley carried the State in 1900. For nearly ten years prior to 1856, the Democratic party had been torn asunder by the quarrels of its "Barnburners," of its "Hunkers," its "Hards," and its "Softs." It was the effect of this long factional warfare even more than the strength of the American or Know-Nothing party which made Buchanan so much weaker a candidate before its voters than he was before those of the other doubtful States of the North.

At each of the other twenty-four Presidential elections the man for whom New York voted became President. At fourteen of these quadrennial contests New York merely swelled the majority for the victor. Washington, Jefferson at his second election, Madison at his first, Monroe, Jackson, the elder Harrison, Pierce, Lincoln in 1864, Grant in 1872, Cleveland in 1892, and McKinley would have been elected if it had voted against instead of for them. Ten times, however, New York has given what amounted to the casting vote. In 1796 it elected Adams only to defeat him four years later. In 1824 it was in its power to make Jackson President a Presidential term before he actually attained the dignity. In 1836, without its support Van Buren would not have been chosen. In 1844 it crushed the life-long ambitions of Clay, as forty years later it did those of Blaine. In 1848 it made Taylor President. Without its support in 1860 Lincoln would have been beaten. Garfield in 1880, Cleveland in 1884, and Harrison in 1888 owed their success to it. The ardent enthusiasm which both Clay and Blaine were able to in-

spire and maintain in the breasts of millions of their countrymen, and the narrow margin by which New York voted against each of them, gave a dramatic character to its decision in 1844, and again in 1884, which has sometimes been lacking even when weightier consequences turned upon its judgment.

It is impossible to form even an approximate idea as to what the ultimate results of a contrary decision by New York at some Presidential elections would have been upon the entire future history of the country. If in 1796 its electors had voted for Thomas Jefferson instead of for John Adams, no Alien and Sedition laws would have been enacted; no Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions adopted. Far more momentous, however, John Marshall would never have become Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and in that event the Constitution to-day would have been in substance, though not in form, essentially unlike what it now is. In 1800 if Aaron Burr had not wrested the County of New York from the control of the Federalists, Napoleon Bonaparte would have offered Louisiana to John Adams instead of to Thomas Jefferson. Would Adams have accepted it? In 1860, if the combined opposition to Lincoln had been able to carry the State against him, he would not have become President. The House of Representatives would have chosen either Breckinridge or Bell. There would not at that time have been any secession or any civil war. It is at least conceivable that African slavery might still have legal existence among us.

Great as are the changes which a century has brought about, it is curious how persistent are some of the peculiarities of New York politics in matters which would seem to be of an essentially transitory nature. On general principles, nothing would appear more likely to be short-lived than the factional quarrels of rival politicians professing the same political faith. The deadly enemies of yesterday are the closest allies of to-day; the men who last year were inseparable associates, this year leave nothing tending to their mutual destruction undone. Yet for more than a century there have been few periods in which the course of the political history of New York has not been largely influenced, and sometimes altogether dominated, by these factional fights and their consequences. "Martling men," "Quids," "Bucktails," "Clintonians," "Barnburners," "Hunkers," "Hards," "Softs," "Silver Grays," "Conscience Whigs," "Stalwarts," "Half-breeds," are only a few among the many curious appellations, some meaningless, some expressive, which have been at one time or another given to the factions into which its political parties have been divided. In 1848 certainly, on a number of other occasions probably, these factional disputes have given the electoral votes of the State to Presidential candidates who, but for such quarrels, would not have received them. What part the bitterness between the followers of Platt and of Odell will play in determining the result on the eighth of November next will not be known until after the election has been held, and very probably not even then.

Another peculiarity of New York politics is that as a rule the Democratic party can command more support on State than on national issues. This was a well-recognized rule sixty years ago, when Whigs and Democrats struggled with each other for the control of the State. It has been still more marked and persistent since the Republican party was organized. Only at two of the Presidential elections since 1854 has the Republican party in New York failed to show greater relative strength at a Presidential election than it did at the last preceding State election. One of these exceptions was in 1864, when Lincoln's plurality was less than 7,000, as against 29,000 given the year before to Chauncey Depew, then the Republican candidate for Secretary of State. The other was in 1876, when Governor Tilden had a plurality of 32,000, as against one of only 13,000 given in 1875 to Lucius Robinson, the Democratic candidate for Comptroller. In New York the Republican plurality for President has averaged for the entire twelve elections since that party was organized something over 45,000. At the State elections next preceding the Presidential elections the average Democratic plurality was about fifty votes. Of course the enormous pluralities received by McKinley in 1896 and 1900 make averages which include these figures essentially deceptive as to the real relative strength of the two parties in the State. Confining the comparison to the period beginning in 1855 and ending in 1892, it appears that the average Republican plurality at the ten Presidential elections held during that period was 13,600, while the average Democratic plurality at the elections next preceding those same Presidential elections was 10,800; that is, the Republican party seemed to be during that period between 24,000 and 25,000 votes stronger at Presidential than at State elections.

CITY VOTE VS. COUNTRY VOTE.

Good crops make Republican votes in the country. High prices for the necessaries of life make Democratic votes in the cities. Behind the immediate issues these two counteracting tendencies have for years been in operation. They play an important part in the complex motives which induce each man to cast his vote in a given way. The Democrats are asking the dweller in the city to reckon how the era of high prices has affected his personal economy. The Republicans meanwhile claim the farmer vote as an asset. The index of their campaign book shows just twice as many references to farms and farmers as to gold and the gold standard combined. President Roosevelt himself has dispelled the impression that he was not enthusiastic over farmers as a class, by applying to them, in his letter of acceptance, the complimentary adjectives "steadfast, single-minded, and industrious." "The farmers did it," cried the Republicans joyously when they saw the Vermont political barometer pointing to "set fair." But they have not put away their umbrellas on that account. The weather-wise among them realize that the result will be decided in States where the rural vote is not omnipotent. There can be no doubt that in this election the cities, as such, will assume exceptional importance. If the Republican ticket is defeated, it will be largely through their influence. Four years ago there were sixty-three Congressional districts made up of large cities with their suburbs. Of them 34 were represented by Republicans and only 29 by Democrats. To-day, of 75 such districts, 40 have sent Democrats to Congress and only 35 Republicans.

Local contests furnish an untrustworthy guide at best for a forecast of national results, and yet the municipal elections of the past four years also make a striking showing. A long list may be made of cities now governed by Democratic mayors which have had Republican or Independent administrations and displaced them since the last Presidential election. It includes New York, Boston, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Hartford, Reading, Elizabeth, Camden, Bridgeport, Trenton, Davenport, Ia., Manchester, N. H., Chattanooga, Sacramento, Springfield, Ill., Newport, and Williamsport, Pa. Of the cities in this list, New York and Indianapolis, it is true, had Democratic mayors at the date of the election in 1900, but they have had since that time Independent and Republican administrations respectively, and in their last elections displaced them by straight Democratic. The aggregate population of these cities is nearly six million. The list of places which in the same period have displaced Democratic by Republican mayors contains about as many names, but Buffalo is the largest city in the list, and the aggregate population is less than two million. This comparison takes account only of cities that have changed the complexion of their local administrations in their last, or almost their last, elections. If the list were to include all those now having Democratic mayors, such cities as Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, and Baltimore would have to be added.

The latest information we have as to the shift of votes comes, of course, from the September elections. These have been widely celebrated as auguries for Republican success, and yet if there is one phe-

nomenon which they reveal clearly and convincingly, it is the divergence of city and country vote and the unmistakable Democratic trend of the former. Even in Vermont the county containing the largest city, Burlington, was one of the two which showed actual Democratic gains and Republican losses.

In Maine it is unquestionably true that the license issue was extremely potent in increasing the Democratic vote in the cities, and that in 1900 the Democrats were badly disorganized; yet, even making allowances for these facts, a separation of the city from the country vote gives surprising results. Maine has seven cities of more than 10,000 population. In 1900 they gave Hill, the Republican candidate for governor, 13,528, and his opponent, Lord, but 6,266. This year, the same seven cities gave Cobb, the Republican, 13,290, and Davis, the Democrat, 10,780. In other words, while the Republicans had actually lost 1½ per cent. on their city vote, the Democrats had gained no less than 71½ per cent. Outside of these cities, in the same period, the Republicans had increased their vote 9 per cent., to the Democrats' 23 per cent. Just how far these particular percentages are due to local issues no man is wise enough to say. But the tendency they disclose is general: the Republicans gained votes only in the country. The Democrats gained three times as fast in the cities as in the country.

Only one-sixth of Maine's voters live in the cities. Yet it needs no complicated calculation to see the bearing of her election on those States where the urban population is the dominant factor. New York has thirty-eight cities of 10,000 population or over. They gave McKinley in 1900 472,262 votes to 349,730 which he received in other places. Bryan's city vote was 455,189 to 223,197 in the country. It was pointed out very promptly when the Maine returns came in that, to apply the Republican net gain of 6.6 per cent. and the Democratic net gain of 28 per cent. to New York, would still leave it in Republican hands by nearly 8,000. If the country and city figures be looked at separately, however, they show a very different result. Leave out of account any loss of the Republicans in the cities, give them their full percentage of increase in the country, and then allow the Democrats even half the proportional gains they made in Maine, city and country, and the calculation shows a Democratic plurality of 15,000. Of course, nobody imagines that such changes as those in Maine are even remotely possible in New York—they would give Parker no less than 200,000 votes to spare; but it is not unfair to say that if the figures mean anything at all, they may well be disquieting to the Republicans. The change of votes necessary to carry Indiana and Illinois is considerably less than that for New York. For West Virginia, it is about the same.

A SECOND HAGUE CONFERENCE.

In acceding to the request of the Interparliamentary Union that he invite the nations to a second Hague Conference, President Roosevelt has taken a commendable step. It may be impossible to reassemble the Peace Congress soon—Russia and Japan could scarcely send representatives at present—and the unsettled questions may not be disposed of even when the delegates do find themselves at The Hague; but the President has, at any rate, shown his hearty good will, and, by so much, officially committed the United States to disapproval of war. It is Mr. Roosevelt's own fault if a certain suspicion attaches to him in his rôle of ingeminator of peace, and if cynics interpret this action of his as only a part of his general programme of being "good" until after November 8. A man who has spoken with such contempt as he has done of the idea of permanent peace among nations, and whom "cant about humanity" has so nauseated in his warlike ardor, will have to make many peaceful speeches and do many things really to promote disarmament and to discourage the belligerent spirit, before he will be accepted in entire seriousness as the original non-resistant.

The first Peace Conference, it will be remembered, met at The Hague on May 17, 1899; delegates from twenty-six nations adopted three conventions, three declarations, and seven resolutions. The declarations prohibited the use of dum-dum bullets and projectiles containing asphyxiating gases, and prohibited the throwing of explosives from balloons for a period of five years. The conventions related to the laws and customs of war on land and the adaptation to maritime warfare of the principles of the Geneva Conference of 1864, and, most important of all, provided for the peaceful adjustment of international differences. The third established the Hague Court of Arbitration, to which, at President Roosevelt's request, Venezuela and her European creditors referred the questions at issue between them. By this act the President rendered a notable service to the peaceful settlement of international disputes.

A reference to the resolutions adopted at the Peace Conference, which were merely "expressions of wishes," shows plainly the need of another meeting of the nations. The delegates of 1899 were forced to leave much of their work unfinished. They could not, for instance, go any further with the "limitation of the military charges which so oppress the world," beyond saying that it "is greatly to be desired, for the increase of the material and moral welfare of mankind." They asked for another conference or conferences for the revision of the Convention of Geneva, for the regulation of the rights and duties of neutrals, for the consideration of the immunity of private property on the high seas during war, and for the regulation of naval bombardments of ports, cities, or villages. In addition, the conference urged upon the various governments study of the questions relating to muskets and marine artillery and to the limitation of war budgets and of the land and naval forces.

Obviously, if nothing of moment had occurred in the last five years, President Roosevelt would still be amply justified in asking for another international conference in the hope of adjusting some of these disputed questions and of renewing the five-year agreement in regard to the use of war balloons. But the deplorable war in Mantchuria has brought to the front a number of questions which call for prompt study and settlement, while emphasizing anew the need of further light upon contraband of war and the duties of neutrals. We need not recall the excitement of the English press and the public a month ago over the Russian seizures in the Red Sea. This was a grave enough menace to the world's peace to make it highly important that the law governing the right of a belligerent warship to search merchantmen on the high seas should be codified as speedily as possible. The *Ryeshitelni* incident at Chefoo has also made necessary a new definition of the rights and duties of neutrals whose harbors are entered, together with a fresh statement of the proper procedure in the event of violations of neutrality.

The development of modern warfare and of modern news-getting has also brought forward for settlement some entirely new questions. The Hague Conference found itself unable to deal with the cutting of cables by the United States in the war of 1898. Since that time wireless telegraphy has reached such a stage of usefulness as to lead Russia to declare its apparatus contraband and to threaten to treat its operators as spies. Floating mines have played a more important part in this war than ever before—to the surprise of naval officers as well as of laymen. Breaking from their moorings, they have floated far from the actual scene of hostilities into waters navigated by peaceful merchantmen, to their great danger. The limitations, if any, of the submarine boat should next be considered by the second Hague Conference, which could not fail to extend the present three-mile limit of the coast jurisdiction of nations. The development of naval and land artillery imperatively dictates an extension of such neutral waters to at least six miles from shore.

In drafting his call to the nations, other important points will doubtless

occur to the President and his advisers upon which it will be wise and humane to lay much stress. Leadership in this direction will confer far more and more lasting honor upon the President and his country than any achievements in the way of building battleships, or assertions that the only way to secure peace is to speak softly and carry a big stick. By his promise to call another Hague Conference, Mr. Roosevelt has himself shown the falsity of the latter doctrine. What a pity it is that to his discredit must be set down his scorning of the earnest recommendations of the first Conference to "increase the material and moral welfare of mankind" by limiting expenditures for war, and his unceasing appeals for more fighting men and greater armaments!

DUMONT ACQUITTED BY DUMONT.

The report on the investigation of the *Slocum* disaster by the local Board of Steamboat Inspectors, printed in Friday's papers, is precisely what might have been expected. James A. Dumont and his fellow-officials have sat in judgment upon themselves, primarily, and upon the officers of the *Slocum* secondarily. They have, without a blush of shame, pronounced themselves not guilty, while punishing the other wrongdoers by revoking their licenses. Only in the records of their own inspection service can this shocking farce be paralleled. When the steamer *Rio Janeiro* sank off the Golden Gate in 1901 with a loss of 128 lives, the San Francisco Board of Inspectors similarly cleared its own skirts. It as solemnly shirked all blame for faulty life-preservers, for boats that could not be lowered, and for the absence of watertight compartments, gravely censuring the ship's engineer for not leaving his post of duty to help lower boats that either could not be put overboard or that sank when finally launched.

The San Francisco Dogberrys did not even pretend to defend themselves; but James A. Dumont and his associates have felt the need of replying to attacks, and have not hesitated, in their attempt to hide their shortcomings, to resort to obvious misstatements. They coolly find that the life-preservers which one of their subordinates inspected were in every case up to the requirements, and aver that double the quantity of life-saving equipments would not have rescued an additional life. The day after the catastrophe the *Evening Post* declared, editorially, after talks "with those who drew ashore bodies actually weighted down by the life-preservers," that these life-belts, "when thrown into the water, sank like stones; when ripped open, displayed a mixture of soggy cork and glue no more buoyant than so much dirt." And in rebuttal of all this, Dumont, trapped at last, asserts that a solid cork preserver of the date of 1875 is still buoyant! If this proves the Dumont case, Henry Lundberg, the dropped inspector who passed the *Slocum*, has a right to sue for reinstatement. If the adequacy of all the *Slocum's* preservers can be established by the simple say-so of a board of whitewashers, then why were no less than 1,365 of 1,500 preservers on the *Slocum's* sister ship, the *Grand Republic*, proved defective by the inspectors from other ports who conducted the reëxamination of steamboats in this harbor?

Even Dumont seeks to break the force of his false statement that "no dead bodies were taken from the water with life-preservers on them," and his assertion that the equipment was not at fault, by admitting that manufacturers do not always live up to the requirements for life-preservers. But this is precisely the reason why the Government of the United States pays Dumont and his inspectors to pass upon them. That is plainly not Dumont's idea of the reasons for his employment. It never has been in all his long and harmful official career. Now, he suggests that the best way to guard against deception is to station inspectors in the factories to supervise the making of the belts; and it is, doubtless, quite impossible to make him realize that thereby he confesses the hopeless inadequacy and inefficiency of that whole inspection service of which he was for so many years, owing to his political "pull," the responsible head.

If it is necessary to point out further the utter worthlessness of this opinion of Dumont upon Dumont, we would cite his statement that Coroner Berry failed to appear as a witness. That official has already declared the statement false, and has asserted that, ready and willing to testify as he was, he was never called upon. It is quite likely that Dumont was eager to acquiesce in this apparent failure to respond because the coroner's jury had held Inspector Lundberg for passing the *Slocum*. Of this the Dumont report has nothing to say, just as it overlooks the indictment of Inspectors Lundberg and Fleming by the Federal grand jury on July 29 for negligence causing manslaughter, the penalty for which is ten years at hard labor. These men are still awaiting trial.

But Dumont falls back upon the inefficiency of the crew as his main excuse for the loss of the 959 lives. Their failure to see that the hose was properly stretched, to lower the boats, and to stop the fire when it was first seen, is unquestionably largely responsible for the extent of the catastrophe. Whose duty is it to supervise the crew and see that it is efficient? Will Dumont maintain that his functions cease when his inspectors have passed upon a vessel's physical equipment? He declares that the captain and pilot failed to perform "their lawful duty by giving frequent instruction to the crew and exercising them in fire and other drills." But are such failures, such violations of the regulations, discoverable only at a cost of 959 lives? Section 4445 of the Revised Statutes requires that a master, a mate, a pilot, or an engineer must give his oath to do his duty "faithfully and honestly." Is an annual inspection of a vessel in dock the only way of discovering whether these oaths are being lived up to? Obviously not. And even Dumont could not have the hardihood to declare that his inspectors are without the power to order fire drills as often as they deem it necessary.

Far from really exculpating anybody, this report merely emphasizes the outrageous condition of the inspection service, and the need of a general overhauling of the laws so that others than inspectors shall sit in judgment upon inspectors. It alone should lead to Dumont's removal, although this will doubtless be deferred until the Federal board of inquiry reports, a short time hence. By its exposure of Dumont's methods in 1903, the *Evening Post* was able to bring about his removal from the headship of the service, but his transfer to this city followed. This was an undoubted if slight gain. But the Secretary of Commerce, and Mr. Roosevelt himself, will be censurable if a sweeping reorganization of the inspectors and the regulations governing them is not started as soon as Congress meets. Even in the Post-Office Department there is no greater need for officials "clean as a hound's tooth," and for a complete and thoroughgoing overhauling.

JAPAN AND THE JINGOES.

For a decade or more the worshippers of Jingo, the Anglo-Saxon god of war, have manifested the deepest interest in the welfare of the brown and yellow races. In international affairs, as in business, they have contended that the big fish must swallow the little, convinced that in "that great and wide sea wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts," the Anglo-Saxon is the great leviathan which the Lord had "made to play therein." They even persuaded sundry theologians that Asia was a field "white already to harvest"; and that "Western civilization" should promptly enter in and possess it. Senator Beveridge, who had gone ahead to spy out the land, had reported that it was fair, flowing with milk and honey; and it seemed both unwise and unscriptural to leave such a region in the hands of heathen.

The onward movement would have begun long ago had it not been for certain differences of opinion about the details of the campaign. All were agreed, with the religious press, that

the Gatling gun should precede the gospel, but there harmony ended. From the standpoint of the "sociologist," it was argued that by cosmic law the aggregation of the outlying regions of the world into a few great states must proceed either by the extension of empire or the extension of democracy. While the *Dreikaiserbund*, Nicholas, William, and Theodore, were convinced that the spread of empire would be the best strategy, there were others who contended that it would look better to extend self-government, "in our own way and at our own time." Then when the discussion passed from strategy to tactics, further differences appeared. Capt. Mahan contended that rulership of the earth depends on the possession of "keys," and that the nation which first should seize the largest bunch of them would be an easy victor. The author of 'American Ideals' argued for the efficacy of the Big Stick, while Mr. Brooks Adams thought that the issue of the conflict would turn upon the control of mines of metals which should be beaten into swords rather than ploughshares. Others, finally, placed their reliance wholly in the sheer superiority of the Anglo-Saxon, and proposed an immediate start, confident that the dominant race would succeed in "muddling through" somehow.

Here matters hung until those upstart Japanese had the presumption to take a hand in a game which only white nations could play. The disciples of Buddha were supposed to be living a life of contemplation, calming their passions, and awaiting absorption in Nirvana — to which the Jingoes intended to speed them at a convenient season. These pygmies, in fact, were considered the very lightest part of the white man's burden; and the seizure of their ports was scheduled to occur without more serious resistance than the banging of gongs to frighten the foreign devils, or an ultimate resort to hara-kiri. True, the Japanese had fought tolerably well in the war with China, and some of the Jingoes would have conceded that they might make fair soldiers under commanders of some superior race, such as Shafter or Buller or Alexieff; but the idea that they could be a serious factor when Powers of the first class should begin to partition Asia, was preposterous. It was to be America for Americans, Asia for the Anglo-Saxon Alliance, and Nirvana for the Japanese.

But what a situation now confronts us! Here is a yellow nation that is actually "doing things" to one of the great world-powers which, by a fixed law of "sociology," was to have an important part in the cosmic process of wiping inferior races off the map. On the very soil where Brooks Adams had prepared an arena for the conflict over the partition of Asia, Oyama is driving the Russians before him. Key after key which the superior nation had seized, after the most approved plan, falls into the hands of the impudent Japanese. Where the matter will end we know not; it is all so different from the rules of Jingo strategy. The whole affair is disturbing. How in Heaven's name can we take up the white man's burden if the little brown or yellow brother is going to act like this? How are you going to civilize people who have a pure joy in being killed in battle? There is nothing like this in the war lore of the Jingo. He goes out to his crowded hour with a retinue of special correspondents, and, though willing to die, simply *must* live long enough to write up his campaign for the magazines and run for office.

For ourselves, we can see but one way out of the situation. The people of Asia can never be allowed to possess their own soil, worship such gods as they choose, and attend to their own concerns; that is clearly impossible. The cosmic process of empire-building must go on to the bitter sociological end. Asia must be opened, at all costs, to the white man's armies, missionaries, and capitalists. Why not, then, admit the Japanese to the Anglo-Saxon alliance? England has already concluded a treaty with them, and is now in Tibet getting a few chestnuts out of the fire while Russia is otherwise engaged. Secretary Hay's diplomacy, we are sure, is equal to the delicate task of arranging a ceremony of blood adoption, by which the subjects of the Mikado may acquire the standing of a white race, and become entitled to share in what we cannot prevent them from taking for themselves. Make Marshal Oyama a Knight of the Garter, give Gen. Kuroki an honorary membership in the Rough Riders, and the thing is accomplished. Mr. Dooley long ago urged that Irish, Polish, Italian, and African Anglo-Saxon clubs should be organized; and we see no reason why a Japanese branch should not be established. In such company even the courteous and inoffensive Japanese might in time learn to bluster, swagger, talk volubly of war and preparedness for it, and become an international nuisance.

ELBA IN SUMMER TIME.

PORTO FERRAJO, August 29, 1904.

The Allies who, in 1814, chose Elba as a place of safekeeping for Napoleon, may have known what they were about better than we think. What with the complications of boat and railway connection and the weather, the island is difficult to get to and away from even now. Years ago I started hither from Piombino, but was blown back by a tempest. I have said "Elba in summer time," but I doubt if anybody ever comes here at any season except a very few yachting people. Even the excellent Baedeker makes one or two errors in the scant paragraph he devotes to it.

This time I took the small steamer *Venezia* by night, from Genoa to Leghorn, waited over there the next day, as there was no direct connection, and sailed at eight the following morning, by the still smaller steamer *Giannutri*. This route gives you a very pleasant acquaintance with the Tuscan archipelago. Meloria, where Genoa destroyed the sea power of Pisa, is only a bit of coral reef with an old beacon-tower on it. We laid a straight course for Gorgona, a pretty island with a penal settlement. Then we laid another straight course for Capraja. I had a most excellent breakfast with the polite captain on his bridge. A subsiding sea was running, a legacy of hard gales that had been blowing from the southwest. Corsica was long in sight, and later Monte Cristo, all, like the heaving sea, deliciously blue. The chief resource of this navigation, alas! is of but a gloomy sort, namely, the supply of the penal settlements, for there is another on Capraja and there are two more on Elba, and still another on Pianosa. We could see a few of the convicts in striped cottons moving about among the vines like a larger sort of ants, or they would come out as oarsmen in a rowboat. It is not the custom to land at any wharves. Baedeker gives Capraja 2,000 inhabitants, but I was told that that figure dated back to the time when the Government had a large tobacco factory and a free port here; now, there are only about 300.

Still another straight course, and we reached the island of Elba, high and bold, at the little village of Marciana, Mt. Capanne rising more than 3,000 feet above it. Red patches of soil showed the iron ore, the mineral wealth of the island. Many traces of recent fires were seen in the woods, and a large one was burning at the very same time on the east coast of Corsica. Why might not the destruction of the forests, of which we hear so much, have occurred from such causes without supposing malice or indifference on the part of the inhabitants to the trees? Marciana is—the taste is going out—still tinted with bright hues, and barks were drawn up on its strip of beach, all about as ancient-looking as if it were in the time of the Phœnicians. We made fast to an iron buoy, embarked a respectable old lady and disembarked some supplies, among which, grateful to note, was a good consignment of soap; there is woful need of it in many such a place. We cast off; the sea boils under the paddle. "*Avanti adagio* (easy ahead)!" "*A tutta forza* (full speed ahead)!" We are away, and about half-past four we round into the landlocked capital, Porto Ferrajo. We had long seen from a distance, like a new Vesuvius, the smoke of its large blast furnaces, which were established four years ago and are still the talk of the country. I had been told that Porto Ferrajo was a *forno*, a furnace, and in this respect it is; but I suppose I escape the extreme heats of the summer, for the temperature has been entirely agreeable during my stay.

The little port is most cosy and homelike; it is enclosed between the arms of two prodigious fortresses, the "Falcone" and the "Stella," dating from the rule of the Medici, and stone and plaster houses clustered on the slope, making a town of 3,700 inhabitants. In the day of the Medici most like they had a chain stretched across its mouth, and at night comfortably locked it and put the key in their pockets. An interesting part of the enclosure is the for-

mer galleys and arsenal, still a large prison; it has a columned portico entrance, and terminates in a curious old octagonal tower, popularly called the "Tower of Passanante," from the assassin who attempted the life of King Umbert in 1878, and was confined and died in it. On the other side, clean seawater runs in a moat like a Dutch canal past a gateway of 1694, which leads to the pleasant sea baths of "Neptune," on the outer coast. The buildings about the port are all stoutly sloped, buttress-fashion, to resist I cannot say what, perhaps a chance hurricane that may pick up the water and hurl it against them. A new Florentine palace that gives a *cachet* of distinction near the centre, contains a club and a bank and apartments, and is the creation of a leading citizen whose enterprises are on every tongue. There is plenty of color and character in the look of the town, and resources for a painter. It must be remembered that the smoke-belching iron works are outside of all this; they are established on the flats that were once Government ponds for evaporating salt, which were abolished to give them the place. The Porto Ferrajo streets are wide, bright, and comparatively clean, and are entirely paved with large granite blocks, which climb the slopes in the form of broad flights of steps, with an impressive effect. But there are plenty of bad odors about, and the inn is shabbily kept, though the restaurant part of it, in separate hands, is just now very good.

One has to wonder why the Medici needed fortresses of such tremendous size in a miniature isle like Elba, but it appears that it was subjected to continual descents from contending Powers, and especially the Turks; it was considered an advantageous base for navigation; and they hoped to dominate from there Corsica, Tuscany and Liguria. The greater of the two, a regular Gibraltar of a place, the "Falcon," with all its rambling bastions, covered ways, and curtains, its scarps and counterscarps, ravelins, lunes and demilunes, is offered for sale, for a very few thousand francs; and, what is more, there goes with it the ex-imperial palace of Napoleon. Any amateur of the historic can buy so much of antiquity for a mere song; it might almost pay to do it for the whim of the thing. What the purchaser could do with the fortress I don't know, but the town residence of Napoleon has an attractive site, and, for one who was willing to stay here, might be redeemed. When I first arrived I was astonished at the simplicity of everything connected with Napoleon's stay. I had fancied, I do not know why, a certain amount of substantial grandeur belonging to the reign even of a King of Elba. But the isle was a primitive place, without conveniences or luxuries; nobody had resided there in a luxurious way. The Allies took no account of such things, and their immortal captive had to adjust himself the best he could. When he landed—and they had not even been notified of his coming—the City Hall was hastily utilized for his dwelling. He could not endure the constant publicity and hubbub there, and from the first eagerly sought to make himself more suitable abodes in both the town and the country. He found on the top of the slope between the two forts a couple of small dwellings belonging to the engineer corps, joined them into one, with a central body, threw down windmills and other obstacles all round about, getting light and air and a charming view of the sea, and at the back of the residence thus improvised made a pretty garden.

I take my details from a certain Pons (de l'Hérault), who was the superintendent of the iron mines at the time of his arrival, and was made by him Prefect of Lyons during the Hundred Days. A manuscript by this Pons was found in the Library of Carcassonne, and published, with an excellent introduction, by Professor Pélissier, in 1897. It is entitled 'Souvenirs et Anecdotes de l'Isle d'Elbe' (Paris: Plon, Nourrit & Co.). I mean to send for it, as it is novel and very entertaining, but here I have only had the loan of it over Sunday, by the courtesy of the Municipal Librarian, and have had to make much haste so as not to take undue time from my excursions. I had extraordinary difficulty in getting anything about Napoleon and Elba in advance. I inquired in the bookstores of Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa—not a thing, not the smallest scrap of a guide, not a map. They had said I would find all that at Elba itself, but here was an absolute dearth—nothing but a few illustrated post-cards. I asked many presumably intelligent leading persons, and they had nothing and could suggest nothing. I was half ready to abandon the quest; why should I take an interest when the people of the island cared nothing at all for their only title to fame? But at length I found a few books at the Municipal Library, and I was able to buy a reprint of the history of the island that Ninci wrote for the Emperor in 1814. Later, I found a few others at the bank of the leading citizen of many enterprises before referred to, an Elban tied up with financial embarrassments (only temporary, I trust), apparently arising from his too sanguine belief in the possibilities of the island. The Bagni Napoleone, one of the most charming of seabathing establishments, and the manufacture of a local champagne with the Napoleon brand, were among lesser projects carried out, and he is the owner of the country estate, of some three miles square, of Napoleon at San Martino, on which the vines for the champagne are grown.

But to return to Pons and the Palazzina Napoleonica, the house in town. Pons, by the way, in describing the preliminaries to the arrival in the island, gives some poignant details of the journey through reactionary Provence, the brutal assaults upon the safety of the Emperor, which I had never seen before. It was evident why he chose thereafter the mountain route, by Grasse, on his return, and avoided the hostile cities of the Rhone valley. The house is a two-story stone edifice, without an ornament of any kind, absolutely severe and astonishing in its plainness. A wide terrace in front of it is the cemented roof of a barracks or casemate below; it is unrelieved now by even a blade of grass to temper the vivid glare of the sun upon it, though an old woodcut, by Horace Vernet, in a history of 1839, shows it with a bit of garden. The main part of the house below serves as offices for military engineers, and upstairs it is occupied by two families. There remains no furniture or other vestige of its august period. The visitor passes through it to a garden at the back, a really pretty garden here. You see on one of the walks the hoof-print of one of Napoleon's horses stamped in the cement when it was still fresh. In his impatience he moved into the house before anything was complete. He was always his own architect and engineer, and an indefatigable worker. He wanted to have the land gate in the town walls (that had been built up) opened, so that he could drive through that way and avoid the idle sightseers below. It was not done quickly enough for him, so one fine morning he took half a dozen workmen with him and opened it himself.

I climbed down the steep path to the sea where he used to go for his bath. There is a half-grotto, with a cemented seat in it; a drapery hung on a cord in front makes a bathing house of this. It was a detail that whimsically came nearest of all to making me realize the traditional demigod as a human being. Napoleon the Great in a bathing suit, the corpulent body of a middle-aged Napoleon splashing in the waves! "Was he a swimmer?" I asked the gardener. "Oh, sure!" he answered; "he did everything else so well, he must have been, and a good one, too." At the west side of the house are some poor vestiges still of a small theatre he made. The Princess Pauline gave private theatricals there, but it had a ticket-office, too, and the general public could pay their way in. The Princess Pauline came over to cheer the tedium of her brother's exile, and was the presiding genius of the few gayeties of the place. This favorite sister was the only one of his family, except his mother, that was good to Napoleon. "If he had never had any brothers and sisters," claims Pons, "he would be still on the throne." An odd trait about the lovely Pauline is that she preferred to be an invalid rather than a beauty; she was forever asking sympathy for imaginary ailments. This is hard to believe of the woman of whom Canova made his modern Venus. The evenings here ended at ten o'clock. The Emperor would walk over and strum a scale on the piano as a signal that it was time to close, and he would often apologize cheerily to some one whose feelings he had hurt, as he was given to doing. When his mother was there, this mother of kings, who remained always somewhat of a provincial with her Corsican accent, he used to play cards with her for a small stake, and he would trick to win. They would dispute over it, and he would say to her banteringly, "But you have lots of money, and I have nothing. Of course I must win." Pons essayed to be his Boswell, and claimed that at Elba he could be better studied than in any other part of his career; and I should think he might be right.

Baedeker calls this house, situated between the two Medicean forts, the "Villa San Martino," and says nothing of any other. But the real Villa San Martino is three or four miles inland, and was Napoleon's principal residence. He also had minor sojourning-places at other points in the island, Porto Longone and Rio Marina, and wanted very much to build on the mountain above Marciana, but finally was content with a little hermitage and a tent there. He went everywhere; made and improved roads, and collected his revenue. Some of his people did not think they would have to pay any taxes, and he sent a flying column after them. We are amused at one of his excursions by sea: he was set ashore at the neighboring small island of Pianosa; a gale

arose, and he could not be taken off, but had to pass the night there, poorly sheltered from wind and rain. He was very angry about it, but his chronicler says, "Il murmurait contre la marine au lieu de murmurer contre la bourrasque."

The road to San Martino runs for the first part of the way along the ugly manufacturing flats; then you turn into the hills among the vines. The country house is of the same character as the one in town; it was made over from a farm dwelling, is absolutely plain without, but is comfortable, with a stately touch, within, contains some little of the nice old furniture of the period, and is charming for the garden and woods round about, and the distant view of Porto Ferrajo. The captive could watch from his window the English frigate that did sentry duty. But this modest dwelling is almost hidden in front by a grand Neo-Grec palace of granite that Prince Demidoff put up in the fifties for a Napoleonic museum, while above is an ornate villa that he built for himself. Prince Demidoff finally carried off the collections, including most of the furniture, and sold them out at his famous San Donato sale, a world event about 1880. The property ran down, and came into the possession of Sig. Del Buono in 1896. Hay was then stored in the grand museum, to turn which to some account he put into it a collection of the fauna and minerals of the island; it is a good place to study the famous Elba iron. The flag adopted for the island by the Emperor is used as the trade mark of the San Martino champagne. I understand that all the estate is in the market again.

Wagons taking the mail run to several different points of the island, and bridle paths penetrate elsewhere. If you go back to the mainland at Piombino, a good way is to be driven to the pretty extreme northern village of Cavo and catch the boat there. A prohibition has gone out lately against visiting the iron mines, but it is not necessary to make a formal visit to them; they are quarries, not mines, and are all above ground. At Cape Pero alone you can see from the boat the whole process of exploitation: the red, friable-looking hill, the wire railway bringing down the ore, the bridge-truss cranes dumping it into the small sailing-craft for transportation. One comprehends how these ore boats became a principal means of Napoleon's escape; they had always served him as a natural means of communication with the Continent. The iron deposits of Elba caused the marvellous return of the Emperor—and Waterloo, Pons, his Director of the Mines, prepared a little fleet with munitions and supplies. They were just going round to Porto Ferrajo when the English frigate, with Col. Campbell, the resident Commissioner, cruising on board, hove in sight. Pons hastened to send off a boat to him with an invitation to a dinner to be given the next week. Col. Campbell inquired where the fleet of sail was bound. The question had been foreseen: "Just to load some ore for the Romagna," was the reply. Pons had had a pique against Campbell, and he rejoiced to think how well this neat trick paid off old scores. There is no romance like this story of Elba.

I found an American at the head of the blast furnaces, a graduate of the Cambria Iron Works. There are 600 hands. The enterprise must benefit the island, it is true; but it also takes away laborers from agriculture, and makes prices higher. It flames like a section of Erebus, and the smoke hangs low over the landscape. It is the great central fact, and was to me the finishing touch of a disillusionment. One is not so unreasonable as to find fault with industrial development, but all the coast of Italy from Genoa to Sicily smokes with factory chimneys; it has become a sort of Mechanicville. Add to this the trolley car, and the whizzing automobile making the air pestiferous behind it. A friend to whom I wrote of such things lately, replied humorously, "What you say of the prosperity of Italy breaks my heart."

And yet it is not such a joke, after all. We are going to stand it, of course; but a new era has come in. The Europe that has been such a paradise of picturesque romance for Americans ever since Bayard Taylor wrote his 'Views Afoot' scarcely any longer exists. We come in greater numbers than ever, because it is easier to come, but we must look with the eye of the imagination at what used to be here, rather than at what is here now. Old costumes, genial, warm color, quaintness—*via!* away with all that; it is not modern; and at the same time the squalid untidiness which those things rendered half-tolerable remains. There is especially a great lack of charm in all that relates to rural life. Even on Como and Maggiore now the mode is all to dun slate and granite grays, drabs, and browns. A respectable proprietor would be most ashamed of the pleasant old red and rose, azure, green, and yellow, or any sun-dial or pictured group on his outer wall.

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

RECENT RESEARCH IN THE EAST JORDANLAND.

SWITZERLAND, September 4, 1904.

Considerable attention has of late years been given by archæologists to that region east of the Jordan termed by its Roman conquerors the Province of "Arabia," a region which, in its geographical, ethnological, and historical relations, forms a whole as definitely separated from Palestine as it is from Syria proper. During the last dozen years a score or so of travellers and scholars have added to our knowledge of this extremely interesting region, and the results of their researches have appeared either in independent volumes or in the Transactions of archæological societies, American, English, and Continental. For the most thorough exploration of this East Jordan land, however, we are indebted to Dr. Rudolph Brünnow and Professor von Domaszewski of Heidelberg. The results of the joint researches of these two scholars will be found in their splendid three-volumed work, 'Die Provincia Arabia,' the first volume of which, a bulky quarto, illustrated with over six hundred maps, plans, photographs, and drawings, has just been published by Dr. Karl Trübner at Strassburg.

The explorations in question were commenced in the spring of 1897, and resumed in the following year, both expeditions having Jerusalem as their starting-point. In the first journey their route lay along the west coast of the Dead Sea, then up the east side to Kerak, and thence to Petra; in the second the travellers struck directly across from Jerusalem to Madeba, thence south to Petra again, whence they journeyed northward to the Hauran. The results of both these journeys are combined in the account given of Ruins and Inscriptions in 'Die Provincia Arabia.' This work forms, indeed, an exhaustive *corpus* of these inscriptions, to which have been added copious extracts from the accounts of previous and subsequent travellers in the same region, the work being thus brought thoroughly up to date. Scholars will consequently be in future saved the trouble of collecting for themselves what is, in these volumes, once for all collected on the subject.

The first volume deals chiefly with Petra, an important section being contributed by Professor von Domaszewski on the historical development of its tomb-architecture, illustrated by photographs presenting an extraordinary variety of related forms. And the same learned Heidelberg professor of ancient history contributes to all three volumes accurate plans and descriptions of the Roman fortified camps along, or in the neighborhood of, the still serviceable Roman roads of the district east of the Jordan, which was all that the Cæsars ruled as the Province of "Arabia." To Professor Euting, chief librarian of the Strassburg Library, who joined the expedition in the spring of 1898, was assigned the task of copying the numerous Nabathean inscriptions found at Petra and included in this first volume.

Of the second volume, which Dr. Brünnow hopes to have ready in the autumn, Mashita—first discovered, though not described, by Sir Henry Layard, and rediscovered and first described by Canon Tristram—is one of the chief subjects. Not, however, *in situ*, as when photographed by Dr. Brünnow, is the splendid frieze of its ancient palace to which the Persian features of its style give a special historical interest, for the greater part of this frieze has now been removed to the Berlin Museum—an Imperial gift to the Emperor William by the Sultan Abdul Hamid. But this removal was, perhaps, not unjustified, seeing that these specimens of Byzantine art were in danger of very unceremonious treatment at the hands of the Turks employed on the new railway line to Mecca, which passes close to Mashita.

Questions touching the more ancient kingdoms and inhabitants of these regions are here hardly more than referred to. Dr. Brünnow and his coadjutors deal more especially with the centuries immediately preceding and succeeding A. D. 105, at which date the Empire of Edom, with its Nabathean capital, the "Rock" or "Rocks" [ἡ πέτρα, later αἱ πέτραι], was annexed by Trajan. But though the still buried records of remoter times are left to be unearthed by future explorers, sufficient material exists, I venture to think, in the facts collected in these two volumes with such scrupulous care and scientific exactitude to justify at least hypotheses with reference to the reciprocal action in these regions of Eastern and Western art forms, and especially, perhaps, with reference to the earlier sources of Arabian literary culture. For the architectural forms and sculptured ornaments of the rock-hewn tombs testify unmistakably to original Assyrian, or, perhaps more correctly, Babylonian, and later

blendings of Greek and Roman influences; the more recent tombs appearing, from their inscriptions, to have been the last resting-places of Greek merchants and Roman military officers. It is also noteworthy that the great size of the theatres, not only at Petra, but elsewhere in the province, seems to indicate the presence of large audiences, many of whom may have been Arabs. As the language of culture in this Eastern province, even before the severance of the Eastern and Western empires, was Greek rather than Latin, the plays acted were probably for the most part Greek, such, for instance, as the comedies of Menander. It is for Greek and Arabic scholars to consider whether a much earlier source of Aryan and especially Greek influence on Arabic culture is not to be found in the conditions prevailing in the Roman province of Arabia.

But not only by the scholar and the traveller will these explorations be found to be, in their results, of great importance. The very possibility of their achievement with perfect security is of interest to the politician also, in view of certain European ambitions in Asiatic Turkey. For, during the five years previous to the present writer's journey in the East-Jordan land, Idumæa had been so unsettled by the wars of Arab tribes for the possession of Petra and the pastures of Mount Seir that no travellers had even attempted to reach that wonderful city of rock-hewn monuments. The last party that had succeeded in reaching Petra had lost two of their number in conflict with the tribesmen, and a previous party had had six of their escort killed in a fight over the backsheesh plunder. In our own case, the Turawah escort we had secured declined to accompany us beyond the palm grove at the head of the Gulf of Akaba, where a whole week was wasted in negotiations—again and again broken off—before pecuniary arrangements were settled to the satisfaction of the Alawin chiefs, whose gracious protection was necessary to our safety. At length we moved forward on our journey, mustering a hundred armed men, with sixty or seventy camels and dromedaries, all marshalled in warlike array with scouts on the flanks, and the great sheikhs galloping to the rear of the van, keeping all in due order.

But our troubles were by no means yet at an end; for, on the very first night of our march from Akaba to Petra, a further demand of one thousand piastres (about $40) was made, failing the payment of which we were threatened with being left to shift for ourselves in the desert, without either animals or provisions. Yet a third time, when at the entrance of the pass by Mount Hor to Petra, we were informed that we could go no further; and a whole long day was spent in councils, dispatching of messengers, arrivals of sheikhs, further councils, threats, promises, and refusals—a whole course of diplomacy in which the would-be tricksters were ultimately foiled. And even when we had so far succeeded as to be at last actually encamped amid the ruins of Petra, hardly a day passed without its dangers from the quarrels of the Arabs with the only half-subdued Horites.

Very different were the experiences of our explorers in their journeys of 1897 and 1898. Although Dr. Brünnow was accompanied by his wife, their only escort was two, or at most three, Turkish troopers, Circassians who were entirely under their orders. And the Arab tribes, formerly the absolute lords of this Eastern borderland, seemed completely cowed by the Turkish garrisons now stationed along the old Roman roads of the province. It has long been the conviction of the ablest Turkish statesmen and generals that their Empire in Europe is doomed, and that, though they are resolved not to be turned out of it without the bloodiest reprisals, their only hope lies in consolidating their Empire in Asia. A like conviction seems to dictate the policy of Abdul Hamid, who, following in the footsteps of his great ancestor, Mahmud II., has succeeded in destroying the last vestiges of the feudal power of local beys and tribal chiefs. And as a further illustration of the comparative order which now reigns in this once wild and lawless country, a railway, entirely in the hands of the Sultan, is being constructed, from Damascus to Mecca. Abdul Hamid is also planting colonies of Moslems, many of them from European Turkey, along the line of the projected railway to Bagdad, and is even credited with the design of settling a colony of non-Arab Moslems in Petra itself. And when the Ottoman people are once freed from the intolerable strain on their resources involved in the struggle to retain as long as possible their admittedly doomed occupation of southeastern Europe, they will again constitute, from at all events the Caucasus to the Indian Ocean, a Power by no means easily amenable to European ambitions.

It may be interesting to add, in conclusion, a few words with reference to Dr. Rudolph Brünnow's connection with America, he having been born at Ann Arbor, Mich., in 1858. His father, Franz Friedrich Ernst Brünnow, a native of Berlin and an astronomer of note, held the post of director of the Observatory of Michigan from 1855 to 1863, and married in 1857 the daughter of Dr. Henry P. Tappan, the president of that university. Mrs. Rudolph Brünnow, who, as above mentioned, accompanied her husband on both journeys, is an American by birth and parentage. On various occasions she found it desirable to travel in Oriental male attire as his younger brother; not for safety, but in order to avoid the tedious visits of inquisitive Arabian ladies. And it is to her, their *tapferen Reisegefährten*, that her fellow travellers have dedicated these splendid volumes. J. S. S.-G.

Correspondence.

THE TURIN NATIONAL LIBRARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Several American students, desirous of offering books to the Biblioteca Nazionale of Turin, which met such heavy losses last winter by fire, have asked me to give them the address of a bookseller in New York, authorized to receive and forward to Italy gifts of books destined to help in making good to this library a part of its losses. Deeply grateful to the persons and institutions in America which have already honored us with their gifts, I am pleased to be able to inform others who may be similarly inclined, that the firm of Brentano's, Union Square, New York, has been authorized to receive and forward works destined for the Turin National Library.

I have been led to accede to this request and to name this forwarding office, not only by the fact that every small gift aids in the difficult work of reconstructing the sections destroyed, but also by the desire of seeing represented in this library as fully as possible the rich literature of America. It is well known that Italy, by its system of loans between its national libraries, possesses the most liberal bibliographical legislation in the world. Books presented to the Turin Library will therefore be available to American and Italian students in Rome, Venice, Naples, or in any of the other large cities of Italy, through the national libraries of the respective cities.

Allow me, Mr. Editor, to ask you to publish this letter in your columns, and to thank you in advance for your much appreciated courtesy.—Truly yours,

F. Carta,
Chief Librarian of the National Library of Turin.

September 14, 1904.

Notes.

Mr. William Garrott Brown requests us to solicit on his behalf the loan of any material, particularly in manuscript, relating to the life of Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, the Chief Justice of the United States. Mr. Brown's address is the Colonial Club, Cambridge, Mass.

'The Republican Party' is the title of a party history by Francis Curtis, in two volumes, extending from 1854 to 1904 (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It embraces a record of Republican "measures and leaders," and has a "foreword" of two pages by Mr. Roosevelt, an author's preface, and introductions by W. P. Frye and J. G. Cannon. As a record, it will be found of use by campaign orators and writers of campaign editorials; as a history, it is rather hard reading. The author gives a fair account of it in his preface: it is not a history of American politics, but of the rise and dominance of a single party; consequently, the record of the Democratic party has not been drawn upon "except in so far as Democratic deeds and misdeeds have made necessary Republican action." The work is mainly a compilation from a variety of sources, files of newspapers, books, cyclopædias, proceedings of conventions, tables of electoral and popular votes, State papers, platforms, etc. It is scarcely necessary to say that Independents and Independent movements are handled without gloves by the author; Mugwumps are described as persons who, having made a notorious mistake in leaving their party, have not the courage, or possibly the sense, to come back. Readers unfamiliar with the facts may wonder why any space at all is wasted on such miserable vermin. But this is only a rhetorical error, and one not at all likely to impair the value of the volumes for the purposes for which they are designed.

Volume ii. of the Second Series of New Jersey Archives is occupied with extracts from American newspapers for 1778, edited by Francis B. Lee. It is replete with curious matter relating both to the military

operations of that period of the Revolution and to the manners and customs of the day, indifferently supplied with a key in the index. Thus, the directions on page 411 for making "melasses" out of Indian corn (filling nearly two pages) lurk under "Receipts" (three items not particularized). They were taken, by the way, from the *Burlington Almanack*, and the correspondent, "Dulcis," betrays his Quaker origin not more by the use of "thy" than by the scruple implied in his hoping cornstalk sugar may "perhaps save the importation of so much made by the *iron hand of slavery*" —this at a time when slavery was still flourishing in New Jersey. We confess we have not fathomed the principle on which the source of each extract in this scrapbook is indicated. The index is especially valuable for its proper names. Many of those borne by Tories "are not to be found in the usual works of reference."

To the already very considerable number of handbooks to the Roman Forum another has been added by Professor Hülsen, the second secretary of the German Archæological Institute at Rome, 'Das Forum Romanum: seine Geschichte und seine Denkmäler' (Rome: Loescher; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The author is the one man best fitted to speak with well-balanced wisdom and authority on all matters of Roman topography, and it has been a source of regret to his many students, among whom not a few Americans have been permitted by his kindness to number themselves, that his numerous contributions to the critical literature of his subject have left him no time to publish comprehensive and systematic treatises. The present attractive volume of 219 pages, with 112 plans and illustrations, many of them practically inaccessible elsewhere to the ordinary student, will be most gratefully received. It is a sufficient and eminently practical guide for use in the study, or among the ruins themselves, and its historical notes and appendix of sources and recent literature make it highly useful for the serious student. We hope it may be made more generally available for the travelling public by translation into English.

Heckerism or "Americanism" is supposed to have received its quietus at the hands of Leo XIII., but it furnishes forth a great octavo of 500 pages, 'L'Américanisme,' by Albert Houtin (Paris: E. Nourry), which has gained the distinction of being clapped in the Index, like the author's previous contentious works. A very unfavorable, almost opprobrious, review in *Polybiblion* for August allows the book the sole merit of "a complete bibliography of works and articles" relating to its subject. M. Houtin also reveals, by drawing upon it, a private collection "hitherto unknown in France."

A 'Bibliografia Generale per la Storia Parmense' has been compiled by Stefano Lottici and Giuseppe Sitti, and embraces 6,165 items duly classified, with a subject-and-author index.

The difficulties and hardships encountered in the construction of the nearly 2,000 miles of telegraph in Alaska are well described in the *National Geographic Magazine* for September, by Capt. William Mitchell of the United States Signal Corps, who draws largely from his personal experiences. The preliminary work of reconnoissance, transportation of supplies, and forming caches was done in the winter, as an animal could pull on a sled from 800 to 2,000 pounds, but pack only 200. The wire, also, was run over the snow and elevated on poles in the summer. The chief hardships were due to the cold (the thermometer falling to 70 degrees below zero), and to the mosquitoes, which were so intolerable that it was difficult to make the animals feed. An account of an expedition in southwestern Mexico, by E. W. Nelson, is especially noteworthy for its excellent illustrations. The coast belt is largely peopled by blacks, the majority of whom are of mixed blood, but there are apparently many full-blooded negroes. They have crowded out the original inhabitants, and have retained in many of the villages the characteristic African round hut, with conical thatched roof. An interesting summary is given of the twenty-five years' work done by the United States Geological Survey, including the mapping of 929,850 square miles, or 31 per cent. of the area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska.

The fifty-second annual report of the Boston Public Library says that "the consumption of soft coal, necessary while the coal strike continued, was abandoned April 1 [1903]." It defaced the noble building externally, and required extra cleaning within. The city itself increasingly uses soft coal, to the detriment of the valuable collections in the Library. The current fiction market has been screened, as usual, by an outside volunteer committee, with the result that 135 titles out of 680 examined were accepted, and much of this small remainder was juvenile fiction. Among the acquisitions during the past year was a marble portrait bust of the late Lucy Stone, by Anne Whitney, appropriately placed opposite the alcove occupied by Mr. T. W. Higginson's Galatea collection of women's works. We remark also forty-five photographs of persons connected with the Dreyfus trial. Among the donors is the late Pope Leo XIII., who gave the eleventh volume of the works of Thomas Aquinas. The experiment of allowing books to be kept for three months for summer reading does not seem to have been very successful, as only 364 volumes were taken out.

From an historical sketch of the National Union Bank of Boston, recently published, it appears that it was opened for business in 1792 on the very spot where it now stands. Although its organization was bitterly opposed, bets being offered of two to one "that the Union Bank never issues a bill," it was a success from the very beginning. "Dividends have been declared semi-annually without a break, averaging for the 112 years over 6 per cent. per annum, and amounting to $6,836,000—a remarkable record, in view of the several wars and panics that have occurred during the more than a century of its existence, and one not equalled, it is believed, by any other institution in the country." There are two striking illustrations of State Street—as it was a hundred years ago, showing the New York stage just leaving Israel Hatch's coffee-house across Exchange Lane from the bank, and as it is at the present time.

The commercial schools are the latest and most popular development of industrial education in Germany. Before 1880, as we read in the Consular Reports for September 6, they were almost unknown, and, until the close of the century, Government financial aid was refused. Their success has been so great, however, that now every Government of the Empire contributes annually to their support. They are divided into two general classes, the schools and the four Handelshochschulen, or universities. The main motive for the establishment of these latter was of course the need for broader and deeper expert knowledge in the business world, commercial operations having expanded "until they have become world operations demanding world knowledge." But another motive was almost equally strong, the elevation of the social standing of the mercantile classes through the leaven of a higher education. This is being accomplished, and the graduates of these institutions can claim the same social rank as the alumni of the universities. The instruction is eminently practical. In Cologne, for instance, "a judge and several active lawyers give lectures on the legal subjects embraced in the curriculum; a railroad official lectures on transportation; an industrial inspector lectures in his particular field; an old member of the largest banking house of Cologne lectures on money and banking; a Government official in the insurance service lectures on insurance, and a customs official lectures on tariff technicalities." The total attendance during the winter semester of 1902-1903 at Leipzig was 519, of whom 110 were Russians.

The persistent efforts of the German university authorities, at least those of Prussia, to reduce the women contingent at these institutions is evidently succeeding. In the past winter semester there were 54 regularly matriculated women students in all the 21 universities, and 1,423 who were only "Hörerinnen." During the present summer semester, according to official reports in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, there are 73 women matriculated, but only 958 non-matriculated. In Berlin alone the decrease has been from 562 to 369. The slight increase in the number of the matriculated is to be attributed to the fact that now not only the two Baden, but also one Würtemberg and the three Bavarian universities admit women on exactly the same footing with men.

The financial considerations involved in the calling of prominent men from one of the German universities to another are rarely made known. It is, however, reported semi-officially from Vienna that Prof. A. von Eiselsberg of that university, called to succeed the famous surgeon König in Berlin, was offered a salary of 32,000 marks and guaranteed 25,000 marks in lecture fees. For family reasons, however, he declined this brilliant offer.

A remarkable document has been sent by the Executive Committee of the National Medical Association to the 482 gymnasia and 131 Realschulen of the Empire, with an urgent request for distribution among the graduates. It is an official appeal *not* to enter upon the study of medicine. The chief reason is the deplorable financial condition of an exceedingly large percentage of physicians. The determining facts adduced are (1) a surplus of medical men much beyond the demand; (2) the abrogation of the laws against practice by the incompetent; (3) legislation for the *Krankenkasse*. The increase in the number of

physicians has been enormous, from 17,728 in 1876 to 24,225 in 1887 and 29,133 in 1902. The number has more than doubled in a single generation, and the prospects are that the "learned proletariat" in this department will grow still more in the next year, since women and the graduates of the semi-classical Realgymnasia are now admitted to the profession. A further reason for avoiding this study as given by the circular letter is the fact that the addition of a "practical" year to the course has made the expenses of preparation, already very costly, still more so.

The fifteenth International Medical Congress will convene in the last week in April, 1906, in Lisbon. The preliminary programme arranges for fifteen sections. The official language of the convention will be the French, but German and English will also be permitted in both the general meetings and in the sections.

A monument costing 80,000 marks, in memory of Theodor Mommsen, is to be erected in front of the University of Berlin. Half this sum is secured, and appeal is made for further funds by the German Committee. Contributions may be sent to Delbrück, Leo & Co., Berlin, W., Mauerstrasse 61. Any surplus will be turned over to the Mommsen Fund established years ago. The chairman of the Monument Committee is Dr. Althoff of the Prussian Cultus Ministry.

—Admirers of Nick Bottom the Weaver—which of us is not?—will be pleased to learn that the many-gifted mechanic has a fairly classic pedigree. True, like most *bourgeois* pedigrees, his is not without its lacunæ and bars sinister. Still, our sympathies are quite with Hermann Reich in his essay, "Der Mann mit dem Eselskopf," of which he has favored us with a reprint from the *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, xxiv. The author of the already monumental "Mimus," starting from a clay relief of the first century, on which is depicted a mime with an ass's head, argues that there must have been an *Esel-mimus* known to Apuleius and other classical writers and reappearing from time to time in the Middle Ages. The resemblance between Bottom-Titania and the love scene in Apuleius (x, ch. xx.) is striking. Not less striking is it that the dry 'Polychronicon' of Ranulph Higden should speak of a "mynstrelle turned into the similitude of a ryalle asse." Reich's conjecture is that Shakspere must have taken the hint for his Bottom-Titania from some floating reminiscence of this ancient *Esel-mimus*. The conjecture is so plausible, so thoroughly in accord with the lines worked out by Reich in his larger work, that we hope our early dramatic and other literary remains may be explored anew with an eye to further discoveries. It were a pity, if Reich's hint were to fall unheeded. For ourselves, we are moved to ejaculate with Peter Quince, "Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art *translated*."

—Mr. Herman Smith's 'The World's Earliest Music' (London: Reeves; New York: Scribners) is a book which we find it impossible to take seriously. There are, indeed, some interesting passages in its 382 pages, some curious descriptions of ancient and modern intruments, and some original, though very shaky, theories as to the origin of musical scales. These are, however, so deeply buried under avalanches of stale and mostly irrelevant archæology, cheap sentimentalism, moral reflections *à la* Volney on the instability of sublunary things, and miscellaneous remarks on every conceivable topic, that it must be a patient and courageous reader who will persist in seeking them in a book as void of all method as it is unscientific and unscholarly. The wide range of this irrelevant matter will appear from a passing glance at the index, where the reader will find references to the migrations of the Chinese, the Akkadean (*sic*) language, Alexander the Great, ancestor worship, the founding of Athens, Turano-Sythic (*sic*) speech, Beethoven, Berosus, Buddha, and Confucius, Chorebus (*sic*), Danaus, the fountain of Dirce, Garibaldi's welcome, Goethe, Hippocrene water, costume of the Greeks, the glow on Hymettus, the Indus and Ganges, Judas Iscariot, Keats on Beauty, Magalasy braiding, empire of Medea (meaning Media), Napolean (*sic*), Mt. Olympus, Parnassus, Phideas (*sic*) the sculptor, Sarasate, Schiller, the Sumerian race, Tarentum in Sicily (!), the Trojan war, Chinese weights and measures. The majority of these things are nowise brought into relation with the subject of the work. We have preserved these inaccuracies and errors (which are not due to any index-maker, but are simply repeated from the text of the book itself) in order to show the author's surprising want of attention to such details. Other errors ("Herculanaeum" for Herculaneum, etc., etc.) occur in the text, but are not indexed.

—The critical edition of Catullus by Prof. Robinson Ellis reached its second edition somewhat more than a quarter of a century ago, and, with the exhaustive commentary contained in an accompanying volume, established the editor in the front rank of Latin scholars and at the very head of Catullians. He has now issued in the "Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis" (H. Frowde) a revised text of the same author, with *apparatus criticus*, paying due attention to all work that has been done on Catullus since the seventies. Mr. Ellis's general views on the constitution of the text appear to have remained substantially unchanged since his first edition was printed, and the conservatism which leads him now to obelize so many passages in the poems instead of inserting conjectural emendations deserves warm approbation. The new edition would have been more interesting if he had included in it his complete collation of cod. Ottob. 1829, which was unearthed in the Vatican library by Prof. William Gardner Hale as long ago as 1896. Mr. Ellis prints, with Mr. Hale's permission, some of the important readings of this "codex Romanus," but refrains from giving it completely in his critical apparatus out of courtesy to its original discoverer, who has not yet published it. There is not the slightest danger that Mr. Hale will lose any of the honor due his fortunate discovery; but it is a delicate and interesting question of ethics for just how many years an important manuscript in a public library should be treated as the private property of any one person, not even to be described, still less to be criticised, by others. Mr. Ellis has certainly kept on the safe side of the question, though his patience and generosity are to the detriment of his book, and to the loss of those who use it.

OSGOOD'S AMERICAN COLONIES.

The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century. By Herbert L. Osgood. Macmillan. 1904. Vols. I., II. Pp. xxxii., 578; xix., 490.

Professor Osgood's long-awaited work, of which the two volumes before us are the first instalment, promises to make a large and definitive contribution to American institutional history in the colonial period. Of general histories of the period and constitutional histories of the United States there are good examples; but only in monographs and similar works has the institutional history of the colonies been essayed. The time has certainly come when, to quote Professor Osgood's words, "we must know in some connected way how the Atlantic, so to speak, was institutionally bridged; in other words, we must know under what forms English institutions were reproduced on the American continent, and how, if at all, they were modified by the influence of kindred European peoples who settled near or among the English colonists." Moreover, writers on American colonial history have fixed their attention mainly on the colonies themselves, with their internal or local incidents, while neglecting the equally important field of British colonial policy and administration. In an age which has given extraordinary attention to American history, it is in every way remarkable that "no systematic attempt has been made to ascertain what the constitutional law and practice of the old British colonial empire was, or to set it forth in its historical development"; and that "in no book can a satisfactory description be found of the organs of the British Government which were employed in colonial administration, or of the functions which they performed."

It is this great lack which Professor Osgood aims to supply. His point of view is "the colonies as they were in themselves and in their relation to the sovereign power from which their existence sprang." The student of colonial institutions

"is concerned with only those two subjects; they are all-inclusive. Under the one or the other will fall every other minor topic which he will find it necessary to discuss. He will classify the colonies not according to their location or to their social characteristics, but according to the forms of government which existed within them. This he will find to be determined by the form of their executives, and by the constitutional relations which existed between the executives and the legislatures, as the legislature developed in each colony. The main divisions of his subject will be suggested by the relations in which the colonies stood to the home government. The tendencies of historical development during the period he will find in the changes which came about in those relations and also in the internal organization of the colonies themselves. From this point of view the unfolding relations between sovereignty and liberty will be duly illustrated" (I., pp. xxvii., xxviii.).

From this standpoint the American colonies fall naturally into the two groups of chartered colonies, including the New England corporate colonies and the proprietary provinces, and royal provinces; and the institutional history of the period is concerned with these two phases or periods of political life and the transition from the one to the other. As Professor Osgood says, the term "chartered" points only to the method of origin of a colony, and signifies nothing as to its internal organiza-

tion. The merging of proprietary provinces in royal provinces during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the substitution of royal provinces, was "the most important and significant transition in American history previous to the colonial revolt," and, it may be added, the one to which historians of the Revolution have paid, in general, the scantiest attention. No writer has yet undertaken to show, in the thorough way which Professor Osgood proposes, the natural impediment offered by highly developed self-government in the colonies to the establishment of a comprehensive scheme of colonial administration, or the reasons which led the British Government to urge, and the American leaders to resist, the new plans of colonial control.

The two volumes now published treat of the beginnings of self-government in the chartered colonies in the seventeenth century, so far only as the internal organization and relations of the colonies themselves are concerned. The study begins with the earliest form of the proprietary province as found in Raleigh's Roanoke project, Virginia prior to 1624, and the early settlements in New England. The corporate colonies of New England are then taken up, and a comparative study made of their political institutions and public policy; successive chapters treating of the organization and work of the legislatures, executives, and courts, the ecclesiastical system, land and financial systems, defence and Indian relations, and the history of the New England Confederation. The second volume applies the same comparative method to the institutions of New Netherland, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the Carolinas. The remaining events of the century, such as the dissolution of the London Company and the establishment of Virginia as a royal province, colonial administration under the Commonwealth, the acts of trade, and the Andros régime, are reserved for a third volume.

In a work which, like this, makes many contributions in detail to previous knowledge and opinion, attention can be called to but a few of the more important points in regard to which the material is notably new or the author's treatment particularly suggestive. The early colonization schemes of Gilbert and Raleigh, which prepared the way for the more successful, if more arduous, establishment of Virginia, are deemed worthy of a chapter, thereby restoring them to their proper place in the history of colonization. Similarly, the experiment at Sagadahoc is treated along with the settlement at Jamestown. The three chapters on Virginia, in which the progress of the colony under its three charters, and the gradual development of a clear governmental type from rudimentary or mixed beginnings, are traced down to 1624, naturally owe much to the patient researches of Alexander Brown; but what Brown presents mainly as annals or crude material, Professor Osgood embodies, with additions of his own, in orderly narration. We recall no writer who has so thoroughly examined the institutional beginnings of Virginia under the charters, or pointed out so clearly the significance of the administrative transitions which marked the early years of the colony.

About three-fourths of the first volume is devoted to the corporate colonies of New England, naturally with chief attention to Massachusetts. Here as elsewhere the patient following, step by step, of the course of events brings out as no other method could the development of governmental and administrative forms in the attainment of self-government. The account of the organization and procedure of the General Courts, for example, by bringing together much scattered material, throws new light on an obscure subject. The extended discussion of the relations between church and commonwealth in Massachusetts, and of the workings of the Massachusetts system as seen in the controversies with Roger Williams and the Antinomians, while kept well within the limits of an institutional study, is, we venture to think, superior in balance and proportion, and in the sure appraisement of the political significance of events, to any previous account, and would of itself entitle the author to high rank as a diligent, judicial, and sympathetic historian. Perhaps nowhere in the world, in the seventeenth century, was there a more complete dominance of combined secular and ecclesiastical authority over the individual than in Massachusetts between 1640 and 1700. Orthodoxy, for the maintenance of which this iron-clad control was established, became a name with which Puritan New England from its earliest years learned to conjure.

"By the attitude which they assumed toward the so-called Antinomian opinions, the magistrates and clergy of Massachusetts definitely committed themselves to a close alliance for the purpose of upholding a system of strict orthodoxy. Tendencies which were operative when the religious test was enacted and when Roger Williams was banished, now came fully to prevail. Pressure was brought to bear from the churches united in a synod, from the clergy and magistrates in frequent conference, and from the General Court as the highest expression of power in the colony, to keep local congregations and individuals alike in harmony with the doctrines and practices of the majority. From this union and resolve proceeded the body of legislation on ecclesiastical and moral subjects which has already been outlined. All parties must expressly or tacitly accept this, must yield it at least outward obedience, or leave the colony. Protest, whether by speech or action, was rigorously suppressed, and the secular power was resorted to for the purpose without hesitation. The life and thought of this colony and of other colonies, so far as its influence could be made to control them, was cast in one narrow Puritan mould, and was not allowed to escape from it. So little was there of enlightenment in New England outside the circle of ideas which the clergy imparted or controlled, that it was possible to maintain strict conformity for sixty years, and a type of thought which was essentially Puritan for nearly one hundred and fifty years longer. This, with the rigorous administration and political system which accompanied it, was the result of the appearance of the first learned class within the American colonies, and of its alliance with the secular authorities. But, though we consider Puritan New England to have been narrow and intolerant, we should remember that the intellectual activity which made even that possible did not exist in the other colonies till the middle of the eighteenth century" (I., pp. 254, 255).

The closing sentence of the paragraph just quoted is interesting as pointing to the greater intellectual virility of the homogeneous New England Puritans than of the mixed populations of the other colonies, and the partial compensation for intellectual repression in the long-practised capacity of Massachusetts for aggressive political leadership.

The last four chapters of Professor Osgood's first volume, dealing, respectively, with the land system, the financial system, the system of defence, and Indian relations in early New England, are packed with matter which to most readers will be new. Outside of the writers of a few special works, no historian has thought it worth while to tell us much about the way in which the private ownership of land was established and developed in New England, how taxes were levied and collected, the objects of colonial and local expenditure, the legal regulation of industry and trade, the organization, equipment, and employment of the military forces of the colonies, or the method of governmental dealings with the Indians. Thanks to Professor Osgood's researches, however, we have at last a clear and orderly outline of the governmental and administrative life of the people in these respects. As an illustration of the new light thrown upon hitherto obscure places, reference may be made to pages 461-467, where the status and functions of the boards of commoners or proprietors of land, as distinct from those of the town or any aggregation of individual landholders, are examined. Equally informing, and to most students equally unfamiliar, is the account of the origin of private land titles and the gradual disappearance of common lands.

The second volume is devoted to the Middle and Southern colonies, where the proprietary province in its later form appears. The method and general handling are the same as in the volume on New England, and what has been said regarding the painstaking care, the wealth of material, and the definitive value of the presentation applies to this part of the work as much as to the other. We note a special chapter on the colonial judiciary. The ecclesiastical element, naturally, is far less prominent than in New England, for while nearly all the numerous dissenting sects in the Middle colonies believed in maintaining a connection between church and state, their number and variety effectually prevented that predominance of some one group which alone could make such connection possible. The system of defence, also, while in many respects similar to that of New England, was as a whole less highly developed, while the nearness of the frontier to the populous areas, together with the slight volume of personal or commercial intercourse between the colonies, tended to make public opinion in each colony regarding defence narrow and sectional. The militant Puritan of the north had no counterpart in the colonies to the south. At the same time it is to be remembered that the section suffered no such Indian war as that of Philip in New England, and had in consequence no such incentive to joint action.

Professor Osgood's work differs from all other comprehensive studies of American colonial history in its consistent interpretation of that history from the point of view and in the terms of public law. This has not involved any neglect of social and economic material, or of the personal element which lends to our colonial annals so much of charm; but such material has been used as illustrating political growth, rather than for its own sake. The style is readable and effective, and the wealth of incident is great, but there are no entertaining accounts of domestic manners and customs, or vivid narratives of adventure or battle.

The authorities cited are mainly the original documentary sources, both manuscript and printed. The element of controversy, so dear to workers in new fields, is conspicuous by its absence. At two or three points Professor Osgood registers his dissent from the opinions of other writers, but the opposition is not pressed, and facts are left to speak for themselves. Altogether, the book must be adjudged the most substantial and masterful contribution made to the study of American colonial history in recent years.

ARABIA AND MOROCCO.

The Seven Golden Odes of Pagan Arabia, known also as the Mallakat. Translated from the original Arabic by Lady Anne Blunt. Done into English verse by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. London: The Chiswick Press. 1903. Pp. xxii, 68.

The Shaikhs of Morocco in the XVIth Century. By T. H. Weir, B.D. Edinburgh: George A. Morton. 1904. Pp. xlviii, 316.

An unhappy life, for the most part, is that of the translator of poetry. The blanks are to the prizes as a thousand to one, and with each attempt he carries, in the German phrase, his own skin to market, and hears the people say that it is a very poor skin indeed. Yet none is ever deterred by the grinning trophies, and the Horaces, Homers, Virgils, and Dantes are ground out in perpetually renewed effort at the impossible problem. Where FitzGerald created and Butcher and Lang rendered, may they not, too, have their day? And so the unending quest goes on, an æsthetic exercise far away from practical issues or thought of use, a pursuit of an ideal equivalent which will be and yet not be the original itself.

Thus the case stands, broadly, with the great classics. Translators of these have an eye to the readers of the originals, and seek first and last their approval. They render to please themselves, and to show that they can render; sometimes their labors fall to the luck and delight of the reading public. But there is another translating with a very different object and value. Some languages and literatures can never be learned or reached by any but a few, and yet they contain treasures of human experience and emotion. If our knowledge is not to be narrowed to a few threads of the varied skein of life, we must use, trust, and enjoy the interpretations of out-of-the-way learning. The man of strange tongues and uncanny reading comes here to his own, and if he but add a knack of expression in his native language, of suggestion and melody and colored vocabulary, he is sure of welcome when he brings back his bales of foreign stuffs from untrodden lands. Still greater is his prize when he has already approved himself a poet in his own tongue. Along with some strange failures, some of the greatest successes have been reached by poets thus interpreting unknown poetry and alien life. Here there is no question of the hundredth translation of a classic to show the skill of the translator. We have a veritable addition to the bonds which draw races together and make the whole world kin.

Mr. Blunt won his poetical spurs long ago with his 'Love-Sonnets of Proteus.' The path from these, with their grip on the real, their ring of a high personality, their clanging, flashing imagery, is very straight to sympathy with the old poems of Arabia in their immediate touch with life—the narrowed, fiercely individual, grim, yet passionate and luxurious life of the desert—in their unerring interpretation of its moods and conditions and their wealth of imagination mediating their ideas. Such poetry was a good beginning for a future translator of the Mu'allaqat, the great Seven Songs of the Desert, gathered by the earliest Muslim editors from the mass of pagan poetry and ever since held sacred. And, later, his training for the task went further. He became one of that small number of Europeans to whom the ways of the desert and innermost Najd itself have been opened. Its unchanging life, the same now in all essentials and almost all details as it was fourteen centuries ago, was lived by him. In the very atmosphere of these poems he has moved; their pictures and imagery, their social ways and ideas have been his own. It is as though somewhere in strange waters a Greek colony from the Homeric age still survived, and one or two had reached its shores and walked in its ancient ways. So, if we have not here a clear creation and a great English poem such as FitzGerald's 'Omar,' we have in this first complete verse translation of the Mu'allaqat, a rendering singularly satisfying and full of the tone, the swing, and the vitality of the original. A literal translation it is not. No one could pack into the same compass of English lines the pregnant hints and clues—vistas of thought—which lie half hidden in the Arabic. The lack of rhyme, too, limits the music, and the effort at the same metres, while it gives vraisemblance and leads us afield, hinders from the smoothness which carries the Arabic lines rippling or rolling along. And the same disdain of the details of exact structure which Mr. Blunt showed in his sonnets, has here handicapped him in reproducing lines whose perfection of finish is absolute. But, for all that, his verses for the great multitude will be the first suggestion of the real poetry of Arabia, so different in its virility and energy from the hot-house languors and sensuousnesses which commonly stand for the Orient. Here, the life is all in the open with wind and rain, sun and storm. Thus, for example, Imr al-Qays, the disinherited, wandering king, sings the kinships of the desert in its hunger and toils:

"Water-skins of some folk—ay, with the thong of them laid on my nága's wither—borne have I joyfully,
Crossed how lone the rain-ways, bare as an ass-belly; near me the wolf, starved gamester, bowled to his progeny.
Cried I: Wolf, thou wailest. Surely these lives of ours, thine and my own, go empty, robbed of prosperity.
All we won we leave here. Whoso shall follow us, seed in our corn-track casting, reap shall he barrenness."

And thus Antara, the knight of a thousand tales, sings the joy of the spring rains and the renewed verdure:

"Sweet as the vials of odors sold by the musk-sellers, fragrant the white teeth she showed thee, fragrant the mouth of her.
So is a garden new planted fresh in its greenery, watered by soft-falling raindrops, treadless, untenanted.
Lo, on it rain-clouds have lighted, soft showers, no hail in them, leaving each furrow a lakelet bright as a silverling.
Pattering, plashing they fell there, rains at the sunsetting, wide-spreading runlets of water, streams of fertility,
Mixed with the humming of bees' wings droning the daylight long, never a pause in their chaunting, gay drinking-choruses.
Blithe iteration of bees' wings, wings struck in harmony, sharply as steel on the flint-stone, light-handed smithy strokes."

Tarafa, "the boy," who died and left a scanty handful of songs and an inheritance of unfulfilled renown, has this picture:

"Alas for the dark-lipped one, the maid of the topazes, hardly yet grown a woman, sweet fruit-picking loiterer!
A girl, a fawn still fawnless, which browses the thorn-bushes, close to the doe-herd feeding, aloof in the long valleys.
I see her mouth-slit smiling, her teeth,—nay a camomile white on the white sand blooming and moist with the night-showers.
Sun-steeped it is, pure argent, white all but the lips of her, these are too darkly painted to fear the sun-burning.
The face of her how joyous, the day's robe enfolding her, clean as a thing fresh fashioned, untouched by sad time-fingers."

Of these Mu'allaqat only four, so far, have left any mark in English verse. In 1796 J. D. Carlyle included a portion of that of Labid in his 'Specimens of Arabian Poetry.' His enterprise was apparently part of the Romantic movement, but his rendering, though very smooth, has no trace of the glory and strength of the original; it is in the drawing-room manner of its day. In the sixties of the last century E. H. Palmer published a verse translation of the whole of Antara's Mu'allaqa poem, but it, too, is simply an easy, ineffective copy of verses. Burton, in his 'Pilgrimage,' gave a most tantalizing fragment, a version of Labid's two opening lines, in melody and suggestion by far the best of anything we yet have. Finally, Sir Charles Lyall has rendered part of Imr al-Qays and Zuhayr's Mu'allaqa entire. To these verse translations should be added his rendering of Labid's poem into rhythmic prose. There can be little question that these last are the most happy attempts yet made. Their scholarship is flawless; they are literal to a marvellous degree; and they give the atmosphere, and those in metre the lilt and ring, of their originals almost perfectly. Perhaps in his verse-rendering Sir Charles Lyall has been forced a little towards a somewhat higher Romantic coloring than is in the classical energy of the Arabic; no other criticism can be made. But his and Mr. Blunt's success in such varied forms brings back the old quarrel, whether Oriental poetry can most adequately for all purposes be rendered by the impressive prose of the Bible, or rhythmic prose, or, finally, by varyingly free metrical efforts. A comparison of the thirty-ninth chapter of Job with Sir Charles Lyall's and Mr. Blunt's 'Labid' would be highly instructive.

If Mr. Weir's book is not poetry in the technical sense, it is a work of great interpretative value, sympathetic and artistic, and full of the best historical imagination. He has taken a collection of biographies which a certain Ibn Askar—a Moorish hagiologist, who died in 1578 A. D., fighting, such were the party politics of the time, in the ranks of Don Sebastian, on that fatal day at the Makhazin when the Portuguese chivalry was destroyed and their leader vanished—wrote of the saints whom he had known, has rearranged them as they came chronologically and had part in the story of their troubled times, and has given us, thus, a very complete picture of these times on the side of the religious leaders, which means, in Islam, of the body of the people. The translation is singularly simple and effective; a note of sincerity is struck and held, and these 'Acta Sanctorum,' or, perhaps better, this 'Golden Legend,' is handled with respect and understanding Moroccan conditions and ideas of to-day become intelligible to us as we read, and the possibility of our own mediæval life, even,

becomes clearer. A single extract will show this best. A certain shaikh, Alee Hamamoosh, was on easy terms with the Jinn, companies of whom used to study the Qur'an under him.

"There lived a man in Fez who had a daughter of such surpassing beauty that the jinn carried her away, and whither she had gone, he could not tell. Then he was in a great strait, and where to turn he knew not, until one of the advice-givers bade him go and consult the Shaikh Alee Hamamoosh. To him, therefore, he went, and related to him his affair, and laid before him his case.

" 'It may be that God will yet restore thee thy daughter,' replied the shaikh, 'but do thou go this night to the outside of the Futooh Gate, and sit there until the first half of the night is gone by. For the jinn, with their kings, will pass by thee in seven companies. But be thou brave and fear not, until the seventh company shall come up. Then go thou to its king'—and he described him to him—'and say to him, "Such a one [meaning himself] sends thee greeting, and commands thee that thou restore to me my daughter." '

"The man, therefore, did as the shaikh had commanded him; and he saw of the glory of the jinn, and of the majesty of their number, what it terrifies the intellect to think of. And when he stood before the king and had delivered to him the shaikh's message, the king ordered his company to halt.

" 'Fetch me such and such a jinnee,' he commanded, 'and the human creature that is with him.'

"In half an hour they were found and brought before the king.

" 'Take thy daughter,' said the king to the man, 'and give the shaikh my salutations, and say to him from me, "Verily, I am obtemporating to that which thou hast enjoined upon me." ' And he turned upon the jinnee, and demanded, 'What led thee to do what thou hast done?' But the jinnee answered never a word, and the king commanded that he should be killed and crucified upon the spot.

"So the man came with his daughter to the shaikh, and gave him an account of all that had occurred.

" 'Go in peace,' answered the shaikh, 'and see that thou tell no man of what has befallen, so long as I continue alive.'

"So the man departed to his house, and on the way, passing by the spot where the jinnee had been crucified, he found what looked like a dark-green beetle hanging upon a splinter of wood."

Here, the nocturnal demon procession of European folk-lore will be recognized, with a termination, however, more suggestive of Japan. Of other, similar stories there are many; and many, too, are those dealing with the daily life of the folk. Such a book as this of Mr. Weir's does more to make us understand Morocco, with its warring dynasties, its devout leaders, its ceaseless unrest, and its simple-minded masses, than an army of newspaper reporters hunting Raisuli's head.

WOOD'S FIGHT FOR CANADA.

The Fight for Canada. By William Wood. London: Archibald Constable & Co. 1904.

The prospective purchaser who sees Major Wood's book for the first time will probably ask himself, "Is this a *réchauffé* of Parkman, or am I likely to find something new in it?" The answer to such a query, natural and indeed inevitable, may be given without hesitation. The present volume is neither a diluted nor an embellished version of Parkman, but an independent study of the war—quite as independent as Casgrain's 'Montcalm et Lévis'—which approaches the contest from a different standpoint, is written in a characteristic style, and grounds its results upon first-hand knowledge. There are several signs which show that Canadian history is receiving more attention from Canadians themselves than has fallen to its lot for some years, and in the ranks of the true researchers Major Wood has his place. Though he owes a greater debt to the documents edited by Dr. Doughty than to the text or footnotes of Parkman, he is not a compiler, but an historian. This is a distinction worth making in days when Sir Gilbert Parker is publishing ill-considered "copy" on Quebec.

While fully recognizing the value of Major Wood's performance, we must venture to differ somewhat from the author regarding the nature of its importance. To us the book makes its chief appeal through liveliness and mastery of detail rather than through the novelty of its standpoint. On the contrary, Major Wood emphasizes, in his prefatory *apologia*, a single motive as one which informs and controls his whole narrative:

"The point of the whole argument is, however, that this great fight for the dominion of the West has never been consistently described as a combined naval and military operation in which the fleet and the army were so much the necessary complements of each other on all occasions that they perfectly realized the ideal of a single United Service throughout the whole expedition. And, this being so, it seems that any honest attempt to redress the balance, and do justice to the great silent service of the sea, would alone vindicate the book that made it."

Stated in other terms, Major Wood lays heavy stress upon the sea-power element in the war, much as if Mahan had written a detailed account of the operations at Quebec to correspond with his chapter on the coöperation of Washington and De Grasse at Yorktown. Major Wood makes his point clearly, and will undoubtedly do something to raise Saunders to a higher place than he has yet enjoyed in the opinion of the general reader. We feel sure, however, that a story of Montcalm and Wolfe which relied chiefly for its success upon an intelligent application of Mahan's ideas to a particular situation, would be far less meritorious than is this work of Major Wood. Nor do we think he could have made his narrative recommend itself so well as it does by pointing out and supplying the deficiencies of Parkman, or any other predecessor, in mere statement of fact. Major Wood holds the strategy of the campaign in a firm grasp, and interprets it adequately, but to us his pages are rendered attractive chiefly by his own enthusiasm, his skill in bodying forth the salient points of an existing situation, and the freshness of his illustrations. These, more than his development of maritime considerations which have become somewhat obvious, we hold to be his strong points.

One of Major Wood's best conceptions is that the "Fight for Canada" should be kept in line with the whole Seven Years' War. This elementary idea may, in the depths of their own consciousness, be appreciated by all writers on Ticonderoga, Louisbourg, and Quebec, but there is a very general disposition to divide the American operations from those in Europe. Major Wood, however, has heard of Kunersdorf and keeps it before his eyes, while his insistence upon the value of sea-power prevents him from mistaking the significance of Hawke's movements in 1759. Wolfe and Nelson are constantly compared and with a show of reason; but if one looks simply to battles, the companion pieces are the Plains of Abraham and the cannonade amid the tempest at Quiberon, both won in the same year by brilliant initiative and daring, assisted by remarkable good luck. We do not know that Major Wood could have gained anything by giving a fuller description than he has done of the course which the war followed in Germany, but one suggestion we do make bold to offer against a future edition. Since the root of French weakness was in Versailles, would it not be well to add one chapter on the court administration of Louis XV.? It is true that the subject is not a new one, yet, as the material is so complete and the connection with Canadian affairs so intimate, we think Major Wood might add a telling feature by inserting a few pages on the régime of the Pompadour. Moreover, such a sketch would harmonize well with the excellent chapter on Vaudreuil and Bigot.

Major Wood's strong belief in British imperialism, which is always apparent, does not detract from his sympathy with what was best in the life of New France or from his admiration for Montcalm's defence. So far as leading individuals are concerned, he displays little wish to disturb accepted judgments, though his language is more pronounced than that of most historians. Pitt, Wolfe, Montcalm, and Bigot have had their reputations pretty well settled for them at the hands of historians by this time. With Vaudreuil and Lévis the case is hardly the same, since French-Canadian writers incline to give them better treatment than they receive from outsiders. Major Wood, who does not mince words and has the courage of his convictions, tells the unpleasant truth about Vaudreuil without any euphemism whatever:

"He framed ambiguous orders, for the double purpose of embarrassing Montcalm and saving his own credit, whatever the results might be. But he never faced any of the risks in person, though he really held the command-in-chief; and he always threw the burden of executive responsibility on Montcalm, whom he afterwards traduced in his official dispatches. That he was a liar, a backbiter, and a pettifogger, utterly unfit for his great position, is proved to the full; and the best excuse that can be made for him is that he was almost as great a fool as a knave."

Towards Lévis, Major Wood is polite, but not enthusiastic. He declines to see any great generalship in the battle of Ste. Foy, and remembers the burning of the flags.

By making the Seven Years' War in America pivot round the siege of Quebec, Major Wood seizes upon the picturesque and critical incident, thus gaining force of impact for his narrative. Nevertheless, there is more to be got out of the struggle than can be extracted from it by one who nails his colors to the mast of a sea-power theory. A double issue presented itself: on the one hand raged an ancient, national contest between Great Britain and France, a contest European in origin, if fought out from the Great Lakes to India; on the other hand existed fixed grounds of antagonism between the English and French of this continent, an antagonism to which the policy of Dongan and Frontenac had given shape even in the seventeenth century. Had Wolfe failed to take Quebec, the result to Great Britain and the modern British Empire

might have proved permanently disastrous. and, without control of the sea, the British victory could not have been won in 1759. Yet, considering the disparity of resources which existed between New England and New France, and the rooted hostility of the two populations, we are unable to perceive how control of the sea could long have prevented the English colonies from mastering their rivals, whether along the St. Lawrence or to the west of the Alleghanies. The colonial contingents that accompanied Amherst were not destined to play a spectacular part in terminating the war, but in any exhaustive discussion of the issues at stake it would seem desirable to give greater prominence to the purely American aspects of the question than is given here. Major Wood is perfectly familiar with Peter Schuyler and the "Glorious Enterprise," but he does not adjust his perspective to the idea that in all probability there would have been an English supremacy of some sort upon this continent whatever the fate of Wolfe's expedition. In offering this criticism we see that before us lie long vistas of historical conjecture. Our only purpose is to accentuate one issue of capital importance which might to advantage be placed in higher relief.

Major Wood avoids a display of pedantry and uses graphic language. In a word, he writes for the public, and there seems to be need that the public—even the literary public—should be instructed on matters relating to the siege of Quebec. Not long ago the Boston *Transcript* favored its readers with an account of the large hotel which recently has been erected in Toronto, and, in describing the frescoes, the writer observed (we quote from memory, but with sufficient accuracy): "One of the subjects is that famous scene in Canadian history where Wolfe, as he crossed the St. Lawrence, recited Grey's [*sic*] Eulogy [*sic*] to his troops before scaling the heights of Alabama [*sic*]." These lines were probably penned within five miles of Parkman's old study in Jamaica Plain—a circumstance which proves that Major Wood's stirring and accurate book is a work of utility, and not of supererogation.

Outlines of Psychology. By Josiah Royce. The Macmillan Co. 8vo, pp. 392.

An unpretending little volume, designed for a short text-book for students of sixteen and indefinitely upwards, the antipode of a cram book is this. It will not distend the mental stomach with bran, nor even impart much glow of repletion. Yet it will always interest every reader and often charm him. It will seduce a young person into close observation and close reasoning; and it will only be long after it has been laid aside that the learner will come to appreciate all the benefit he has derived from it. As an effective text-book it is necessarily an outline treatise, stating each point in explicit terms. Yet it is at the same time an essay in the sense of being animated throughout by a central idea, that of the essential unity of conduct and of cognition. We must not be understood to imply that it is a one-sided book, far less a book of one idea. It is a picture of the mind whose lights and shades are due to an evident centre of illumination.

The first result of this is that all the explanatory theories in it are such as physiological psychology propounds, albeit less than the usual proportion of space is given up to physiology. The strictness with which the author confines elucidation to that direction is marked, and, to our thinking, excessive. No doubt, that method is as thoroughly proved as can be; but that does not in itself in the least disprove the method of explaining one state of mind as caused by another state of mind. It may be that Professor Royce would admit this, but that he deems it needless and confusing to insist upon ideas to which common sense clings so tenaciously. On the other hand, it may very well be that he is an automatist; for there is nothing in his idealism to forbid his being so. It will be as an automatist that his readers will mostly understand him.

The author's unification of conduct and cognition cuts deep into the theories of psychology. An instance of this, that will interest everybody on account of its practical bearings, is his proposal of a substitute for that division of mentality into Feeling, Volition, and Cognition, which was brought into vogue by Kant, and which has been so generally employed ever since, in spite of the derision that has been poured upon it by almost all the writers who have availed themselves of it. The fact that no other division has been proposed that has proved convenient in half so many relations, would seem to show that, crude as it is, there must be "something in it"—that there must be some truth of which it is an ungainly and ill-fitting vesture. In place of Cognition, Professor Royce puts the phenomena of forming habits, whether of cognition or of conduct, giving to this the name of "Docility." Another thinker more than twenty years ago used the same word, "Docility," for one of three departments of mind, and with the same signification, except for a detail that we shall mention presently. We believe that this feature, at any rate, of Professor Royce's division will soon commend itself to all psychologists.

For what is habit-taking? We can conceive, and do observe, three kinds of direct effects of causation. There are, first, transitory effects which come into existence with the causal action, disappearing the instant it ceases. Such are the accelerations of motion produced by forces. We do not say that power is *expended* in producing such effects, since by expenditure we mean a transfer of something, not an annihilation. An effect upon which power is expended may either remain after the cause is removed without any tendency to change, when we may say that the subject upon which the change is wrought is *inert* in respect to that effect; or else, when the power is expended, the effect may at once begin to undo itself, the subject of the change showing a tendency towards change of a definite kind, when we may say that it is *elective* with reference to such changes. Thus, the law of inertia may be expressed by saying that all bodies are *inert* in respect to their velocity. That is, if an expenditure of exertion imparts a certain velocity to a body, it will retain that velocity unchanged after the cause ceases to act. The law of the conservation of energy may be expressed by saying that all effects of physical force consist in bodies being inert in respect to velocity, but elective in respect to certain changes of relative position. Thus, if a missile were thrown up into a vacuum, then, as soon as the energy of its upward motion was expended, the body would begin to return to earth, while, its horizontal displacement being a change of position in respect to which it is not elective, the energy of horizontal velocity remains in that form. To say that a nerve-track is capable of habit is to say that it is inert in respect to changes wrought in it by the passage of a nervous discharge along it. A physicist will hardly hesitate to believe that this is due to particles of the nerve being displaced by the passage in ways to which they are inert. If so, the phenomenon closely resembles that of a stream of water wearing itself a channel—a faculty on which every skilled ditcher relies.

Simpler things take habits—that is, behave as they have before behaved. On a cold winter morning. the sheet of ice on the countryman's ewer that offers considerable resistance to his first poking a stick to the bottom, will offer hardly any to a second poke, and none at all to a third. Any new behavior of any object whatever must be due to some new condition of that object; and ordinarily this will persist and cause the new behavior to be repeated. Thus, that which distinguishes the water-course, and still more the nerve, is not that it acts as it has acted, but on the contrary is these two features: first, that the number of particles whose displacement will facilitate the current is very great, so that many repetitions of the action continue to become easier and easier, and thus the habit is slow in its development, instead of being fully formed from the beginning; and, secondly, that in the case of the nerve the new positions of the displaced particles appear to have at first little stability, so that new habits are apt to be easily destroyed. The earlier user of the term Docility included under it not only the tendency to the formation of habits, but also the liability of habits to get broken up, which is certainly a most important characteristic of the intellectual man. It is probably his physiological point of view which prevents Professor Royce from once mentioning the consequences of surprise at the unexpected and the counterexpected, where an apparent rupture in Nature's habit produces a real rupture of our associations.

For the Feeling and Volition of the old triad, Prof. Royce would substitute respectively "Sensitiveness" and "Initiative"; and here we cannot think his proposals happy. "Initiative," according to his own analysis of it, consists simply in motiveless persistency in repeating an action. But this differs from Docility only as acting from a habit differs from forming a habit. Now, acting from a habit is just like acting from any other disposition, so that "Initiative" is nothing but Docility plus Volition. The author's unification of conduct and cognition should, however, have led him to regard volition and sensation, or the action of sensitiveness, as simply two species of one genus of mentality, that of reaction. For there can be little doubt that sensations react upon the stimulating causes as we know that volitions react upon the willer.

If we once accept docility and reaction as two categories of mentality, we shall forthwith be obliged to recognize a third. For, as is generally admitted, all formations of habit take place entirely outside of consci-

ousness. We can only know that we have formed a habit by some experiment, although it may be an involuntary experiment or may be an experiment in the imagination. What we call pleasures and pains are nothing but sensations of any kind that are significant to us of our having favorable or unfavorable dispositions, of one or another of several kinds; and therefore when a sensation acquires a pleasurable or painful cast, or both, which it had not before, that is a sign of our having formed a habit. But, then, this is a case of becoming aware of a habit by experiment. Sensation and volition take place upon the very edge of consciousness. We have no direct knowledge of them as processes; we know them only by comparing what went before with what comes after.

This is generally acknowledged by psychologists in reference to volition. If there were any kind of sensation which we might expect to take in the act, it would be the case of the emergence of an idea into consciousness by a suggestion addressed to an association. But we cannot catch even this in the process of emerging. To a man standing between the rails of a track on which a locomotive is approaching, it is successive sudden enlargements that he perceives. The sense of continuous change is an affair of quasi-inference. Thus we have no immediate consciousness either of facts of docility or of facts of reaction. Since, then, we are conscious, we must admit immediate consciousness, or feeling, as a third category of mentality.

What we have said must be taken as a small sample of the stimuli to reflection that are richly strewn upon these pages. We regret that we should have left ourselves no space to illustrate the skill with which the reader of them will be taught to draw practical corollaries from the truths of the new science.

Machiavelli and the Modern State. By Louis Dyer. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1904.

This little book is based on three lectures which Mr. Dyer gave at the Royal Institution several years ago. They rarely seem to grapple with the main subject, while they discuss elaborately side issues. We are not quite sure what Mr. Dyer wishes us to infer from his demonstration that Machiavelli had no very accurate understanding, in the modern scientific sense, of Roman history; or that he did not invent a code of morals; or that when he discoursed on the Romans, he was really thinking of the Swiss; or that he was a poor judge of men; or that he drew an imaginary portrait of Castruccio Castracani to illustrate some of his own political views; or that he was so hypnotized by Cæsar Borgia that he regarded him as the model prince. If all these allegations were proved, which we can hardly concede, how would they explain the immense power which Machiavelli's masterpiece has had, and will long continue to have, over statesmen and governments? If he was the simple soul Mr. Dyer hints of, all the more wonder that he went literally to the very bedrock of statecraft.

Because Machiavelli happens to make an allusion only three lines long to Lorenzo de' Medici, Mr. Dyer argues that "such a failure [to portray] must serve to warn the readers of 'The Prince' that its gifted writer was no reader of human character." Surely a sweeping conclusion to draw from a small premise! The truth is, that Machiavelli did not intend to paint Lorenzo's character in detail. Again, why should the fact that "Machiavelli never had anything like an intimate intercourse with any of the great personalities of his day—excepting only Cæsar Borgia, and, at a much later time, Guicciardini," unfit him for writing 'The Prince'? Mr. Dyer explains further that Machiavelli was too unaristocratic by birth to understand his "social superiors"—an argument which, with equal validity, might be brought against most of the world's great men. How could Napoleon "understand" the altitudes and profundities of the Bourbon *noblesse*, or Bismarck, the incorrigible Junker, fathom the sublimities of the Prussian Kings whom he served?

These instances, which might be multiplied, awaken distrust in the soundness of Mr. Dyer's judgment, and our distrust is confirmed when we compare his translations from Machiavelli with the originals. Take, for example, the reference to Lorenzo just mentioned. Machiavelli wrote: "So that if we consider his gay life and his grave, there appeared in him two almost different persons joined by an impossible joining." Mr. Dyer translates: "Take into account his two prevailing moods, the grave and the gay, and you shall discover in him not one but two persons, marked by contradictory notes that blend into an impossible union of incongruous opposites." This is paraphrasing—with a vengeance; and it is all the more unwarranted because Machiavelli is the tersest of modern writers. To represent him by such a very flowing version does him as much injustice as it would do Tacitus. Again, Dante's "un solo principe" Mr. Dyer renders "one sole prince *and potentate*" (p. 50), and he transforms Dante's simple "de jure" into "by *divine* right" (p. 51), using a technical political phrase which Dante never intended; likewise, Machiavelli's dictum, "The chief foundations of all states . . . are *good* laws and *good* arms," into "The indispensable foundations upon which are built all states . . . are *steadfast* laws and *steadfast* arms"—a very different proposition. The laws which have perpetuated despotism in Russia are "steadfast" enough, but they are not "good."

On the whole, we must confess to disappointment, and this is keener because, in his preface, Mr. Dyer led us to expect just such a study of Machiavelli as is needed. He has worked industriously over his material, as his collating shows, but he has an unhappy knack of hunting down unprofitable clues. It matters little whether Machiavelli was thinking of the Swiss when he discoursed on the Romans; what we need to know is how he came to formulate his terrific treatise, and why, if Cæsar Borgia was his model, the Machiavellian principles have cropped out in all modern States and nearly all rulers since his time. Frederick, Napoleon, Bismarck, Beaconsfield, Rhodes, Chamberlain, were true Machiavellians; and President Roosevelt, in his letter of acceptance the other day, revealed himself an apt disciple.

Geschichte des Möbels; unter Berücksichtigung der Architektonischen und Tektonischen Formen: Eine Stillehre für Bau- und Möbeltischler. Die Entwicklung des Möbels von den Anfängen des menschlichen Wohnhaus bis zur römischen Kaiserzeit, unter Einbeziehung des Mobiliars in den ostasiatischen Ländern. Von Dr. Alfred Koeppen und Carl Breuer. Mit 423 Abbildungen. Berlin and New York: Bruno Hessling. 1904. Pp. viii., 309.

This quarto volume is announced as the first of a series, a general work on the history of that which we cannot express in English by one word or compound term. *Mobilier* in French, *Mobiliar* in modernized German, express and describe everything that is useful and portable—kitchen utensils and costumes, tools and weapons, metal and pottery vessels, furniture of wood, bronze, and marble. An examination of the present volume shows that it is intended to explain the history of furniture, *Möbel*, the smaller thing, by an examination of *Mobiliar*, the larger one; and that it is in every respect as general in its purpose as might be indicated by the above list of minor subjects. The inquiry ranges over antiquity, prehistoric and of the classical epoch, the aboriginal life of America and Africa, the world of India, China, and Japan. Mediæval Europe and the European peoples of later times are to be treated in future volumes. The purpose of the work and the system adopted are set forth in a preface signed by Dr. Koeppen, and in this he gives credit to his associated author, Mr. Breuer, for his part, which seems to be that of travel and observation in many lands, and later the preparation of the treatise, correspondence, and the selection of material. A very interesting table of contents occupies four of the large pages, each separate title of chapter or section being followed by the bibliography of that department. This is an unusual feature, and should be welcome to every student, presenting, as it does, in a very accessible form, the material for wider study.

In order to explain the full significance of the movable objects, our authors have gone so far back into the origin of things that the Immovable also is treated. The peculiarities of ancient Persian architecture, with the bull-head capitals, the doorways decorated with rosettes, the slender colonnades, and the massive portals, are all treated in text and in illustration, that the facts concerning the little-known subject of movable furniture among the Persians may be the better understood. The same disposition is noticeable with regard to the arts of ancient Egypt; and the almost unseizable *Mobiliar* of the Aztecs is explained as well as may be by sculptures of façades, taken in connection with a few articles of wood and of hard stone found in Peruvian and other tombs. So in the absorbingly interesting subject, the furniture of the Greeks of classical times, the authors have been compelled to draw their material from medallions, vase-paintings, bas-reliefs of funereal and memorial character, and decorative statuettes and groups, to which are to be added a few pieces of actually existing furniture, such as the marble chairs in the front row of the Theatre of Bacchus at Athens, and a very few wooden chests and caskets found in the Crimea and in Egypt. Plans of Grecian and Roman houses are given, though with great reserve, in order the better to explain the placing and utilization of pieces of furniture. With the Roman times more freedom is possible, for there is much more material at hand,

thanks to the discoveries in the country about Vesuvius.

So far, with respect to the arts of antiquity, there is no fault to be found with the completeness of the work. All is said and shown that could be asked with reason. It is only when still existing civilizations are treated, those of India, China, and Japan, that we ask whether it is really possible to do justice to the subject in so limited a space. Granted that it is a matter of proportion, and that the relative importance of, say, Chinese civilization would not justify the appropriation of more pages and more cuts than are given it here, it must still occur to every one how very little is said compared with what there is to say. To China is given 28 pages, including 30 half-tone illustrations, but as these include several pieces of grandiose architecture and sculpture, and as the slightest acquaintance with the subject furnishes to the memory an immense amount of wholly trustworthy material in paintings, carvings, and embroidery in addition to the actual pieces in our collections, the student must suffer from the sense that these painstaking and accurate authors have given him so little compared with what there was to give. As for Japan, of course a volume of the size of this one could be filled without leaving the museums of one European city, and yet the authors have felt themselves obliged to limit their work to the same space that is allowed to China.

No further exception can be taken. The choice and the presentation of the objects represented and described are altogether praiseworthy, nor can the reader fail to observe the sympathetic treatment which each of these varying peoples and epochs has received at the authors' hands.

American Renaissance: A Review of Domestic Architecture. By Joy Wheeler Dow. New York: William T. Comstock. 1904. Pp. 182. Ninety-six half-tone plates.

This can scarcely be called a learned treatise, but it is a vastly entertaining book. Its author is not merely a skilful architect: he is a wag, a humorist. He not only sees the fun in things, but, what is rarer, he puts it so that others must see it. And what matters it if his English is not always of the best or his sentences by no means uninvolved? He has a profound and well-grounded belief in the excellence of American architecture in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and he makes his reader feel it and share it. Even the early nineteenth century affords him many worthy examples of an art that has not yet reached its decadence; and in what he calls the "Transitorial Period"—that time of crudity so scathingly arraigned in the 'American Notes' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' and so guilelessly exposed in the diary of Philip Hone—he has an eye open for all that is good even in the Victorian Gothic cottage and the Greek-temple dwelling house. And, of a truth, there was much good architecture in this despised time, as in the Sargent house in New Haven, with its ample scale and its simple scheme.

It is when he reaches the sixties, the years of the Italian villa and the Mansart roof, that Mr. Dow finds a fair field for grim fun-making. The "Reign of Terror" he calls it, and the name is apt enough to stick to the thing. Even in this, the lowest of all states to which American architecture fell, he finds some good. The spaciousness of the rooms, the simplicity and amplitude of the house plans, lead him to say that "there is no good reason why we should not exploit such architecture to-day, save one—Man cannot live by bread alone." No one can express in fewer words than these the utter poverty of the style in all the nobler qualities of architecture. Of the fashionable vagaries of our architecture since 1876, the close of the "Reign of Terror"—that is to say, of the Eastlake style, the Queen Anne, the Romanesque, the revived Colonial—Mr. Dow has much to say that is none the less true for being so entertainingly put.

Though rambling, discursive, and full of quips and quirks, the book is sound. Its author's discernment is keen and his taste sure. The illustrations are abundant, and include both the bad and the good; and while it requires a good deal of egotism on the part of an author to include ten or a dozen views of houses of his own design in such a book, it must be confessed that the examples of Mr. Dow's personal work hold their own remarkably well.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Barrett, Wilson. The Never-Never Land. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Bellamy, William. A Third Century of Charades. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 85c. net.
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Jastrow, Marcus. A Dictionary of the Targumim, the Talmud Babli and Yerushalmi, and the Midrashic Literature. Two vols. London: Lusac & Co.; New York: Putnams. $29.
Jerome, Jerome K. Tommy & Co. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
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Mitchell, S. Weir. New Samaria. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25.
Musset, Paul de. Mr. Wind and Madam Rain. Translated by Emily Makepeace. Putnams. $2.
Oppenheim, E. Phillips. The Betrayal. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Payson, William Farquhar. Debonnaire. McClure, Phillips & Co.
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Taggart, Marion Ames. The Little Grey House. McClure, Phillips & Co.
The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton. Told in part by Herself and in part by W. H. Wilkins. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.
The World's Work. St. Louis Fair Number. The Library Edition. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Tomlinson, Everett T. The Rider of the Black Horse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
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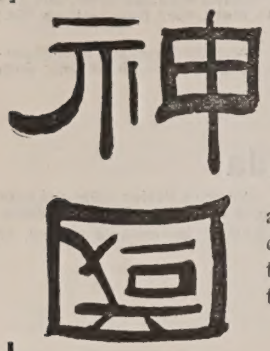

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1904.

The Week.

People who commented upon President Roosevelt's failure in Gen. Miles's case to take the usual official notice of the retirement of the General of the Army, said it betrayed a small-minded and unforgiving temper which they would not have suspected in him. But that inference did the President injustice. No one can question his native magnanimity after reading his telegram of condolence on occasion of Senator Hoar's death. It required a really lofty soul to overlook the fact that the Senator, in almost his last speech of any significance, thus characterized Theodore Roosevelt's dealings with Colombia:

"Now, Mr. President, I want to know—I think the American people want to know and have a right to know—whether this mighty policeman, instructed to keep the peace on that isthmus, seeing a man about to attack another, before he had struck his blow manacled the arms of the attacked so that he could not defend himself, leaving the assailant free, and then instantly proceeded to secure from the assailant the pocketbook of the victim, on the ground that he was *de facto* the owner?"

More Panama chickens are coming home to the White House to roost. Another emergency calling for quick thinking and prompt action is before the President. His own bantling Republic of Panama has filed a protest with the State Department, on account of the high-handed action of this Government in the canal zone. It alleges oppression and violation of the treaty, and asks that the matters in dispute be referred to the Hague Tribunal. It might seem difficult for Mr. Roosevelt, in his new rôle as *pacificator mundi*, to refuse so reasonable a request, especially as he is just about to summon the Hague Conference afresh; but it is already evident what sort of reply will be given to the pained Panamanians. The State Department has just explained pityingly to the Minister of Panama that arbitration is not for the likes of him. But, asks Minister Obaldia plaintively, is the Washington Administration to be both judge and jury, just because it is strong and Panama is weak? Si, Señor! After having robbed Colombia, do you suppose that this nation is going to let you have anything to say about our disposition of the booty?

The Republicans assure us that there is but one Roosevelt and that "two" is a slander. The approved maxims which he lays down as a candidate for the Presidency, are those which have always filled his thoughts and animated his whole life. Secretary Hay on Monday, addressing the International Peace Conference in Boston, added a few touches to the Presidential portrait now enjoying the greatest popularity. "President Roosevelt," he said, "has the same tireless energy in the work of concord that he displayed when he sought peace and ensured it on the field of battle. No Presidents in our history," he added, coupling McKinley with Roosevelt, "have been so faithful and so efficient as the last two in the cause of arbitration and of every peaceful settlement of difficulties." "We shall continue to advocate and to carry into effect, as far as practicable, the principle of the arbitration of such questions as may not be settled through diplomatic negotiations." Now every good citizen must rejoice to hear such principles as these enunciated by a national administration, whatever its party complexion. What puzzles us is why, in nominating so conspicuous a man of peace, ex-Gov. Black should have gone out of his way to talk about war, a thing the mere thought of which is evidently abhorrent. Why, in celebrating the virtues of a life-long apostle of peace, should the epigrammatic orator have used the phrases he did? "You may talk of orderly tribunals," said he, "and learned referees; you may sing in your schools the gentle praises of the quiet life; you may strike from your book the last note of every martial anthem, and yet out in the smoke and thunder will always be the tramp of horses and the silent, rigid, upturned faces." If we are to accept Mr. Hay's estimate of the President, all this was not only a disagreeable picture, but absolutely irrelevant.

People who take their politics from bill-boards and cartoons and bawled headlines will naturally protest that they cannot read all of the letter by Carl Schurz, as printed in the *Evening Post* of Monday; and it is perhaps over long. It contains, however, matter of the highest importance, set forth with singular fair-mindedness and literary skill. The weight of his long experience and honorable reputation goes with all that Mr. Schurz writes; and this statement of his, though it may be attacked by many, will be asserted by no one to be the work of a partisan or dishonest mind. Republicans who have hailed Mr. Schurz's adhesion to their cause, in those political contests when he has sided with them, cannot with any grace sneer at him now, or discount his influence with men who choose their political company by conviction more than by prejudice. The analysis of President Roosevelt's character is made by Mr. Schurz with an impartiality and keenness of discrimination which call for especial admiration.

The tobacco-stamp decision, though it concedes a little to the Trust, is on the whole in favor of the "independents." The "large red stamp" is to be red, but not large, and is to be put on the bottom of the box. The arguments in support of the decision are, be it noted, those advanced by the "independents." They protested that in practice the stamp was used as a trade-mark to advertise the imported goods. President Roosevelt, as his view is expounded by the Secretary of the Treasury, holds:

"The Government's business is to collect the revenue and to provide as far as possible against fraud; but it is not the Government's business to furnish a guaranty in the form of a trade-mark for the benefit of the goods. This should be left in the tobacco business exactly as it is in all other businesses."

Back of this conclusion stands a glittering aggregation of talent, as the late Mr. Barnum would have said: the Secretary of the Treasury and two of his assistants, the Solicitor of the Treasury, Attorney-General Moody, and the President of the United States. From the unanimous opinion of these dignitaries no one except the Tobacco Trust is likely to dissent. The "independents" and their 250,000 votes and eight Congressional districts—or was it twenty-eight in their last outgiving?—are presumably happy.

In view of the awkward position of Republican orators and organs, called on to explain the $23,000,000 deficiency in the Government's revenues for the first two months of the fiscal year, it is natural that they should greet with jubilation the news of a $5,800,000 surplus for September. It is true that the same month in 1903 yielded a surplus revenue of $6,300,000, and in 1902 one of $11,000,000. But there is, at all events, a surplus, and it may be that the turn of the tide is close at hand. Receipts by the Government, last month, ran beyond those of 1903—which has not happened since February. Expenditure increased, to be sure, more rapidly than income; but expenditure can sometimes be temporarily held in check. Even so, the Government's accounts will not provide very great comfort to Administration orators. October interest payments, footing up something like $4,000,000, cannot be deferred; it is not easy to keep down the drafts of the Navy Department, with the year's much larger appropriations on the books, and even last October there was a deficit of nearly $5,000,000. If last year's results were to be duplicated, election day would be approached with a deficit, for the four completed months of the fis-

cal year, amounting to something like $23,000,000. The Secretary of the Treasury, last December, estimated that the deficit for the full fiscal year 1905 would be just this sum. To escape exceeding even that far from optimistic estimate, it would be necessary to have no more excess of expenditure between election day and July first.

Despite confident announcements, the Fall River mills did not open on Monday. That city—formerly so bustling—is to be given still further opportunity to reflect on President Roosevelt's dictum that wages were never higher. Its mills are shut up, its merchants are losing money, and the men in the stores are being thrown out of jobs. All this is because the cotton-mill operatives are a little slower in recognizing that times have changed than other classes of labor have been. A good many mills of all kinds have been starting up lately because the employees have concluded to accept lower wages and talk less about the rights of unions. A heavy demand for cotton goods might bring victory to the Fall River operatives, but this is not yet in sight. Despite Republican prosperity, consumers think twice before paying high prices for cottons. If the mills are going to do any business, they must economize, just as those in a great many other industries have had to do. Cotton manufacturing is at present waiting, like every other business, for the country to catch up with its extraordinary expansion of the last six years. If the cut in wages is accepted in Fall River, it will undoubtedly be applied throughout New England. Perhaps that will be the result of the conference which, it is said, will shortly be held to settle the strike.

Gov. Odell is serving at least one useful purpose. He shows what the fate of a boss would be who should dare ask the voters to say what they think of him. Bosses know better than to submit themselves to a popular election. At any time when Platt was acclaimed as the undisputed leader of his party in this State, notoriously he could not have been elected to the humblest public office. This he well knew, and wisely stuck to his machine and his bond-slaves in the Legislature. But Odell has done his best to make himself the chief issue in this State campaign. Poor Mr. Higgins has thus far been so pushed into the background that, if he does not emerge soon, people will think that it is Odell who is the Republican candidate for Governor. Odell is making his wonderful card indexes of voters and appointing deputy leaders and exercising every art of the political manager in order—to elect Mr. Higgins? No, to vindicate himself. But the gathering clouds show what sort of storm is going to burst upon the boss who seeks a vindication at the ballot-box. We wish all the bosses would "try it on" in the Odell fashion, so that they, too, might get the popular verdict upon their manners and morals.

If we may judge by the space devoted to it in Western newspapers, the Mormon question will play a very important part in the politics of the Rocky Mountain States this year. The new third party in Utah, calling itself the "American party," has decided to nominate candidates of its own for all offices except Presidential electors and members of the judiciary. Meanwhile, Senator Kearns, one of the most prominent men in the new movement, in order to show that his attack on "Smootism" is disinterested, has announced that he will not be a candidate for re-election. Nothing shows better the curious position of the two parties towards the Mormon Church than the fact that at the initial mass meeting of Gentiles at Salt Lake City, where Republicans were the moving spirits, the most vigorous and effective speaker was the Democratic Senator from Idaho, Mr. Dubois. In Idaho his party is making a strenuous fight against Church domination, while the other ignores it as an issue. In Utah, since the Mormon Senator demonstrated his control over the Republican organization, a professedly non-partisan anti-Mormon movement has begun, while the Democrats keep quiet and hope at heart that the solid Church vote will not be cast against them. In Wyoming, a polygamous Mormon has just resigned as a Republican Presidential elector. But for the Smoot hearings before the Senate committee last winter, it is hardly probable that agitation would have taken this form. Unquestionably the most effective anti-Mormon document put forth in years is President Smith's admission that if Apostle Smoot had run for the Senate without the Church's permission, he would have been considered "out of harmony with his quorum."

Reports from Vermont tell of an organized and powerful movement for the repeal of the license law passed two years ago, and this will be one of the important questions before the Legislature which assembled on Tuesday, though the party in power has pledged itself to another two years' trial of the law. It is evident that there has been a decided reaction from the temporary enthusiasm in which the State overthrew the long-standing prohibitory law. Forty-four towns which voted "yes" two years ago, voted "no" this year, while only one changed from no license to license. Most of the towns still for license declared for it by reduced majorities. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that to say that license has failed in any number of localities is a very different thing from saying that the local-option law is a failure as compared with statutory prohibition. It is a good thing that these forty-four towns have seen their way to get rid of the saloon through the movement of their own public sentiment—much better for the cause of morality and sound government than if the same places were compelled to reform because other towns outvoted them. The Southern States present to-day the largest stretches of "dry" territory in the country, though not one of them has State prohibition. Local sentiment has brought about a gradual extension of no-license territory, until in such a State as Tennessee the sale of liquor is confined to less than a dozen of the larger cities. If every town and city of Vermont should vote "dry" at the next election, it would not necessarily be an argument for going back to statutory prohibition.

Secretary Taft's order that the Chicago River tunnels must be lowered before April, 1906, so as not to interfere with navigation, is a step in one of the most extraordinary campaigns ever taken against a municipal nuisance. The tunnels effectually blocked the river to vessels of any great draught, and agitation to have them lowered has been intermittent for many years. One local authority after another was appealed to, without result. As a last resort the city applied to the Federal Government, not for the usual financial aid in improving a river for navigation, but for drastic action. Representatives from the city of Chicago introduced at the last session of Congress and pushed through a bill authorizing the Secretary of War to declare the tunnels an obstruction to navigation, and impose a heavy fine for every month of their maintenance. "I find that I have not the moral resolution to do right of my own accord and remove those tunnels," the city said, in effect; "I therefore beg that you threaten me and if necessary punish me until I do." The rod is to be applied by request of the naughty boy. It was a novel enough way of going about a reform and may prove to be effective; yet we fancy that the city would have been up in arms had the initiative come from without.

The *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent pertinently suggests that there should be some organization akin to the Indian Rights Association with the object of supplying accurate news from the Philippines. As it is now, the people of this country must depend for their information largely on the reports of officials, most of whom are directly interested in representing the situation as paradisaical. President Roosevelt declares the insular government a mo-

del, and Secretary Taft does not dissent when his enthusiastic superior compares him to Cromer, Milner, and other great colonial lights. Governor Wright's only trouble is the pesky Americans (Mr. Roosevelt included) who will upset the Filipinos by talking of their independence. But outside of official circles there is a very great difference of opinion. The military men in the islands can see nothing in the future save bloodshed and unceasing strife. The American newspapers and business men in Manila cannot sufficiently express their contempt for the commission and all its works, while intelligent foreigners, like John Foreman, consider our experiment a practical failure thus far. Surely, there ought to be some means of getting news of the islands which is absolutely non-partisan and accurate, leaning neither towards the Civil Commission, the army, nor the merchants whose cry is the Philippines for the Americans. If something of this kind is not done, the public must continue to be misled or deceived.

American consuls in Europe are now busy participating in a symposium on "dumping." The views of our representatives at London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh were published on Thursday. These, according to high protectionist authority, strikingly demonstrate the 'inadequacy" of the Democratic argument that the tariff should be lowered to keep American manufacturers from selling cheaper abroad than at home. The British, it seems, keep up the home market and cut prices to foreigners, just like our own Trusts. Such is the conclusion drawn from the following statement of our consul at Glasgow: "Surplus stocks are avoided, even to the extent of closing the works. However, if there is a surplus, 'odds and ends,' it is exported at reduced prices." The consul-general at London is "quite convinced" that concessions are made to foreign buyers, but he slips up when it comes to furnishing proof. The best he can do is to cite the "dumping" of several hundred copies of a book which "did not sell as well as expected" at home. No doubt the British manufacturer cuts prices abroad when he finds he has miscalculated the market, but nothing is said by our consuls to contradict the plain inference of the report recently issued by Mr. Chamberlain's tariff commission—namely, that the "dumping" methods of Germany and the United States are something English and Scotch manufacturers have yet to be educated up to. That is why the Hon. Joseph wants a protective tariff. It doesn't make a particle of difference how big your loss is abroad, if you can only make your friends and neighbors at home foot the bill. That is one difference between the British and the American "dumper"; the latter can hide behind a protective tariff.

Our consul at Pretoria recently lodged a protest with the British Foreign Office against the treatment of thirteen American negroes in the Transvaal. They have not been allowed to travel in second-class railway carriages, or to walk on the side-paths (which seem to be reserved exclusively for the whites), or to start in business. It will, unfortunately, not be difficult for the Foreign Office, if it sees fit, to send our consul some countervailing facts about the treatment of negroes south of Mason and Dixon's line, with a few references to our "Jim Crow" cars. Sensitive Southerners will, of course, see in all this merely another Republican bid for the negro vote. The English Liberals are citing it as proof of their contention that Mr. Chamberlain's moving indignation on account of the outrageous treatment of the Kaffirs by the Boers was pumped up. Lord Lansdowne, in the days before the war, declared that, "among the many misdeeds of the South African Republic, he did not know of any that filled him with more indignation than its treatment of the Queen's Indian subjects." Lord Salisbury's war cry was: "Equal rights for men of all races." The wrongs of the poor Kaffirs were dwelt upon by any number of humbugging Imperialistic orators, who now pay no attention to the appeals of British Indians, American negroes, and Zulus for the restoration of the good old times of President Kruger.

Sir William Harcourt enjoyed in England, and particularly in the House of Commons, a repute not unlike that of Senator Hoar in this country. He was the representative of an elder day not only in years, but in his entire conception of public life. The ways of the wire-puller and the mealy-mouthed politician he could never make his own. A formidable debater, he spoke not for the passing fad of the hour, but for a consistent body of principles which he had thought out and was prepared resolutely to defend. In all that related to finance and fiscal policy he was a master, and nobody would have been better able to pulverize Mr. Chamberlain's contentions. Hence Sir William's disappearance from the scene at this juncture will make his loss doubly felt. Uncompromising in public life, and above the art of being all things to all men, he was not a popular leader of his party; but in private his charm was great. His learning and wit and knowledge of the world made him much in demand socially. One has only to read George Russell's stories of his bright sayings to see that he was as deft in the swordsmanship of repartee as he was overpowering in his use of the Nasmyth hammer in public debate.

The Japanese movement before Mukden is unquestionably the hugest manœuvre ever undertaken by a modern army. A front sixty miles long has hitherto been unheard of in military annals, and raises at once some very interesting questions. Can an army extended over such a distance be successfully commanded by one human being? The size of a regiment has been limited by what is considered the capacity of a colonel, just as the size of a squadron of cavalry has practically been fixed by the physical inability of a captain to control more than a given number of horsemen. If Oyama can really manœuvre four armies as one, keep them in touch on plain and mountain, and prevent the line from developing a fatal weakness at any critical point, the art of warfare must certainly have advanced. The Japanese are said to be very strong in their field telegraph and in their planning in advance for every detail of a battle; but the failure of the smaller enveloping movement at Liaoyang makes it probable that Oyama will again have to content himself with a strategic success rather than the capture or annihilation of Kuropatkin's forces. Whether Kuroki is once more to bear the brunt of the turning movement on the east, or whether Oyama will turn to the plains on the west as the best means of striking the Russians, has not yet been clearly developed.

Japan's resort to a third internal loan —this time of forty millions of dollars—shows how rapidly her war burdens are beginning to pile up. A military expert, writing in the London *Times*, roughly estimates her daily war expenditure at $500,000, or $15,000,000 a month. This is obviously guesswork, particularly as no accurate information as to the number and pay of the Japanese reserves now being called into service is obtainable. One of the heaviest items is the cost of coolie transportation in Mantchuria—paid in hard cash —and this expense steadily increases the further the Japanese armies penetrate into Mantchuria. It is only a question of time before Japan must again enter the market for a foreign loan, this time with her railroads as a pledge instead of her customs, and there are those who believe that her recent victories will enable her to obtain better terms than when she negotiated her previous loan, which was concluded before her armies had successfully crossed the Yalu. As for Russia, the writer in the *Times* remarks that her "finance is a much too tangled skein for any one to unravel who is not to the manner born." M. Lévy, the French expert, calculated in June that the direct cost of the war for Russia was between thirty and thirty-five millions monthly. This must have been increased since then, owing to the mobilization of the additional army corps and the recent disasters, so that forty millions a month is now a conservative estimate of the actual expenditure.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR.

When the United States Senate comes to pay its customary tribute to the departed senior member from Massachusetts, it can unanimously praise one who for twenty years defended it against the charge of decadence and growing disrepute. Mr. Hoar did more than that: he resented with asperity attempts to bring the force of public opinion to bear upon that body by petitions and the like—as in the case of the ill-fated Olney-Pauncefote arbitration treaty of 1897. Loyalty such as this will have its official reward; and it will also be remembered, to the credit of Mr. Hoar's heart if not of his authority as a Constitutional lawyer, that he insisted on the right of every State to be represented continuously in the Senate. He abhorred a vacuum in his favorite club; and when the occasion arose in Quay's case in 1899, he stoutly stood up for the legality of the appointment (really a self-appointment, the Governor of Pennsylvania being Quay's creature), though the Senate eventually unseated Quay. This was to be more papist than the Pope, but the excess of zeal in behalf of a full Senate could only be regarded as flattering. Courteous himself, Mr. Hoar did nothing to impair the sacred "courtesy" of the Senate. One tiny fly may, by the too critical, be detected in this pot of ointment, for Mr. Hoar had some wise and weighty words of protest against his beloved McKinley's forestalling independent action of the Senate by appointing its members on important commissions, afterwards to be reviewed by them in their seats.

Individual brother Senators will, of course, bring especial palms. Aldrich will lament the passionate devotee of protection, whom nothing could induce to let Canadian fish enter our ports free. Lodge, reflecting with a sigh on Mr. Hoar's having called the public to witness that he had always voted the same way as his junior colleague, will laud his righteous abhorrence of the independent voter, and dwell on their paternal and filial relations unmarred by Lodge's having—in Everett's pregnant phrase—changed not his mind, but his soul. Spooner will reveal the admirable quality in Mr. Hoar which reconciled right and intense feeling *contra* with sheepish voting *pro*, as in the case of the Panama treaty. Platt will attest Mr. Hoar's commendable coolness towards civil-service reform, while preserving a discreet silence as to his objection to the political assessment of office-holders. Some one may claim a crown for him for supporting (nearly at the expense of his reëlection) the River and Harbor bill vainly vetoed by President Arthur in 1882. More than one will rise up and call him blessed for having helped enact the Arrears-of-Pensions bill.

All his good, we fear, will not be spoken of in the chamber which he has quitted. Before entering it from the House of Representatives he had been faithful in exposing the corruption of the Grant régime. His speeches on the Philippine and the Panama iniquities will remain his noblest monument. He worked hard but uselessly to eliminate the word "cede" from the Paris Treaty with Spain; he inserted in the Military Appropriation bill a statesmanlike provision against the sale and lease of public lands in the Philippines except as regulated. His judgment of our treatment of Colombia will be that of posterity, and no one more truly and fervently brought our Imperialism to book with the Declaration and the Constitution. Yet he denounced President Cleveland for his reversal of the collusive revolution in Hawaii, designed to precipitate annexation, and excused this defection from his own anti-Imperial principles by pointing to the lax morals of Queen Liliuokalani and to the scanty population of the archipelago—"it was a very little one." Towards Cleveland, the validity of whose election he challenged, he was never either fair or generous or anything but partisan, unless in the single matter of the Presidential Succession bill, which he was willing to have inure, if need be, to the benefit of any Democratic Administration deprived of its head. His whole Senatorial career, at least, was marked by a confusion of thought and an inconsistency of action truly remarkable in a man of such natural gifts and training as Mr. Hoar. His economic deliverances were nothing less than naïf, and in general he displayed a lack of humor that belied his relationship to his brother, the Judge.

When the Judge was contesting Republican support in Massachusetts against Butler in 1876, he did not, though a bolter, forfeit the assistance of Mr. George Hoar, then a Representative in Congress. But the latter could not abide bolting in Theodore Lyman, running as a civil-service-reform candidate in 1882. On Butler's election as Governor of Massachusetts and triumphant appearance *ex officio* at the Harvard Commencement, Mr. Hoar, though president of the alumni, refused to walk in the procession. On the other hand, having shown up in blistering terms our un-American offence against the Filipinos, he not only maintained his attachment for McKinley, but, still as president of the alumni, constrained the Harvard authorities to offer the President an honorary degree, which only by accident of non-attendance went unbestowed. He may be said to have atoned for this in some measure by his refusal to deliver a memorial address in eulogy of McKinley to his Worcester fellow-citizens; but this refusal was really a surprise.

Senator Hoar's complacency and optimism were inexhaustible. He was never troubled by the great change which came over the composition of the Senate in his time. He was blind to the corruption of his party, being able to divorce, in his conception, the rank and file of the voters from the machine whose encroachments have perverted the Constitutional scheme of election to both houses of Congress. In the Republican rank and file he saw the hope of the country, and to that end he was a Republican first, last, and all the time. "He was prepared," he said, "to serve God in the minority rather than Baal with the Democrats and Mugwumps, even though they were in the majority." He never could realize that the Republican party had been fossilized by Protection; much less that the Democratic party alone contained within itself a self-reformatory element—though he had twice witnessed the miracle of that element compelling a victorious support from the baser, and passed away in the midst of what we hope will be a third example, begun by the nomination of Parker.

In point of family—or what we should prefer to call sound New England stock—of intellectual, legal, and legislative training, scholarly and oratorical distinction, personal dignity and amiability, and faithful application to the duties of his office, Senator Hoar worthily filled the chair of Webster and of Sumner. We would not say that he cannot, in these aspects, be replaced, but it will be with difficulty. He himself did nothing to make it easy by contending against that slavish party discipline which relegates to private life men of cultivation and political aptitude, but too original, erect, and self-respecting for party requirements. On the other hand, plenty of politicians can be found who may be relied on to vote regularly under party dictation, with or without the privilege of high-minded, eloquent, and convincing outbursts against the course eventually acquiesced in.

A CANDID REPUBLICAN.

In the October *Atlantic* Representative McCall discusses "The Issues of the Campaign" from a "Republican Point of View." His article, by its remarkable freedom from partisan bias and its frank and truthful estimate of men and measures, certainly stands far above the run of political writing. Mr. McCall has fairly earned the liberty of speech which he enjoys and exercises. His hold upon the Eighth District of Massachusetts—one of the most intelligent in the State—has only been strengthened by his independent attitude. The more muttering there has been about his plain-speaking and honest voting, and the direr the threats of the Lodge machine to punish him for insubordination, the

more steadfastly his constituents have stood by him. Elected for six successive terms, his latest plurality was nearly 7,000.

An author and student as well as a Congressman, Mr. McCall writes with the impartiality of an historian. His calm verdict upon the struggle for the gold standard makes kindling wood of the Republican platform, and reduces much Republican oratory on that subject to mendacity. After showing how his own party was too much responsible for the financial difficulties which threatened to submerge us in 1893, Congressman McCall asserts that it was President Cleveland who "heroically performed the task" of laying "a secure foundation for the national credit." One passage we must quote:

> "It is not a difficult thing to be a patriot on dress parade, to the music of bands and amid the popular acclaim. One can be that while sacrificing the people to their own momentary errors. Mr. Cleveland was not that sort of patriot. He was never a great favorite with the gallery. But in unflinching pursuit of a really patriotic purpose, in bravely incurring the odium involved in the performance of a pressing public duty—a duty the discharge of which was of momentous consequence to the country—it would not be easy in the history of all our Presidents to find a parallel to Mr. Cleveland's conduct at this particular crisis. But his heroism proved for the time being his undoing. He saved the gold standard, but he lost his party."

Men who try to be as candid as Mr. McCall must admit that his argument against the Democratic party, drawn from its desertion and execration of its President at that great national crisis, has much weight. He fears that the party would, in a similar emergency, fall away from Judge Parker. That candidate Mr. McCall recognizes as "a man of courage and independence," and remarks that his qualities would not be "out of place in the Presidential office"; but he points out the danger of a breach with his party as befell Mr. Cleveland. It is a result, we must concede, not impossible, though it is both possible and probable that Judge Parker has a talent for winning over opponents not possessed by the ruggeder Cleveland. It is wholly conceivable, therefore, that in a perilous juncture he would stand as immovable as his rock-like predecessor, while yet able to conciliate and harmonize the various elements of his party.

The Massachusetts Congressman's references to the tariff are well-nigh sacrilegious. To the Home Market Club they will seem a stumbling-block and to the stand-patters foolishness. Tariff revision must speedily come, affirms Mr. McCall. If it be said that the Democrats threaten a radical revision, disturbing to business, he declares that "between a radical revision and no revision at all, the former is preferable." If some schedules are not soon changed, they will "impose the payment of a tribute as directly as if that were the declared purpose of the law," and "the plunder and confiscation of to-day become the vested interests of to-morrow." This is simply awful, coming from a Republican, but worse is to follow. Mr. McCall actually ventures to hold an opinion differing from President Roosevelt's! He says that it "cannot seriously be contended" that the tariff has not a direct relation with Trusts. This is a cruel characterization of Mr. Roosevelt's serious contention in his letter of acceptance, and may bring down upon Mr. McCall the President's charge that no man who talks about attacking Trusts by means of tariff reduction can be an earnest enemy of the Trusts. Yet the Congressman is ready with the rejoinder, since he says of Mr. Roosevelt's famous anti-Trust proceedings: "It may be questioned whether they have abated by a single farthing the profits which the Trusts have wrung from the people."

On the whole question of Imperialism and the Philippine policy, Congressman McCall reaffirms his well-known views. He says that if President Roosevelt's language means anything, it means that he believes in the "ultimate independence" of the Filipinos. One of his sound remarks is: "We must change our relations with the Philippines or readjust our system of taxation." The venture that was to result in immense profit has really proved a frightful drain. "Our revenue," says this Republican member of the Ways and Means Committee, "is insufficient to support us with our colonial appendages." Of President Roosevelt's "fine public spirit" and "high ideals of government," Mr. McCall speaks approvingly, but indulges in something like mirth at "that creature of carnage and war, of blood and iron," which is the offspring of the "imagination of some of his eulogists." Indeed, for all the swaggering about the Spanish war—"a war between a cripple and a Colossus"—Mr. McCall has only contempt. "After a half-dozen years of boastful exaggeration and 'world-power' fustian, which have brought us to the point of bullying and beating our little brothers among nations, the time has come for the republic to resume its serenity."

Foolish or bigoted Republicans will denounce Mr. McCall as a traitor to his party. Even ordinarily sensible Republicans may pray to be delivered from such a candid friend, with a residential election pending, and may accuse the *Atlantic* of malice in selecting such a champion of the Republican cause when it might easily have got a writer who would have cried up Republican policies to the skies, but whom nobody would read. Yet if Republicanism has any future, it lies with honest men who stand erect and speak the thing they will, whether girt by friend or foe. And if Massachusetts Republicanism knew the things that make for its own peace, it would be thinking of a successor to Senator Hoar, not in the person of a moneybags or a satellite of Lodge, but in such a man as Samuel Walker McCall.

ROOSEVELT'S PHILIPPINE INCONSISTENCIES.

Scornful as he is of the ability, courage, and consistency of his opponents, nothing quite so aroused President Roosevelt's indignation, in his letter of acceptance, as their uncertainty on the Philippine question. He referred with the utmost contempt to "their irreconcilable differences of opinion," their proved inability to create a conservative policy," and "their readiness for the sake of expediency" to abandon principles. The Democrats, he asserted, had occupied three different positions within fifty days, and one of them, self-government by the Filipinos, was an impudent annexation from Mr. Roosevelt himself.

The President's sarcastic references to the divisions in the ranks of the Democratic party are particularly delightful when one thinks of the good Republicans like Senator Hoar, Congressman McCall, ex-Gov. Boutwell, Justice Brewer, and many others who felt bitterly outraged by the forcible subjugation of the Filipinos. And when it comes to the ability of a party to create a definite policy, we may well ask: What is the Republican plan in regard to the islands? There are many Roosevelt partisans who declare that any one who should haul down the flag in the Philippines ought to be shot as a rebel. Gen. W. H. Carter, a Roosevelt appointee commanding the department of the Visayas, complains in his official report that the present lawlessness of the Filipinos "will delay their ultimate Americanization," and protests that temporary barracks "only serve to develop and confirm in the minds of Filipinos the idea that Americans do not intend to hold the islands permanently." President Schurman, on the other hand, speaks and works for an early independence, while Secretary Taft talks of independence as wholly remote and practically impossible. The Republican platform, ignoring the wishes of hundreds of Republican professors, college presidents, and clergymen, remained silent upon the question of the future disposition of the archipelago.

This state of affairs alone, it would seem, might have deterred the President from indulging in such irony at the expense of his political adversaries. It might have occurred to him, too, that somebody would take the trouble to run over the expressions of opinion in his own multitudinous speeches since 1898, and call attention to the very large-sized beam in his own eye. For instance, on August 31, 1899, Governor Roosevelt declared to his hearers that "The right of justice and of equality be-

fore the law must be established there [in the Philippines], and then it is our duty to build up by degrees, as rapidly as possible, a spirit of manly independence and self-reliance, without which *free* institutions cannot exist." A year later, this present-day advocate of self-government for the Filipinos said in his letter of acceptance of the Vice-Presidential nomination (September 15): "To grant self-government to Luzon under Aguinaldo would be like granting self-government to an Apache reservation under some local chief." Lest anybody should misunderstand this, he made his position perfectly clear twenty-three days later by thus preaching the doctrine of perpetual control of the archipelago: "We cannot in honor shirk our work in the Philippines. . . . We are there, *and we have got to stay.*"

On Memorial Day of 1902 the peaceful spirit was once more supreme in Roosevelt's breast, and, under its enervating influence, he took what he would have characterized two years earlier as a "step backward" by expressing the following most admirable sentiments: "Peace and freedom—are there two better objects for which a soldier can fight? These are precisely the objects for which our soldiers are fighting in the Philippines." And he proceeded to give aid and comfort to Aguinaldo and all the *insurrectos* by repeating that "our armies do more than bring peace, do more than bring order. *They bring freedom.*" In this same address he used the words national independence in connection with the Filipinos, and went on to assert that when the Filipinos have "shown their capacity for real freedom by their power of self-government, then, and not till then, will it be possible to decide whether they are to exist independently of us or be knit to us by ties of common friendship and interest." On July 27 of the present year, in his speech of acceptance, Mr. Roosevelt came back to the self-government idea once more by stating: "We have established in the islands a government by Americans, assisted by Filipinos. We are steadily striving to transform this into self-government by the Filipinos, assisted by Americans." Previously he had declared in his "Big Stick" letter that "it is not true that the United States has any land-hunger." So here this model of consistency rests to-day, on the question of independence.

As to our motives in the islands, Mr. Roosevelt's opinions are similarly varied. At Lawrence, Mass., on August 26, 1902, his view was: "Now we will govern the islands well. We will govern them primarily in their interests, but *in our interests also.*" In April, 1903, he asserted that "The government is conducted *purely* in the interests of the people of the islands." Contrariwise, in 1900, after likening the Filipinos to Apaches, he dared to say: "What the Boxers have done in China would have been done by the followers of Aguinaldo if it had not been for the firmness of President McKinley and those who have stood by him in the last two years." Last year these opinions were quite forgotten. Then, while extolling Gov. Taft and his associates, he affirmed that "With them and under them we have associated the best men among the Filipinos, so that the great majority of the officials, including many of the highest rank, are themselves natives of the islands. The administration is incorruptibly honest; Justice is as jealously safeguarded as here at home." Yet everybody knows that more than three-fourths of the native officeholders of to-day are the same savages who fought us from 1898 to 1900. What a marvellous triumph for civilization!

This confuting of Roosevelt out of the mouth of Roosevelt could be continued much further. But these instances suffice to show his lack of clear thought and his want of statesmanlike policy based on principle. And who so rash as to predict where Mr. Roosevelt will stand a year or two hence if reëlected?

OUR ELECTION AUGURS.

In printing a critical article on the art of prophecy, the London *Spectator* did not perhaps realize that it was offering anything especially timely. But on this side of the water, where few days pass without a prediction by somebody in authority that some particular State is about to give some particular majority for some particular candidate, the subject is particularly suited to the season. An important element in any political campaign is its "atmosphere"; and one of the ways of putting heart into the workers and winning over doubters is to carry out the maxim, "Claim everything."

He would, in truth, be a strange sort of political manager who should stand up before the votes were counted and admit, in so many words, that the election was lost. We expect the Republicans to receive news from the Gulf States, as Mr. Dooley said, "so encouraging as to be almost incredible, or quite so." A prophecy of victory is always regarded as most effective when it is most specific. When a man of reputed sagacity gives his name to an exact numerical forecast of results, it almost compels conviction. Yet even such careful and conscientious anticipations sometimes go wrong.

It takes only a few minutes of browsing through newspaper files of twelve years ago to find the exact counterparts of the glib prophecies of to-day. Then, as now, the note of absolute conviction could be heard from every oracle. Senator Hiscock started on a Western trip at about this season, and, to an interviewer at Chicago, remarked that "New York will give Harrison about the same plurality that he had in 1888." Harrison's plurality was 14,000. Two months after the prediction, the State gave Cleveland 46,000 plurality. Two weeks before election, the optimism of the party carried the national executive committee to the point of sending out a semi-official telegram claiming New York by 20,000. This was signed by such astute politicians as Chairman Carter, and Messrs. McComas and Bliss. In other States, the Republican confidence displayed itself even more strikingly. Ex-Governor, now Senator, Foraker declared in mid-October that there was no trouble about carrying Indiana. State Chairman Gowdy, after a "careful analysis," declared "Indiana is safely Republican, in my opinion, by 5,000 to 10,000 majority." A few weeks later, after a "poll," he raised his estimate to "from 10,000 to 20,000." The State, of course, went Democratic by 7,000.

Henry C. Payne has been one of the Wisconsin leaders who have most convincingly assured the President that there is no cause for apprehension over the Wisconsin situation. We find him saying this same thing in September, 1892. Mr. Burrows, now a Senator from Michigan, after a tour of eleven States with the best of opportunities for "sizing up" the situation, set 25,000 as a reasonable figure for Harrison's plurality in Wisconsin. The State, in fact, gave Cleveland 7,000. Mr. Burrows likewise gave Illinois to Harrison by 20,000. The voters gave it to Cleveland by 27,000. John Kean, jr., who now represents New Jersey in the Senate, was then a candidate for Governor, and was one of the most modest of prognosticators, estimating his plurality at a paltry 5,000, which turned out to be just 20,000 too great.

How, after all, does any one pretend to know beforehand the result of an election? Our Senator goes West on a speaking tour, and, coming back for a call at national headquarters, remarks that Indiana is safe by 15,000. He has talked with the local managers of his own party. They base their information on reports from lieutenants. Some of these have attempted systematic polls of their territory, some have not, but all are eager to make the best possible showing for themselves. Even a poll conscientiously taken records but few of the independents whose shift from one side to the other is one of the chief forces in determining elections. Taking the most mercenary view, there is always the other fellow's money to be considered, and the difficulty of making men "stay bought."

That is the professional politician's situation. The layman is really much worse off. He is strangely fond of having an opinion beforehand on the result in an election. How does he get it? If he is a man of exceptionally wide acquaintance, he may have chatted on the

issues, before the ballots are cast, with something like one two-thousandth of the voting population of this State. He knows three life-long Republicans who are indignant over the pension order, and two others who fear Imperialism so much that they will desert their old party allegiance. On the other hand, he has found four Democrats who wish to hold the Philippines, two who are enthusiastic over the clever handling of the Panama complication, and one who has put his money in a knife factory and fears tariff reduction. Seven is greater than five. Therefore, the Republicans will sweep the State.

The *Spectator*, in the article alluded to, describes "the respectable form of prophecy which consists in deductions from data which are too obscure and subtle to be obvious to a man's contemporaries." Such the glowing utterances of soothsayers at headquarters pretend to be, yet the *Spectator* recalls unfulfilled prophecies. "To the same class belong, too," it remarks, "prophecies which have failed, as when Adams on the eve of the French Revolution saw a long period of peace and prosperity in store for France, but immediate anarchy for England, or when De Tocqueville declared that America must remain an agricultural country with no large fortunes among her citizens. Both Adams and De Tocqueville thought they argued from good data, but they read their data wrong."

THE GOSPEL OF WORK FOR THE INDIANS.

The report made to the American Bar Association at St. Louis recently by its Committee on Indian Legislation contains the only gospel which can save what is still savable in the American Indian. It declares that what the nation must do for its ward is to compel him not only to work, but to work to an economic end. It is too much to expect, as the committee realize, that every Indian will at once become self-supporting, but he can be put upon the road to self-support and required to stay there. The compulsion will come, they believe, when the red man finds himself on the ground, with the alternative of digging a living out of it or starving to death.

Two distinct merits appear in this proposition. First, it does not blink disagreeable facts, perceiving that some Indians will be crushed under the wheel of civilization through their own unwillingness to adapt themselves to the universal order of mankind. Second, it frankly recognizes the wisdom of doing at once a duty which must be done some day, and which will only be made the harder by prolonged postponement. The trouble with nearly every white philanthropist who addresses his attention to the Indian problem is that he lets sentiment dominate judgment. His pity for the individual quite overwhelms his sense of justice for the race. Because, in a group of one thousand Indians, five hundred would take their chances of going hungry if reduced to eating only what they earn, he is willing to sacrifice the welfare of the remaining five hundred who could and would do something for themselves if it were required of them. This is an error not only of logic, but of plain humanity. The history of mankind is full of illustrations showing that human progress has a cruel as well as a noble side. To abandon lawmaking because there are some members of every community too weak or too wrongheaded to conform their conduct to the laws when made, would be a monstrous wrong. Nobody except an anarchist would entertain such an idea, if stated abstractly; and yet there are thousands of good citizens who balk at the thought of bringing the Indian under the law of labor to which all the rest of mankind are subject.

But the committee err in assuming that their proposed new order of things is not already in operation. The Government—lamely, it is true, and in the lumbering way in which it does most things—has been enforcing a compulsory labor law on Indian reservations for some years past. The practice has attracted less attention than it deserved, because it has been established by executive order and not by statute. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in pursuance of the general discretion reposed in him by law, has instructed agents everywhere to strike from the free-ration rolls all able-bodied Indians and provide them with work. Naturally, this rule has caused much dissatisfaction, especially in those tribes which had treaties with the Government guaranteeing to them certain food supplies in perpetuity; but the Commissioner has held fast to his purpose, on the theory that a sound interpretation of both the treaties and the general statutes justified him in attaching terms to his distribution of good things.

The committee's demand that the severalty act be put into operation wherever practicable, might be met by the statement that this change, or something corresponding to it, is also in progress at so rapid a rate that probably before another ten years have passed there will not be a closed reservation in the United States. The general severalty law, which gave a wholesome impetus to the movement for individual land-ownership, has of late been superseded to a considerable extent by special legislation adapted to the varying conditions of different tribes. The general law, for example, provides for the allotment of eighty acres to each member of a tribe where the land is recognized as agricultural, but 160 acres where it is fit only for grazing; but in a large part of the frontier West it has proved difficult to classify the land satisfactorily. There are districts in Oklahoma where an active controversy still rages over the question whether they are best adapted for raising wheat or grazing cattle. In places where wheat seems to have gained the day, it is still regarded as dubious whether, in view of exposeure to floods or droughts five years out of ten, the intent of the law would not be nullified unless a double crop could be raised in the fruitful years to make up for the failures in the barren years. In the colder parts of Montana a doubt whether, even with irrigation, anything except hay can be grown, raises the further question whether a hay country is not, after all, only a stock-raising country, and therefore, in fairness, to be governed by the same allotment rule as grazing land.

These few examples will suffice to show the intricacies besetting a subject which seems simple enough on its face, and will explain why the Executive has in so many cases deferred to Congress in the application of the severalty system. Another reason may be found in the fact that the opening of the unallotted Indian lands to white settlement is not an executive but a legislative function, and the only part the Executive takes in the matter is the protection of the Indians by insisting that Congress shall put a fair price upon the opened lands. One of the hardest of recent struggles between these two branches of the Government occurred over the opening of the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota, made memorable by the riots at Bonesteel last July. When this subject was before Congress, most of the South Dakota delegation stood out for a low price per acre, to be offered as an inducement to the immigration of white settlers; and the President would have been defeated in his fight for fair treatment of the Indians if he had not made it plain that he would veto the whole bill unless this item were satisfactorily adjusted.

Public utterances like those of the Bar Association's committee are an encouraging sign that the intelligence of the American people is coming to the aid of their interest, and their generally right purpose, with regard to the Indians. While it is true that after a long period of sluggishness the Government is waking up to its duty, no harm can come from an active application of the moral prod by just such hands as are now wielding it.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

DUBLIN, September, 1904.

It is a year since the last Irish Land Act passed. Its main object was to induce landlords to sell their entire estates and so close the interminable struggle between them and their tenants. Chief Secretary

Wyndham's bill was considerably modified in passing through Parliament, but only in details. The act provides that a landlord selling his entire estate shall be paid the price agreed on between him and his tenants in cash, instead of as heretofore in 2¾ per cent. stock. In addition to the price, the seller is to get a bonus of 12 per cent. on the price, to be relieved of legal fees and stamp duties, and enabled to borrow at the rate of 2¾ per cent. on the security of his residence and demesne. New machinery was created for the more rapid distribution of the purchase money among sellers and their mortgagees, and three "estates commissioners" were specially appointed to carry out the sale provisions of the act, under which the Chief Secretary anticipated that almost the whole of the tenanted land in Ireland might be transferred to the occupiers within fifteen or twenty years.

Tenant purchasers are to repay the prices agreed by an annuity for sixty-nine years at the rate of 3¼ per cent., interest being at 2¾ per cent., and the sinking fund at ½ per cent. Hitherto, repayment has been made by a 4 per cent. annuity for forty-two years, interest being at 2¾ and the sinking fund at 1¼ per cent. From an arithmetical standpoint an annuity of 4 per cent. for forty-two years is of the same capital value as 3¼ per cent. for sixty-nine years, interest in both cases being at 2¾ per cent. While the annual payment is at a lower rate, the risk of non-payment is spread over a longer term, and the effect of the longer term is to increase largely the amount of interest paid. Thus, a borrower of £100 will in sixty-nine years have to pay £189 as interest, and £35 as sinking fund, while at the same rate of interest in forty-two years he would have paid as interest £116, and as sinking fund £52.

The money for this transaction is raised by the issue of stock in England bearing 2¾ per cent. interest, and repayable at par in thirty years. The loss to the Imperial Exchequer, the bonus to sellers, and any loss from default in repayment are to be debited to and charged against Irish funds; that is to say, the expenditure hitherto claimed to be necessary for police is to be diminished. The grants for local purposes—education, poor relief, and the like, equivalent to those made in the rest of the United Kingdom—are to be pledged for and indented on to cover any loss in this transaction, which it is estimated will cost in the whole about 120 millions sterling. Losses include that arising from the issue of the stock, which at present is at a discount of 10 per cent.

Under former acts it was the special duty of the lending authority to refuse loans unless the security for each advance was deemed adequate, but under the present act the estates commissioners must, for most classes of farms and within certain limits of price, lend without any inquiry into the sufficiency of the security. Thus there is no check on improvident buyers, or on those whom impending eviction for arrears of rent has placed at the mercy of the selling landlord. In such cases default in payment is likely to occur, and as the whole local taxation is liable to make good any losses from non-payment, or delay in repayment, the bargains made between landlords and tenants are a matter of vital concern to the whole body of ratepayers. The local councils, however, who are the guarantors in the last resort for repayment to the Treasury, are not allowed any voice in the matter. As long as loss from default fell directly on the British Treasury, it was considered of the first importance that the security for every loan should be strictly scrutinized; but when Irish local rates were fully hypothecated, all precautions were withdrawn.

The act is working well from the sellers' point of view. Under former acts sales were made at the rate of less than two million pounds' worth in each year, at prices averaging less than eighteen years' purchase of the rents. But during the last nine months the estates commissioners have received agreements to the amount of ten million pounds, at prices averaging twenty-two years' purchase of the rent. In addition to this price, selling landlords get the bonus and exemption from stamp duties and other legal expenses, so that it appears that landlords can now sell at prices equivalent to 40 per cent. more than former current rates, and, under this inducement, are selling about six times as fast as they did before 1903. Tenant purchasers appear willing, in order to secure an immediate reduction in their annual payments, to agree to prices 22 per cent. higher than before without any reference to the additional burden that will fall on them as ratepayers to provide the bonus and make up the losses arising from the issue of stock at a discount, and possible default in repayment by some of the tenant purchasers. It was supposed that, in consideration of the bonus and other advantages, landlords who had been anxious to sell at current rates would abate the prices they were asking, and that tenants would rush in and buy. What has happened is, that landlords have claimed that, as the repayment instalments are now at a lower rate, though for a longer term, the tenants can afford to pay a larger price, and so far they have induced the tenants to do so.

A good illustration of what is going on all over the country came under my notice last week. A large estate in Kerry was sold three years ago for eighteen years' purchase of the rents. The landlord was paid in stock worth 90, so that he got a little more than sixteen years' purchase in cash. I noticed on this estate new buildings and reclamation of waste land, which the owners said they could now make with safety. Adjoining this estate, another extensive tract of poor land, said to be held at higher rents, was sold within the last month to the tenants, who agreed to give twenty-three years' purchase of their rents, the landlord getting, in addition, the bonus and the other incidental advantages which I have mentioned. Thus, on adjoining estates of similar quality, the first landlord got for a £10 rent £165; the second landlord got £260.

On the whole, the Land Act of 1903 is resulting in a very large number of estates being sold, but at prices so high, at rates so far in excess of those which have hitherto prevailed, that repayment of their loans by the tenant purchasers may be doubtful. The restriction of expenditure on education, poor relief, and development of the local resources of the country, is a serious burden on ratepayers, and, as landlords are practically exempted from all local rates on their tenanted estates, and with few exceptions take no part in the management of the educational system, or in the ordinary local business dealing with roads, bridges, and local improvements, they pay no attention to the burden on the rates which has been imposed in their interest. Eight years ago a royal commission reported that Ireland was overtaxed in proportion to Great Britain to the amount of nearly three millions sterling a year. Since then as much more has been added to the burden of taxation on the continually diminishing population of Ireland, and this falls mainly on the poorest classes. The additional duty placed on tea this year means not less than £400,000, to be paid mainly by the poorest classes.

The Government of Ireland is still as wasteful, extravagant, and inefficient as ever. Ireland lags behind the rest of the world in education and the development of its internal resources. For forty years successive governments have promised to establish a system of university education which would suit the needs of the country and be acceptable to the people. To obtain votes, to conciliate the Catholic hierarchy, they have held out hopes and given promises without stint, but nothing has been done. The system of primary education is administered by an unrepresentative, irresponsible board of seventeen members, appointed for political reasons, but never on the grounds of any special knowledge of their duties. They hold secret meetings, give no information as to their proceedings, and are unaccountable to Parliament or to the public. The history, poetry, and language of Ireland have been practically excluded from their programme. Owing to the growing influence of the Gaelic League, the Irish language is now unwillingly permitted to be taught. Drawing has been introduced only within the last three years. The "national" system of education has been one of the most potent instruments of the Anglicization of Ireland. "You speak Irish; how is it your children can't speak it?" I said to a woman lately. "They wouldn't be allowed to use it in school, so we checked them using it at home," was her reply. When the home language is not the vehicle of education, what an obstacle exists in the way of imparting knowledge!

The defects, extravagance, and inefficiency of the present system of education are fully admitted, but as every change requires legislation at Westminster, nothing is or is likely to be done. A movement attracting more attention in England than in Ireland is that of the Irish Reform Association, a self-constituted committee of landlords under the presidency of Lord Dunraven. This body has put forward a programme held by some to be a manifesto in the direction of Home Rule, by others intended to anticipate and minimize legislation in that direction which the balance of parties after a general election may make inevitable. This committee advocates a devolution to Ireland of a larger measure of local government; it considers the present system of financial administration wasteful and inappreciative of the needs of the country—that a system of Irish finance could be devised whereby the expenditure could be conducted in a more efficient and economic manner; that "private"-bill legislation should be conducted in Ireland; that the whole system of education requires remodelling and coördination; that the settle-

ment of the question of higher education is urgently needed; that the better housing of the laboring classes is of the utmost importance. And they announce that they will coöperate in any practicable proposals having the betterment of this class in view.

These are brave words. The English Conservative press denounces the Committee as traitors to the Unionist cause, tampering with the accursed thing, Home Rule; while the Liberal press commend the manifesto as a sign of reasonableness at last among Irish landlords. In Ireland the manifesto is looked upon as an astute move made for the purpose of detaching weak Nationalists from the Home Rule party, attracting those Unionists who see that their party can no longer maintain its irreconcilable position, and attempting to regain some of the political power which the landlords are losing by capturing the laborers' vote. I am inclined to think that this committee is, in a sense, in earnest. They and many others of their class would be in favor of Home Rule if they could be certain that they would be the Home Rulers. Having, during the rule of the Unionists, obtained enormous plunder out of the public purse, by exemption from their share of local taxation, by the reduction of their liabilities to the Exchequer in tithes and quitrents, and, finally, under the last Land Act, having secured, actually or potentially, prices for their estates, at the cost of the public, which exceeded their wildest hopes as much as they exceeded the price of a falling and discredited security, the landlords may be satisfied that there is no more to be got out of the public purse. That they are in favor of popular government, or of the Irish people as a whole (through their representatives) being responsible for their own expenditure and the taxation which that expenditure requires, I do not think.

Their professions of regard for the better housing of the laboring classes may be judged by their performances. The Irish small farmers and laborers were the worst-housed peasantry in Europe, and their houses belonged in law to the landlords. Several Laborers Acts have been passed during the last fifteen years to enable local governing bodies to build suitable cottages with small plots of land attached, to do what in England is considered the duty of the landowner. As a rule, the landlord party have opposed all legislation which involved the compulsory acquisition of sites. By continual appeals against the action of the district councils they have added largely to the expense, which fell almost entirely on the tenant ratepayers. As an example of this: In a southern town, lately visited, which with the whole surrounding district belongs to a wealthy owner who, within the last thirty years, built a new residence for himself at a cost of £100,000, the Council sought to acquire two acres for artisans' dwellings. The landlord opposed them, with the result that the legal and parliamentary costs of acquiring the two acres for which the landlord asked £900 amounted to £300. The price then remained to be fixed by a Government arbitrator.

As to the financial relations of Ireland and England, the party represented by Lord Dunraven's Committee taught the country a lesson eight years ago. They formed a Committee, invited and got the coöperation of the Nationalists, and made fiery speeches in Ireland; Lord Castletown holding up the example of the Boston citizens in relation to the tea duty as a pattern for Irishmen. But, invited to repeat what he had said in the House of Lords, he toned down and explained away his speech, wrote apologetic letters to the *Times;* and as soon as Parliament had exempted the landlords from their share of local taxation, the Committee melted away and has never been heard of since. It remains to be seen whether the Nationalists who were then made a cat's-paw of, will associate themselves with Lord Dunraven's new Committee. Their best course would be to commend the new departure of the landlords, but to let them work out their programme alone, giving Parliamentary support when the occasion arises.

AN IRISHMAN.

MORE ABOUT FOUCHÉ.

PARIS, September 25, 1904.

I mentioned, not long ago, and analyzed the work published by M. Louis Madelin on the famous Fouché, Duke of Otranto. It seemed as if the matter were exhausted by this author's compendious and conscientious volumes. M. G. Lenotre, whose studies on the Revolutionary period are so remarkable, has, however, added a curious chapter to M. Madelin's history—a chapter especially devoted to Fouché's married life and to Madame Fouché. This reads at times like a novel and at times like a drama. M. Lenotre is a psychologist as well as a historian; he gives intense life to the subjects which he treats. We would not, however, encourage him to bring his favorite subjects on the stage, as he has recently done; the stage requires arrangement, artificiality, and often inexactitude, and M. Lenotre's chief merit as an historian is absolute fidelity to the truth.

At the time of the diligences, long before the time of railways, the provincial traveller arrived in the Court of the Messageries, Rue Notre-Dame des Victoires. There he found porters who took possession of his luggage and carried it, often on their backs, to the place which the traveller had assigned to him. It was in this modest way that, in the last days of September, 1792, Joseph Fouché, chosen Deputy by the electors of the Loire-Inférieure, arrived in Paris. He brought with him his wife, Bonne Jeanne, whom he had married only ten days before. She was twenty-eight years old; she was plain, red-haired—what the French call a decided *laideron*. His father was president of the administration of the district of Nantes. It has been said, wrongly, that Jeanne had belonged to a religious order; nothing is known of her infancy or her education. She lived in the shade even after her husband had risen to eminence. Husband and wife took an apartment in the third story of those narrow houses in the Rue Saint-Honoré, near the church of Saint-Roch, many of which still exist. Fouché knew the quarter well, as he had often passed through Paris at the time when he was an Oratorian. The house had the advantage of not being far from the Assembly, which sat at the Manège, near the Tuileries.

Fouché went regularly to the Chamber, but spent all the rest of his time at home with his wife, who was in the family way. Nothing interested her but her household and her husband, judging everything he said or did excellent, sharing all his successive opinions, not from indolence of mind, but from love of him. This piously educated Bretonne is not astonished when, feeling the wind, Fouché writes in his 'Reflections on Public Education,' "All religion belittles and degrades man." She is no more moved when, after the sitting, he comes to announce to her that he has voted for the King's death, and that the King will be condemned. He is sent on a mission, and she joins him, though on the eve of her confinement. They go to Champagne, to Burgundy, to Nevers. On the 10th of August, at Nevers, on the anniversary of the abolition of royalty, she gives birth to a child, and the city celebrates the event. "The National Guard is under arms, the child is shown to the people; a procession is formed in the Place de la Fédération, where the guillotine is erected." At the altar of the Fatherland, a *citoyen* and a *citoyenne* preside over the civic baptism; the child receives the name of Nièvre. "Thus the Proconsul associated his wife with his glory. He loved her tenderly, consulted her often, gave her an intimate place in his life." "She is a model of her sex," wrote he. Of a very pure life, he remained the faithful husband, the constant and devoted friend, in the first years of the marriage. Notwithstanding the horrible ugliness of Bonne Jeanne, he is in love like a shepherd of Florian, and wants people to know it. M. Lenotre gives curious descriptions of feasts which the Proconsul gave as Brutus, in which the execution of criminals alternates with mythological scenes, and in which he is himself dressed as a "priest of nature," with a crown of fruits.

Fouché finds himself so happy in his married life that he abolishes, with a stroke of his pen, ecclesiastical celibacy, and forces every priest "to get married in the course of a month or to adopt a child." He has many occupations; he drains the country of all ecclesiastical ornaments and sends them to Paris. He goes to Lyons on the 10th of November, with his wife and the little Nièvre; he finds there Collot, and proceeds at once with him to the pillage of the churches. "On the 4th of December sixty-four young men are, in his presence, killed with cannon-shot; on the 15th, two hundred and nine fall victims of the mitraille on the Place des Brotteaux; and in the evening Fouché returns serenely home, embraces his wife, inquires for his little child, a sickly infant, whose health constantly made its parents uneasy. He wrote in his fine, nervous, and rapid hand to his colleagues in the Convention those famous letters which are monuments of ferocity and sanguinary delirium: "Tears of joy fill my eyes, they fill my soul. . . . We sent to-night two hundred and thirteen rebels under fire." Bonne Jeanne, the only person whom he consulted, probably read these reports, but she approved everything he did. He quitted her very little. They would walk arm in arm through the city paralyzed with horror, and sometimes went as far as the Place des Brotteaux.

An Oratorian, a friend at the Seminary of Nantes, Father Mollet, one day asked Fouché to help him escape, as his life was threatened. As it was the hour of their promenade, Fouché took him with him and his wife. At the Brotteaux, before the trees which had been splintered by the

mitraille, Mollet nearly fainted. Bonne Jeanne, who walked "with as much impassibility as if she had been in a garden full of roses, was amazed at the emotion of their companion. Fouché shrugged his shoulders. 'Let him make his grimaces and don't talk to him,' said he to his wife." We must add that he gave a passport to Mollet, and thus saved his life. The complete Fouché is in this anecdote.

Barras tells us in his Memoirs that Madame Fouché left Lyons a few days before her husband, in a coach which broke down in the suburb of Vaise, and that this accident revealed a large quantity of packages, her plunder of Lyons. There was, however, no change on their return, in 1794, to the Rue Saint-Honoré. The Fouchés had even debts; the child was ill. Robespierre, who had become a sort of demigod, was so hostile to Fouché that he had to hide from place to place. For ten days he felt, as M. Lenotre says, under the knife of the guillotine. Curiously enough, during these very days he used to meet, under the trees in the Champs-Élysées, Robespierre's sister. What could there be between them? Did she not know that he was married? Did she hope to marry him? We have here, says M. Lenotre, one of those mysterious comedies which abound in the history of the Revolution. What is certain is, that long afterwards Fouché, as Duke of Otranto, gave a small pension to Robespierre's sister.

Fouché succeeded in not becoming a victim of Robespierre, but he was hated by those who triumphed in Thermidor; he was looked upon as one of the most sanguinary tyrants of the Terror, with Carrier and Lebon. His child died at that time, and his wife could not be consoled. He soon had another child, as sickly as the first. After the dissolution of the Convention, he entered into partnership with another member of that body, and undertook to feed and sell pigs. The speculation was not fortunate; he found himself ruined, and on the 31st of December he exiled himself to Saint-Leu, in the valley of Montmorency, where he had a third child, but the children died one after the other.

In 1797 a change of fortune took place; Fouché became an army contractor, and soon afterwards was named Legate of the Directory at Milan. He made the journey to Italy with his wife, who had there a fourth child. From Milan, he was sent to The Hague, as Ambassador. Madame Fouché was not intoxicated by her new grandeur, and remained quite effaced. "One would believe," says M. Lenotre, "that Madame Fouché was unintelligent or apathetic, if one did not know that she was half in all the works of her husband, that she shared all his secrets, that she advised him, that she had constant influence over him." They both had but one desire—to found a family and to enrich it. Everything was subordinated to that sentiment; even ambition seemed only a means to satisfy it. They devoted themselves to their object with a haste which looks like eagerness, as on the day when, leaving the Legation of Milan, they took away, as a memorial of their ephemeral piece of luck, the carriage, the horses, the linen, and a number of things belonging to the Embassy.

We find Fouché always the same in his conjugal relations; he does not care, when he becomes omnipotent, if Paris laughs at his affection for his "laideron." In 1803 he has four children, all in good health; he lives with Madame Fouché in the Hôtel de Juigné, on the Quai Malaquais, which has become the Hôtel of the General Police, the formidable centre of a police which covers the whole of France and the whole of Europe. There Fouché receives every day the reports of his agents, spies, former Terrorists, Chouans, ladies of the world, prostitutes, etc. Fouché organizes this terrible machine; he is all-powerful. He is very rich, and has great domains in France and in Italy. But his domestic life is still modest; when he does not wear his rich uniform, he is dressed like the meanest of the clerks of his ministers. He spends all his evenings with his family when he is not obliged to go to Court.

"The Duchess," says M. Lenotre, "does not consent to leave her children. An old relation, the governess of her daughter, a person of wit and of good manners, some old Oratorians, Fouché's secretary, the preceptor of his sons, are the only guests. They find amusement in a game of cards. Joseph, Armand, Athanase and Josephine run about the room. This man of ice, whom the portraits show us with a terrific pallor, with white lips, colorless hair and eyebrows, and the impassibility of a ghost—this man is gay at home, full of fun, an incessant talker. He goes to bed at ten, like his wife and children; all five sleep in the same room. Bonne Jeanne instituted this régime; she is as jealous of her husband as if he were twenty years old."

He is himself perfectly satisfied; he does not conceal the fact that he loves his wife, and praises to everybody "her enlightened mind and her rare virtues." Bonne Jeanne has become very pious; she receives the Cardinal de Belloy, the Archbishop of Paris. Fouché proclaims that he owes everything "to his remembrance of the morals of the Gospel." At Ferrières, where Fouché retired during the disgrace which followed the Russian campaign, Madame Fouché fell ill; she died there on the 9th of October, 1813, at the age of forty-eight years. "I am much to be pitied," wrote Fouché, "since I have had the misfortune to lose the companion of my life; my work, my books, my walks, my sleep—everything was in common with her." It did not prevent him from getting married, three years afterwards, to Gabrielle de Castellane, and Louis XVIII., forgetful of Louis XVI., signed the marriage contract.

Correspondence.

NON TALI AUXILIO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is not this sermon rather severe on our President?—Yours truly,

Edwin Brainard.

Chicago, September 27, 1904.

Rev. F. E. Hopkins.

[Pilgrim Congregational Church.]

In our city we have had nearly a hundred insurrections in the past eight months, called strikes. And employer and employee still regard each other in a way that invites more of the same sort. We know there are at least ten thousand hungry persons in this town as a result of eight weeks' war at the stockyards. We know that in our hearts we are glad we humbled Spain, gobbled up Porto Rico, hold the whiplash over Cuba, mean to "develop" the Philippines, *and that millions of men hope to elect as our next President a man who climbed to his present eminence on what somebody has called a "ladder of swords."* For all these reasons we discreetly held our tongues when the peace advocates were in Chicago. We permitted the international delegates to find their own enjoyment; and, whether we were polite of not, we were something a great deal more important—we were not hypocrites. It was a great thing for a big city, even unintentionally, to say, We have no sympathy with vague ideas and false definitions of peace.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE IN GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Only a few years ago, who would have believed that in Germany a total-abstinence movement would gain ground so as to attract general attention; that it would make headway against universal and inveterate habit, against ignorance, prejudice, and the love of beer? And yet all this has taken place, and is in progress.

The present agitation against the use of intoxicating drinks has some remarkable features of its own, differing, as it does, very much from the temperance movement here some sixty years ago, and also from the more recent temperance agitation in England and America. In the latter instances it was chiefly the religious, moral, and economic aspects of the drink question which furnished the weapons to combat it, whereas at present in Germany the chief reliance is placed upon the results of scientific investigation concerning the effects of the alcoholic beverages. It may interest the American reader to learn how a beer-drinking nation takes to total abstinence, and what prospects there may be for the cause of temperance in a country where the drink habit permeates all classes of society, and where all social intercourse is associated with the use of wine or beer.

The present movement against the use of alcoholic beverages is of recent date, as appears from what Professor Bunge of Basel says, namely, that as late as 1888 he was the only man within the wide range of the German language who publicly came forward for total abstinence. And Professor Forel, another one of the great leaders of the cause, says that when, in 1887, he urged that, in accordance with English practice, alcoholism should be treated by total abstinence, he was laughed at and railed at, for in Germany and Switzerland alcoholism was treated by alcohol! The force of social usages when in conflict with the unwelcome truth of the harmfulness of alcoholic beverages is strikingly shown by the experience of Prof. A. Fick of Würzburg, as told by his son, Prof. Rudolph Fick of Leipzig, saying that his father, who died in 1891, and who was opposed to the use of alcoholics, did not during his lifetime see any progress of the cause of abstinence worth mentioning, but that he was made to suffer almost daily for his opinion and his practice of abstinence by ridicule and other tribulations.

When, through the efforts of Professors Bunge and Forel, and a few others, the cause of abstinence at last attracted some attention, Professor Kraepelin of Heidelberg in 1892 undertook a series of experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the effect of alcohol upon the simpler operations of the mind, in the hope, as he con-

fesses, of saving something of the reputation of wine and beer. These experiments, which were afterwards extended by some younger men under the direction of Professor Kraepelin, have attracted a good deal of attention, and their results are a storehouse of material for combating the defenders of the moderate glass. They show, of course (what seemed at the time surprising), that the sensation of increased vigor and alertness after drinking a moderate quantity of wine or beer is altogether a delusion; that, on the contrary, the powers of body and mind are diminished by these beverages. More astonishing still, the enfeebling effect persists much longer than was suspected. Thus, Aschaffenburg, experimenting with typesetters, ascertained that when these men had drunk half a bottle of wine each, they were under the delusion of increased vigor and capacity for work, while they actually did inferior work. This disturbing influence was still quite distinct on the following day, so that a second day of abstinence was necessary to bring the men up again to their own standard of efficiency.

A flood of other material was supplied: the greater mortality of the moderate drinker as compared with the abstainer, his greater tendency to mental disorder and to crime. But, alas! how great is the power of habit, how deaf are those who will not hear! Though proof abundant is now at hand that alcoholic beverages injure the health, blunt the understanding, poison the soul, yet those who should before all others take heed—the students at the universities and those who once were students—refuse (with rare exceptions) to be warned. The churches are indifferent or unfriendly to the cause of abstinence; physicians stand aloof, nay, continue to prescribe wine as an invigorating drink to convalescents.

There is, however, a more hopeful side to this matter. The cause of abstinence is making vigorous progress among the laboring classes, who in increasing numbers are joining the order of Good Templars which came to us from England. We have among the laborers and artisans many men enthusiastic for the cause of abstinence. They are rapidly gaining new members from among their numbers. In method of work the German Good Templars differ widely from their English brethren, for whereas in England the churches are active promoters of the cause of abstinence, and the whole mode of agitation has a clerical aspect, and much is made of the Bible as an aid, nothing of the kind takes place in Germany. The pamphlets here used for agitation are short treatises on the effects of alcohol written by such men as Bunge, Forel, and Kraepelin, besides many other writers, all of whom adopt the scientific or physiological aspect. These little tracts, while showing the deleterious effect of drink upon the drinker and his family, do not omit to call attention to the baneful effects of inheritance. Kraepelin and Bunge insist that he who thus poisons the germs of the coming generation commits a criminal act.

The Good Templars have by this time gained a firm hold in the province of Schleswig-Holstein, and in the cities of Hamburg and Bremen. Gradually they are making their way into other portions of the Empire. Thus we have the singular spectacle of an effort among the humbler classes for deliverance from a social vice which afflicts the whole nation, while Church and school stand by indifferent; an effort among the lowly to regain health and vigor, while physicians look on inactive; a struggle to purify family life, to regenerate the nation, in which Church and State take no part.

Respectfully, WERNER A. STILLE.

HANOVER, GERMANY, September 22, 1904.

CHANCELLOR NESSELRODE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to correct a statement in your issue of September 8, 1904, page 195, in the Paris letter on "The Nesselrode Papers." Instead of: "He [Chancellor Nesselrode] lived ninety years, and died as recently as 1850," must be read: "He lived eighty-two years, and died as recently as 1862." C. B. OSTEN SACKEN.

Late Consul-General of Russia in New York.

HEIDELBERG, GERMANY, September 20, 1904.

AN INQUIRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To the second edition of his Ecclesiastical Sonnets Wordsworth prefixed the following lines:

"A verse may catch a wandering soul that flies
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise
Convert delight into a sacrifice."

From what source did Wordsworth derive these lines? Professor Dowden says from George Herbert; Professor Knight, more cautious, bids us compare them with Herbert. The fifth and sixth lines of Herbert's "Church Porch" read thus:

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

It was common enough for the poets of the seventeenth century to seize a good bit of verse wherever they found it and to rewrite it for their own purpose. In several instances Herbert so rewrote Donne; and Herbert was himself constantly rewritten by Harvey and Vaughan, and to a less extent by Crashaw and Speed. But who carried him up to these "Profounder Tracts" which pleased Wordsworth? I am unable to discover. Can any of your readers inform me?—Very truly yours,

G. H. PALMER.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, October 3, 1904.

Notes.

The Clarendon Press are to publish for the executors of the late Prof. Frederick York Powell a selection of his shorter and dispersed writings, with a prefatory memoir. The loan of letters and papers contributory to this end is solicited by Prof. J. A. Stewart, Christ Church, Oxford.

For the preparation of a second edition of his official catalogue of Whistler's Lithographs, Mr. T. R. Way will be glad to communicate with owners of lithographs undescribed in the first, through his publishers, Messrs. George Bell & Sons, Portugal Street, London, W. C.

While Mr. James Bryce is visiting this country, Macmillan Company are putting to press a rewritten and enlarged edition of his 'Holy Roman Empire.'

Henry Frowde announces an exact facsimile of the original English edition of Grimm's Tales, with Cruikshank's illustrations to the 1823 and 1826 editions, printed from the original plates. Only 240 copies will be for sale.

Harper & Brothers have nearly ready 'Theophano: The Crusade of the Tenth Century,' by Frederick Harrison; 'A Journey in Search of Christmas,' by Owen Wister; 'The Luxury of Children, and Some Other Luxuries,' by Edward S. Martin; and 'True Bills,' by George Ade.

Baker & Taylor's fall list includes 'The Art of Caricature,' a manual, by Grant Wright; 'The Appreciation of Sculpture,' by Russell Sturgis; and 'The Episcopalians,' by Daniel D. Addison, D.D. (in "The Story of the Churches").

A. S. Barnes & Co. are to undertake a new literary series "In the Days of ——" (Chaucer, and Shakspere, by Tudor Jenks, with more undesignated). Mr. Mabie will furnish introductions.

Brentano's will shortly bring out 'Visits to the Louvre,' by Dr. Arthur Mahler, in collaboration with Carlos Blacker and W. A. Slater, sumptuously illustrated.

'Three Weeks in Europe, or the Vacation of a Busy Man,' by John U. Higinbotham, is announced by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

The American Unitarian Association, Boston, will republish the Works of Channing in six volumes, with an introduction by the Rev. John W. Chadwick; and 'Tides of the Spirit,' selections from the writings of James Martineau, edited by Albert Lazenby.

Little, Brown & Co. announce a new work on the Law of Evidence by Prof. John H. Wigmore of Northwestern University.

The old Roman border fort, the Saalburg, in the Taunus Mountains, is to be described in the light of excavations and restorations, by Jacobi, Woltze, and Schulze, with abundant illustrations, some in color. The publisher is F. A. Perthes in Gotha (New York: Lemcke & Buechner).

An English book of 'Selected Cases on the Law of Torts' is published at the Clarendon Press, Oxford (New York: Henry Frowde). The authors are Francis R. Y. Radcliffe and J. C. Miles, and they have rewritten the headnotes of all the cases "so as to state the principle established" rather than "the application of that principle to a particular set of facts." The other notes are mainly "explanatory or supplemental"; in two or three instances they present a statement of the existing law. The cases themselves are abridgments from the original reports. Some authorities lend themselves to this sort of treatment better than others. It should be said that the book is designed chiefly for teachers of law in England.

The third volume of the Hon. John Boyd Thacher's 'Christopher Columbus' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) contains six chapters, with forty-one reproductions of alleged portraits, on the personal appearance of Columbus; two chapters on his handwriting; twenty on the history of his remains since their first burial; and seven on the various families claiming legitimate descent from the discoverer. As in the preceding volumes, the most valuable feature consists of facsimiles of Columbian material, including a series of copies of photographs of all the letters and other unquestioned autographs known to be extant, forty-two in number, with transcriptions and trans-

lations. Throughout, the author's contributions evidence the same critical and historical insight, the same literary and linguistic capacity which marked the previous volumes.

Some forty years ago the Rev. Oswald Cockayne issued, as part of the Master of the Rolls Series, three stout volumes entitled 'Leechdoms, Wortcunning and Starcraft of Early England,' containing a collection of Anglo-Saxon medical treatises. Dr. Joseph Frank Payne, in the Fitz-Patrick Lectures for 1903, made use of the material thus furnished and has issued the results under the title of 'English Medicine in the Anglo-Saxon Times' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde), with some illustrations of medicinal plants drawn from an illuminated MS. of the 'Herbarium Apuleii Platonici,' an Anglo-Saxon version of which forms part of the Cockayne collection. Dr. Payne has endeavored, with more or less success, to trace the derivation of the curative lore of our ancestors to the sources, whether indigenous or derived from the works and traditions of the great Græco-Roman medical school, and he pays a tribute to Anglo-Saxon botanical zeal in the fact that the MSS. furnish about five hundred English plant-names of herbs used medicinally. The illustrations curiously manifest how crude were the ideas of the artists with regard to vegetable forms. The most interesting are a series representing the mandrake, and showing how the resemblance of the root to a human body developed into the conception of a complete man with a crown of leaves growing from the top of his head. All of them show a dog attached and tugging at it, this being the time-honored method of gathering it, on account of the superstition that whoever pulled up a mandrake root would shortly perish.

The seventh edition of a well-known handbook hardly needs a special review. Fifty years ago, the Rev. Dr. G. U. Pope, the present University Teacher of Tamil and Telugu at Oxford, aided by the superintendent of the American Mission Press, published the 'Tamil Handbook,' since prescribed for civilians appointed to Madras. Half a century of improvements, incorporating the result of twenty years' active teaching, has produced a "final edition" of 'The Handbook of the Ordinary Dialect of the Tamil Language' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde). If the venerable author is spared to see his final edition become a penultimate edition, he may still perfect perfection by suppressing here and there what seems like a vain repetition, such as the paragraph on the *āytham* found on page 13 and almost duplicated on page 22. But it is sufficient to say that of the half-dozen Tamil handbooks in existence this is, as it has been, the best; the latest edition having utilized Bühler's 'Indische Palaeographie' for historical statements in regard to the history of the alphabet, while the practical need of the student is always before the author's eye. A good point is that all the examples are drawn from the actual literature, not made up to illustrate a rule.

Dr. Sven Hedin contributes to *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, No. 7, what will be substantially the preface to the forthcoming volumes containing the scientific facts of his last journey. As bringing out strongly the personality of the great traveller it has an unusual interest. The work will consist of eight volumes, to be published in 1906. The edition is limited to 250 copies, price £15. The first two subscribers were the Japanese Count Otani, and the Geographical Society in Tokyo. His own narrative will consist of four volumes of 2,000 pages instead of one as he at first planned. Taking the form of a diary, it will be practically notes explanatory of his 1,149 maps, or, in his own words, "a topographical, morphological, hydrographical, and orographical description of the land through which I travelled." The English translation is by J. T. Bealby, the translator of his previous books. Dr. Sven Hedin regrets the meagreness of his contributions to some important branches of science, from the lack of a scientific staff, and adds, "but I have the peculiarity of loving to be alone, and hence on my travels have always been alone." After a reference to Newton's (attributed by Hedin to Mommsen) comparison of himself to a boy playing on the seashore, he says: "How shall I call myself then?—a child who has never looked on the far horizon of this immeasurable ocean, and whose glance has never swept over its blue mirror, to say nothing of playing with pebbles on the strand. Yet the experiences and observations which I have made in the toilsome wanderings to that wondrous shore, I give to the students of geographical research, in the hope that my work has not been wholly in vain."

An interesting memorial of the days when the Jesuit missionaries formed an influential link between the learning of Western Europe and that of China is reproduced, in reduced facsimile, in the eighth volume of the 'Skrifter utgifna af Kongl. Humanistiska Vetenskaps-Samfundet i Uppsala' (Leipzig: Harrassowitz). It is a six-foot map of the world, in two hemispheres, drawn by P. Ferdinand Verbiest, a Jesuit father who, born in Flanders in 1623, went to China in 1659 and died there twenty-nine years later. In 1671 Verbiest is said to have been appointed royal astronomer to the Emperor Kang-Hsih. His map, evidently drawn some years after this appointment, shows that he must have obtained from Europe several of the best-known contemporary geographical publications. The representation of "The Middle Kingdom," which is given the position demanded by its name, is of course the most important portion of the map. The facsimile, although too small to show the details necessary for careful study, gives quite enough to prove the extent and the accuracy of the geographical information in the possession of the Chinese rulers regarding all their outlying dependencies.

The Northern Museum in Stockholm has just sent out its annual report (*Meddelanden*) for 1902(!). The most interesting acquisition of that year was Viktor Rydberg's library of about 3,000 volumes, and the furniture from his study, presented by his widow. By bequest of the painter, Prof. J. A. Malmström, the Museum received 650 sheets and 26 sketchbooks of original drawings, aquarelles, and oil paintings of buildings, costumes, and race types from Sweden, Norway, and Finland. Numerous pieces of household goods, peasant costumes, and furniture from all parts of Sweden have been added to the collections, as well as some fine specimens of artistic furniture from the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and some old musical instruments, among them a clavichord made by Peter Kraft in 1801. Three new buildings have been put up at the outdoor museum "Skansen," certainly the most unique part of the whole establishment. Two of them are of particular interest, as illustrating the life of the Finnish population in northern and middle Sweden; one is a dwelling, the other a combined dwelling, steam bathhouse, and grain kiln. A descriptive catalogue of the historico-ethnographical collections at "Skansen" was begun during the year; when completed, it ought to be an important contribution to ethnographical literature. The Museum took part in the International Exposition of Military and Modern Costumes held in St. Petersburg; this necessitated the purchase of a large number of articles of costume, which was made possible through the munificence of Mr. Emanuel Nobel in St. Petersburg, a nephew of Alfred Nobel. The volume is quite fully illustrated, and contains in addition to the report proper three contributions: a Calendar of the parchment scrolls earlier in date than 1600, in the possession of the Museum; some notes on Legends and Superstitions among the Finnish settlements and in Lapland; and an illustrated study of the ornaments on various pieces of furniture and household goods made by an unknown wood-carver and carpenter from Ringebu in Norway.

—To be remarked in the October *Century* is a sensible discussion of the Trust problem by Prof. John B. Clark of Columbia University. He sees clearly two truths which all must come to see before any real progress can be made towards settling that problem, as a disturbing factor in modern political and industrial development—namely, that it is useless to fight against the mere fact of a much greater unification of similar business interests than we have known in the past, and, on the other hand, that such unification is sure to develop evils dangerous to society and the State in the absence of careful legal regulation. The natural laws of trade can be depended upon to interfere with the exaction of exorbitant prices when those prices reach a certain level; but that level is so high that the careful Trust manager can keep safely below it, and still wring from the consumer prices that are essentially oppressive and detrimental to the best interests of society as a whole. Professor Clark's positive counsel is to avoid quixotic efforts at "Trust-smashing," and centre attention carefully upon the points where the unfair exactions of these combinations are brought to bear, such as discriminations favoring the big shipper in railroad rates, cutthroat competition against the independent dealer in given localities or in given classes of goods, and "factor's agreements"—refusing to supply the local dealer with a given Trust-made article unless he binds himself not to buy a similar article from the independent manufacturer. With proper safeguards at these points, it is reasonably maintained that independent competition would meet the Trust at a much lower level of prices to the consumer than under present conditions, and to secure just this result must be the aim of any really practicable measures of relief.

—Elizabeth Luther Cary essays in *Scribner's* what many would regard as the impossible task of establishing "Americanism" as the foremost among the salient qualities of the literary work of Henry James. Admitting the meagreness of his American experience and associations, the American character, she thinks, is portrayed in the majority of his many novels with remarkable sympathy and understanding. Her description of the characters resulting from this sympathetic insight is quite flattering. They appear against the foreign background provided for them in "an air of their own, a clear medium of innocence enriched by intelligence," and from this medium they shine forth "youthful, bright, incorruptible, confiding, expectant," remarkable in the depth of their temperamental refinement and their inability to think coarsely of their relations with their fellow-beings. With an intense thirst they bring this unsophisticated, receptive temperament to the deep wells of transatlantic civilization, expand and ripen with the draughts, and then return to us "rejoiced or sometimes chastened" (can they even gild refined gold or paint the lily over there?), "but singularly unspotted and unimpaired." Doubtless we should all be glad to have just as much as possible of such Americanism here at home; but after all it is the Americanism of Mr. James himself which is in question, and those who deny him this quality will scarcely feel themselves refuted when they find the writer admitting that he has exploited the land of his nativity chiefly "as a place from which to escape whole-hearted to the homes of traditions and symbols, of faint, fragrant messages from the past, and long-established institutions." Mr. F. A. Eaton, the Secretary, contributes the first of a series of illustrated papers on the Royal Academy.

—We have too long delayed noticing 'Diderot's Thoughts on Art and Style' (London: Rivingtons), selected and translated by Beatrix L. Tollemache—a second edition. Mrs. Tollemache seems to have done her work well, and the book should be welcomed as giving to English readers some notion of the ideas on art of the French critic who has attained one of the highest reputations. As one might gather from that critic's admiration for the worst pictures of Greuze (though he could see the faults of coloring in them), the reputation was founded on little real knowledge of or sympathy with painting. It was the accident of Grimm's asking him for some notes on the Salon that first turned his attention seriously to that art, and he always looked at it very much from the outside. He was a humanitarian, a philosopher, one of the preparers of the Revolution, and he preached Rousseau's "Return to Nature." Hence his love for Greuze's moralities (this artist's immoralities are much more painterlike), and hence his attacks on the academic in art, which sometimes give a deceptively modern air to his writings. In reality, he saw little beyond the subject and its treatment from an intellectual point of view, and he could write a formal article on "Composition" without mentioning the arrangement of lines or spaces. Often, in his "Salons," he dwells not even on the subjects of the pictures he is nominally discussing, but on anything that comes into his head which is not the picture. The most fumbling and awkward of the "conferences" of the old Academy show more real knowledge of the aims of art than was possessed by this brilliant writer. Strangely enough, the Revolution of which Diderot was a precursor, produced, in the school of David, an art the most rigidly academic that the world has ever seen.

—In a moderate-sized volume entitled 'Dante and the English Poets from Chaucer to Tennyson' (Henry Holt & Co.) Prof. Oscar Kuhns offers a somewhat sketchy study of the external traces of Dante's influence upon English verse. Although the author shows here, as in his previous literary investigations, evidence of scholarship and judgment, one cannot help regarding all the first half of the book as rather perfunctory and superficial. Certainly nothing is added by him to our knowledge, for instance, of Chaucer's indebtedness to Dante. Occasionally he even seems to overlook the essential feature of the passages he is discussing. In Longfellow's

"The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame,"

as compared with the Italian:

"Lo gel che m' era intorno al cor ristretto
Spirito ed acqua fèssi, e con angoscia
Per la bocca e per gli occhi uscì dal petto,"

the characteristic part of the figure is surely not, as Dr. Kuhns appears to imply, "melts as the snow on mountain heights," but "the ice about thy heart melts . . . and . . . comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame," which is obviously enough a translation of the words of the "Purgatorio." It may be noted in passing that Milton's episode of "the change of the fallen angels to snakes" is far closer to the "Inferno" than to Ovid; while, on the other hand, many of the parallel passages cited on pages 101-104 have little or nothing in common. It is not until we reach the nineteenth-century writers, who occupy about half of the book, that we find the author independent enough to be thoroughly interesting. This part of the work, which is evidently, in the main, the fruit of first-hand reading and reflection, contains much that is of value. Throughout the volume copious quotations from the English poets add to the reader's pleasure. A comic relief is afforded by the selections from Leigh Hunt's 'Story of Rimini.'

—The death of John Foster Kirk, which took place on the 21st of September, at his home at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, was the passing away of a man of letters of the older generation, who of late years had come little before the notice of the general public, whose one important work was published forty years ago, but who maintained to the very end of his life of fourscore years a constant quiet activity in some form or other of scholarly or literary work, and a wide interest in literatue and thought. Mr. Kirk was born in Fredericton, N. B., in 1824, and in 1842 came to Boston, where he was engaged in proofreading and reviewing; the task of supplying the punctuation to the first edition of Emerson's poems being among those that fell in his way. The first impulse to historical research came to him during his eleven years' service as secretary to William H. Prescott, with the opportunities thus thrown in his way of access to authorities and association with scholars and men of letters in this country and abroad. When, after Prescott's death, he turned to work of his own, and to a topic on which his mind had already been for some time engaged, the career of the great Duke of Burgundy, he left nothing untouched which could throw light upon his subject, collecting himself a considerable number of rare chronicles and memoirs of the period, visiting the scenes of Charles's victories and defeats, and seeking diligently after fresh material in the French and Swiss archives. The first two volumes of the 'History of Charles the Bold' were published by John Murray in London and by J. B. Lippincott in this country, in 1863; the third volume came out in 1868. The work, though received with much cordiality by scholars here and abroad, including the highest Continental authorities on the subject, had not the wide sale which Murray had been led to expect for it by Dean Milman and others, who had expressed enthusiastic estimates in regard to it. The trouble may have been with the bloody character and acts of its hero. But this Life still remains the most important work on its subject. It was a loss to letters that its author's riper years should have been passed in occupations which afforded little opportunity for the prosecution of further labors in the field of historical research. In 1870 Mr. Kirk became editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, and with the Lippincott house he was ever after associated. The revised edition of Prescott's works which they brought out in 1873-6 was prepared by him, and contains supplementary notes from his hand; and after he had retired, in 1886, from the conduct of the magazine, he prepared the Supplement to Allibone's 'Dictionary of Authors,' by which Allibone's work is continued down to 1888. His contributions to periodic literature, mostly unsigned, included personal reminiscences of Carlyle, Thackeray, and Rossetti. Mr. Kirk was for two years, 1886-8, Lecturer on History at the University of Pennsylvania, and the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by that institution. He was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society till his removal to Philadelphia, when he was elected an honorary member. In the early days of the *Nation* he was an occasional contributor to its columns.

—The announcement from Yokohama that Lafcadio Hearn died in Tokio, September 26, of heart trouble, did not surprise those who knew of the extremely delicate state of his health during the past twelvemonth or longer. In him the world of scholarship loses a keen interpreter of the Japanese people and civilization. Born in 1850, in the Ionian Islands, of a Greek mother and an Irish father, Mr. Hearn seems to have been from childhood intensely susceptible to beauty. At the age of nineteen, he came to America and entered upon journalistic pursuits at New Orleans, afterwards writing for the magazines articles noted for their grace and literary finish. In a trip to the West Indies he enlarged his unusual powers of discriminating and appreciative observation by study of the various races. Attracted to the Chinese and Japanese by reading the works of the French Sinologists, and to the search from the first for the *weird beauty* of their legends (the italics are Mr. Hearn's

own, in his preface to 'Some Chinese Ghosts'), he determined about 1890 to betake himself to Japan. Beginning as a teacher in the south, he rose to be lecturer on English literature in the Imperial University in Tokio. Marrying a native lady and getting naturalized, he withdrew from the society of Occidental folk in Japan, and became a veritable sensitive plate for impressions of the variegated life of Japan, past and present, visible and invisible, in its minute details. He was, as was no other alien, the photographer of the Japanese soul. No one understood more thoroughly the æsthetic asset of Japan's treasure house.

THE GREAT EARL OF CORK.

The Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork. By Dorothea Townshend. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

When Sir Walter Ralegh became involved in pecuniary and other troubles he sold his Irish estates to Richard Boyle, at that time a lawyer of no great fame, but gifted with good judgment and exceptional energy. The sale took place in 1602—that is to say, on the eve of Elizabeth's death, and before Ralegh had been overwhelmed by his final misfortunes. Coming thus into possession of 42,000 acres of land, Boyle determined to render his property valuable, and so well did he succeed that before long he had gained an earldom, and made himself the richest man in Ireland. Every one knows how it was reserved for others to benefit by Ralegh's colonization schemes, but few are familiar with the career of the man who acquired his estates in Ireland and converted them into the corner-stone of a magnificent fortune:

"In his own day," says Miss Townshend, "Boyle was called the Great Earl of Cork as invariably as though it were a part of his title; now his very name is forgotten, save when some Munster antiquary points to a squalid hamlet or a desolate seashore, and tells that here the Great Earl of Cork had his linen factories, yonder he mined for silver, and there stood his sheds for curing pilchards, in the days when he had made the land to prosper."

Richard Boyle, the subject of this biography, was born in Canterbury at the close of 1566, the son of an impoverished gentleman. A scholarship at Corpus Christi, Cambridge, gave him his literary education, and, proceeding from the University to London, he was admitted to the Middle Temple. Fortune, however, declined to favor him in any substantial way, until, during the Armada year, he migrated to Dublin. As the Elizabethan grants of land had caused much litigation, he found enough to do, and incidentally formed convictions regarding the potential value of Irish property. The pacification of the island, which occurred in the last years of the Queen's reign, proved a source of immediate advantage to speculators, and Boyle, with natural shrewdness and adequate local knowledge, seized his opportunity. That he had enemies did not prevent him from defeating them and clearing himself of sinister charges in Elizabeth's own presence. From this time forward his advance to prosperity was rapid. By successive stages he became clerk to the Munster Council, member for Lismore in the Irish Parliament, privy councillor for Ireland, and Earl of Cork. The more important of his promotions fell within the reign of James I., his title being secured as most titles were secured in days when baronetcies brought £1,000 apiece. Boyle was a serious-minded if not a religious man, and he always kept a diary. Referring to his earldom, Miss Townshend says:

"His gratitude to Heaven was shown by his choice of a motto. The Earl of Cork's shield ever after bore the pious words, 'God's providence is my inheritance.' His thankfulness to King James was as great as if the honor had been bestowed out of pure grace; to the feelings of those days there was neither degradation nor bathos in the added entry: 'The fees whereof in England and Ireland stood me in £305. 4. 4 sterl., besides £4,500 sterl. otherwise paid.'"

Had Boyle been merely a successful speculator in Irish lands who got himself ennobled by cash payments, it is not likely, even in these days of multiplied biographies, that he would be taken as the central figure of an elaborate work. His personality awakens a good deal of interest when once it is interpreted through his journal and letters. Strafford dignified him by fierce and special attack, Cromwell spoke of him in terms of high admiration, and Evelyn says that his wonderful sagacity was equalled by his probity. In the warmth of his family affections he recalls Henry Fox, and his record as a public man will stand far closer scrutiny than Fox's. But most of all he is to be remembered for the success of his attempts to stimulate industries in Ireland. Here his enterprise was due in the first instance to an intelligent sense of self-interest; yet it would be unfair to deny him the credit of having acted from higher motives than those of selfishness or ambition alone. "He came to Munster," says Miss Townshend, "resolved to show what the English rule in Ireland ought to mean, and to convert a country devastated by war and famine into a rich and contented portion of the Queen's dominions." And if this was his design, the result justified beyond all expectation his boldness and public spirit. Though an Englishman, he gained the confidence of the native population and even of its hereditary leaders. His open-handed hospitality endeared him to a convivial race, and opposition to Catholicism did not prevent him from maintaining friendly relations with Catholic chiefs.

Boyle sought to Anglicize Munster with all completeness, but his methods were those of a sensible, good-hearted man. To lawlessness he opposed peace, and to semi-barbarism the agencies of an industrial civilization. So numerous were the enterprises which he set afoot that it is difficult to give a just idea of them in a few words, but Miss Townsend indicates their general tendency when she says:

"Under his fostering care, comfortable farmhouses sprang up in the deserted valleys, lonely sea-bays were changed into harbors crowded with fishing-smacks and merchantmen, among the barren mountains were seen the glow of his iron forges, his water-mills and salmon wears were found on every stream. In the eastern part of the Province he rebuilt the towns that had been ruined in the Desmond wars, and among the impassable western forests he founded the frontier towns of Bandon, Clonakilty, Enniskeane, and Castletown, to hold the settled country secure against the raids of the wild tribes of West Carberry and Kerry."

The most interesting branch, perhaps, of his activities was the mining industry. While he gained little by his search for copper, he discovered lead and silver in profitable quantities, besides building up extensive iron works at Ballyregan, Cappoquin, Mocollop, Ardglyn, Kilmacoe, and Lisfinnon. "The ore is said by a contemporary to be hematite, bog-iron ore, and clay ironstone; and Boyle worked it into all sorts of forms, from bar iron for export to the Tallow knives he sent to Lady Carew as a Christmas present. In seven years he made 21,000 tons of bar iron, worth at £18 a ton the immense sum of £378,000." A striking personal touch is that Boyle was by theory a free-trader in an age when the short cut to wealth lay through a grant of monopoly.

To give some idea of the power which the Earl of Cork gained through the application of business methods to the exploitation of Munster, we may say that he could levy from his own estates an army of 1,679 foot and 501 horse. With such military resources and a command of ready money which was almost unique at this period, he became a mark for the exactions of Strafford when the principles of absolutism were being applied to Ireland under the form of Thorough. As land titles had been very unsettled during the reign of James I., when Boyle was acquiring most of his enormous property, there was no lack of technical grounds upon which to attack him. For some time he could not tell whether he would be completely ruined through Strafford's hostility or whether he would get off with the payment of a fine. In 1636 the blow fell, and he was forced to pay the Crown £15,000 on the score of having acquired lands at Youghal by irregular means. Everything considered, he escaped lightly so far as his purse was concerned, but the form of his humiliation remained a lasting source of vexation to him. The close of his life was rendered distressful by the Irish rebellion of 1641, and the destruction through its means of much that he had accomplished. Nevertheless, his work in Munster represents the best effort made by the English in Ireland during the first part of the seventeenth century, and won for him high praise in high quarters. According to Cromwell, Ireland would have escaped the rising of 1641 had there been but one Earl of Cork in every province.

Miss Townshend deserves hearty thanks for having given us a complete picture of Boyle's life. Her book is scholarly and discriminating as well as sympathetic. That she has delicacy of perception may be seen from her concluding words. After sketching a life which was full of getting and spending, she breaks off with a reference to higher things:

"The dust of well-nigh two centuries and a half has gathered over the glories of the great Earl of Cork; his wealthy eldest son is forgotten; even the brilliant Orrery and gallant Shannon are no more to us than names. Of all the Boyle family only one is familiar to us to-day, Robert the philosopher, who never made money, nor accepted a title, nor desired to rule over any kingdom but that of his own gentle spirit."

RENNERT'S LIFE OF LOPE DE VEGA.

The Life of Lope de Vega (1562-1635). By Hugo Albert Rennert, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Campion & Co. and J. J. M'Vey. 1904.

It is nearly one hundred years since the publication of Lord Holland's biography of

the Spanish dramatist, and his was the last extensive work in English on the subject. In the meantime fresh facts have been brought to notice by several critics and historians, notably by Ticknor, Von Schack, La Barrera, Pérez Pastor, and Asenjo Barbieri, so that the time is ripe for the harvesting of many new details of information. Professor Rennert's book is all the more opportune in view of the revival of Lope's fame, so long unjustly eclipsed by that of Calderón. In the eyes of the outer world, Calderón had been exalted by the German Romantics to a position of dramatic preeminence which he was not entitled to claim for his sole possession. A reaction in favor of Lope was inaugurated in the German-speaking territory by Grillparzer, and a similar impulse toward an equitable adjustment of literary rights has been manifested in John Rutter Chorley's articles in such English periodicals as the *Athenæum* and *Fraser's Magazine*. Of late Lope's own countrymen have taken steps in the direction of the complete rehabilitation of his glorious memory, for the Spanish Academy has entered on the printing of a magnificent new edition of his dramatic works under the able direction of the prince of Spanish literary critics, Menéndez y Pelayo.

Mr. Rennert has utilized all that his predecessors in the field of investigation had to offer him, and he has added thereto a wealth of information which his own extensive researches have well qualified him to state with the weight of authority. Step by step he has followed the checkered course of Lope's career, chronicling his liaisons no less than his legitimate matrimonial adventures, and listing and characterizing his many literary productions in the order of their composition and publication, interpreting them, too, whenever they seemed to have bearings upon the author's private life. If he has not hesitated to make known the obvious infamy of procedure in Lope the man, he has been prompt to eulogize the positive achievements of Lope the brilliant and original dramatist. Sanity and fairness have moved him in his endeavor to provide us with a comprehensive account of the doings of one of the world's imperishable geniuses, the Phœnix of Spain, as even Lope's own contemporaries called him.

In no case more than in that of Lope de Vega is it necessary for the modern reader to dissociate the inglorious life of the man from the splendid labors of the poet. The known blemishes in the character of a Shakspere affect hardly at all our estimate of the transcendent value of the dramatist; there is no little danger that the moral blots on Lope's personality will sadly impair the lustre of the writer, if they be not sedulously kept out of view. For Lope was a strange compound of sensuality, pettiness, servility, and genius. Fortunately, this last quality outweighed all the others. Still a very young man, he was brought to trial for a scandalous libel upon a woman whom he had loved and upon her family, and as a well-deserved punishment for his crime he was exiled from the kingdom of Castile for two years under pain of death, and was banished from the capital for a still longer period; later on, he seems to have been arrested for cohabitation. Twice married, he figured constantly in amours of which children were the result. Even after taking Holy Orders for the express purpose of "bringing order into his disorder," he fell again from grace; and this affair, the basest of all, was with a married woman. Furthermore, while engaged in his own erotic pursuits, he acted as a poetical pander, and indited love ditties intended for the mistresses of his patron, the Duke of Sessa. It was not heedlessly, either, that Lope sinned and sinned again. His correspondence shows that he realized the enormity of his conduct: repentance was ever on his lips; his spirit was very willing to reform, but his flesh was deplorably weak as long as lusty youth and manhood lasted. Then, when old age came upon him, when his vanity was wounded repeatedly by the favor shown to playwrights of a younger generation and the popular neglect of himself, the poor sinner's heart was broken and his end hastened by two grievous calamities—the loss of his son Lope and the elopement of his daughter Antonia. Retribution came upon him in this world; let the world forgive and forget his frailties.

Turning now to the contemplation of Lope the author, who dominated as its crowning figure the golden age of Spanish letters, one is overcome with sheer amazement at the magnitude of his literary labors carried on despite the distractions of a life of moral turpitude. Practically all the more important forms of verse composition were essayed by him, and although he may not have developed any exceeding degree of skill in his epic endeavors, he undoubtedly attained to success in his pastorals and lyrics, and scored innumerable triumphs with his plays. The poetical worth of his ballads has rightly been ranked very high by Mr. Rennert, who has felicitously rendered into English some of the typical among them, just as he has ingeniously interpreted the autobiographical references contained in the pastorals. It is with Lope's plays, however, that the world is mainly concerned, and the number of these almost overtaxes one's credulity. According to a statement made by the poet himself in his "Egloga á Claudio," he composed no fewer than 1,500 plays, exclusive of the *autos* or short religious pieces. In the panegyrical 'Fama Postuma,' his disciple and biographer, Montalván, put the figure at 1,800. The critics are prone to regard these numbers as greatly exaggerated, but, after all allowances are made, Lope's fertility still remains prodigious. If we may credit another assertion of his, he wrote more than 100 of his *comedias* within the space of twenty-four hours each. Of this vast dramatic output there are actually known to us at present some 431 *comedias*—clearly, enough for the abiding fame of any one author; and, in him who reads systematically any considerable number of them, wonder increases steadily at the unfailing originality shown by Lope in the devising and unravelling of so many plots, not to speak of the extraordinary talent revealed in his harmonious blending together of a multitude of varying metres. Mr. Rennert has read deeply into Lope, his favorite author, of whose pieces he himself possesses no fewer than 300, and he thus states his judgment respecting them:

"In all the countless number of his plays, judging from the many that I have read, I will make bold to assert that there is not one which is wholly bad—not one without repeated bursts of lofty poetry which only a splendid genius could have written."

It is interesting to note that Lope was entirely cognizant of the fact that his plays do not as a rule observe the precepts of classicism. This is attested by characteristic remarks in his treatise 'The New Art of Making Plays' *(Arte nuevo de hacer comedias)*, some of which have been translated by Mr. Rennert. In this wise, for example, does Lope explain his attitude with regard to the classic art of dramatic composition and the methods in vogue in his time:

"Noble wits, the flower of Spain, you ask me to compose for you a treatise on the Art of Making Plays which may be acceptable to the public of the present day. Easy this subject appears, and easy it would be for any one of you who has written less *comedias* and who knows more about the art of writing them. But what is a disadvantage to me in this matter is my having written them against the rules of art. Not because I was ignorant of the precepts, for, while still a tyro in grammar, I read the books which treat of them, yes, even before I was ten years old. I did it because I found that at that time the *comedias* in Spain were not as their first inventors thought they should be written, but rather as they were treated by the barbarians who accustomed the vulgar to their crudities; and so they introduced them in such a way that he who would now write according to the rules of art would die without fame and without reward, for custom is more powerful than reason, in those who lack reason's light. True it is that I have sometimes written following the rules that are known to few, but as soon as I see the monsters, full of apparitions, coming forth, to which flock the public and the women, who canonize this sad spectacle, then forthwith do I return to my barbarous custom; and when I have to write a *comedia* I lock up the precepts with six keys, cast Terence and Plautus from my study, so that they may not cry out—for truth is wont to speak aloud even in mute books—and I write according to the art which they invented who sought the vulgar applause. For, as the common herd pays for them, it is meet to speak to them like an ignoramus, in order to please them."

The self-depreciation expressed in such statements is not to be taken too literally, of course.

The usefulness of Mr. Rennert's clear exposition of facts appertaining to Lope de Vega's life and work is increased by the appendices, in which he reprints from Pérez Pastor and La Barrera the record of Lope's trial for slander and the poet's several wills and testaments, and above all by his including within the covers of his book an admirable catalogue of Lope's plays. This catalogue, which at the last moment he substituted for one prepared by himself, is a recast of John Rutter Chorley's 'Catálogo de Comedias y Autos de Frey Lope Félix de Vega Carpio,' originally published in the fifty-second volume of the "Biblioteca de Autores Españoles." Chorley revised this earlier form of his work, and bequeathed the interleaved copy containing his corrections and additions to the British Museum. There it lay until Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly called its existence to the attention of the present editor, who has provided it with supplementary information not available in Chorley's time.

In conclusion, the book may safely be recommended to those who desire in English a good account of the life of the greatest of Spanish playwrights. It is excellently printed, and, though bulky (for it extends to nearly six hundred pages), it has but few errata. Most of these have been

noted at the end in a list following a good general index.

The Quintessence of Ibsenism. By G. Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's. 1904.

Thirteen years have passed since Mr. Shaw first published his essay on Ibsen. It had been read as a paper before the Fabian Society in London at a time when the Fabian policy had a certain vogue, or at least a degree of notoriety. The Fabians, under the presidency of Mrs. Annie Besant, put up a lively debate, and Mr. Shaw had to defend his thesis against some of the keenest wits in London. Shortly after, several of Ibsen's plays were performed before the British public, which greeted them with so perfect a lack of comprehension that Mr. Shaw came to the rescue with this essay.

According to Ibsen himself, a normally built truth has a life of twenty years at most. But its life does not begin until it is generally known and pretty generally accepted—is, in fact, no longer interesting to the pioneer. Ibsen in his old age, the Socrates of Norway, faces a society grown more tolerant, but hardly more receptive, of his ideals than when Mr. Shaw began to defend them. Mr. Shaw's thesis, therefore, bears reprinting, because it is still in that stage so fascinating to the reformer when he can count on its being labelled even by intelligent critics as immoral, or cynical, or paradoxical. It would be a dull world for Mr. Shaw, the playwright, if his playgoers should be transformed into philosophers who could not be shocked or astonished or mystified. As it is, he may rest in the assurance that the majority of those who see his plays or read his books are far from bringing a premature old age on his theories by accepting them.

What Mr. Shaw sets out to explain is the moral doctrine that Ibsen desires to impart, the cure which he attempts to apply to the complicated Scandinavian soul. He is not concerned with Ibsen's æsthetics nor with his development. He passes by the question whether such and such a play is classical, romantic, or naturalistic, and what stage of Ibsen's philosophy it may mark. Mr. Shaw deals with twelve plays only, beginning with "Brand" and observing the chronological order down to "Hedda Gabler," the last play published when he wrote this essay. These twelve plays all illustrate the effect of idealism on society, and aim to prove that "the real slavery of to-day is slavery to ideals of virtue." By an ideal he means a fancy picture, a sort of mask which society has not the courage to do without. So immortality is the mask fixed on the face of death; the sanctity of the institution of marriage disguises more than one brutal truth, and so on. The realist, who is in the proportion of one in a thousand, is he who is strong enough to face the truth which the rest, whether they be Philistines or idealists, are shirking. He is, in fact, the "Superman" of Mr. Shaw's last play, who is, however, in the end defeated by the convictions embodied in a woman determined to marry him and cure him of speaking the truth about the facts of life. That, from Ibsen's point of view (which Mr. Shaw adopts), is a melancholy triumph of society over the individual, "that most precious pearl," which, says M. Brandes, a Scandinavian, Kierkegaard presented to his epoch.

The typical villain of an Ibsen play will, therefore, be an idealist who imposes the outmoded ideals of society on some unhappy individual, who may, of course, be himself, as with Brand, who sacrificed himself, his wife and child. The heroine will be an "unwomanly woman," a Marie Bashkirtseff or a Nora rather than an Agnes. The realist, the sane man in such a community, is he or she who asserts the claim of the real in defiance of every fetter forged by society. Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts" was responsible for the tragedy of her son's life because she accepted the idealistic teaching of Pastor Manders and returned to her dissolute husband instead of leaving him free to follow his temperament and asserting the claims of her own. Nora, however, though she is almost crushed by the selfish idealism of Helmer, has more character than Mrs. Alving, and in her the rights of the individual are avenged. In the "Wild Duck" Ibsen satirizes the incorrigible idealist who insists on telling the truth and so destroying the peace of a household made happy by romantic illusions. We cannot all face the truth; the average man needs a vital lie to support him, and the idealistic busybody learns from the tragedy of the "Wild Duck" that ideally frank relations between a husband and wife cannot be manufactured from without. "Rosmersholm" has seemed to most critics of Ibsen to be a *volte-face*, a proof that Ibsen had gradually, and in profound discouragement, come to accept the fact that the development of the individual, the assertion of the pagan ideal of the right to live and enjoy, might have to yield after all to the Christian ideal of renunciation. It is the voice of Musset:

"Malgré nous, vers le Ciel il faut lever les yeux."

When Rebecca West expiates her selfishness by her death and the death of Rosmer, the Rosmersholm conventional ideal of morality triumphs. But Mr. Shaw, to maintain his thesis, prefers to believe, not that "Rosmersholm" is Ibsen's adieu to the cult of nature which he preached in "Ghosts"—a confession that a society which has accepted the Christian ideal cannot react to paganism; he regards it rather as one more instance of the fatal effects of idealism, a protest against the Rosmersholm view of life, the view that denied to Rebecca the right to live and be happy. The woman, says Mr. Shaw, had the higher light when she asserted her individuality at the cost of another's life.

Here, at any rate, we believe that Mr. Shaw's theory has carried him away. When Ibsen's followers represent him as adopting the "Greek view" of life, the desire to grasp at enjoyment and to give youth its due, they forget that the Greeks would have considered the death of Rebecca and Rosmer as the only fitting expiation of their crime. Even Hedda Gabler, says Mr. Shaw, acted at the dictates of a fatal and outworn idealism—only, in this case, she made wrongdoing her ideal. This strikes one as an over-ingenious interpretation of a play whose motives are already complex enough. Hedda's fierce egoism is rather a warning against the ideal of Mrs. Alving when it is envisaged by a woman without scruples and without soul.

The critics of Ibsen are of course drawn from all of the three classes into which Mr. Shaw divides society. Needless to say, he is himself the realistic critic. If his reading of the plays should be generally accepted by his readers, he would at once understand that he or Ibsen, or both, had become old-fashioned and must be swept away. Few people, however, even now, read Ibsen with any sort of desire to find out what he is driving at or which side he takes. Mr. Shaw's essay must at least have the effect of rousing their curiosity, for they will find that to understand it they must constantly turn to the plays and regard them not as curious and fantastic studies of Scandinavian society, but as an array of types which, like the characters of Theophrastus, flourish in all societies and at all times.

The Story of Chamber Music. By N. Kilburn. Charles Scribner's Sons.

While the Englishman who wrote this book is conductor of the Middlesborough, Sunderland, and Bishop Auckland musical societies, his taste seems to incline him particularly to a form of music which requires no conductor at all. He poses the question which of the great forms of musical composition it would be preferable to plead for in case all the others were doomed to destruction, and answers that it is certain that many a musician would, if forced to such a choice, "without hesitation pledge himself to uphold the claims of chamber music; for who can measure the almost infinite variety and charm which it affords, and that, too, with the slenderest means? Probably no other form of music would wear so well as this, and to hardly any other could we turn, day by day, with such abiding satisfaction."

It is to be feared that not five per cent. of music lovers in general would agree with Mr. Kilburn in his preference. The vast majority of them would vote for the opera, while lyric song, pianoforte, and orchestral music would all have returns far ahead of chamber music, which, except in Berlin and in some other German centres, plays but a small rôle among musical entertainments. At the same time it would be wrong to gauge the popularity of instrumental quintets, quartets, trios, and duos by the frequency with which they are heard in public. Chamber music, like lyric song and pianoforte music, is heard to best advantage not in a concert hall, but in a private music room of moderate dimensions. The playing of it in a large auditorium is a concession to the desire of hearing the great artists in such music, and the necessity of having an audience large enough to compensate them. Amateurs, moreover, seldom have sufficient technical ability to quite do justice to many of the masterworks in this domain of art.

Whatever one's individual preferences may be, it cannot be denied that an addiction to chamber music, at home or in the concert hall, is a healthy sign of musical life and progress, and cannot be commended too highly. Those who incline to make experiments in this direction will find Mr. Kilburn's book a useful manual. It considers the history of chamber music from the earliest times to Brahms and Dvorák, Richard Strauss and Bruckner, and the opinions advanced are usually sound. Judging by the comparative allotment of space, the author has more sympathy with the

older composers than with the modern schools. Tchaikovsky and Grieg, in particular, are treated at much less length than they deserve, which is the more surprising inasmuch as a Russian composer entirely unknown to fame, Gretchaninoff, has twelve pages devoted to him, while Tchaikovsky has only one. The exalted position of Schubert among chamber music composers also is hardly realized by our author.

This book has copious illustrations in musical type, pictures of composers and players, autographs, and an appendix containing brief biographic notes, besides a glossary of terms, in which, for example, the principal variety of chamber music, the string quartet, is thus defined:

"The instruments which form this combination, viz., the two violins, viola, and violoncello, are, as to their construction, the result of a slow development of probably 1,000 years, the fully developed violin dating from about the end of the fifteenth century. Music for the string quartet came into vogue about the middle of the eighteenth century. Earlier than this such music usually took the form of the sonata *à tre*, viz., two violins and bass."

The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell. With Elucidations by Thomas Carlyle. Edited in three volumes, with notes, supplement, and enlarged index, by S. C. Lomas. With an Introduction by C. H. Firth, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

The present edition of Carlyle's 'Cromwell' contains a thorough overhauling of the work by Mr. Lomas as collator, and Mr. Firth as critic. In one way it is unfortunate for this famous book that the era of the Civil War and the Protectorate should have been studied with such minute care by Gardiner and others during the past half century. Judged by modern standards of learning and accuracy, Carlyle is open to grave reproach, even when we have assigned his classic to the field of literature rather than of history. For example, he is always covering with sarcasm the antiquaries, like Birch and Noble, to whom he is indebted for guidance and material. Yet, as Mr. Lomas shows by the most explicit proof, they were often right, while Carlyle went wrong by neglecting to read the plain statements of fact which are contained in their books. Thus, he says: "Dorothy Cromwell . . . has a 'little brat'; but the poor little thing must have died soon: in Noble's inexact lists there is no trace of its ever having lived." Noble, however, gives the exact date of birth, and tells us that the "little brat" lived to be over eighty. Carlyle might well have spared numerous anathemas against his predecessors, and profited by using with more care what they had left behind them. At least this would be our comment if Carlyle could be tried by the standard applied to the ordinary historian.

But when a man reaches the measure of a prophet, he cannot be grouped with the *historicus officinalis*, and has not Mr. Birrell called Carlyle the greatest figure in English letters since the death of Johnson? His 'Cromwell' was designed to be an artistic piece of interpretation, and the merits which won it recognition in 1846 belong to it still despite Gardiner *et al.* Carlyle first disclosed to the English world an essential historical fact, namely, that Cromwell was neither fanatical nor hypocritical, but honest. From the first he carried public opinion with him, and though a few years ago Parliament declined to vote a statue to the Protector, the debate abounds in acknowledgments of his true greatness. And, furthermore, Carlyle took exactly the right means to accomplish his purpose, for by publishing the text of the letters he presents Cromwell (picturesque editing notwithstanding) as he actually was. From the nature of its effect upon the general sentiment, Carlyle's 'Cromwell' is more important than his 'Frederick' or his 'French Revolution.'

Historical errors abound in it—not slight ones, like the fate of Dorothy Cromwell's "little brat"—but vitiations of the gravest character, such as the reiterated statement that Cromwell was a despiser of parliaments. Reading his own present-day philosophy into the events of the period, and limited by a large ignorance of English history prior to the Civil War, Carlyle worked out some singular results. Of these two shortcomings his prejudice against parliaments was on the whole the more fruitful source of perversion. He either did not know or would not admit that Cromwell protected the Long Parliament from the army for above a year before he suppressed it, and enacted the celebrated scene only in the last resort. Furthermore, Carlyle misrepresents the whole tenor of the political development which follows 1653. As Mr. Firth says in his introduction:

"When Cromwell had put the key of the House in his pocket, and had sent the members about their business, he did not decree (as Carlyle would have done) that henceforth there should be no more talking-shops in England. On the contrary, the first thing he did was to call another, in order 'to divest the sword of all power in the civil administration,' and when that failed, he called a second and a third. For Cromwell's political ideal was not a government without parliaments, but a government which worked with and through parliaments. Without the consent of the people of England in Parliament assembled he knew that he could found nothing permanent, that he could not secure for posterity the civil and religious liberties for which so many men had died."

It is the function of Mr. Firth, in the introduction from which we have just quoted, to put Carlyle's Cromwell into line with the most recent research and with the sanest opinion now current regarding the great Rebellion. The criticism thus called for he has furnished in a manner that exacts exceptional praise, for he has brought learning, insight and literary skill to bear upon a large historical issue. There is much wit in his essay of thirty pages, and among its humors may be mentioned the detailed account of Carlyle's relations with Mr. William Squire of Yarmouth, who, after the first appearance of 'Cromwell,' announced that he possessed the journal of Sam Squire, a Roundhead trooper, and also thirty-five letters of Cromwell himself. These letters Carlyle published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and held to be authentic against the whole weight of antiquarian opinion, though they contained a good smattering of nineteenth-century phrases. Even when he met Squire he was not enlightened, but found the author of the hoax "full of innocence." The episode is curious in itself, and illustrates in a somewhat unexpected manner the working of Carlyle's mind.

Mr. Lomas's contribution to this edition is largely bibliographical, but his painstaking examination of Carlyle's methods as editor is hardly less interesting than the general criticisms of Mr. Firth. We cite his chief generalization, together with a peculiar example which falls under it:

"Taking Carlyle's edition as a whole, the mistakes in the letters are very numerous, but not, as a rule, important. Sometimes, however, they affect the sense, and in such cases Carlyle unhesitatingly inserted words of his own, without reflecting that, as Cromwell was a very accurate writer, he would not be likely to send out letters which needed such 'embellishments' to explain them. See, for instance, Letter XCIII., written to Mr. Mayor on the subject of Richard Cromwell's marriage, and entirely in Cromwell's own hand. Into this short letter Carlyle inserted nineteen words, most of which were quite unnecessary, and one or two misleading. Moreover, where Cromwell speaks of the contingency of Mayor himself having a *son*, Carlyle (who imagined him to be speaking of Richard) added a note, 'Grandson, *i. e.* In the next sentence, die means more properly *live*.' It is hardly necessary to say that, in an important business letter, Cromwell did not say 'son' when he meant 'grandson,' or 'die' when he meant 'live.'"

This edition not only supersedes all others, but has much independent value as a piece of erudition.

Belgian Life in Town and Country. By Demetrius C. Boulger. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

This is a painstaking account of Belgium considered from every side—social, political, racial, commercial, industrial, rural, urban, educational, legal, literary, military, and colonial. If the book has a fault it is one in a measure inherent in the subject, namely, that it is not in the national development of Belgium as a modern country that we are mainly interested. Belgium has been created in the last seventy-five years, but, clever as the creation is, it does not much appeal to us. It is a little too French, perhaps, for us to believe it original. This is a pity, for, philosophically considered, the wonderful prosperity of Belgium is the result of an interesting experiment in autonomy and liberal institutions.

Owing to the perversity of the human mind, prosperity and good government do not stimulate the imagination, and consequently the tourist and ordinary reader will care less than they ought for a good deal of Mr. Boulger's information. But the author may fairly reply that he did not write for the tourist and ordinary reader. They are already provided for. The glories of the historic "Low Countries," their treasures of art and architecture, are celebrated more fully by other writers. Mr. Boulger does not by any means pass these subjects over altogether, but has essayed the useful, if humbler, task of showing us Belgium as it is; and this, we think, he has done very well. His picture of Belgium gives just the necessary amount of history; the rest is description. In the opening chapters on Fleming and Walloon, the modern Constitution and the Legislature and electorate, he is perhaps at his best. The study of the mining life of the country in chapter vii. is also valuable in a different way.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addison, Julia de Wolf. Classic Myths in Art. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2 net.
Aflalo, M. The Truth about Morocco. London: John Lane.

Ames, Joseph S. Text-Book of General Physics. American Book Company.
Bell, Lilian. At Home with the Jardines. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Besant, Sir Walter. London in the Time of the Tudors. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. $7.50.
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Davis, William Stearns. Falaise of the Blessed Voice. Macmillan. $1.50.
Douglas, Amanda M. A Little Girl in Old Chicago. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Early Western Travels, 1748-1846, Vol. VII. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company. $4 net.
Elliot, Daniel Giraud. The Land and Sea Mammals of Middle America and the West Indies. Zoological Series, Vol. IV. Parts I. and II. Chicago: Field Columbian Museum.
Fetter, Frank A. The Principles of Economics. The Century Co.
Field, Walter Taylor. Rome. Two vols. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.40 net.
Gass's Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. With an Analytical Index and Introduction by James Kendall Hosmer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $5 net.
Goff, Emmet S., and Mayne, D. D. First Principles of Agriculture. American Book Company.
Groff, Alice. Freedom. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Holland, Rupert S., and Jenks, Robert D. The Citizen's Handbook. (Pennsylvania Edition.) Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1 net.
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Irwin, Wallace. Nautical Lays of a Landsman. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Jack, Adolphus Alfred. Shelley. London: Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.
Japan in the Beginning of the Twentieth Century. Published by the Imperial Japanese Commission to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.
Johnston, Annie Fellows. The Little Colonel in Arizona. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Kaye, John Brayshaw. Vashti. Putnams. $1.25.
King, W. Francis H. Classical and Foreign Quotations. New ed. London: J. Whitaker & Sons; New York: Thomas Whittaker. $2.50.
Lawrence, T. J. War and Neutrality in the Far East. London: Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
Litchfield, Frederick. How to Collect Old Furniture. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Litchfield, Grace Denio. The Letter D. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Loomis, Charles Battell. More Cheerful Americans. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Mann, Hugh. Bound and Free. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Newell, J. R. Poems and Songs. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.30.
Niver, Harmon B. A School History of England. American Book Company.
Ober, Frederick A. Our West Indian Neighbors. James Pott & Co. $2.50 net.
Osler, William. Science and Immortality. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 85 cents net.
Oxenham, John. Hearts in Exile. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Perry, Lilla Cabot. From the Garden of Hellas. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
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Sachse, Helena V. How to Cook for the Sick and Convalescent. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Smith, Flord R., and Perry, Arthur C., jr. Geography of New York. American Book Company.
Spieker, Edward H. Greek Prose Composition. American Book Company.
Streeter, John Williams. Doctor Tom. Macmillan. $1.50.
Taber, M. J. The Cathedrals of England. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.60 net.
Tolstoy, Leo. War and Peace. Translated by Constance Garnett. Three vols. McClure, Phillips & Co.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1904.

The Week.

President Roosevelt knew, when he called Mr. Henry C. Payne to his Cabinet, after Mr. McKinley's refusal to give him office, that his political standards were much those of Quay or Platt. Hence Mr. Roosevelt was not entitled to sympathy when Mr. Payne failed to do him credit in office. We are assured that, after the gravity of the postal scandals was recognized, Mr. Payne did his utmost to ferret out the offenders. But when the first proofs were brought to his attention he denounced them as "hot air," and did what he could to suppress them, even to the extent of attacking and wrongfully accusing Mr. Seymour W. Tulloch, to whom he never made due reparation. With many genial personal qualities, his first thought was for the party; the public service came next, and he owed his retention in office to Mr. Roosevelt's unwillingness to dismiss a Cabinet officer under fire, and turning to Mr. Bristow to do the actual work of reform.

Secretary Shaw blossomed out on October 5 into a Constitutional pundit, holding in his speech at Indianapolis that it is "by no means certain" that the Constitution gives Congress the right to investigate an executive department of the Government. Congress may, it is true, make the laws governing the administrative officials, but, once made, they have "sole authority." It is a pity that this comfortable doctrine was not discovered long ago. It would have come in uncommonly handy to estop some of the disagreeable inquiries Congress has made—into the Conduct of the War, for example, or into the Crédit Mobilier and Pacific Mail Subsidy scandals. It is really amusing to see a Secretary puffing himself out in this way, as if beyond the reach of the grand inquest of the nation. Mr. Shaw has once or twice come perilously near setting himself above the law, but some one ought to tell him that his high and mighty airs will not be stomached by Congress. "I fancy it would cause a commotion," he says, "if the Chief Executive should demand papers from the files of Congress"; but it would be nothing, we can assure him, to the commotion that would be caused by a Secretary of the Treasury refusing information to a Congressional committee of investigation. He would soon find out that the breath which had made him could also destroy. Secretary Shaw is on the wrong tack. What he should try to convince people is, not that a Democratic House could not lawfully thrust a probe into the departments, but that it would find no rottenness there.

Senator Fairbanks is to speak in Wisconsin under the auspices of the La Follette and not the Spooner Republicans. To this extent the National Committee has reversed the position it took last June when it seated the Stalwart delegates in the National Convention. This is undoubtedly a heavy blow to the faction dominated by the "Federal crowd," led by the two United States Senators and the chairman of the Congressional Committee. Yet according to the standards which the party maintains elsewhere, there would be no excuse for withholding recognition. Even Addicks, in Delaware, because he can produce more votes than the other side, receives recognition in every way that the party and President Roosevelt can give it. It is now perfectly certain that if anybody can "deliver the goods" for the national ticket it is La Follette. He has received the sanction of the highest State court, and in the caucuses of last week he snatched the city of Milwaukee from the hands of his opponents.

"Call off the third ticket," cry the La Follette Republicans of Wisconsin to Chairman Cortelyou. "The Stalwarts were the ones who went to court for vindication. Now that the decision is in our favor, it is time for them to withdraw. If the national ticket suffers, it will be their own fault." Mr. Cortelyou is in the position of a tamer of wild animals who finds two of his charges tearing each other's throats five minutes before the curtain rises, yet he must present to the audience "our happy family, in which savage beasts from all quarters of the globe live together in affectionate harmony." Does any one suppose that the Wisconsin fight can be "called off" by any power on earth? Both sides long ago passed the point where even a temporary truce could be patched up. The differences, while small enough on the surface, are irreconcilable. The withdrawal of the third candidate will not make the Stalwarts vote the regular Republican ticket. His presence in the field is important only because a vote for Schofield will hurt La Follette but half as much as a vote for Peck. The new appeal unto Cæsar, however, has another aspect. It places on the national leaders once more the responsibility of putting their fingers into the Wisconsin mess. La Follette and his partisans had every reason to feel aggrieved at the contemptuous and offensive way in which they were "thrown down" at the Chicago convention. If now the national chairman fails to do what the Governor asks —which, there is much reason to believe, he could not do if he tried—there will be still less ground for the Regular Republicans of Wisconsin to feel any obligation to support the national ticket.

What crimes men will commit in the name of electing a President, we see again in the news from Delaware. The Addicks and the anti-Addicks Republicans have fused—that is, corruption and decency have fallen into each other's arms in order to save the State for Roosevelt. Party pressure has been too strong for common honesty. The fight which the anti-Addicks Republicans have been waging for so many years, in the hope of saving Delaware from the foul hands of a public debaucher, they now give over lest the three electoral votes of their State be lost to the great preacher of political purity and the arch enemy of compromise with sin. Better that thirty or three hundred votes were lost to him than that a single one should be won with the Addicks smirch upon it. The "fusion" in Delaware—this political mixture of light and darkness, honor and shame—was attended by every circumstance of ignominy. Addicks agreed to take a "Regular" Republican for Governor, provided the latter would promise to appoint an Addicks tool Secretary of State. When this infamous agreement was first proposed, the Wilmington *Evening Journal* said of it that not only would it be in plain violation of the Delaware Constitution, but that "the man who would accept on these conditions would be such an obnoxious worm that it would be a proper act to spurn him with our feet." Pleasant reading for Mr. Preston Lea of Wilmington, the "fused" candidate!

A single word of but three letters marks the only important difference between the Massachusetts Republican platform and that adopted by the National Convention, yet this is all that distinguishes a plank which means something from one that means nothing at all. "Commercial reciprocity" the national platform wanted when it could be secured "without injury to American agriculture, American labor, or *any* American industry." One sawmill, one boatload of herrings, could, under this, stand in the way of liberal statesmanship. It took no more courage for a mediæval theologian to refuse acceptance of a "que" than for a New England Republican to reject this little "any." Still, in advocating reciprocity with Canada, there was no such rashness as the Democrats showed in naming coal, lumber, fish, and natural products as the articles

which should be admitted duty free. For ourselves, we rejoice at every sign of Republican revolt against tariff shackles, yet in judgment on Friday's reciprocity plank we would respectfully cite a critic whose "great ability and scholarly attainments" the convention officially recognized, viz., Henry C. Lodge. The convention of which he was master last April declared that "reciprocity with Canada" is a mere phrase until the concessions offered on one side and demanded on the other are stated in detail. Those who demand reciprocity with Canada should furnish details if they desire action." If that remains an intelligent criticism, the Republican and Democratic platforms adopted last week are just the documents to which it should be applied. Senator Lodge was near to tears in his speech to the Convention, but all the stage business of the broken voice and the raised right hand cannot obscure the obvious fact that Lodge has been forced to beat an ignominious retreat on the reciprocity plank. It came down to a question of his eating his own words or having to fight for an endorsement by the Convention, and he showed with alacrity the great purpose for which he had been constructed hollow.

Since reciprocity is to occupy a prominent place in the tariff discussion of this year, it is important that the Democratic attitude toward the Cuban treaty should not be misrepresented. Mr. John Sharp Williams has replied to the insinuation in the President's letter of acceptance that the Democrats are insincere in their advocacy of reciprocity. If a willingness to go farther than your opponent in a good cause is a mark of insincerity, then the Democrats in Congress should be found guilty of it. In the Fifty-seventh Congress their crime consisted in getting the bill amended so as to remove the "differential" duty which protects the Sugar Trust, and in that form the Republican majority was unwilling to pass it. In the last Congress, when Mr. Williams had acceded to the leadership, all the House Democrats but eight voted for the bill, while thirteen Republican votes were cast against it. Thus, on the only specific proposal for reciprocity before Congress in the last few years, the Democrats actually stood for a larger measure of liberality than the Republicans.

Timothy L. Woodruff seems to be the only prominent Republican who openly admits that there is any trouble ahead of his party. The rainbows which gild the skies of B. B. Odell, jr., William Barnes, jr., Francis Wayland Higgins, and Louis F. Payn, the reconciled, when they talk for publication, have faded into the light of common day before Mr. Woodruff can manage to turn his head that way. He thinks President Roosevelt will carry the State of New York, but he does not disguise the fact that "a sharp fight" is being made against Mr. Higgins. If there is any soreness in the Republican party, Woodruff is the man to know about it. At this very minute he is lying outside the breastworks among his bleeding followers, where his eye can note every wound, his ear catch every groan. No marvel that this scene of misery renders him skeptical about the extravagant claims of the Odell managers, based on a "private poll," and about the "developments before election day which will amaze the Opposition and cement the Republicans into a solid and united party." It was ex-Gov. Frank S. Black who, in his speech nominating Roosevelt, sneered at the Democrats for fighting each other rather than the common enemy. Mr. Black follows the method of those church fathers who used to recommend as a spiritual exercise the contemplation first of the sin of the angels, and then the sin of Adam and Eve. If he is interested in the spectacle of factional strife, upon which he philosophizes with so much vivacity, he has but to look about him in his own party.

The theory that Mayor McClellan's removal of the Civil Service Commission was nothing but a political trick is too clever by half. It was not only a "McCarren man" who had to go, but two "Murphy men" as well. In any case, the reasons given for the dismissals are sound and sufficient. Officials who violate the law must not whimper when they are visited by the penalties of the law. And it must not be forgotten that the Mayor's sincerity will soon be in the way of a conclusive test. He is now under double bonds to act similarly in any new cases of the kind brought to his attention. The Civil Service Reform Association will have fresh cause to go to him with every well-founded complaint. He will be bound to follow his own precedent. No doubt the new Civil Service Commission will bear watching. Mr. Coler's record is not inspiring to reformers, but he has the fate of his delinquent predecessor before his eyes.

When Judge Parker quoted a decision of the Supreme Court in support of his contention that the common law provides a remedy for the evils caused by Trusts, he did not realize upon what a feeble reed he leaned. The whole question has been carried to the October term of the *Review of Reviews;* and that august tribunal, the entire editorial board sitting *in banco*, has unanimously reversed the Supreme Court. The opinion, which was delivered by Shaw, C. J., states that the defendant, one Parker, although "a gentleman of fine mental poise," has not shown "a very masterful grasp of national affairs." This, the opinion continues, "was to be expected" from one who had devoted himself exclusively to the humdrum duties of a mere judge. Kindly, but firmly, Mr. Justice Shaw lays down what is now the law of the land, and shows that "the common law has no application to matters of national concern," and that the Trusts can "be dealt with from the national standpoint" only by "the enactment of Federal statutes." This is the end of the matter; henceforth the case of the Rough Rider vs. the Judge is *res adjudicata*. While the question was before the lower courts, we expressed the belief that the weight of authority was on the side of the Judge. That opinion we are now obliged to recall. We admit, with shame, that we had no basis for it except a decision of the Supreme Court; but now that the law has uttered its final word, we hasten to correct the error. Like the House of Lords, the *Review of Reviews* cannot reverse itself; and there is nothing for the Judge to do but to take to the tall grass.

The lynching of a white man at Kershaw, South Carolina, who had himself killed four men at different times and yet gone unpunished, has stirred Southern newspapers to further denunciations of the prevalent lawlessness. They have at last awakened to the fact that so insidious a moral disease must be checked the instant it first shows itself unless the whole surrounding country is to be infected. The Atlanta *Constitution*, the Columbia (S. C.) *State*, the Charlotte *Observer*, and many others are daily calling upon their readers to redeem the South's good name. The *State*, for one, realizes what material injury is being done to the cotton States by the frightening away of capital and immigrants. All this, as we have said before, is highly encouraging. But the Southern newspapers will not do their whole duty unless they are ready to follow the *State's* lead and include in their denunciations the Tillmans, Vardamans, Jeff Davises, and others who seek political honors by abusing negroes and by inciting to lawlessness and race hatred. The latest offender is Congressman J. T. Heflin of Alabama. Speaking at Tuskegee, he said he thought that no harm would have been done if Roosevelt and Booker Washington had been blown up when they dined together. This, he now explains, was only a joke, but he said in earnest that if Mr. Washington interfered in the Congressional contest, "there is a way of stopping him. We have a way of influencing negroes down here when it becomes necessary."

In a noteworthy article in the *Forum* Prof. Kelly Miller calls attention to the readiness with which the entire negro race is condemned for certain crimes,

just as if no white men were ever guilty of them. In 1890 no less than 81 white persons were convicted in the United States of the "unmentionable crime." In the city of Chicago in one year, more white men were arrested and convicted for this offence than there were negroes charged with it in the entire South. In 1902 there were 148 persons arrested for it in New York city alone, as against fifty negroes who were done to death for the crime in the South. But, as Professor Miller points out, nobody comments on the New York or Chicago offenders, or is particularly excited over them, while the whole country is informed of the "black scourge." "If," he adds, "cases of lightning-stroke were advertised with as much horrifying particularity, we should all live in momentary dread of the terror of the sky." A recent study of lynching by a Yale graduate shows that of 1,872 negro victims of mob law, only 35 per cent. were killed on the charge of rape. How many innocent men there were even among them nobody can tell.

Kuropatkin has begun his advance southward, and has already engaged the enemy in force. This shows his entire confidence in the Siberian railroad, whose successful operation has been the marvel of the war. When the first blow was struck, there was a general assumption that the management would collapse. The rails were too light, and there were too few sidetracks to permit the handling of many troop trains. The crossing of Lake Baikal was also an insuperable difficulty; and Japanese spies, Chinese bandits, or daring raiding parties were certain to blow up bridges and cut the line with sufficient frequency to make it unworkable. Finally, it was pointed out that the supplying of an army at such a distance by one frail line of railroad was an unheard-of undertaking. Yet the Siberian railway has done more than was expected of it, having been blocked only for two weeks early in the summer. No spies or raiders have done any injury worth speaking of, and the building of the line around Lake Baikal has just been successfully finished. More than that, Gen. Kuropatkin has had all the rolling stock he needed at his immediate disposal at his end of the line. The comparative ease with which he retreated from Liaoyang, leaving only insignificant stores to fall into the hands of his disappointed pursuers, is conclusive proof of this. And, despite the retention of emergency and hospital trains, the Siberian railway has brought him more and more men with unceasing regularity, while from no source has there been the slightest hint that his men were suffering for want of food or were in need of ammunition. A winter campaign is in prospect.

One thousand millions is the estimate of the cost of the war to Japan made by Count Okuma in a public address at Tokio on Thursday. He doubtless bases this on the belief that hostilities cannot last more than two years, within which time one or the other of the contestants must stop for very exhaustion. Whatever the outcome, the issue has been bravely faced by the Japanese statesmen. Their financial plans have not thus far miscarried in any particular. Not content with providing for the passing hour, they are looking far into the financial future. They have shown our Republican editors and politicians who deny the possibility of retrenchment in national expenditures, that they can use the pruning-knife at a time when nations are generally most reckless in their expenditures, by lopping off $10,000,000 in prefectural expenses. If necessary, they will cut down the schools and hamper popular education. What a comment upon the alleged benefits of warfare, that so progressive a nation must retard its own development because of a dispute with another Power over the property of a third, and burden its people with an enormous debt to be paid by future generations!

That an open breach between Chamberlain and Balfour can long be delayed seems improbable after the former's speech of Wednesday week. There was a distinct note of resentment and warning in it. The Premier's announcement at Edinburgh a couple of days before that he did not favor protection, seems to have nettled Mr. Chamberlain. He himself does not desire "the protection of fifty years ago"; all he wants is that foreigners be made to "pay toll on shipments to the British market"—in other words, the old protectionist nonsense about the foreigner paying the tax. When it came to the question of a colonial conference and waiting for a general election, Mr. Chamberlain was even sharper in his criticism of the Prime Minister. The prospect of "endless delay," with repeated consultation of the constituencies, is naturally distasteful to a man of Chamberlain's years. Others may wait, but he is an old man in a hurry. Besides, he now has full control of the Conservative party organization. He feels that he is master, and that it is Balfour's part meekly to obey.

If anybody wonders how Mr. Joseph Chamberlain finances his protectionist campaign, let him ponder the following incident. A year ago, Mr. White, chairman of the Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers, stated that "if the wisdom and statesmanship of the country should declare that duties on some manufactures should be levied, cement was an article that would cry aloud to be included." The same gentleman has just now reported that the profits of his concern had increased during the past twelvemonth by some $100,000. Evidently, therefore, what his industry is "crying aloud" for is not protection, but swollen gains. And equally evident is the fact that the men who hope to see their profits multiplied by law, are willing to help Mr. Chamberlain get control of the lawmaking body, in expectation of favors to come. In a word, English nostrils already perceive the smell of corruption that has always attended protective tariffs.

English sticklers for purity in public life will have got a severe shock in the election of Mr. Marks for the Isle of Thanet. Though successful by a reduced Conservative majority, this candidate's private character had been openly assailed. He was charged with financial irregularities of a grave sort. So intense was the dislike to having a man of his record stand for Parliament that the London *Times* kicked over the party traces and said that Mr. Marks ought to be defeated; while a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury was used against him, though it merely insisted in general terms upon the duty of giving a seat in the Commons only to reputable men. But the constituency was doggedly Conservative, and doubtless thought it was better to elect a protectionist under a cloud than a free-trader above challenge personally.

"The German Empire must be very strongly welded together if it is not to be injured by such discussions and happenings," is the view of the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* of the Emperor's extraordinary action in the matter of the Lippe-Detmold succession. The truth is, that there is friction from time to time between the component parts of the Empire and the Federal Government, and, though Lippe is but a tiny part of the Emperor's domains, his remarkable attempt to influence its affairs is bound to cause uneasiness elsewhere. In Detmold there is natural indignation. The chief minister has dared to "hurl defiance at the forces trying to overturn the present order," and the delegate to the Reichstag would express his views if only the law of leze-majesty permitted. The dynastic questions involved were thoroughly threshed out in 1897 when the late regent was installed, and it is therefore particularly annoying to his subjects to have the Kaiser reopen it now in favor of his brother-in-law, whose pretensions to the regency were unfavorably passed upon by a special court of arbitration composed of six members of the Supreme Court of the Empire. This court held that the late regent was entitled to the succession. It is for a reversal of this carefully rendered judgment that the Kaiser is now so unwisely contending.

"KNIGHTS OF THE BIG STICK."

Word comes from Iowa that the Republicans of that State are to organize paraders for the campaign under the title of "Knights of the Big Stick." The idea is, of course, to brazen out one of the objections to President Roosevelt. There have been instances where a term of reproach has been defiantly taken up and worn as an ornament, but never anything quite like this latest "Iowa idea."

Here is a great agricultural State, sown with schools and dotted with churches. Its senior United States Senator, Mr. Allison, is the great economizer at the head of the Committee on Appropriations. He has been supposed faithfully to represent his constituents in standing for thrift and peace. Yet we see the most sedate and moral among them—at least, men asserting that they are such—ready to embark on a madcap policy of huge expenditures leading to war. Either that, or their proposal is a foolish trifling with the greatest national concerns, in itself almost as unworthy and menacing as the open glorification of war would be.

We say this, because we believe there is a profound and needed truth in a sentence of the "Appeal to the Nations" issued by the Peace Congress on Saturday. It is the one calling upon intelligent people everywhere to "arouse themselves to a finer and more adequate conception of their rights in the determination of the foreign policies pursued by their governments, that they may no longer be involved in foolish and ruinous wars with other Powers." Here is indeed the *fons et origo* of modern wars. They are made not by the people, but by diplomats. They spring not from race jealousies or international hatreds, but from the negotiations, the exigencies, too often from the diseased pride or the political ambitions, of Foreign Secretary or President. Relations between nations are subtly inflamed and secretly poisoned by those in charge of their foreign policy; the people are left in the dark, all unknowing, when suddenly the announcement is made of a strained and acute situation, the press sounds the trumpet, the appeal to patriotism is artfully made, and the country finds itself at war, it knows not how or why.

That is an exact description of some of the most terrible of recent wars. The Boer war was made in the office of Colonial Secretary Chamberlain. He kept not only the English people, but even his own chief, Lord Salisbury, practically in ignorance of the dangerous path he was treading, and they saw not that it led over a precipice until it was too late to draw back. No one can follow the diplomatic negotiations preceding the war between Japan and Russia without perceiving that it was the dictators of foreign policy who brought on the countless woes we have seen. It was true of Russia, at any rate, that her people dreamed not seriously of war, were averse to it, and went into it finally with unconcealed regret and reluctance. They furnished a grim illustration of the power of a haughty or unscrupulous man clothed with great but passing authority, to plunge a mighty nation into mournful disaster.

Such a danger is one from which Americans can boast no exemption simply on account of their form of government. We have no autocracy, but we have a President vested with enormous powers. They are greatest of all, and most perilous because most vague, in precisely the region of foreign policy. Stevens, in his 'Notes on the Constitution,' cites a private conversation he had with ex-President Hayes, in which that experienced man pointed out the possibilities of the indefinite "war powers" in the hands of a reckless or ambitious President. A Cæsar or a Napoleon, if so minded, could easily run his course under them. How imminent the peril of their abuse may be, with the people all unwitting, President Roosevelt showed us in his dealings with Colombia a year ago. In reality, he went to war with that country, of his own volition. Not one of his learned defenders who have talked so much of his Constitutional right to "recognize" the unhatched republic of Panama, has ventured to touch upon Mr. Roosevelt's order to prevent Colombian troops from moving freely on their own territory. That was an undoubted act of war. If the chivalrous President had not picked out an emaciated invalid to beat with his stick, a bloody conflict would at once have followed; and he alone, without act of Congress, by no mandate of the people, would have been responsible for the desolating consequences. As it turned out, Colombia being too weak to resent our defrauding and bullying, Mr. Roosevelt was simply responsible for one of the meanest and most dishonorable acts that ever stained our diplomatic annals.

The moral of the "Appeal to the Nations" is not that foreign policy should be determined in mass meeting. That is not intended by the advice to keep a more jealous eye upon its conduct. It is impossible to strip our Presidency, for example, of its great powers in international relations. But with the great powers should go great prudence, large sagacity, restraint, gravity, a knowledge of the law and a willingness to abide by it. Let us not think of abolishing the powers, but of getting men who will exercise them safely. And when we find that we have a President who recklessly swings his club among all the breakables of the Foreign Office, let not a sober people fail to rebuke him, at the first opportunity, for what is either his incredible levity in an exalted station, or else a recklessness which can only be called criminal. If they show that they are ready lightly to condone Mr. Roosevelt's beginnings of mischief, they cannot complain if, with a popular election as his ostensible warrant, he should let his dangerous policy bring forth its perfect work. In that case, the Iowa farmers and church-going merchants would look in vain for the peace in which their truest interest lies, and would find the Big Stick, of which they propose to make a campaign jest, coming down in sober earnest, but upon their own heads.

THE WAY TO SEEK PEACE.

It is a remark of the great Roman historian that it is easier for evil-disposed men to agree in promoting war than it is to unite those desirous of peace. This truth was illustrated by the Peace Congress at Boston on Thursday. With the aims of that body we are in the heartiest sympathy. Its deliberations have been, for the most part, admirable in tone, and its resolutions went straight to the duty of saving the nations, not only from insensate war, but from being crushed to the earth by insensate armaments in time of peace. Still, when it was a question of following up sound doctrine with individual application, there was a division of opinion and a strange hesitancy in pressing truth to its conclusion. The Congress was willing to seek peace by commendable generalities, but apparently not to pursue it by an unflinching rebuke of those who are seeking war.

The report on the "reduction of armaments" thanked President Roosevelt for his promise to summon another Hague Conference, and expressed the opinion that its "first act should be a plan for the arrest and ultimate abolition of armaments," which the previous Conference had declared to be "a crushing burden on the whole world." Excellent, said one delegate, the Rev. C. F. Dole; now let us do something practical. If we are to disarm, let Messieurs the Armers begin! Accordingly, he introduced a resolution setting forth that, "whereas no European country has the intention of invading an American country, there is no need of suspicion against our neighbors, and there is no necessity for the increase of our naval armaments." Instantly there was heated objection. One of those retired generals who usually furnish the bellicose element in peace congresses, took the floor to protest against such a reflection on the Government of the United States. He "stood there as an old soldier," etc., to say that a huge American navy meant the upholding of the Monroe Doctrine, and that meant peace. So the resolution was voted down.

This convenient lugging in of the Monroe Doctrine as an excuse for arming to the teeth, is an artifice which has been worn thin by too much use. If no for-

eign nation took a step which threatened violation of the Doctrine, even when we had no navy worth speaking of, why these sudden qualms now? It looks very much as if the determination were to have swollen armaments at all hazards, and that the need of sustaining the Monroe Doctrine is simply a pretence. In itself, at any rate, the argument will not bear examination. If a big fleet is our sole bulwark of peace, then we ought already to be at war, since our navy is far surpassed in strength by that of Powers who, according to President Roosevelt, are prevented from attacking us only because they fear us. All this is to turn things upside down, and to convert security into a reason for distrust. This whole conception of the Monroe Doctrine as a great guarantee of peace that keeps us constantly in dread of war, and compels us to endure the burdens of war even when nominally enjoying the blessings of peace, is so absurd that it almost seems as if Pope had foreseen it when he wrote in the "Dunciad" of the place

> " . . . where Folly holds her throne,
> And laughs to think Monroe would take her down."

This contention that immense armaments make for peace is hollow. It will not bear the weight of a good history. The facts make it collapse. This cry is simply a variant of that of ambitious rulers in all ages. Napoleon III. had no Monroe Doctrine, but he had the Empire. "L'Empire, c'est la paix." But everybody knows now what a barefaced lie that was. The display of might provokes rivals; it does not intimidate and certainly does not conciliate them. If enormous armies and great naval strength insure peace, why are Russia and Japan fighting? Take the case of Germany today. Why all these international jealousies on her account; why the irresponsible talk in our navy that "we shall have to lick Germany next"; why the organized campaign of the newspapers and military experts in England to bring on a war with Germany? Simply because Germany has a navy, strong already, and to be made stronger. But for that, it is certain, we should not hear from so many quarters *Delenda est Alemannia*. The point is that the armament which, on the theory, should have greatly increased the chances of peace, has, in fact, diminished them. We look for peace, and lo! a sword.

It is necessary to think clearly and speak frankly about this matter. Peace does not depend upon fear. It goes with good will and mutual respect. Threats are a vain thing for safety. The nations will not embrace each other at cannon's mouth or bayonet's point. Peace kept by the stronger? What is it that has made the history of the Anglo-Saxon race so painfully near Wendell Phillips's description of it as "a drunken revel of blood"? The law of the strong which is, not peace, not forbearance, but aggression and bloodshed. We must clear our minds of this cant about the needless multiplication of the engines of war being really a peace measure. That is not their real design; that will not be their actual effect, unless history needs to be rewritten and human nature is radically changed from what it always has been. Knowing these truths, happy will Peace Congresses be if they boldly utter them. War is a game which kings would not play if their subjects were wise, and it is also, as Shelley tells us, "the statesman's game"; so that it is the duty of those who make and unmake statesmen—namely, the people who have to pay the taxes and furnish their bodies as food for cannon—to insist by voice and pen and vote that war, and the huge armaments that lead to war, shall be kept out of their thoughts and plans.

CONFUSION IN WISCONSIN.

It would have been hard for the Wisconsin Supreme Court to hand down a decision which would have less influence on the political situation than will that of October 5. The outsider, no less than the citizen at home, has longed for the chance to say, after a judicial review of the Republican split, "At last the situation is clear. Now both sides know where they stand." As a matter of fact, the decision makes the situation more, rather than less, confusing. The Democrats have promptly declared that the election of Peck for Governor is now certain, while the Republicans, with equal manifestations of delight, assert that there is no longer any doubt of the State's electoral vote for Roosevelt. Wisconsin thus joins that extraordinary roll of States which the Republicans claim for the national ticket, but concede to the Democrats on State issues.

One thing, at least, can be assumed: no considerable number of the men who burned their bridges behind them last spring and have taken part in the Stalwart campaign during the summer, will vote for La Follette now. It is questionable if many of them ever intended to support even their own respectable third ticket. Those who did, now that the right to the name "Republican" is taken from their nominee, can with clearer consciences vote for the Democrat. If the decision had gone the other way, there would have been at least a sentimental obligation to vote the ticket pronounced "regular," though among the La Follette partisans it would have caused a feeling of resentment against the "Federal crowd" which they might have gratified by "knifing" the national ticket.

In much of the discussion of the Wisconsin complication, critics have failed to realize how overwhelmingly Republican the State was to start with. The percentage of Republican "scratching" which would elect Herrick in this State, would hardly attract attention in Wisconsin. La Follette was first elected Governor in 1900 by a plurality of 103,745 out of a total vote cast of only 441,900. In 1902, with a vote but little more than one-half as large, he had 47,599 votes more than his opponent. The ratio of Republican to Democratic votes in his first election was about as 11 to 7. In 1902 it was about 4 to 3. Thus, if we figure upon the 1900 returns, fully one-fifth of the Republicans must go over to change the result, while on a basis of the 1902 figures the proportion must be about one-sixth.

Nobody knows the exact numerical strength of the Stalwart movement, but it unquestionably includes much more than a fifth of the Republican party. It elected only a little less than half of the delegates to the last State convention. It has the support of a majority of the Republican papers of the State and the services of most of the old party "war horses." The railroads and the manufacturing interests are with it. Counting as a Stalwart every believer in Republican policies who is for any reason opposed to Gov. La Follette, the faction cannot have been very much weaker numerically than that which supported the State Administration.

Yet possible danger to the national ticket may come from the very strength of the faction which the national convention recognized. Say that 20 per cent. of the Republicans must vote for Peck to elect him. Only a mere handful of these need take the trouble to mark their ballots for Roosevelt electors to make the national ticket safe. But suppose two-fifths of the Republicans leave La Follette, and the Democratic Governor gets an overwhelming majority. Then the electoral ticket goes with it, unless a full half of the bolting Republicans vote split tickets and mark every Roosevelt elector separately. In fact, there will be a good number of "fair-minded Democrats" who will vote for La Follette and Parker electors. He would be rash indeed who attempted prophecy on the data at hand, yet there is certainly no reason for abandoning hope either for a Republican Governor or Democratic success on the electoral vote.

The local campaign is now under way, and it shows that in one State, at least, the charge of "apathy" is unfounded. Men who concede the truth of many of the Stalwarts' charges are supporters of La Follette; men who believe in all of the Governor's measures joined in the "bolt" last spring. M. G. Jeffris, the presiding officer of the "rump" convention, fired the opening gun of the Stalwart campaign in Milwaukee the other day. As the *Sentinel* put it, "For the first time since he began his campaign of vilification and misrepresetnation four years ago, the arguments and pretensions of Gov. La Follette have

been met and refuted from a Republican platform by a Republican speaker." His speech dealt almost wholly with the charges against La Follette as an administrator. He dwelt on the shortage in the State Treasurer's office, the high fees charged the Prudential Company by the Insurance Commissioner for an examination. He described the increase in State expenses; denounced La Follette's political methods, as in the use of game wardens to look after his interests; charged him with defaming the good name of the State, and with having secret understandings with the railroads and seeking favors from them while fighting them openly. But as to the measures with which La Follette is identified, half the shots hit no mark. La Follette wants a primary law. Mr. Jeffris was himself opposed to it, yet he pointed out that the Stalwarts were willing to extend the direct primary to 1,100 offices, and joined in submitting to the referendum the more comprehensive bill. On this, the allegation against the Governor is simply that he insisted on all or nothing. La Follette wants a railroad commission, partly elective and partly appointive. The Stalwarts want it to be entirely elective. La Follette wants the railroads taxed on an ad-valorem basis. So do the Stalwarts; in fact, they trace the origin of the plan to Senator Quarles. One sees how issues cross each other and personalities collide in this remarkable Wisconsin campaign.

PROGRESS OF PRIMARY REFORM.

In the present status of the direct-nomination discussion in this country, general arguments on the theory should give place to study of experiments and the working out of safeguards against the incidental evils. Primary reform is receiving attention in a number of States this year. Oregon is to make the first trial of a direct-nomination law passed last June. In Wisconsin the most comprehensive act of this kind ever proposed in a Northern State will be submitted to the voters. In Illinois, Charles S. Deneen, the Republican candidate for Governor, is strongly advocating legislation along the same line, and declares that if he is elected with a Republican Legislature, and primary reform is not accomplished, he shall consider his administration a failure. Minnesota and Massachusetts have, within the last fortnight, nominated candidates by the direct primary.

The Minnesota primaries have been followed by the usual criticisms, which point out three objectionable features: interference with one party's nominations by members of the other, undue advantage to men whose names are widely known; and the display of petty prejudices. The St. Paul *Globe* asserts that the voter who would use the blanket ballot provided by the old primary law to vote for candidates of the other party, now, under the amended law which requires a public declaration of party allegiance, "just as unblushingly demands a ballot of the party to which he does not belong, and does the same thing. We have violated the principle of secrecy of the ballot," it concludes, "without any gain whatever." The Minneapolis *Journal* applies the second criticism pointedly to the overwhelming victory of the extreme "stand-patter," Congressman McCleary. Seventy-five per cent. of the Republicans in his district believe in revision downward, it says, "and with a decided dip at that." There was a sharp fight against his renomination. Yet the opposition vote was only a few hundred. "The people of the Second District sacrificed their political views in a political campaign for the personal benefit of a man they knew and liked." A defeated candidate spoke of another weakness, namely, that "a candidate has small chances of winning unless his name ends with a 'son.'" This is the same difficulty that was met in the aldermanic primaries of Boston last winter, where the leaders could not get the Democratic voters to nominate any candidates who did not have Irish names.

It was promptly pointed out, to the discredit of the primary law, that the notorious "Doc" Ames, whom the most brazen of bosses would hardly dare to offer for an elective office, and who probably would not have had a vote in an open convention, came in third with 5,000 votes in one of the Congressional fights. At the same time, it is fair to note that, by this same primary, the Republicans nominated for Mayor D. Percy Jones, the man who, as president of the aldermen, took hold and cleaned up the Minneapolis city government when Ames ran away.

The direct primary, in short, is neither a failure nor a panacea. When the issues are clearly defined, and the electorate is interested and conscientious, its advantages over the convention are so obvious that there is little to be said on the other side. But when the campaign is listless and there is nothing particular to vote about, the nominations which it makes are no better, and may be worse, than those which an enlightened and sagacious leader would dictate. As people become accustomed to the direct primary, it may work better. Voters will perceive that the same judgment is necessary in the primary as in the election itself. Meanwhile there are details deserving attention.

The most serious difficulty in practice has been to prevent one party from interfering with the other's nominations. Massachusetts and Minnesota require from the voter a declaration of his party allegiance at the polls. There has been strong objection to this in both States, and conscientious men have refused to vote on account of it. One reason for the general satisfaction with the workings of the direct primary in the Southern States is that this trouble is almost entirely absent. It is the practice in many localities to allow any white man to vote in the Democratic primaries. Oregon's new law requires the voter to enroll at the spring election in order to take part in the fall primaries. There is some embarrassment just now because the law was passed after the spring election and no one had the chance to enroll. But the general principle is that of the law in New York, which demands enrolment for the primaries so long beforehand that the contests in the party will not ordinarily have shaped themselves.

The framers of the law which will be submitted to the referendum in Wisconsin sought to avoid the declaration of party preference, and at the same time discarded the blanket ballot. The voter will enter the polling-place and receive from the clerks a bundle of ballots, one for each party important enough to have a column on the regular election ballot. He will mark only one of these, but will fold them all, and, passing out, deposit the marked ballot in one box and the unmarked ballots in another. The inclusiveness of the law may be its strength. It applies to the Governor and all State officers, county officers, members of the legislature, Representatives in Congress, United States Senators, and party committeemen. It is believed that every voter will take an interest in the contest for some one of these positions, and will therefore not throw away his vote purely to embarrass the other side.

Another interesting feature of the proposed Wisconsin law is that relating to party platforms. It provides that the candidates for State offices and for the Legislature shall meet on the fourth Tuesday of September, and there adopt the platforms of their respective parties. The theory of the convention system is that the party first lays down its principles and then selects the men to carry them out. In its immediate workings this law seems to put men above policies, though undoubtedly the campaign preliminary to the primary will bring out the issues sharply enough—when there are any.

THE SPANISH WAR CLAIMS.

Few except those directly interested care any longer about such far-off, forgotten things as the claims of American citizens against Spain, growing out of the Cuban war. Of course, they were one of the reasons we alleged for going to war with Spain. The spectacle of American residents in Cuba being done out of property in amount from $25,-

000,000 to $50,000,000 was one that finally broke down our patience. We fought and conquered Spain; and, in the treaty of peace, our Government agreed to take over and settle by itself all these claims. That done, it proceeded to do its own citizens out of their property more unblushingly than Spain herself.

This may seem a hard saying, but its substantial truth will not be questioned by any one who has taken the trouble to follow the decisions of our Spanish Treaty Claims Commission. Composed of five members, with ex-Senator William E. Chandler as president, it has taken positions completely at variance with the official attitude of President McKinley on the same subject, not to speak of speeches and reports in Congress. The report of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, for example, in support of the joint resolution practically declaring war, said that "much" of the $50,000,000 of property in Cuba belonging to American citizens had been "destroyed," and added that the claims already on file in the State Department amounted to $16,000,000. Will it be believed that, after all that, and after this Government had bound itself, by Article VII. of the Treaty of Paris, to "settle the claims of its citizens against Spain," making its assumption of these claims one of the reasons for demanding the Philippines as indemnity, the Commission has taken a view of our liability which practically throws these claimants out of court?

Such is the fact, however. By a majority vote (two out of five dissenting), the Commission has laid it down as "a general rule" that Spain was not responsible for damages caused by "an armed insurrection beyond control." It also has decided that "concentration and devastation" (the very things about which the American people were crying to Heaven in 1897 and 1898) "are legitimate war measures." The legal result of all this is to put the burden of proof upon the claimant, to show, not merely destruction of his property, but also that the Spanish officials had the power, and did not exercise "due vigilance," to prevent its destruction. This will naturally be impossible in nine cases out of ten; and the inevitable result will be to leave hundreds of outraged American citizens without redress.

We are not saying that the opinions of the Commission, in the matters referred to, are not good international law. But this Government was bound, in decency, not to take advantage of them. We deliberately waived them in advance. Concentration legitimate warfare? But President McKinley distinctly declared in his messages to Congress that it was not. On December 6, 1897, he declared that "it was not civilized warfare. It was extermination." He repeated the opinion in almost the same language in his war message of April 11, 1898. But Commissioner Chandler sardonically puts all this aside. He writes with characteristic cynicism in his opinion:

> "The President had not then seen and probably did not anticipate the concentration and devastation by United States troops under Gen. Bell in the Philippines. Possibly if he had supposed that, in addition to arousing just national indignation in order to bring on war with Spain for the liberation of Cuba, he was announcing a new principle of international law, and making a finding of facts happening in war which should be conclusive and binding upon United States courts in all future time, he would have withheld or moderated the soul-stirring utterances with which he began a great war for the freedom and independence of a new nation."

Equally strong was the commitment of this Government to the view that these large claims were not only a grievance, not only a partial justification for going to war, but a valid set-off, after being assumed by this country, to the demand of indemnity that we made upon Spain. Secretary Hay was almost tearful when he telegraphed to Paris: "Surely, Spain cannot expect us to turn the Philippines back and bear the cost of the war and *all claims of our citizens* for damages to life and property in Cuba without any indemnity but Porto Rico!" That is to say, we insisted upon taking the Philippines because we were going to pay these millions in claims of our own citizens. Then we turn about and refuse to pay the claims. Commissioner Maury, in his dissenting opinion, puts the case with cruel exactitude:

> "The United States, with satisfaction thus delivered into its hands by Spain, is a trustee of that satisfaction for the holders of the claims which it thus forced Spain to admit and settle; and its representatives should not be permitted now to defeat them before this commission as claims against itself as trustee, on grounds that are wholly inconsistent with those taken by it when Spain was a suppliant for peace on any terms—grounds that, in my judgment, go far toward making mockery of Article VII. of the treaty and of the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States prohibiting the taking of private property for public use without 'just compensation.'"

Clearly, these injured Americans would have been better off if we had never gone to war with Spain to redress their injuries. As against the Spanish Government, the Administration at Washington would undoubtedly have pushed their claims with vigor, and it would have demanded the payment of every penny. But when its trusting subjects came to ask that their losses be made good by their own Government, which had solemnly covenanted to do so, they find it swallowing its own words, repudiating its own President, and driving them away empty-handed. Well, at any rate, it is not a very powerful argument for war. A peaceful tribunal could not have done worse by these claimants than the one which, created by a war partly undertaken for their relief, now mocks at their calamity.

GERMANY, ENGLAND, AND RUSSIA.

Foreign observers who have watched with alarm the intense partiality of the English press and public for their Japanese allies, find renewed cause for uneasiness in the determined attacks upon Germany now appearing in Imperialist newspapers. The London *Times* returned to the assault the other day by printing an account of a secret agreement between Russia and Germany in regard to Far Eastern matters. This is said to have been reached during the negotiations for the recently concluded commercial treaty between the two countries. While the anonymous correspondent is not able to give the exact terms of the new understanding, he is certain that it "secures for Russia Germany's support in the ultimate settlement of the terms of peace with Japan." The *quid pro quo* for Germany is a free hand in carrying out the Emperor's scheme of *Welt-Politik* in China "along the lines of least resistance."

Just how malevolent this Machiavelian policy of the schemers in the Wilhelmstrasse is can only be gathered from an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, which is crammed with enough terrible nightmares to please even our sensation-seeking naval jingoes. Far from having designs upon this country, as our Navy Department wiseacres would have us believe, "Calchas" knows by divine inspiration that the one aim and object of the German nation is the destruction of England on land and sea. The friendly meeting of the sovereigns at Kiel is loftily waved aside. The neighborly visit of the German squadron to Plymouth was nothing less than an armed reconnoissance, enjoying "inexplicable opportunities for the study of our coasts and fortresses." These facilities should be restricted at once, while the English fleet should prepare, "with Japanese foresight," "consciously, thoroughly, and with increasing vigilance," to meet the deadly enemy on the North Sea. The real aims of Germany, according to this prophetic soul, are so multifarious as to beggar description in a mere newspaper article. Suffice it to say that Germany intends to carve out a "yellow India" in China; that she has designs on Constantinople; that she would direct Russia's attention to India and Persia after the Czar's exhausting defeat in Mantchuria, to weaken England; that she would make permanent the antagonism between the British Empire and Czardom; that she would force France into the Dual Alliance or make her drop the *entente cordiale*, etc., etc. In short, the history of diplomacy does not record more deep-laid schemes, more subterranean and world-shaking policies than are here credited to the Kaiser and his counsellors.

At the repeated official denials from Berlin the *Times* scoffs persistently. Although the new commercial treaty be-

tween Russia and Germany has not been published, and many German newspapers fear that it is less favorable to their interests than they had hoped, the *Times* knows that Berlin dictated its own terms and that Russia will obtain a loan from Berlin bankers in return. The semi-official press, it condescendingly explains, has received its orders from the Foreign Office, but to carry them out is forced to "grossly misrepresent" the original statements of the *Times* correspondent. All of this may afford profitable advertising for the *Times*, but it neither adds to that journal's prestige nor aids the cause of European peace.

It is, of course, true that Germany is in a position to profit by the Russian embroilment in the East. She has already profited. The serious Russian pressure on her Eastern frontier has necessarily been relaxed by the departure of troops for the East, her shipyards and factories are working overtime to complete Russian contracts, and her merchants and steamship lines have been quick to pick up the business which the Japanese themselves have had to give up for war reasons. Above all, the revelations as to the military and internal weaknesses of Russia have strengthened the hands of the German Fortign Office. The progress of events has made the Russian Bear a more welcome ally since it has become plain that his claws are not nearly so sharp as had been feared. But the fact remains that a large portion of the German public is quite as averse to any binding alliance with Russia as it is wholly free from military designs upon England, despite the friction of the past six years. The great bulk of the nation would welcome any readjustment which would relieve it of the tremendous military burdens it now believes necessary. And the bitter results of the Bismarckian colonial ventures are no encouragement to empire-building in China, even if that country should fall to pieces. The extra military expenditures such a course would involve would be most distasteful and burdensome.

At the same time, the German Liberal papers have been quick to point out that there are grave internal problems and urgent reforms crying out for adjustment—"our people's freedom needs developing," one newspaper puts it—and that their solution will be advanced the minute the fear of war in the East is removed. Far from there being any danger that good relations with Russia would make for a reactionary and absolutist policy, it is contended with much weight that the opposite would be the case in both countries. But all this does not lend so much as a color of truth to the charges of a conspiracy against Great Britain and her interests, or of a fixed intention to pull Russia's Eastern chestnuts out of the fire for her. So important a newspaper as the *Allegemeine Zeitung* resents the suggestion that Germany should follow M. de Lanessan's proposal of mediation. Obviously, such a move would immediately expose her to French and English criticism. Of course, the English anti-German press conveniently forgets how warmly it applauded the Anglo-German agreement, and how universally the world recognizes the Kaiser's notable influence in behalf of European peace. But nobody ever doubted that Imperialism walks hand in hand with insincerity and inconsistency.

TALMA.

PARIS, September 28, 1904.

There is at the present time in France a mania for erecting statues, and frequently statues of the most uninteresting or undeserving people. This mania often serves political purposes, as the statues become the occasion of great speeches. Such was not, however, the case to-day, when a statue was erected to Talma, the actor. Talma has the reputation of having been the greatest actor of the beginning of last century, but it seems a little odd that the necessity of having his marble effigy should have been felt only at the beginning of the new century. There remains nothing of the actor after he has disappeared from the stage. He can hardly be said to have any personality, as he never appears except as expressing thoughts which are not his own. His character loses itself in a hundred characters. He is not a creator; there are in our French annals a few—a very few—exceptions to this rule. The most famous is that of Molière, but he was a man of genius, and when we read him or hear his plays, we don't care what sort of an actor he was himself.

Before having the honor of a statue, Talma had that of a biography, written in 1827. It fell rapidly into complete oblivion, but a new edition has just been printed on occasion of the erection of Talma's statue. The author of the biography was a certain Regnault-Warin, who seems to have been a singular and eccentric character. The only work of his worth mentioning, besides his 'Mémoires sur Talma,' is the 'Mémoires pour servir à la vie du Général Lafayette et l'histoire de l'Assemblée Constituante' (1824), yet he was an incessant writer.

He was born in 1771 at Bar-le-Duc, and before the Revolution broke out he had already written plays. He published at a very early age an Elements of Politics, a Citizens' Library, and a Eulogy on Mirabeau. He was a friend of some of the members of the Gironde, Vergniaud, Brissot, and others, and wrote in their newspapers. He was imprisoned during the Terror, and owed his life to the 9th Thermidor. We find him afterwards trying to prove that the Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI., was taken out of the prison of the Temple (some of the pages he wrote on this subject were used afterwards by the pseudo-Dauphin, Naundorff). He had evidently a taste for mystery, for after his 'Prisonniers du Temple' he wrote a book on the Man in the Iron Mask. It would be needless to give a list of his numberless essays; they sometimes procured him enemies and never much money, since he died in great poverty and well forgotten. The Memoir of Talma was his last work, the only one which is readable in our day with any profit. There is no literary merit in it, but some of the facts preserve a certain interest. Unfortunately, the author mixed matters of some importance with very insignificant and occasionally ridiculous stories.

Talma was born on the 15th of January, 1765, in Paris, where his father was a dentist. He studied diligently in the colleges Louis-le-Grand and Mazarin. His father went to London in the pursuit of his calling, and was joined there for some time by the son, who, however, felt himself drawn to the stage, played in private theatricals, and made himself familiar with Shakspere. Upon his return to France, for one year he practised the same profession as his father; but his vocation became more and more marked, he took lessons of the best actors of the time, and, after serious study, made his début at the end of the year 1787.

After many conversations with the painter David, he formed the project of a reform in theatrical costumes. Some attempts in that direction had already been made by Mademoiselle Clarion, by Lekain, by Mademoiselle d'Hubert; but the tradition which allowed the actors and actresses to play antique parts in modern costume was still predominant. Talma showed himself for the first time in the tragedy of "Brutus" dressed like a Roman, with a real toga and all the accessories of Roman costume. The public was astonished—half pleased and half shocked. Somebody exclaimed, "Why! how ugly he is! He looks like one of those old statues." The spirit of the Revolution favored reform in the theatre. The speeches of the time are full of reminiscences of Rome and Sparta. David was renovating French art; the study of the nude had become the order of the day. Pikes, liberty caps, attributes of the Consuls, ancient shields, symbolized a new order of things. The delicate art of the eighteenth century fell into contempt: dress, furniture, everything was transformed. On the 4th of November, 1789, Talma appeared in a tragedy by Chénier (brother of the unfortunate poet), called "Charles IX.," in the dress worn by the King, scrupulously copied from the old portraits. The success of this very mediocre piece was prodigious. The comedians of the National Theatre, where it was represented, were not all in favor of the reform; most of them were jealous of Talma, and disliked his very advanced opinions. Talma had to fight a duel with one of them. He left the National Theatre, and, with a fraction of the comedians, opened a rival French Theatre.

In 1791, Talma was married to Julie Careau, a wealthy lady, no longer young (she was born in 1756). She had been a mistress of the Duke d'Orléans and of the Viscount de Ségur. At her hotel in the Rue Chantereine, a present from Ségur, she received Narbonne, Sophie Arnould, Louise Contat, Vestris, Dugazon, Mademoiselle Raucourt, She brought to Talma three houses and two children. She soon had two more children by him. The union was not a happy one; Talma was very extravagant and always in debt; he had the reputation of an "homme à bonnes fortunes," and his wife divorced him after ten years of marriage. On the

6th of February, 1801, the divorce was pronounced "at their mutual request, made in a loud voice"; nothing more was required at the time.

A year afterwards, on the 16th of June, 1802, Talma took a second wife, Charlotte Vanhove, the divorced wife of a theatre musician. She belonged to a theatrical family and had been herself on the stage since 1785. She was imprisoned during the Terror, though she had captivated Robespierre (she says so, at least, in a book which she published long afterwards), and she left her prison only in 1794 to enter the Theatre of the Republic. Talma made her acquaintance at that time; she bore on the stage the name of Madame Petit, that of her first husband. She had by Talma two children, one a son, born in 1814, who entered the army and became a cavalry major. After twenty years of marriage, Talma and his wife separated "à l'amiable." Madame Talma left the stage in 1811; in 1828, she was married, for the third time, to Jacques Antoine, Count de Chabot, who had left the army as cavalry colonel. She published in 1836 a book which it would now be difficult to find, 'Studies on Theatrical Art, followed by inedited anecdotes of Talma.' It is in this book that she alludes to the momentary passion she pretends to have inspired in Robespierre.

Talma, at the time of his marriage with Charlotte Vanhove, had already made a great reputation; he had become, so to speak, the representative of a new school of acting. He was much admired by Napoleon. Talma had met Bonaparte when he was only a lieutenant, and again on his return from Egypt. After the 18th Brumaire the First Consul attended all the representations in which Talma appeared, and had frequent conversations with him. When Napoleon became Emperor, he allowed Talma to come sometimes to see him after breakfast. Occasionally he criticised him; he disapproved the manner in which Talma played the part of Nero. "I should like to find in your play the struggle of a bad nature with a good education. I should like you also to make fewer gestures. . . . I cannot praise sufficiently the simple and natural forms to which you have brought back tragedy. When persons of dignity, whether they owe their elevation to birth or to talent, are agitated by passions or pursue grave thoughts, they certainly speak loftily; but their language ought to be true and natural"; and, after an interruption: "For instance, at this moment we are speaking as people do in conversation. Well, we are making history!" All Napoleon's remarks are characterized by an extraordinary faculty for criticism, and it may plausibly be said that Talma owed much to Napoleon's comments; but people would have it at the time that Napoleon also owed something to Talma, and copied his attitudes.

In 1808, Napoleon ordered Talma and his troupe of actors to join him at Erfurt, where took place his famous interview with Alexander. It was on this occasion that Napoleon told Talma that he was to play before "un parterre de rois." A series of representations took place at Erfurt from the twenty-eighth of September to the thirteenth of October. It began with "Bajazet" and ended with "Cinna." In one of these representations, when the verse was recited—

"L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des dieux,"

the Emperor of Russia, sitting next to Napoleon, turned towards him and bowed to him; the allusion was felt by all and applauded. In 1813, Talma accompanied Napoleon again for a series of representations given at Dresden. In 1814, we find him, after the return of Louis XVIII., reading on the stage very indifferent verses celebrating the new Kng; and after Waterloo he accepted a large gratification from Louis XVIII. He was always in money difficulties, and was obliged at various times to give representations in the provinces, in London, in Belgium. After he definitively left the stage in Paris, he continued to play for a time in the provinces. He died on the 19th of October, 1826, in Paris, and was buried in Père Lachaise.

I have had the curiosity to count the plays in which he figured, outside of the great classical tragedies of Racine and Corneille. I found as many as seventy-three. What an effort of memory, what an amount of trouble and fatigue, is represented by this bare number; and of these seventy-three plays not a single one remains or deserves to remain in the permanent literature of France. Truly, the work of the actor, even of an actor like Talma, has a very disappointing side. The successful actor has intense satisfactions of vanity, but at what a price! And how much truth there is in the admirable pages of Charles Lamb on "The Tragedies of Shakspere, considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation," written after a turn in the Abbey, where Lamb had been struck by the monument to the celebrated Mr. Garrick!

Correspondence.

A WORD OF APPROBATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to thank you for the editorial in your issue of September 29, entitled "The New York Situation." The feature of your paper that I have most valued, for the many years I have been one of its readers, has been its independence, believing that standing by honest convictions was never to be varied from in favor of party success. This editorial is of value not to the voter of New York State alone, but to every other in the United States who wants to be honest with himself and with his country. Reading it, he should feel thankful that there is one paper, anyway, so straightforward, and take fresh courage for the struggle that is always before us.—Yours, etc., T. J. LE MOYNE.

ISHAM, TENN., October 8, 1904.

Notes.

Macmillan Co. have in preparation a new edition in ten volumes of the Writings of Franklin, edited by Prof. Albert H. Smyth of the University of Pennsylvania. It will contain several hundred new letters and MSS. unknown to former editors. The same firm will issue at once 'William Blake: A Study of his Life and Art Work,' by Irene Langridge, with fifty reproductions from his chief works.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish 'Mine and Thine,' poems by Mrs. Florence Earle Coates; and 'Cain: A Drama,' by George Cabot Lodge.

'Romantic Ireland,' by M. F. and B. McM. Mansfield, copiously illustrated by Blanche McManus, is soon to appear from L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Mr. Jonathan Nield's 'Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales' (London: Elkin Mathews; New York: Putnams) enters upon a third edition with much improved arrangement and with a carefully considered list of "Fifty Representative Novels" for approval or criticism. American publishers as well as English are indicated, if not exhaustively. The index of authors and subjects is retained from the second edition. The collection is avowedly select, tempered by the desire to be as widely embracing of historical periods as possible; to fill gaps, poorer work has been admitted occasionally. Perhaps the fifty list is not unaffected by this leniency. At least we think Fritz Reuter's little gem, 'In the Year '13,' might have been taken in by reason of intrinsic worth, to the exclusion either of Shorthouse's 'John Inglesant' or Besant's 'Dorothy Forster.' Mr. Nield's discursive chats with his readers can but propitiate them.

Mr. R. G. Thwaites's "Early Western Travels, 1748-1896" (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.) proceeds in volume vii. with a reprint of Alexander Ross's 'Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River' (1849), in connection with John Jacob Astor's expedition to establish the Pacific Fur Company. This is another Lewis and Clark sequel, and possesses no little interest and authority. As the voyage of the *Tonquin*, begun September 6, 1810, was by way of Cape Horn, we have a glimpse of the Sandwich Islanders; and later the Indians of our north Pacific coast are faithfully described—Ross himself took a wife from them. His testimony is, that, "in the wide field of gymnastic exercise, few Indians—I might say none—have been found to cope with civilized man. In all trials of walking, of running, of fatigue, feats of agility, and famine, even in the Indian's own country, he has to yield the palm of victory to the white man. In the trials of the hot bath alone the savage excels." There are some just observations on the want of preparation on the part of missionaries of the day, and their sectarian warfare. At the end of the volume are Chinook vocabularies.

Sidonia V. Johnson's 'Short History of Oregon' finds its justification in the coming centenary of overland exploration. But compendiums have their pitfalls, and the romance of the railroad which opened to the State a continental gateway is here evaporated into these four frigid lines; "When the last spike was driven on the Northern Pacific Railway in 1883, Oregon had direct transcontinental rail connection with the East."

Tolstoy's pronouncement against the war in the Far East, first published in the London *Times*, has just been reprinted for the International Union by Ginn & Co., Boston, and may be had for ten cents ('Bethink Yourselves'). It comes too late, we fear, for a Presidential campaign document, but it will help train the rising generation to abhor all theories of conduct and all public policies which rest upon human combativeness, whether labelled

Imperialism, Expansion, Sea-Power, or the Strenuous Life.

'Westminster Abbey: Painted by John Fulleylove, R.I., Described by Mrs. A. Murray Smith, with 21 full-page illustrations in color' (London: Black; New York: Macmillan), is in point of text a much abbreviated reproduction of the work by the same author entitled 'The Roll-call of Westminster Abbey.' In each, the historical and legendary records of the Abbey, and of the persons whose monuments it contains, form the groundwork of the narrative, which is skilfully enough maintained as a continuous treatise. In the 'Roll-Call' the history and biography are treated very fully; in the present much smaller book many of the same stories are told in briefer form, and there is a closer adherence to the order of the monuments within, and, beginning with page 121, to the exterior of the building, with its details and its subordinate structures. The illustrations are of a character common to the cheaper modern processes of color-printing. They can give satisfaction to nobody as studies of the Abbey within or without. The half-tone prints in the 'Roll-Call' are, of course, much more valuable as a record. It is probable, too, that many persons will think them more comely. A fairly successful photographic print, keeping all its gradations and intelligible in its details, will please where these slight and vague and untraceable prints, no longer pure black and white, and yet not in any true sense of the word color, will repel judicious students.

Max Beerbohm's folio colored pictorial satires, 'The Poets' Corner' (London: Heinemann; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.), boldly introduces Omar with his bored Thou, his bough, his loaf, his jug, and his book in the wilderness; and, despite its impiety to the poet, this cartoon is as amusing as any in the book. Others that may raise a smile are Browning taking tea with the Browning Society, Tennyson (focussed large in the foreground) reading "In Memoriam" aloud to Queen Victoria in perspective, and Dante in Oxford. The rest we cannot think inspired humor. They range from Goethe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Byron to Walt Whitman and Kipling.

Dante's 'De Monarchia' is a book so important, and at the same time so difficult to understand in the original Latin, that a good translation is a boon, not only to the general literary or historical reader, but even to the scholar. Church's version has long been out of print, and Wicksteed's, privately issued, is not readily accessible. There was, therefore, a real call for such a work as Aurelia Henry's 'The De Monarchia of Dante Alighieri,' published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The new translation is a good one; while not quite so literal as Wicksteed's, it is very exact and sufficiently close; and it reads easily, either with or without the Latin text. One might, indeed, if inclined to be hypercritical, find fault with its smoothness, as not accurately reproducing Dante's somewhat crabbed Latin style; it is certainly a relief, however, to be enabled to grasp the author's thought with so little effort. The abundant footnotes show careful research in various fields; they supply the student with a key to the numerous references and citations, an indication of the sources of Dante's philosophical doctrines, and parallel passages from his other writings—all done into English. An index adds to their usefulness. A modest introduction explains Dante's conception of Empire, and sets forth the place of 'De Monarchia' in his life-work. Exception may perhaps be taken to the statement, several times repeated, that the 'Vita Nuova' is essentially a religious treatise. A cautious discussion of the date of composition points toward the period between 1308 and 1313.

The Macmillan Co. is agent for the Cambridge (England) Biological Series of text-books edited by A. E. Shipley of Christ's College. The latest issue is a 'Natural History of Some Common Animals,' by O. H. Latter, M.A., senior science master at Charter House. The main object of the volume is to set forth the natural history of the animals which usually serve as types of animal structure in elementary courses in biology, especially such as are large enough to be studied without recourse to a microscope. Technicalities are avoided as much as possible, and emphasis is laid on the life histories of the various creatures as well as their structure. The series treated of includes worms and leeches, crayfish, cockroaches, dragon-flies, wasps, the fresh-water mussel, snails, frogs, and some internal parasites. The account of the special type selected is supplemented by a list of the British species of the group to which that type belongs, and a reasonable number of well-selected illustrations are scattered through the text. Though the animals treated of are British, most of them have closely analogous representatives throughout the temperate region, and the book may meet the needs of instructors of biology in America as well as northern Europe. The data furnished, as far as we have tested them, appear to be accurate and well selected, and the little manual may be recommended as well adapted for the purpose its author had in view.

In 'Thirty Years in Madagascar' (A. C. Armstrong & Son) the Rev. T. T. Matthews of the London Missionary Society gives an account of his work, largely educational, among the natives. It is replete with incident, partly humorous, showing both the difficulties in dealing with a childlike people not thoroughly weaned from heathen vices, and a practical, common-sense way of meeting them, which makes the book exceedingly helpful and suggestive to all engaged or interested in similar work. Some of the difficulties are peculiar to the Malagasy, for the conversion to Christianity of large districts was due, not to conviction, but to the fact that it was the religion of their rulers. In many places the pastor of the church was the village chief, chosen for his social standing, not for his fitness for the post. There are also numerous instances, in the sketch of the early history of the island, of a steadfast faith in the face of death, such as has characterized the Christian martyrs of all ages. Much space is given to the story of the French conquest and the attempts to drive out the English missionaries, on the natural supposition that they were inimical to the new régime. This is told largely by quotations from a French writer, and ample justice is shown to the fairness of the Governor-General, Gallieni, and his endeavors to right the wrong done the English and their converts when he became convinced that their aim was in no sense political, but simply the welfare of the people. The author apparently is unable to give a word-picture of the country and the distinctive characteristics of the natives, but this lack is in a measure supplied by the numerous illustrations, some of which are interesting reproductions of native sketches.

In his fourth volume exhibiting the Japanese system of physical exercise and self-defence, Mr. H. Irving Hancock treats of Japanese feats of attack and defence in personal encounter, under the title 'Jiu-jitsu Combat Tricks' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), Thirty-two photographs reinforce the text. A study of this book, revealing the rougher side of the art, shows why the boxer has such small chance against the agile user of the hand-edge stroke. How to harden the little finger edge of the hand for smiting and disabling purposes, to the power of which competent witnesses can bear testimony, is here explained with the clearness of a practical teacher, who knows vastly more of his art than of Japanese history or general hygienic conditions among men and women of the empire. Many of the tricks here noted may result in death. Lest some may fear that the publication of such craft secrets will provoke in our cities a fresh outburst of criminal personal assault, worse than that of the sandbagger, we remark that four years is the average time of a course in the Japanese training schools.

The September number of the *Library Journal* contains a notable article by Miss A. R. Hasse "On the Classification of Numismatics." Miss Hasse had been asked to work out a system of classification for a collection of literature on archives; in the course of her studies she made some digressions into neighboring regions and stumbled on numismatics, among other topics. She compares the treatment of this science in the Decimal Classification (both in its original simplicity and its international expansion), in Mr. Cutter's Expansive Classification, and in some European library catalogues. From all these the inadequacy of the theoretical classifications became quite apparent. This is a discovery which, we think, most specialists will make in trying to adapt an "ideal" classification to their own specialties. Any attempt to construct a classification of literature out of your own consciousness will result, if not in failure, in some very curious manifestations. Miss Hasse's criticism that both the Decimal and the Expansive schemes are classifications of ideas and not of books is much to the point. Her article should prove interesting to both classifiers and numismatists. Mr. J. C. M. Hanson's article, "Subject-Catalogues or Bibliographies for Large Libraries?" in the same number was originally written for the *Mitteilungen des Oesterreichen Vereins für Bibliothekswesen*, at the request of its editor, as part of a symposium on the subject. Mr. Hanson argues rightly that not even a very complete collection of special bibliographies can take the place of a well-prepared subject-catalogue of the actual resources of a library.

The *Geographical Journal* for August contains an account of western Uganda, by the Rev. A. B. Fisher, which throws some light on the origin of the natives of that region and their probable contact with ancient civilization. The war-horns, for instance, of the Bahuku, a forest tribe, are minute ivory tusks shaved down and scooped, fam-

ily heirlooms, and handed down from ancient times. "Each had its own peculiar mark: one resembled most clearly the planet Saturn, another the Pleiades, others various hieroglyphic signs. Questioning the folk as to the significant meaning of each, they expressed total ignorance beyond that they were intended for ornamentation by their early fathers." F. J. Lewis shows, with the aid of numerous illustrations and a map, the geographical distribution of vegetation in the basins of the Rivers Eden, Tees, Wear, and Tyne; and Dr. O. Pettersson treats of the influence of ice-melting upon oceanic circulation. Although the subject is of purely scientific interest, he makes the interesting suggestion that a knowledge of the circulation of the Indian Ocean, through surface observations combined with deep soundings as far south as Kerguelen, might furnish a foundation for forecasting the droughts of India.

While Germany has an overproduction of physicians, the reports of the Russian Ministry of the Interior complain of unusual dearth in that country. The St. Petersburg *Medical Weekly* states that at present there are 21,827 physicians in Russia, of whom 21,090 are men and 757 are women. Of these, European Russia has 19,188. Naturally the cities are best supplied—St. Petersburg with 2,272; Moscow with 1,528; Warsaw with 1,043; Kiev with 689; Odessa with 615. In the Caucasus provinces there are 1,224; and in the possessions in central Asia 459. The whole vast Siberia reports only 788. In southern European Russia there are districts where there is no physician for 100 versts around. The reason assigned for this paucity is the poor pay received, physicians being called only in the gravest cases, and many of the common people preferring the service of quacks and superstitious priests. The Military Department complains bitterly that it cannot secure a sufficient number of surgeons for the war. Rather singularly, a decrease in the number of medical students is reported from England also; the number in 1891 having been 2,405 for the United Kingdom, while the latest total enrolment is only 1,538. It will be recollected that Austria recently reported a similar state of affairs.

The first international Congress for the Hygiene of Dwelling Houses and Homes has been called, at the instigation of the French Hygienic Society, to meet in Paris from the 15th to the 20th of October. The premier, M. Combes, has accepted the honorary presidency, and specialists will discuss the various phases of domestic hygiene in six sections. The questions for one section are as to the proper construction of a city house, the garden and the yard, the arrangements for proper supply of air and for winter heating, the disposal of garbage, and the like. Another section will discuss the same question in reference to country homes; a third will discuss the tenement problem; another, schools, etc. The discussions are to be published, and a special house hygienic exhibition will be arranged in connection with the congress. There is already a general International Hygienic Exposition in Paris, running from August to the end of November.

—The current *American Historical Review* is embellished by a delightful "aside" from Mr. Goldwin Smith on "English Poetry and English History." He rapidly runs his finger down the annals of his country from Chaucer to the present hour, characterizing the poetic output of the several periods, and passing summary judgment here and there on individual writers. Shakspere's political opinions come in for notice, and his views of "the mystery of existence and the other world." And when Giordano Bruno visited England and became "the centre of an intellectual circle which sat with closed doors, was Shakspere perchance one of that circle?" The Baconians are dismissed in the sentence, "No person of sense, it may be presumed, doubts that Shakspere wrote his own plays"; the one strong point in their case being the miracle of the product from such an humble origin and education. Of Pope, Mr. Smith says: "Nothing in its way excels 'The Rape of the Lock,' or, indeed, in its way the translation of the 'Iliad,' little Homeric as the translation is." "Unsurpassed in his own line," too, is Burns, "one of the foremost in the second class of poetry," whose character is too much thrust upon our sympathy. Coleridge, "in his peculiar way, may be said to be about the greatest of Anglican divines." Shelley "is not the first of poets in mental power, but he is, it seems to me, the most purely and intensely poetic." Scott's "Marmion" is "the most truly epic thing in our language." Tennyson "was one of the greatest of poets," and "has been called a great teacher. But he has nothing definite to teach." Matthew Arnold's poetry is "simply high art." Browning's "characteristic poems do not give me pleasure of that sort which it is supposed to be the special function of poetry to give." Finally: "We seem now to have come to a break in the life of poetry in England," and "the phenomenon appears to be common to Europe in general. Is science killing poetic feeling?"

—This number of the *Review* is notable in other ways. Professor Edwin G. Bourne discusses the Naming of America in a comprehensive and judicial manner, and examines incidentally the true relation of Vespucius to continental discovery. He has a bone to pick with John Fiske for the latter's too ardent advocacy of Varnhagen's views on the subject. Mr. Worthington Ford contributes some notes discovered by him among the Hamilton Papers in the Library of Congress and acutely determined to be those made by Hamilton during the debates in the Federal Convention of 1787. The clue once found, Mr. Ford was enabled to put them in order and compare them with Madison's, as is here done, with the result that many gaps are filled, as in the case of Randolph's remarks on June 1, from which we quote one item: "Seeds of destruction—Slaves—[*former Continental army* struck out] might be safely enlisted." Under June 6 and 8, there are comments on Madison's theory. "Observ: large districts less liable to be influenced by factious demmagogues than small. Note—This is in some degree true but not so generally as may be supposed—Frequently small portions of the large districts carry elections —An influential demagogue will give an impulse to the whole.—Demagogues are not always *inconsiderable* persons." We may call attention also to excellent papers from first-hand researches on "The First Stage of the Movement for the Annexation of Texas," by Professor George P. Garrison, and on "Nova Scotia and New England during the Revolution," by Emily P. Weaver. The latter suffers by too exclusive devotion to Nova Scotia as at present bounded. Consequently, the writer has overlooked the Revolutionary manifesto of the New England colonists of the St. John River on May 14, 1766, to be found in Kidder's 'Maine and Nova Scotia' and in the Massachusetts Archives.

—The October *Harper's* opens with Edwin A. Abbey's illustrations to "Othello," to which Mr. Swinburne contributes the critical comment. The violence (shall we call it?) of Mr. Swinburne's enthusiasm for Shakspere does not abate with years. The dazzling heights of his praise for the author of "King Lear," two years ago, are fairly surpassed when we are told of the author of "Othello" that "it was his and his alone to set before us the tragic problem of character and event, of all action and all passion, of all evil and all good, all natural joy and sorrow and chance and change, in such fulness and perfection of variety, with such harmony and supremacy of justice and of truth, that no man known to historic record ever glorified the world whom it would have been so utterly natural and so comparatively rational to fall down before and worship as a God." This is interesting, but it is only with a latitude of expression such as that of Mr. Swinburne himself that it can pass under the heading of "critical comment." Henry Van Dyke contributes an essay on the "School of Life," somewhat disconnected, as one might expect, from the subject, but interesting for the original flavor of the sugar with which its ethical pellets are occasionally coated. Lucy Scarborough Conant tries in prose to communicate something of the mystic charm of the sea marshes which inspired Sidney Lanier in his most successful poem, the "Marshes of Glynn." We imagine that most readers to whom that phase of the marsh appeals at all, will agree that the nearer approach to the real heart of the subject was made by the poet. The editor continues his championship of "the direct appeal" in literature, the truth of life free of all masquerade. The literature which falls under the domination of this spirit, we are told, is the only literature which marks any real advance over the achievements of the past. The stirring, picturesque drama which forms the ideal of most story writers is good enough in its way, and its execution often displays high artistic power, but it marks no step forward in the path of human culture. The general movement away from the picturesque, of which this literary movement is but a part, is to find its compensation in greater practical utility so far as the outward investiture of life is concerned; the inward life is to get its gain in the greater freedom from external distractions.

—It is a rare thing, during an important campaign, to find together two such presentations of the issues involved as the October *Atlantic* presents from the pens of Samuel W. McCall and Edward M. Shepard. Each supports the party with which he has been connected in the past, but each with the frank admission of serious weaknesses in the political instrument which he feels constrained, under existing circumstances, to employ. The two are substantially at one on the two most important questions

of current political discussion—the tariff and imperialism; Mr. McCall hoping that the Republicans will follow their few more enlightened leaders in tariff reduction and return to their former faith in the rights of man, Mr. Shepard trusting to the force of historic Democratic traditions in both cases, backed by Mr. Parker's known views and forceful character. If the level of political intelligence and candor were generally as high as it is in these two papers, it would be a safe prophecy that one of the writers would soon be governor of his State and the other would occupy a seat in the United States Senate. Frances A. Kellor contributes a careful study of the Intelligence Office as a means of supplying household service. One of the points most forcibly established is the character of many of these offices as active agents in the demoralization of the young women whom they profess to serve. It would seem that philanthropic agencies might well undertake to supply free of charge the means of communication between householders and help, at least to a sufficient extent to make it entirely unnecessary for any self-respecting girl or woman to resort to any agency where she could not be absolutely sure of honest and civil treatment. An article on the Japanese Spirit, by Nobushige Amenomori, is notable for its frank acceptance of the military ideal, and should be suggestive reading for missionary enthusiasts who have so far forgotten their original character as to welcome armed conflict as an entering wedge for Christianity. "Having early realized that, despite the progress of international law and the humanitarian professions of the Powers of the world, might is still right at bottom in the intercourse of nations, Japan has taken to the study of the modern tactics and other military arts and sciences of the West." Japan will evidently wait for the "more convenient day" when Christian nations themselves shall trust less in the big guns and more in the herald of peace and good will.

—The military papers relating to the American Revolution which were deposited in the Royal Institution of Great Britain by M. Morgann, secretary to Sir Guy Carleton, were calendared by the late Benjamin F. Stevens, and the first volume of his calendar is now published by the Royal Historical Manuscripts Commission. What Mr. Stevens did on the American portion of the Dartmouth papers, and his wide experience gained in preparing his Facsimiles and his monumental Index of American Papers in European Archives, naturally prepare us for a careful and intelligent treatment of the Carleton manuscripts, or, more properly, the British "Headquarter" papers. Matters of supplies and accounts form a principal feature of this first instalment of the calendar, beginning with a document of 1747, and ending with July, 1779. Each commander turned over to his successor the documents needed to carry on the leading subjects of commissariat, exchange of prisoners, appointments and negotiations with the enemy and the Indians. Consisting, as it does, largely of copies, and lacking in the more personal details that lend so much color to history, the material, though of a very important character, has been little used, even Sparks and Bancroft merely sampling its quality. Mr. Stevens died before the calendar was in type, but the proofreading has been very well done by Mr. Henry J. Brown, who was so long associated with Mr. Stevens in his historical investigations.

—The most interesting incident recorded in this calendar is the treatment by Congress of the Convention troops. Burgoyne asserts that he was obliged to surrender because his army "would not fight and could not subsist," adding the rather foolish boast that, had his force been British, he would have made his way through Gates's army. But even Burgoyne was surprised at the favorable terms obtained, at the generous treatment of officers and men, and at the "conduct of Gates in showing me his army" after the capitulation. Differences soon arose over the disposition of the Convention troops, and we find General Phillips protesting against the use of the word "prisoners" as applied to them. "We have considered ourselves as passengers under the sanction and virtue of a Treaty, not as Prisoners." Gates blundered, but that does not excuse the subsequent conduct of the Continental Congress in this matter. There is mention of many papers relating to the Hessian troops in America, to the tricks of the British contractors, who would send over bad flour and mouldy bread in spite of inspectors. The Loyalist corps receive notice, including one to be composed only of Roman Catholics. Affairs in the Southern colonies are prominent, and here is to be found an incident connected with an alleged violation of the navigation privileges on the Mississippi. A strike among the carpenters of the Waldeck regiment at Pensacola because of insufficient pay is graphically described in a letter from Brigadier-General Campbell. This "unmilitary conduct" is matched by the difficulties encountered by the contractors in England through combinations of workmen and "all the licentiousness arising from a superabundance of employment."

—The Committee on the relations between Libraries and the Book Trade, which was appointed at last year's conference of the American Library Association, has done some very effective work during the year of its existence. It has confined its attentions to the libraries, and has issued to date eight small but closely printed bulletins of about the size of a postal card, designed to inform librarians how to get books at reasonable prices. They contain addresses of American and English second-hand dealers and dealers in remainders, and tell how to import books from England and how to buy at auction. In choosing this line of activity the committee has taken a very practical step which cannot fail to be effective. Booksellers are merchants, and their object is to make money. If they find that it does not pay to ignore the request that libraries be treated with more consideration than other bookbuyers, they will presumably mend their ways in this respect. The movement to reduce the discount on books began in Germany. The introduction of the cheap book-post in 1873 gave new impetus to the undersellers, and also to the forces which worked to abolish the discount. During the eighties and nineties a determined fight was kept up between the organized booksellers and the isolated undersellers, which ended only in the present century with victory for the Börsenverein der Deutschen Buchhändler and its affiliated organizations. In Germany as in America the booksellers had particularly antagonized the libraries. In this country the general public seems not to have taken much cognizance of the matter, while in Germany the university men, at least, felt seriously hampered by the new regulations. In the spring of 1903 an Academic Protective Association was founded, and the leader in the movement, Prof. Karl Bücher of the University of Leipzig, issued in the summer, under the auspices of the newly founded association, a book entitled 'Der Deutsche Buchhandel und die Wissenschaft,' which created a perfect storm among the booksellers. He claimed that the book trade had failed to follow the development of modern commerce, that its representatives had tried even to oppose the forces that were transforming it on new lines. The publishing and selling of books was in his eyes merely a commercial and industrial affair like the manufacturing and selling of any other article, while the booksellers always have regarded their craft as more or less of a profession; this claim Professor Bücher ridiculed.

—The booksellers were naturally not long in answering the attack. Their organizations issued formal protests, and the *Börsenblatt für den Deutschen Buchhandel* was filled with articles replying to the accusations of the Protective Association and its spokesman. The matter was finally brought to the attention of the Imperial Ministry of the Interior, and an investigation was ordered as part of the investigation of the Trusts which was being conducted in Berlin under the authority of the ministry. Professor Bücher maintained that the book-trade organizations, in their action to abolish the discount on books, partook of the character of a Trust. This the booksellers denied. The proceedings of the investigating commission have been published ('Kontradiktorische Verhandlungen über Deutsche Kartelle, Heft 7: Börsenverein der Deutschen Buchhändler'). It is an interesting volume, and presents the positions of the two opposing sides clearly and forcibly. Perhaps the most interesting feature is the constantly recurring word duels between Professor Bücher and the President of the Börsenverein, Albert Brockhaus, head of the well-known Leipzig firm of F. A. Brockhaus. The personalities of these two men, both powerful and strongheaded, impress the reader the more as the cause for which each is fighting is not selfish with either. The result of the conference was in the main negative. The question whether the Börsenverein was a Trust was not answered, and the opposing parties both held to their former positions. It was finally voted to refer the questions in dispute, particularly the grievances of the libraries, to a special commission of representatives of both sides. The deliberations of this committee, which met in Leipzig, unfortunately resulted in nothing but a sharpening of the differences. After a stormy session the university men left the room.

SCOTCH CONSTITUTIONALISM.—I.

The Unreformed House of Commons. By Edward Porritt. 2 vols. Cambridge (Eng.) University Press; New York: Macmillan.

The Scottish Parliament before the Union of the Crowns. By Robert S. Rait. London: Blackie & Son.

Of the many writers on English constitutional history few have paid any adequate attention to the Constitution of Scotland and the way it has affected the constitutional development of the whole United Kingdom. One preëminent merit of Mr. Porritt's 'Unreformed House of Commons' is that it traces the history and explains the characteristics of all the three Parliaments which, before the Reform Bill passed into law, had been merged in the Imperial Parliament of the United Kingdom. Contrast Hallam's one chapter of not forty small pages dedicated to the Constitution of Scotland with the nine chapters of some 180 large pages which Mr. Porritt devotes to the Scotch Parliamentary system, and you perceive at once how vast is the hiatus left by so conscientious a writer as Hallam in the story of the British Constitution as it existed down to the time of George III. Mr. Rait's succinct, accurate, and interesting 'Scottish Parliament before the Union of the Crowns' supplies just that accurate statement of ascertainable facts with regard to the Scotch Constitution which an ordinary reader may find it difficult to gather from Mr. Porritt's work. A student, at any rate, who reads both Mr. Porritt's treatise and Mr. Rait's brilliant essay will perceive that a study of Scotch constitutionalism raises more than one question which deeply affects the constitutional development of the whole United Kingdom.

Two inquiries force themselves upon the notice of any thoughtful reader: First, How did it happen that the Union with Scotland, though unpopular in both parts of Great Britain, turned out the most successful achievement of English or, more accurately, of English and of Scotch statesmanship? Secondly, Is it true that, from the time of the Union to the passing of the Reform Act (1707-1832), the will of the Scotch people obtained no effective representation in the Parliament at Westminster? To what circumstances, then, is due the success of the Act of Union with Scotland?

Two points may be treated as past dispute. The Act of Union was planned and carried through by the foresight and the vigor of enlightened statesmen. It was not a measure sanctioned by the voice of the people. If in 1707 the modern referendum had been established either in England or in Scotland, the vast majority of Englishmen would have refused to enter into closer union with a nation whom they thoroughly disliked, and the vast majority of Scotchmen would have declined to sacrifice the national independence, the maintenance of which at any cost had for centuries been the pride of Scotland. The British House of Lords was, in the early part of the eighteenth century, a far more intelligent and liberal-minded body than the British House of Commons, but within six years after the passing of the Act of Union the House of Lords rejected a bill for repealing the act by a majority only of four, and the Duke of Argyll was among the minority who voted for the dissolution of the Union.* But if we may be certain that the Act of Union was not sanctioned by the approval of the people, it has been, if judged by its results, the most beneficial triumph of statesmanship which is recorded in the annals of the United Kingdom. Sir Walter Scott was by sentiment or affectation a Jacobite, but he has left on record that though, had he belonged to the generation which passed the Act of Union, he would have died to prevent its enactment, yet at the time when he wrote he would have died rather than consent to its repeal.

The conditions which contributed to the extraordinary success of a bold but unpopular policy were many. Two, however, which lie on the surface of Scotch constitutional history have hardly received due attention. The Union with England was at bottom the triumph of the Kirk. There were, of course, many members of the Scotch Church, and a limited number of fanatical Presbyterians, who saw nothing but evil in the creation of a single Parliament at Westminster for the whole of Great Britain. They feared, and, as the policy of the Tories in the later years of Queen Anne showed, feared not without reason, that the surrender of Scotch political nationality might place in peril the independence of the Scotch Church; yet the wisest among the Presbyterians perceived that the Union with England was, for the Church of Scotland, little less than a necessity. In 1707 the restoration of the Stuarts was at least as probable as it could have appeared in 1657, but a restoration meant nothing less than a reaction which would make Jacobites and Episcopalians—or, it might be, Papists—supreme in Scotland.

The cry for the repeal of the Union was, as far as Presbyterians were concerned, caused in great part by legislation which in Anne's later years was dictated by high churchmen and Tories. The Hanoverian succession secured Scotchmen against attacks on the Church of Scotland, and Scotch Presbyterians became from that moment consistent if not enthusiastic supporters of the Union. The Church Assembly, moreover, had, as long as there was no restoration of the Stuarts and no union with England, but one possible rival in Scotland. This rival was the Scotch Parliament. During the eighteen years which followed the Revolution of 1688, the Parliament became a real and independent power in the land. Its position may be compared, and also contrasted, with the position of the Irish Parliament during the eighteen years of legislative independence from 1782 to 1800. Could any one be sure that a sovereign Parliament in Scotland might not rival and curtail the moral authority of the Church Assembly? The disappearance of the Parliament left the Assembly without a rival among Scotch institutions. Is it not at least probable that ecclesiastical statesmen who guided the Assembly did not deeply regret the disappearance of the national Parliament?

The Scotch Parliament was never, at any rate before 1688, the embodiment or representative of Scotch national sentiment. To an Englishman it seems almost incomprehensible that the ancient Parliament of Scotland should not have been as much to a patriotic Scotchman as the ancient Parliament of England was to every patriotic Englishman, or even, as in 1782, was the Parliament of Ireland to the Irish people; yet, like all the paradoxes of history, the failure of the Scotch Parliament to become the chosen representative of Scotch nationalism is the result of historical facts. The Parliament was, as Mr. Rait well insists, never the sovereign power; it was not in reality part of the sovereign power; it was an instrument of government; its function was in truth to ratify the acts and the legislation of the person or body who, at a given moment, was the true ruler of the nation. At one time the King, at another moment a noble house or a body of nobles, at another period the Church as represented by the Church Assembly, might command the support of the people and be the true sovereign of the country. The function of the Parliament was to register the sovereign's decrees. From one point of view, indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to assert that the Scotch Parliament resembled rather a French Parlement than the Parliament of England. Its legislation, which was often admirable, lay in the hands of a committee—the "Lords of the Articles"—which put into form laws approved of by the true sovereign, whether it was the King or the Church Assembly. As a merely representative body, the Parliament was so strangely constituted as to represent far less truly the genuine wishes of the nation than might a patriotic King or than assuredly often did the Church Assembly. Hence popular admiration and loyalty turned in Scotland towards the Crown or towards the Assembly, but never—at any rate before 1688—towards the Parliament. The Stuarts, with all their faults, never failed to obtain the devotion of zealous followers. The Church of Scotland after the Reformation became at every great crisis the true representative of all that was highest and most spiritual in Scotland. To this day cool-headed Scotchmen will grow very hot in defence of Mary Stuart's innocence and virtues; at this very moment an ecclesiastical question affecting the whole status of the Free Church excites more interest in Scotland than any question of legislation or of national policy. But never has one met with any Scotchman who warmed with enthusiasm for the Scotch Parliament. Hence, to the ordinary Scotchman, the transference of parliamentary representation from Edinburgh to Westminster caused a less shock than might have been expected to the patriotic sentiment of an ordinary Scotchman. The Church Assembly, the law courts, all the institutions in which he was really interested, remained unchanged. He had for more than a hundred years been accustomed to the residence of the King in London; he had never had any real concern with the election of members of Parliament. It was at least as easy to cherish feelings of patriotic loyalty towards a Stuart in exile as towards a Stuart living at Whitehall. Nothing was changed except the presence at Edinburgh of a Parliament which, until 1688, had not excited keen interest in the minds of Scotchmen.

Of the material benefits which the Union brought in the long run to Scotland there can be no doubt; but, as a student of Mr. Porritt's book will see, these benefits accrued but slowly. For a time it was arguable that the Union was a failure. Its success was to a great extent due to two considerations. It gave security to the Scotch Church as well as peace to the Scotch people. If it destroyed the ancient Parliament of Scotland, it did not put an end to any institution which commanded the fervent loyalty or embodied the patriotism of the people of Scotland.

*See Mackinnon, 'The Union of England and Scotland,' pp. 424-431.

RUSSIA'S GREATEST COMPOSER.

Das Leben Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky's. Von Modest Tchaikovsky. Leipzig: P. Jurgenson. Vol. I. Pp. 539.

"Do you know, I am not acquainted with any one who is more infatuated with little mother Russia than I am. The verses of Lermontoff which you sent me characterize our country very well, but only one side of it; namely, that intimate charm which lies in the unassuming, somewhat destitute and poverty-stricken, but open and spacious nature. I go farther than that. I passionately love the Russian people, the Russian language, Russian sentiments, the beauty of the Russian face, and Russian manners."

The note of patriotism sounded in these lines is repeated again and again in the letters of Russia's greatest composer which his brother Modest has incorporated in this most valuable and entertaining biography. When Tchaikovsky for the first time left Russia, as interpreter for a wealthy tourist, he wrote to his father: "The passing of the boundary line was a highly poetic and solemn moment. We all crossed ourselves, and the last Russian sentry gave us a 'Godspeed' and made a significant gesture with his hand." Later in his life the patriotic feeling—augmented by homesickness—was often so strong as to prevent him from enjoying the charms of other countries. At Clarens, on Lake Geneva, he writes that the Swiss mountains make him long, after a few days, for the plains, the open horizon, the limitless distances of Russia; at San Remo, while promenading among the olive trees, palms, oranges, heliotropes, and jasmines, he is seized by a sudden impulse to hasten to his room and write a letter expressing his longing for the woods and villages, the fields and steppes, of his native country. At Venice, in November, 1877, he was very angry at the evidences of strong feeling against the Russians shown by the newspapers. One day he bought a copy of the *Gazzetta di Venezia* of a man who was shouting, "Vittoria dei Turchi." A glance showed him that a hundred Russians had been routed somewhere, so he angrily asked the seller: "Where is the victory? Do you call that a defeat?" The following day, when all the other news venders were again announcing a Turkish victory, he came across the same man, who accommodatingly shouted: "Gran combattimento à Plevna, vittoria dei Russi!"

While thus fond and proud of his country, Peter Ilyitch (as his brother always calls him in these pages) treated his aristocratic descent, on his father's side, in a sarcastic if not contemptuous manner, though he rejoiced in its being unmistakably Russian. It must have been a trial to him to know that his mother's father was half-German, half-French, though possibly to this he owed his genius. His domestic affections were as strong as his patriotic feelings; separation from his parents, his sister, his brothers, often makes him weep, and, with one exception, most of his letters are addressed to them. The names of his sister and brothers—Alexandra, Anatole, Modest—always appear in these letters in the endearing diminutives "Sasha," "Toli," "Modi." When his mother left him the first time, he had to be separated from her by force, and then he ran after the wagon and tried to seize the wheels to stop them. He had the great grief of losing her when he was only fourteen years old. She died of cholera, the same disease to which he himself succumbed thirty-nine years later. Judged by her picture, she must have had beautiful black eyes; her face is remarkably good-natured and motherly. It was she who gave him his first music lessons, before he was five years old; but it was an orchestrion which gave him his first musical impressions. This mechanical organ played, among other things, tunes by Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini, and it was probably due in part to early associations that Tchaikovsky continued to love this music to the end of his life, though his own was so utterly unlike it.

In those days music played a very insignificant part in Russian life. There were no local concerts of importance even in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and the only opportunity to hear good singers or a good orchestra and chorus was at the Italian Opera. It is therefore rather surprising to find that Tchaikovsky's father should from the beginning have favored his predilection for music, and offered no opposition to his choosing a career that gave so little promise of success or prominence. He did put him into a school of jurisprudence established for boys of the middle aristocracy; but when Peter found his studies distasteful, and more and more followed his natural bent, the father interposed no veto, but actually encouraged his choice, even although he showed, after his son had become famous, that he would have preferred distinction for him in official life. Where Peter Ilyitch got his talent is a mystery which his brother is unable to solve; none of his ancestors, so far as known, had ever shown any gift in that line or any enthusiasm for the art. His father was very fond of the drama; up to the age of eighty he frequented the theatre, and was often moved to tears; but as for music, the fact that he played the flute and bought an orchestrion speaks for itself. It is strange, too, that while Tchaikovsky, as a mere boy, soon learned to repeat the orchestrion's tunes on the piano and to improvise pieces of his own, his first professional teacher declared, after a three years' trial, that it would be a great mistake for him to choose a musical career. For the first two years in the law school, moreover, though he did not give up playing, he refers to music only twice in his letters. In short, he was destined, like nearly all the prominent Russian composers, to come to his art after devoting part of his life to another specialty. Usually such a course results in a lack of technical mastery and facility, but Peter Ilyitch was a born manipulator of tones; the trouble, in fact, with his early works, is that he wrote them with too much facility—the easy writing which makes dull hearing.

It was most fortunate for the cause of music that the failure to get a promotion he had hoped for early in his career as a Government official caused Tchaikovsky to turn his back on it and to enter the newly founded Conservatory at St. Petersburg. Here he benefited particularly by the instruction and friendship of Anton Rubinstein, concerning whom this biography gives some characteristic details. Rubinstein spoke several languages, but none quite correctly, not even the Russian. His lectures were improvisations; five minutes before he began them he had apparently no definite plan in his mind; and while their substance was admirable, their literary form was "beneath criticism." He had a habit of assigning his pupils odd tasks: Tchaikovsky was asked one day to arrange one of Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas for orchestra in four different ways; and when the pupil chose the English horn and other unusual instruments and combinations for one of them, the teacher was very angry with him. Rubinstein carefully taught his pupils the use of the modern orchestral apparatus, but in the expectation that they would, like himself, avoid it in their works and confine themselves to the practices of the masters of the "classical" epoch. He never expressed any liking for Tchaikovsky's compositions, but he was fond of him personally, helped him to get private pupils, and when Nikolai Rubinstein—Anton's brother—wanted an instructor in harmony for the Moscow Conservatory, of which he was the director, Anton recommended his talented young pupil, who promptly accepted and went to that city, which for the next eleven years became his home.

The primitiveness of Russian musical life at this period is illustrated by the fact that Tchaikovsky, as professor of harmony at the Moscow Conservatory, received at first only 50 rubles a month. The first month's salary had to be spent for a new suit of clothes, which the director insisted he needed, tidiness not being one of his virtues. Nikolai Rubinstein at once took such a great fancy to his brother's pupil that he made him live with him; he gave him presents, and took care of him "like a nurse," in Tchaikovsky's own words. There were disadvantages in dwelling in the director's rooms—he had many visitors, who disturbed his protégé when he was composing; but it was not till Tchaikovsky was thirty-two years old that he succeeded in breaking away and making a little home of his own—to his great satisfaction, for the trait which in later years made him a hermit was already well established. N. Rubinstein remained his friend to the end of his life; a friend who, on occasion, did not hesitate to exercise the right of criticism. Another of his friends who made use of this right was the well-known critic Laroche. He sometimes went too far, and on one occasion he hurt the sensitive composer's feelings so much that the friendly relations were broken off for years; but it was Laroche who first foresaw that Tchaikovsky was the coming man in Russia. Concerning other men prominent in the musical life of St. Petersburg and Moscow our biographer has many interesting things to say and to cite; his volume, in particular gives one a more intimate knowledge of the real aspirations and achievements of the "new Russian school" than any book so far published for those who cannot read Russian. Tchaikovsky had a great admiration for some of the works of Rimsky-Korsakoff in particular; the sincerely complimentary yet frankly critical letters these two men exchanged are cited in full. Balakireff gave his younger contemporary useful advice, which, however, especially so far as it related to Liszt, was not always followed. Liszt was the real idol and model of the young Russians, who vied with one another in attempts to outdo him in harmonic boldness. Tchaikovsky strongly disapproved the extravagance of some of these men; yet, without having the slightest tal-

ent for diplomacy, he managed to keep on good terms with them. He believed it was but fair to give them a chance, and they retaliated by producing his works on their programmes.

Modest Tchaikovsky states in his preface that the material on which his biography is based includes 4,112 letters written by his brother, and 6,137 letters written to him by 807 persons. This invaluable material has enabled him to give his book all the charm of an autobiography. To judge by the large number of the letters by and to the composer included in this first volume of 539 pages (in the German version made by Paul Juon), most of the letters in question, with one notable exception, are by and to men. Woman plays a most peculiar rôle in his life. That he was not blind to feminine charms is indicated by a sentence in a letter written shortly after he had become a professor in the Moscow Conservatory: "Yesterday I attended the entrance examination; there were many pretty young girls." Once he discovered a niece "more beautiful than any woman I have ever seen," as he writes to one of his brothers; "I must confess that my mind is much concerned with her, which gives Rubinstein occasion for the most tiresome remarks. Whenever we appear at Tarnovsky's I am teased about her." More serious than this episode was his only real love affair, his infatuation with the well-known opera singer Désiré Artôt. He raves over her voice, her art, her grace, and other personal charms, though he admits she is not really beautiful. To his father he writes: "I love her with all my heart and all my soul, and it appears to me impossible to live on without her." The bugaboo of being a "prima-donna husband" does not frighten him, for he intends to continue his career as composer just as she does her career on the stage. The father is willing, and so is the prima-donna; but shortly after she has left Moscow, news comes of her sudden marriage to another man! Tchaikovsky does not appear to have been crushed by this tragic ending of his romance. The two remained friends, and he continued to admire her art; and when she returned to Moscow a year later, a friend who sat next to him at the opera house wondered why he kept his opera glass levelled at the prima donna, as he could not have seen her because of the tears in his eyes.

The other two women who count in his life belong in the realm of actuality which is stranger than fiction. In August, 1876, he suddenly writes to Modest: "I have decided to marry. This is irrevocable." A month later: "I have been thinking of my future; the result is my firm resolution to enter into the state of matrimony with some one or other." Obviously a mere resolution of his intellect; and, what is worse, he confesses that the thought of the change from his cosy, solitary home makes him shudder! But, shudder or not, marry he must. In the following May he became engaged. Chance furnished the bride. One day he received a letter from a girl whom he had met before, confessing that she loved him. "The letter," he writes in a subsequent confession to Mme. N. F. von Meck, "was so cordial, so warm in tone, that I decided to answer it—a course I had hitherto carefully avoided in similar cases." "Her name is Antonina Ivanovna Milkuyova, her age twenty-eight, and she is quite pretty, too; her reputation is untarnished. She lives—from love of independence—alone, although she has a fond mother. She is absolutely poor, and of a medium stage of culture; apparently, too, she is of a kind and affectionate disposition." This is how he relates the story of his courtship:

"When I met her I repeated that in return for her love I could offer her nothing but sympathy and gratitude. But later on I began to reflect on the absolute frivolity of my conduct. If I do not love her, if I do not wish to fan her flame into a still warmer feeling—I said to myself—why did I call on her, and how can this end? From her next letter I concluded that I had gone too far; that, if I were to suddenly turn away from her, I should make her really unhappy and drive her into the arms of a tragic fate. Thus I saw myself placed before a trying alternative: either I preserved my liberty, at the cost of a human life, or I married. I could not but choose the latter. Therefore I went one fine evening to my future wife, confessed to her frankly that I could not love her, but that I would remain her devoted and grateful friend; I described my character to her in detail—my irritability, my changeable temperament, my antipathy to mankind, and, finally, my financial situation. Then I asked if she would be my wife. The answer was, of course, in the affirmative. The horrible tortures I have suffered since that evening cannot be described. Quite naturally, too. To remain for thirty-seven years with an inborn antipathy to marriage, and then to be suddenly forced by circumstances into it, without being in the least charmed by the bride, is terrible."

The consequence of this amazing marriage was that, after a short period, it was followed by a separation for life. "A few days more and I swear I should have gone insane." There was no quarrel; the composer struggled, as he writes, "to recognize all her good qualities," and she prepared a home for him which he liked and occupied a short time. The only light the biographer sheds on the situation is that he speaks of "an abyss of misunderstandings between the two."

A much pleasanter story is that of Tchaikovsky's relations with another woman—a friendship which changed the whole course of his life, and to which the world of art is indebted as much as it is to that between Richard Wagner and Frau Wesendonk. Yet it is almost as strange a story as that of his marriage. He was, like Wagner, improvident; when he had plenty of money, which was seldom the case, he squandered it. His income from teaching and royalties gradually reached 3,000 rubles a year, but he had debts, had a habit of borrowing of his publisher (*à la* Wagner), and yet was always hard up. Through one of his pupils this state of affairs came to the knowledge of a widow, Madame von Meck, whose husband had left her estates worth millions. She was a most enthusiastic admirer of Tchaikovsky's compositions, which affected her more deeply than any other music, and she was eager to help him. Entering into correspondence with him, she begged him to make various arrangements of his pieces for her use, for which she paid extravagant sums; she liquidated his debts, and finally pressed on him an annuity of 6,000 rubles, to enable him to devote himself entirely to composition. Her only stipulation, all this time, was that the composer should make no attempt ever to meet her: "There was a time when I was very eager to know you; but now, the more you enchant me, the more I dread making your acquaintance; I prefer to think of you at a distance, to hear you speak in your music, and to share your feelings." Her request was strictly complied with. At one time we actually have the romantic and amusing situation—which Dumas and Stockton in partnership could hardly have improved on—of Tchaikovsky residing, by special invitation, for several weeks, in Mme. von Meck's princely villa at Brailov, with her servants and everything else at his disposal, while she remains in the city enjoying the delightful letters he writes from her place!

The correspondence between this noble woman and the greatest Russian composer is so extensive that, as our biographer intimates, it may some day be published in a special volume. It is to be hoped it will, for it is of extraordinary interest. Copious selections from it are given in the present volume, and they constitute its most entertaining as well as its most valuable pages. To this appreciative woman Tchaikovsky opened his heart as he did to no one else, telling her of his works, his method of composing, his moods, his love of nature and solitude, his health, his religion, and his opinions of other composers. Those who have read this first volume will await its continuation with eager interest.

Maria Edgeworth. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. (English Men of Letters Series.) The Macmillan Co.

Miss Lawless writes with a frank disregard for precedents. She appears either to have forgotten that criticism of the author's work has always had a prominent place in contributions to the "English Men of Letters Series," or else decided that her author has had enough of that, and so mostly made up her book of matter more immediately interesting to herself. She does briefly notice some of the novels and tales, expressing a few rather positive opinions about their comparative merit—opinions always based on personal taste, without reference to canons of criticism or accepted literary standards. There are occasional intimations of a suspicion that something deemed essential is being slighted, and, on the last pages, a few sentences of delightfully Irish construction, explaining that the writer has not wished to exalt Miss Edgeworth's literary performance, but "to show the woman rather than the wit, the moralist, or anything else of the sort."

The evidence of design is, however, never striking in Miss Lawless's intimately Irish, happy-go-lucky account of what she has read, heard, and thought about her famous countrywoman, about people she lived with and knew, and even about some with whom her connection was very slight. Maria's remote ancestors and her father, Robert Lovell Edgeworth, receive much attention. Miss Lawless is always in a state of irritation with Mr. Edgeworth, because she thinks that he blighted his daughter's imagination, but her irritation helps to make her description of that unconsciously humorous philosopher very lively. In fact, it is plainly her own enjoyment of the case that leads her to dwell upon his love affairs, his experiments in the education of youth and in mechanical invention, his friendship for Mr. Day, revered author of 'Sandford and Merton,' and many other oc-

cupations of a long, phenomenally active, and perfectly virtuous life. Miss Lawless recognizes Mr. Edgeworth's extraordinary fascination for women (a fascination strangely incompatible with such shining virtue), which procured him four wives in rather scandalously rapid succession—one at least, Miss Honora Sneyd, a distinguished beauty—and all above the average in good looks, accomplishments, and character. So fatal was his charm that, according to his own statement, shortly after the death of his first wife (Maria's mother) "it was found absolutely necessary by his hostess to drink *Mrs.* Edgeworth's health in order to dissipate any unwarrantable hopes which might have arisen on his account." His children fell under the spell, and of a family numbering twenty-two we hear of only one who resisted. This insensible youth, Richard (Maria's brother), hated the educational experiments of which he was the victim, came to hate every sort of education and all the smiling order and decorum of the Edgeworth home; so at an early age he disappeared into space, and is heard of only once thereafter, roaming still, vaguely, in America. Maria honored her father supremely, her four mothers scarcely less, and in her case the promise of the fifth commandment was fulfilled, for she lived eighty-two years in the land that the Lord her God had given her.

Miss Lawless's feeling about the extent and uniformly destructive influence of Mr. Edgeworth on his daughter's work, is rather hotly stated:

"Even when not guiding her pen—a piece of parental presumption of which he was perfectly capable — in spirit he hovered over it. . . . Wherever, in her case, the didactic impulse is seen to distinctly overpower the creative one; wherever we find Utility lauded to the skies as the only guide of an otherwise foundering humanity; above all, wherever we find an enormous emphasis laid upon the necessity at all times and places of a due subordination of the feminine to the masculine judgment, there we may feel sure that we are upon his track, and that such sentiments were uttered primarily with a view to the approbation of the domestic critic. . . . He not merely accentuated, he actually lifted into the light of a solemn duty, the most serious of Maria Edgeworth's mental failings—a lack, namely, of imagination."

This is holding Mr. Edgeworth too severely responsible for being his daughter's father. He did not need to guide her pen. She did not resent his didacticism, but, on the contrary, perfectly sympathized with it, and seems to us to have taken great personal satisfaction in the laudation of virtue. 'Castle Rackrent' is the only one of her tales that we know in which she successfully resists the desire to preach or to distort human nature for the pleasure of inculcating a moral platitude or of bringing about an edifying end. Miss Lawless wonders how Mr. Edgeworth kept his fingers out of that pie, but we feel that both father and daughter had one rare moment of clear artistic vision, and that, before that faded, the publisher had the manuscript in his possession.

Miss Lawless thinks that 'Castle Rackrent' is the "best Irish novel or tale that has yet seen the light." It is not a novel, or anything like a novel, but a tale told with great spirit and authority, fresh as if it had been written yesterday, and alas! far more witty and genial than anything likely to have been written yesterday. Among the tales for children, Miss Lawless has some favorites which she praises, and she treats the tales of fashionable life as on the whole a negligible quantity, because she doesn't care for them. She notes with justice Miss Edgeworth's superiority to her otherwise immensely superior contemporary, Miss Austen, in the portraiture of a lady of fashion; but she fails to point out that the characterization of Lady Delacour in 'Belinda,' up to the point where she succumbs to Miss Portman's rage for reform, takes rank with the best portraits of a woman in our fiction. On Miss Edgeworth's place in the history of English fiction Miss Lawless is silent, leaving it to a reviewer to mention that she was one of three maiden ladies who, about the end of the eighteenth century, determined that the English novel should be "pure," and who dedicated and practically chained it to decency—almost to domesticity—for more than half a century. As a writer of tales of the people, her influence extended from Scott to Turgeneff, and has been universally acknowledged.

Of Miss Edgeworth "as a woman" the picture is pleasant and sympathetic, but not complete. Sydney Smith said of her, when she was nearly eighty: "She does not say witty things, but such a perfume of wit runs through all her conversation as makes it very brilliant." FitzGerald describes her when very old as "lively, active, and cheerful as if she were about twenty. Really a very entertaining person." When Scott met her in 1823, he was delighted with her, as for years he had been with her books. Miss Lawless quotes these tributes from the great, but it has not occurred to her to show her "woman" in the act of winning them. Something is done for characterization by the introduction of letters hitherto unpublished—sprightly, natural letters, though one need not agree with Miss Lawless in the opinion that they "are perhaps the very best ever written by a woman in English." Besides these letters of Miss Edgeworth's, several written by a younger sister describing Sir Walter Scott's visit to Edgeworthstown in 1825 appear in print for the first time.

Oddly enough, on closing the book, one is not thinking of Miss Edgeworth, but of Miss Martin, beautiful and unfortunate daughter of the Martins of Ballinahinch. Miss Edgeworth in her old age, making a journey in the west of Ireland, stayed with the Martins. This circumstance interests Miss Lawless "for strictly personal reasons." So she characteristically dashes into the story of Mary Martin, a story of startling antithesis, not easily forgotten. The phrase "for strictly personal reasons" nicely expresses Miss Lawless's guiding motive, and though the result is a book hardly fair to a famous novelist, there are many and ample compensations for the reader.

Old Clocks and Watches, and their Makers: Being an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Different Styles of Clocks and Watches of the Past, in England and Abroad. To which is added a list of ten thousand makers. By F. J. Britten. Second edition, much enlarged. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

'Former Clock and Watchmakers, and their Work,' by F. J. Britten, author of 'The Watch and Clockmakers' Handbook,' first appeared in 1894. Altogether, more than 300 new illustrations and the names of 2,000 makers have been added to the present reissue; the reading matter has been divided into chapters, and the section on long-case clocks has been entirely rewritten. Time, and early time recorders such as sundials, clepsydræ or water-clocks, wick and lamp timekeepers, and sand-glasses, are followed by weight-clocks. "So many vague and contradictory records exist as to the invention of clocks composed of an assemblage of wheels actuated by a weight, that any attempt to fix the exact date of their introduction would be mere guesswork." The invention of a portable timekeeper was accomplished by Peter Hanlein or Hele, a clockmaker of Nuremberg, shortly after 1500, although the article was not in general use for a long time afterwards. Specimens of all periods, from the earliest down to the more recent, are described and illustrated, and it is possible to trace the gradual development of the timepiece as we know it, from the crude and cumbersome, though often beautifully wrought and decorated, watches used by our forefathers. "The grotesque and uneven cases applied to most of the early watches clearly rendered them unsuitable for the pocket." This caused the introduction, possibly by the Puritans, of the fob, from the German *Fuppe*, "a small pocket." A short "fob" chain, with a watch of Oliver Cromwell's, is in the British Museum—the first of the kind known.

Chapter V. contains the records of early makers, commencing with Nicholas Cratzer, a Bavarian, born in 1487, "deviser of the King's horologies and astronomer" to Henry VIII. From 1631, when the charter of the Clockmakers' Company was granted by Charles I. to those of the craft who were dissatisfied with their connection with the ancient guild of Blacksmiths, the records, with few exceptions, are those of prominent members of the "Fellowship of the Arts or Mystery of Clockmaking of the City of London," of whose regulations a short sketch is given. To the company's credit, it recognized the suitability of watchmaking as a vocation for women towards the close of the seventeenth century, and in 1715 it sanctioned the admission of a few female members, as also the taking of female apprentices. An account of the Paris guild, and descriptions of "French Clocks and Cases in the French Style, and other Curious Timekeepers," is followed by a chapter, with numerous illustrations, on "The Progression of English Domestic Clocks." The first in common use were of the lantern or bird-cage pattern, supported on brackets, which gradually developed into the bracket, pedestal, or mantel clock. At first they were all made with only one hand, and with thirty-hour movements; the escapement with vertical verge and a balance being used as the controlling medium. About 1658 the pendulum was introduced, quickly superseding the balance and leading to the construction of the long-case variety now familiarly termed "grandfather." The introduction into England of cheap American clocks was disastrous to the old ones, "and between 1850 and 1860 thousands of good serviceable long-case timekeepers were sacrificed, the cases being chopped up for firewood and the substantial brass movements consigned to the melting-pot." Chauncey

Jerome, in his 'Life Written by Himself,' describes the venture of sending a consignment of brass clocks to Old England. They were promptly seized at the Custom House as undervalued, and the Government exercised their "right to purchase the property by adding 10 per cent. to the invoice price." They paid cash for this cargo and for another invoice arriving a few days after, but, "on the arrival of the third lot, they began to think they had better let the Yankees sell their own goods, and passed them through unmolested."

The next chapter is devoted to the mechanism of clocks and watches, but no mention is made of the numerous inventions and improvements on this side of the Atlantic, which had such an effect on the trade in the first half of the last century. The various duties, taxes and licenses, so disastrous to the manufacturers and even owners, are described, and tables of the hall-marks are given, but the marking of foreign watch cases imported into England is ignored, although Francis Upjohn is mentioned as suggesting "distinctive marks on foreign watches, 1780-87." Since 1739 the maker's mark on gold or silver cases has been the initials of his Christian and surname, generally without any shield, as in the case of marking plate.

The remainder of the work is taken up with a list of "Former Clock and Watchmakers," most important to those who collect old clocks and watches, or who may be the fortunate possessors of them. It occupies more than 175 pages, containing the names of 10,000 makers, derived from various sources for which credit is given, with the possible exception of those of American makers, many of these being evidently taken from Miss Singleton's 'Furniture of Our Forefathers.' This list is not intended as a guide to makers of to-day, as, "after 1842, the names are given only of those above mediocrity, or concerning whom some peculiarity is known and who have ceased to carry on business." Among the early American makers noted are James Harrison, of Waterbury, Conn., "founder of the wooden-clock industry, 1790-1830"; Thomas Perry, 1750, and Isaac Heron, 1770 (both freemen of the city of New York, the only ones mentioned); Hiram Hunt, Robbinston, Me., "said to have been the original 'Sam Slick' of Haliburton"; Theodore (Thomas?) Harland, Norwich, Conn.—"to him was apprenticed Ely Terry in 1786"; Calvin (Silas?) Hoadley, Plymouth, Conn., an associate of Terry; Chauncey Jerome, pupil of Terry; Seth Thomas, another of Terry's pupils, and, later, some of the founders of the large watch companies at Waltham and Elgin. Joseph Bonfanti, 1823, and Kerner & Paff, 1796, of New York, were not in any sense makers; the former kept a "Fancy Store," the latter firm a "Music Store."

Mr. Britten's work is a perfect mine of information; it is fully illustrated, well printed, and has a fair index.

Classical and Foreign Quotations. Compiled by W. Francis H. King, M.A., Oxford. 3d edition, revised and rewritten. London: J. Whitaker & Sons; New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1904.

The manner in which this valuable and standard book of reference has been overhauled for its perfecting is detailed in the preface. It may be illustrated in the case of a short letter (G), which in the second edition had fifty items, and now has twenty-seven. This has been effected by the omission of eight mottoes of the British peerage and of twenty-four other quotations, while one has been shifted to another portion of the book. To offset this shrinkage there have been only ten additions. The bulk of the present volume is, therefore, inferior to that of its predecessors: 3,142 to 5,362 items. The slaughter of the peerage mottoes has been absolute throughout the work. Typical, also, are two examples dropped under G, "Guerre à outrance," "Gratia placendi," which belong rather to French and Latin dictionaries. On the other hand, one may regret the editor's rejecting among the "cumbersome top-hamper" the Ovidian "Gutta cavat lapidem," etc., which, by the way, in previous editions, was not accompanied by the form occurring (if our memory serves us) in an inscription in 'The Initials'—

"Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi sed sæpe cadendo."

From this instance we conclude that the judicious will not throw away the older editions, but will retain them side by side with the latest. Finally, the minuteness of the revision appears in the very first line of G, which reads: "Gallus in sterquilinio suo plurimum potest." It now reads: "Gallum . . . posse."

Without further verification for ourselves, we report Mr. King's account that citations from the French are much more numerous than heretofore, the German nearly doubled (there is a stanza from Faust omitted under G, a couplet added), the Italian and Greek likewise extended. That the Greek should be, answers an English rather than a cis-Atlantic need, where quotation from the Greek even in books is on the wane. Mr. King himself quotes from 'Endymion': "Charles Fox used to say as to quotation: 'No Greek . . '"; and reports that the oratorical practice of embellishment from this language, as from Latin, "has fallen into desuetude." The literary practice, too, we should affirm, in the United States, where Greek is no longer a needful approach to a college education. The Greek index, we remark, stands (for obvious typographical reasons) by itself. The English index is common to all the tongues using the Roman alphabet. There is also an English subject-index covering the whole work; but it still requires a pretty search to learn if a phrase, proverb, or bonmot is contained in this collection. It could hardly be otherwise.

On the whole, the tendency in revision has been to enlarge the historical or parallel comment; *e. g.*, "Ne plus ultra" is allowed two lines in the second edition, but gets fourteen in the third. Moreover, it is realphabetized, appearing as "Nec (*or* Ne *or* Non) plus ultra"; and the definition is wholly altered. "No further can be done. The highest possible degree, perfection, greatest attainment" becomes "Farther than this you cannot go. Thus far and no farther. Unsurpassed." Such rectifications and amplifications (still more strikingly exemplified under *Mors*) are of the sort which we may fairly attribute to the collaboration of Mr. Ferdinand Hoffmann of Stockbridge, Mass., whose assistance is acknowledged not merely preëminently in the preface, but in the dedication to one "whose learning is only equalled by the liberality with which it is placed at the disposal of others."

It remains to mention the enlargement of this handsome book from duodecimo to octavo, and to notice the grouping, under the head "Adespota," of more than a hundred quotations transferred from the ranks of the second edition in order to facilitate research for their paternity. Among these are such familiar friends as "Ars celare artem," "C'est plus qu'un crime, c'est une faute," "Corruptio optimi pessima."

In English Homes: The Internal Character, Furniture and Adornments of Some of the Most Notable Houses of England, Historically Depicted from Photographs Specially Taken by Charles Latham. London: George Newnes; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904. Folio, pp. xxxii., 421.

This is a collection of half-tone pictures from the pages of *Country Life*, the London periodical, some of the plates measuring 8x11 inches actual inside measurement, and none smaller than the width of the folio page. The original photographs are all ascribed to one who has been for many years recognized as an excellent maker of architectural and other out-of-door plates.

The book announces itself as being, in a way, a substitute for that admirable and well-known collection, 'The Mansions of England in Olden Times,' by Joseph Nash, which book—difficult now to procure, in its original state, that of four thin folios with beautiful lithographs from Nash's own drawings—is praised in the introduction to the present work with only such suggestions of its lack of perfect accuracy as the photographer naturally applies to the artistic and enthusiastic architectural draughtsman. It is probable that errors in detail might be found in the beautiful drawings of sixty years ago, but the spirit of the thing was in them, and the good then done and the still greater good they might have done to modern designers is easy to appreciate. On the other hand, the blackness, the light-devouring surfaces of the carefully taken print from the half-tone block, the gleaming aspect of the pages as you turn them, should not distract our attention from the fidelity of the representation, or disguise the extreme importance of the general subject treated, or the pains and good judgment shown in the selection of the examples. There must be 400 of these, and all but perhaps fifty are devoted to interior views; herein also following the example of Nash's 'Mansions.' In the older as in the newer book, it is rather the custom to give one exterior view of the old manor-house or older castle, and then to come with eagerness to the halls, galleries, and chambers within. Here we have, besides, a number of details: a gateway, a gatehouse, the exterior of some great bay window of which the interior has also to be given, or a single bay and its gable selected from the long, many-windowed front.

The reader is not to suppose that the book is exhaustive. Other such volumes might follow, all made out of the same mass of material, and all as important as this. Neither does it follow that even a series of such volumes would be exhaustive. There must be great country houses in England whose owners do not wish to have them published at all, or who may think

that they have been already described and illustrated as much as is reasonable. The proprietor of a "show place" is not always pleased by the fact that the public claims so large a share of his domain. Belvoir Castle is not in this volume, nor is Penshurst, the accepted type of the old English manor house. Knole is absent, and there is no place on earth more attractive to the student of domestic architecture than Knole. Holland House in London and Alnwick Castle in the far north are alike left for future possible volumes, and the associations with both of those great houses are familiar, are as much literary as artistic, and are sufficient to make their presence in some future collection inevitable.

All this is merely to show the limitations of the publication, because they are less visible than its many good qualities. But there is one statement which the reviewer must of necessity make, although with regret, viz., that no plans whatever are given, neither of the house itself nor of the house and grounds, nor of any part or section of the house. Nor are those plans, so desirable in such case, at all easy to come by. We must seek them in Blomfield's 'Renaissance in England,' or in the architectural folios of Belcher & McCartney, or Gotch. The books we have noticed in these pages, 'Famous Homes of Great Britain,' in several volumes appearing successively, also avoid the giving of ground plans or plans of upper stories. And, indeed, it may be assumed that there are two difficulties in the way: the one being the reluctance of house owners to have the interior arrangements analyzed as carefully as is inevitable where a measured plan is to be made; the other the fact that when the photographer goes down to Hatfield or to Moreton he does not take with him a skilled architectural draughtsman. So what we have is this—fifty-five monographs of English mansions, with four or five very large and two smaller half-tone pictures to each, on an average; and a long introduction concerning the general subject, containing briefer notices and single illustrations. Text and pictures are all printed on that irritating high-glazed "coated" paper which the printers of half-tones affect. The text is of the sketchy and conversational character not unfamiliar to readers of such volumes as this, which are quite capable of being used as "parlor table books," and in the present text there is a certain amount of information which is probably trustworthy and is certainly interesting—information about the original foundation of the building and the more or less mythical stories that are told of its after fate. The illustrations every student can imagine for himself. They are, of course, marred and their value to students diminished by the vexatious modern furnishing—the crowd of tables and chairs, hangings, and vases, without which the modern householder of an English-speaking community cannot feel herself to be at home.

The volume has no index, nor any list of plates. There is a one-page table of "Contents"—that is, a list of the buildings, with the page at which is to be found each monograph or briefer notice in the introduction.

Keltic Researches: Studies in the History and Distribution of the Ancient Goidelic Language and Peoples. By Edward Williams Byron Nicholson, A.M. Oxford. 1904.

In this volume Bodley's Librarian takes up once more the discussion of the Pictish problem and related questions in Celtic philology. Between 1893 and 1895 he contributed to the London *Academy* a series of articles concerning the ogam inscriptions supposed to be written in the Pictish vernacular. He tried to show the language to be Celtic, and made a translation in accordance with this theory; but his knowledge of Celtic at that time was so imperfect (as he himself frankly admitted) that his attempt produced very little effect. Undeterred, however, by the failure of his first argument, Mr. Nicholson pressed on with the investigation of the subject, and published in 1898 a pamphlet on "Sequanian"—a discussion of the Calendar of Coligny—and in 1900 an article on the language of the Continental Picts. The present volume contains revised reprints of the two last-named articles, a recapitulation of the results of Mr. Nicholson's previous investigations, and some further development of his theories about the Celts.

The opinions at which he has now arrived may be briefly stated as follows: He holds that Pictish was not only a Celtic, but more particularly a Goidelic language and the parent of Highland Gaelic; that the Picts were never conquered by the Scots, nor their language displaced by the Irish of Ireland; that the Belgic element was more prominent in the population of the British Isles than has been hitherto supposed; that its language was Goidelic, and that Goidelic was also widely spoken on the Continent, "from the Danube to the mouth of the Loire, and from the Tagus and the Po to the mouth of the Rhine." These propositions, as will be seen at once, are in large part inconsistent with the usual opinion about the distribution of the Celtic languages and peoples. Mr. Nicholson has argued for them with much ingenuity, and has brought together a body of material which deserves more careful examination than we have been able to give it. In recording our judgment, then, that the case is, on the whole, not proven, we are aware that we are not offering an adequate criticism of the book.

Mr. Nicholson has profited by the lesson in Celtic taught him by his former critics, and has abandoned some of the erroneous theories in his *Academy* articles. He has also acquainted himself with a good deal of the recent literature on Celtic grammar. But he appears to us still to be far from a trustworthy guide in philological investigations. We do not like his old-fashioned assumption that *h* was inserted "to avoid hiatus" in Pictavian; and still more easy-going, if possible, is his extension of the same explanation to situations in Biturigan where there was no hiatus to be avoided (p. 113). He ought, in our opinion, to have taken more account of chronology in his discussion of Gaelic sound-laws, and to have depended rather less on modern words (even from O'Reilly's discredited dictionary) for the explanation of Pictish forms. His judgment, also, we are often unable to approve. The etymologies he proposes for Mediolanum ("from the stems of Irish *med*, 'weighing-beam,' and Irish *olann*, 'wool'") and for Pelagius (from the root *$<p>el$ to fill, and *agia*, a drove; hence, "owner of many herds") do not increase our confidence in his guesses when he is dealing with utterly unknown tongues.

But, quite apart from any errors of detail in Mr. Nicholson's work, the nature of his subject is such as hardly to admit of the positive conclusions he believes himself to have reached. In his translations of the Rom tablet or the "Biturigan" charm, nearly every word is conjectural, and some of the guessing is pretty reckless; yet on the basis of these renderings he formulates certain sound changes as assured, and classifies the languages accordingly. At times, it is true, he seems to appreciate the incompleteness of knowledge in the field, as when he protests (page 6) against the assumption that Gaulish was a single language of the Kymric type. But the same protest may be made against his attempt to classify "Sequanian," "Pictavian," "Sordonic," and other still less defined dialects as Goidelic. The fact is, that sufficient evidence has not yet been found to justify any such definite classification, though the existence of "q-Celts" on the Continent has been made surer by recent researches. In the present state of knowledge we hold that the use of "Goidelic" to include anything more than the long-recognized branches of insular Celtic simply tends to confusion.

With regard to the insular Picts, we are not persuaded that Mr. Nicholson has found the key to their inscriptions: his translations leave too many inconsistencies unexplained. But he has at least succeeded in reopening the question about the relations of the language. Since Professor Rhŷs's articles on the inscriptions (in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, vols. xxvi. and xxxii.), and Professor Zimmer's study of the matriarchal usages of the Picts (in the *Zeitschrift der Savigny-Stiftung für Rechtsgeschichte*, vol. xv.), the view that Pictish was not an Aryan tongue has rather held the field. The opinion that it was Celtic, which several scholars have continued to maintain as a possibility, has received its first vigorous restatement at Mr. Nicholson's hands, and the case is by no means a weak one. But, for Mr. Nicholson's next inference, that Pictish was Goidelic and the ancestor of Highland Gaelic, the evidence is altogether insufficient, and in part unfavorable. The features cited (pp. 78-79) to show the difference between Scottish Gaelic and the Gaelic of Ireland are unimportant, and the whole discussion of the subject is inadequate. So far as we are aware, no thorough comparison of the Gaelic dialects in Ireland, Scotland, and the smaller islands has yet been made, but Mr. Nicholson seems to us to assume a much clearer linguistic demarcation among them than actually exists.

Money: A Study of the Theory of the Medium of Exchange. By David Kinley. Macmillan Co. 1904.

As the title indicates, this essay is not of a practical character. There is little in it that is historical or descriptive; it consists in a statement of principles and in an elaboration of their consequences. That

such an exposition should be dry is not surprising; but the author's style is clear, and his reasoning consecutive. We cannot help thinking it occasionally inconclusive. When we are constantly asked to "suppose a case," or to "imagine a community," or to "assume a society," we are moved to ask whether all the elements of the problem are included. If we deal with hypothetical communities and imaginary societies, we get conclusions that may be invalid in practice. A single omitted phenomenon may vitiate a whole train of reasoning.

Professor Kinley does not claim to have contributed much that is new to the subject, and he informs us that the field which he attempts to cover has recently been occupied by Professor Laughlin's 'Principles of Money,' and in part by Professor Scott's 'Money and Banking.' But he differs with these authors in his view of the influence of credit, and of the relation of the quantity of money to its value. We can do little more than call attention to a few particulars of the views here taken of these subjects.

No doubt, as Professor Kinley says, people accustomed to use credit machinery will try to increase and improve it rather than add metallic money to the circulation—the example of England is proof enough; but we cannot admit that "no other significance can be attached to the increase in the number of national banks" between 1899 and 1903, and especially to their increase in rural communities where banking facilities did not exist before. There were changes in the law to which much significance attaches, and which tended directly to favor the multiplication of banks. It is going too far, also, to say that there can be no "other economic meaning to the tremendous consolidations of great banking houses which the past few years have seen." Such events have many economic meanings.

It is incorrect, according to our author, to hold that credit has normally no effect on prices. It is also untrue that an increased demand for goods due to credit is precisely similar in its effect to an increased demand due to money. The increase in demand in a measure automatically cancels itself, by a simultaneous increase of the supply of goods, so that the total credit demand does not play directly on prices. But "credit exchange is essentially a return to barter by representative transfers of goods rather than by physical transfers. Hence it saves some expense of transfer. In doing so it diminishes the volume of exchanges made with money, and thus causes an increase in the quantity of money relatively to the volume of work it has to do. Therefore, it lowers the marginal utility of money, or, in other words, raises the level of prices."

Strangely enough, the word "money" does not appear in the index to this volume, and the only definition given consists in an account of the services which it renders. As to the value of money, it varies inversely as its quantity, provided the amount of goods exchanged remains the same. That is to say, the value of money at any moment is determined by demand and supply. But this appears to be true, Professor Kinley maintains, only of inconvertible paper, that is, of money having no intrinsic value. When a precious metal is used, to double its quantity may not halve its value. "The marginal utility of money is a resultant of the demand for money for purposes of exchange, and the demand for the money article for other uses." We may accept this conclusion without feeling, with the author, that its importance cannot be over-emphasized; especially as he proclaims the futility of attempting to establish a relation of simple proportion between the quantity of money and its value. The "rapidity of circulation" of money is declared to be a factor in the maintenance of the price level, rather than in its establishment. The discussion of this point does not strike us as luminous; but, on the whole, the book deserves commendation.

Journalism and Literature, and Other Essays. By H. W. Boynton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

The briefest of prefaces announces that the substance of these essays has appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* or elsewhere, but that they have been considerably changed in form for the most part. Certainly they have not been so much changed as to lose that fresh and easy spontaneity which was originally their most attractive feature. The pleasure we derive from them is preeminently that which we expect from conversation about books and related topics with one who is well acquainted with them and likes to talk of them. The essays are all more or less discursive; even those in which the reviewer's attitude is most evident setting the special criticism in a wide frame of general observation.

The most elaborate of the fifteen is that on journalism, and, standing first in order, it may be accepted as the essay to which Mr. Boynton would have us attend most deliberately. Strictly speaking (we are told), journalism has no literary aspect; it has certain contacts with literature, and that is all. "But it happens that pure journalism is hardly more common than pure literature." "Wherever in a journal personality emerges and fully expresses itself, literature emerges." It happens, moreover, that there is journalism in literature as well as literature in journalism. What gives us pause in these discriminations is the assumption that journalism is less journalism when it has the literary quality than when it lacks it. In this connection the late Mr. Godkin offers a troublesome problem.

"The genius of a writer like Godkin cannot be denied; it still presides over the admirable journal which owes its prestige to him. But it was a genius allied with a moral sense somewhat too readily moved to indignation. His was a singular instance of the nature which prefers the ardor of prompt service to the ardor of self-utterance. His work lay, accordingly, upon the border regions between literature and journalism."

Here is less blame than praise, but is it a good judgment? It seems to us that Mr. Godkin's ardor of service was identical with his ardor of self-expression; that the mystic line between the two cannot be drawn. It seems to us that Mr. Godkin's editorials were not a whit less journalism because they had invariably a noble literary form.

Some of Mr. Boynton's incidental observations are the more valuable parts of his discourse, as where we read: "Works of art are not ephemeral because they fail to live forever; we must not be unreasonable in demanding long life for all that deserves the name of literature." We have Mr. Kipling's journalistic literature for a particular example: "Mr. Kipling will eventually rank with a class of writers separated a whole limbo from the greatest creative spirits; one need not in the least grudge them their immediate effectiveness."

In the esssay on "Owning Books" Mr. Boynton, conceding that the private library is a less important factor than it used to be, pleads for small private collections made up of the books one loves and to which one frequently returns. The public library is a cold, impersonal affair; the circulating library is neutral. "No reader's soul is likely to be lost or saved by the weekly advent of four clean books in a red box." Much more might be said than is said for the private library as the toolchest of the literary workman. Under the head of "Pace in Reading" we have instructions in the art of skipping, and, what is better, some excellent suggestions as to reading aloud—to what extent and by whom it should be done. In "Effusions of Fancy" we have a good drive at the literature of the "creditable cancer" and other forms of physical disability or abnormality. The essay on "American Humor" leads up to Mr. Dooley. "Much of the Dooley satire is so good that it must escape the comprehension of many readers who are convulsed by the Dooley phraseology." In Mark Twain, the humorist is found subordinate to the jester. "So far as pure humor is concerned, there has never been a shadow of a boundary line between England and America." Other subjects, treated suggestively, are "Intimate Literature," "Cleverness and Originality," "The Writing Public," and "Reviewer and Critic."

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American Short Stories. Selected and edited with an introductory essay on the Short Story by Charles Sears Baldwin. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40.

Bain, Alexander. Autobiography. London: Longmans, Green & Co. $5 net.

Balzac, Honoré de. La Vendetta, and Pierre Grassow. Edited by Marie A. Péchinet. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 50c.

Beerbohm, Max. The Poets' Corner. London: William Heinemann; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

Bhârati, Bâbâ Premânand. Sree Krishna. John Lane.

Cajori, Florian. An Introduction to the Modern Theory of Equations. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Campbell, Donald Francis. The Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus. Macmillan. $1.90.

Chateaubriand. Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe (1814-1815). Edited by Louis Sers. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 60c.

Cleveland, Grover. Presidential Problems. The Century Company. $1.80 net.

Cochrane, Henry Park. Among the Burmans. Fleming H. Revell Company.

Cook, William Wallace. Wilby's Dan. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Cuyler, Theodore Ledyard. Our Christmas Tides. The Baker & Taylor Company.

Douglas, Amanda M. Honor Sherburne. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Edgington, T. B. The Monroe Doctrine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Geil, William Edgar. A Yankee on the Yangtze. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50 net.

Gozlan, Léon. Le Château de Vaux. Edited by A. H. Smith. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 40c.

Greene, Sarah Pratt McLean. Deacon Lysander. The Baker & Taylor Company.

Harris, N. Dwight. The History of Negro Servitude in Illinois. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. Grandfather's Chair. Edited by Homer H. Kingsley. Macmillan. 25c.

Hearn, Lafcadio. Japan, An Attempt at Interpretation. Macmillan. $2 net.

Helps, Sir Arthur. The Spanish Conquest in America. Vol. IV. Edited by M. Oppenheim. London: John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

Herrick, Christine Terhune. The Expert Maid-Servant. Harpers. $1 net.

Herrick, Robert. The Common Lot. Macmillan. $1.50.

Hope, Anthony. Double Harness. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Hopp, Julius. Tears. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

Howells, William Dean. The Son of Royal Langbrith. Harpers. $2.

Hugo, Victor. Bug-Jargal. Edited by Louis Sers. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 50c.
Ideals of Science and Faith. Essays by various authors, edited by J. E. Hand. London: George Allen; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.60 net.
Japan by the Japanese. Edited by Alfred Stead. London: William Heinemann; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $5 net.
Jenks, Tudor. In the Days of Chaucer. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1 net.
Karr, Alphonse. Extraits du Voyage autour de mon Jardin. Edited by Stuart G. Hallam. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 50c.
Kildare, Owen. The Good of the Wicked, and the Party Sketches. The Baker & Taylor Company.
Kimball, E. A. Pebbles from the Shore. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
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Kirk, William F. Fleeting Fancies. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
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Veblen, Thorstein. The Theory of Business Enterprise. Scribners.
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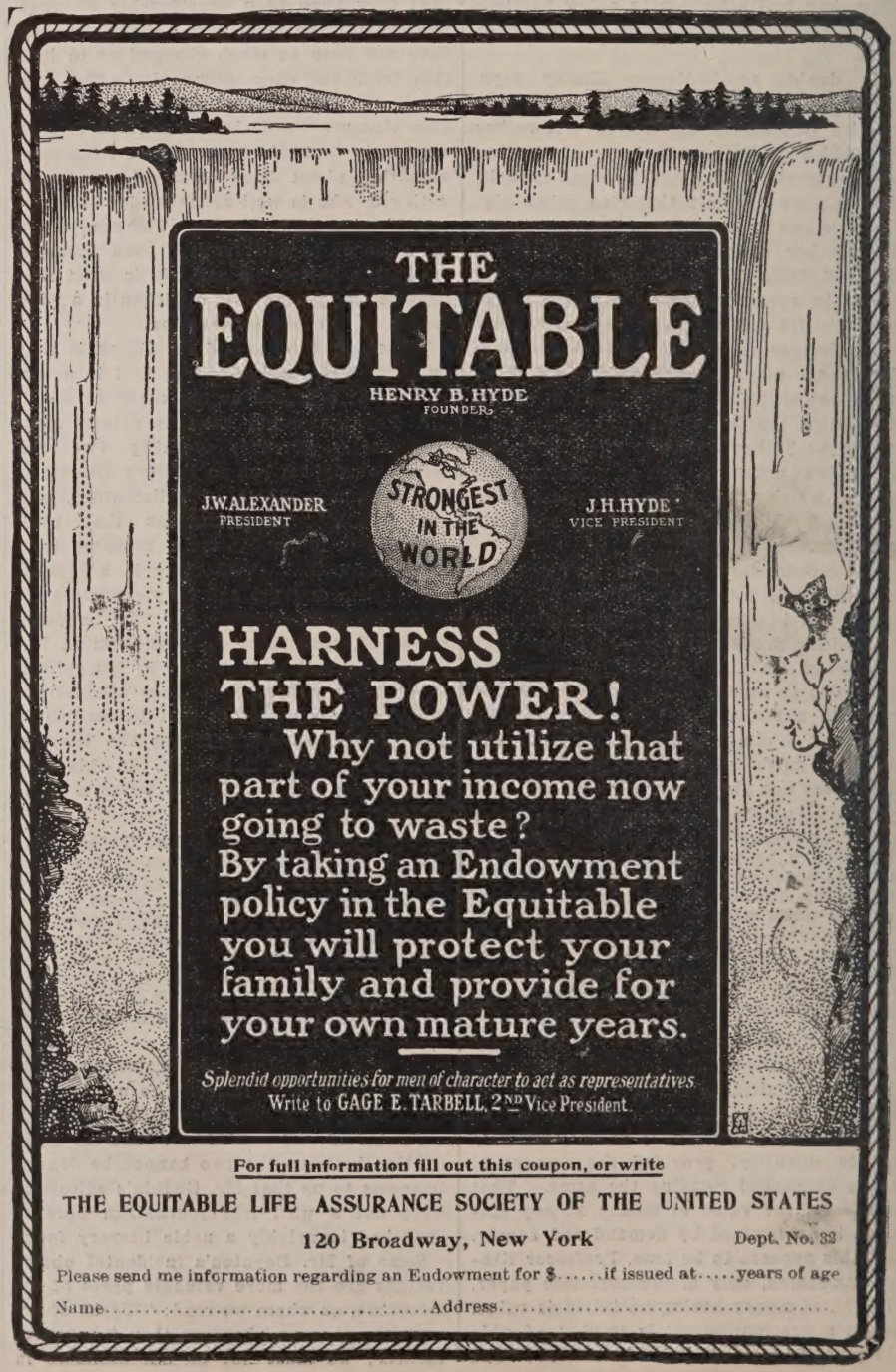
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1904.

The Week.

Judge Parker is getting on—he is now a "traitor." This epithet is hurled at him for his emphatic speech of Saturday advocating justice to the Filipinos. But what did he say? Simply what all Americans, those who now denounce him first among them, would have said prior to May 1, 1898. Judge Parker merely did the appalling thing of reiterating the historic American policy. When he said that oppressed peoples ought to be free, even when this country is the oppressor, and that government without consent is repugnant to American principles, he was uttering what would have been thought the merest commonplaces six years ago. Now they are incendiary. But the real flame is of others' setting. As Goldwin Smith said, the United States burned up the Declaration of Independence when it conquered the Filipinos. It did more than that. It relieved Spain, as Judge Parker tersely said, of a thorn which had been in her side for centuries, to thrust it into our own. This is the common view of educated Spaniards. They smile at Uncle Sam's simplicity in entering upon a heritage of trouble. Sooner or later, self-interest will lead us out of the Philippines, if the sense of justice does not. Judge Parker's strong and truthful words indicate a national duty. Those whose love of liberty goes deeper than the lips, should repair to the standard which he has raised.

With lawyer-like seizure of the real point at issue, the Parker Constitution Club's report on the Panama lawlessness of President Roosevelt goes swiftly to the core of that nefarious business. Wasting no words on the Constitutional right of the President to "recognize" the republic of Panama while it was still pawing to get free of the slime of conspiracy—no doubt, Mr. Roosevelt had the power to do that shockingly indecent thing, if he had the conscience to do it—the report singles out the steps which neither the Constitution nor common morals entitled him to take. One was to violate a treaty; the other was to forbid the free passage of Colombia's troops within her own territory. Here was no mere question of keeping transit open across the isthmus. Mr. Roosevelt issued that fifty-mile order which so good a Republican as Senator Spooner admitted that he could not defend. Nay, according to the note which Admiral Coghlan sent to Gen. Reyes, our forces were ordered to prevent the Colombians from landing in *any part* of the province of Panama. This means that President Roosevelt assumed jurisdiction over much more than fifty miles of Colombian soil. To do so was, of course, an act of war, and warrant for it cannot be found in all the argument or all the wit of Mr. Roosevelt's apologists. How startling President Roosevelt's course in Panama was to the older Republicanism, Senator Hoar showed at the time; now, we have ex-Senator Edmunds, with his merciless analysis of the facts and the law, saying that Mr. Roosevelt "dismembered a friendly State to get a canal."

The mere fact that two of the eight Presidential tickets in the field this year are bound to receive nearly all of the votes, is no excuse for forgetting the others. The *Independent* published last week a collection of articles from the Presidential nominees of five of these parties, Populist, Prohibition, Social Democrat, Socialist Labor, and National Liberty. A candidate who has no expectation of being elected is relieved of the haunting fear of committing himself indiscreetly, or making "breaks." This very fact, combined with the earnestness and the exceptional point of view which take a man into one of these dissident movements, makes the articles interesting. A vote for either Roosevelt or Parker must be cast in the vast majority of cases from highly complex motives; but the other candidates make the simplest of appeals. Dr. Swallow has reduced the needs of the situation to one reform; Mr. Watson to eight, which naturally group themselves together; Mr. Debs and Mr. Corregan to a reconstitution of society on lines that are beautifully simple until the details have to be worked out. Although differing more radically from one another than they do from the great parties, the points of view of these candidates are curiously similar in one respect. "The corporations have learned the game of the kings, 'Divide in order to rule,'" says Mr. Watson. "Having split the people into two factions, one called Republican and the other Democrat, the corporations rule the land, first through one of these parties, and then through the other." Dr. Swallow agrees as to the offence, but names another offender. "To divide favors with these parties and thus keep both in the field is the policy of the liquor traffic," he says. "Between the Republican party and the Democratic party there is no difference so far as the workingman is concerned," says Mr. Debs.

In the election of 1900 all the minor parties combined cast less than 4 per cent. of the total vote. They are all hopeful of better things now. Watson's theory that neither Gold nor Bryan Democrats should vote for Parker would logically point to a Populistic landslide. Swallow sees "some hope that from each side there are those who will leave the old, and, coming half way, meet each other as a new organization." Debs says that the Socialist party's expansion to majority proportions is certain. He points to 240,795 votes in 1902, and promises the casting of many more this year. The claim of George Edwin Taylor, candidate of the National Liberty party, that 60 per cent. of the negroes in nine specified States will vote for him, means, by the census figures, nearly 200,000. Both the Socialists and Prohibitionists cast in 1900 and 1902 votes larger than that of Birney, whose candidacy in 1844 drew enough Abolitionists from the Whig party to elect Polk, or than that of John P. Hale, the Free Soil candidate in 1852, and almost as large as that of Van Buren in 1848. And, if the services of minor parties are to be considered, we must not forget that it was the Prohibitionists fusing with the Democrats on one State office that put Mr. Cunneen in position for his present invaluable service in this State.

One of the reasons given for the fight against La Follette was that the sound judgment of the people of Wisconsin favored giving a Governor two terms and no more. Yet the Stalwarts decided last week to keep in the field their own candidate, who has already served two terms, while as an alternative many of them will vote for the Democratic nominee, who is an aspirant for his third. That is the comedy of the situation. The tragic element has been furnished by the efforts of the men who tried to bring about party harmony. When so eminent a pacificator as Senator Spooner has failed pitiably, it is idle to talk of outside efforts accomplishing anything. The failure of the Supreme Court to decide the technical merits of the bolt last spring gives the Stalwarts an excuse for still calling themselves Republicans, but it seems to have brought about a complete exchange of arguments between the two sides. Three weeks ago it was the La Follette men who resented the National Committee's activity. Now, it is the Stalwart who winces. Then it was the Stalwart who declaimed against the candidate who would refuse to give up the fight after a judicial mandate. Now, he is himself galled by the same criticism.

Rhode Island Republicans are disturbed over the outlook. The party has been

badly damaged by revelations of the corruption of the Brayton machine. The leaders are no longer sure of a majority, as is shown by the election of Congressman Granger in 1902 and the election and reëlection of Governor Garvin. Both these popular Democrats have been renominated, and not only they may win for themselves, but their strength may actually imperil the electoral vote. Menaced by this danger, the Republican managers have persuaded Chief Justice Stiness to run for Congress, in the hope that his character and standing may give the party a respectability which it sorely needs. The Chief Justice is on the whole the most dignified and powerful officer of the State; for the Governor has no veto and controls few appointments. His step, therefore, from the bench into the hurly-burly of partisan politics, to enter a contest in which he seriously risks defeat, is evidence that he as well as his fellow-Republicans feel that they are facing a grave crisis.

Governor Odell's attempt to prevent qualified voters in this city from being even registered shows that he will stop at nothing, and at the same time that his perceptions are so dense that he is not aware of the inevitable reaction caused by his high-handed interference. He practically avows that he gave the order which led to the outrages of Friday and Saturday. In the most indefensible and brutal manner, well-known citizens — clergymen, public officials, reputable professional and business men —were met at the registration booths with challenges implying that they were criminals. Men whom district captains of both parties stood ready to identify as residents of the district were rudely accused of trying to violate the law. The thing was done with such wholesale effrontery, with its malicious object standing so plainly confessed, that it can but add to the repulsive implications of Odellism. The right of the State authorities to aid in preventing electoral frauds in this city we have not questioned. The power conferred by the statute is, however, one to be used scrupulously and with a high sense of responsibility. Gov. Odell would wield it as an instrument of partisan terrorism. Where there should be extreme care and fairness in detecting cases of illegal voting, he exhibits incredible recklessness. His hirelings challenge right and left, evidently without investigation or knowledge, and on so sweeping and senseless a scale as to discredit the motives of the whole proceeding. It is the iron hand of the Governor applied to this city—exactly that sort of combination of stupidity and callousness on his part which led despondent Republicans to say in advance: "Well, if Odell concludes to come down here and take us all by the throat, it looks as if there wouldn't be enough Republican votes in New York to be worth counting."

Last December, Messrs. Conrad and Bonaparte, the Post-Office investigators, reported that Cornelius Van Cott had been operating with Heath and Beavers in swindling the Government. Van Cott paid Beavers $4 a day, charged against New York "expenses." Messrs. Conrad and Bonaparte describe the transaction as "fraudulent" and add:

> "We find it impossible to doubt that Mr. Heath, Mr. Van Cott, and Mr. Beavers himself all knew the payment of this additional compensation was expressly forbidden by law, and that it was called 'expenses' to evade this prohibition."

Still, the influence of Senators was strong, and a President who believes that "no man who condones corruption in others can possibly do his duty by the community," kept Van Cott in office. Then a set of inspectors recommended the removal of Van Cott, his son, and twelve subordinates, but Platt stood by them. The President, who despises cravens and weaklings, wanted something milder, and got it from Assistant Attorney-General Robb, who censured Van Cott for allowing the son too much authority. The elder was asked to disgorge $2,100—$1,800 paid to his brother nominally for inspecting mail-boxes and really for doing nothing, and $300 more illegally paid Richard; but he stuck to his place. Richard was forced out, for he had stuffed the post-office with his heelers; he received $3,200 from the Government, but gave most of his time to his private business; he quartered on the post-office, at a salary of $1,500, a ward of Cornelius Van Cott, who, as a stenographer, gave most of her time also to private business. In short, the Van Cott family proved to be an uncommonly thirsty set of leeches. One of the Van Cott henchmen, a postal employee, was arrested with Richard, on Saturday, on a charge of colonizing voters. In view of these latest revelations, no one can deny that the retention in the New York post-office of Cornelius is a public scandal, for which President Roosevelt can offer no defence except his fear of offending Senator Platt.

The threatened boycott of the Pennsylvania Republican party by organized labor is indeed sharper than a serpent's tooth. It is nothing less than incredible that intelligent American workingmen should allow any dispute over terms of employment, any fight against a "scab" State Capitol, to blind them to the great central truth that all the good things they have in the world came to them as the direct gift of the Republican party. All have come in the same way, from their full dinner-pails to the carpets and pianos in their homes. What Republican speech in two decades has failed to mention those carpets and pianos? Do not these besotted Pennsylvanians know that no less an authority than Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor filled more than twenty pages of the *Congressional Record* last winter with an anthology of Mr. Roosevelt's enthusiastic expressions about the laboring man? Look through that supreme repository of political truth, the Republican campaign-book, "Labor and Capital, relative share in prosperity"; "effects of Trusts on"; "Labor Laws in Republican and Democratic States"—such titles abound. Is all this logic, all this statistical material, to be wasted? Senator Penrose has been in conference with the President, and something may be done about it. But the very idea of a labor boycott of the Republican party in that seventh heaven of protection, Pennsylvania, is enough to make even a Rough Rider's blood run cold.

Reports of white-capping in darkest Mississippi continue to come in, albeit belated. The outrages in Lincoln County have been so serious that a delegation of negroes "of the plantation type, farmers plain and simple," appealed last month to Gov. Vardaman. He asked them who had advised them to come to him. They replied that no one had, whereupon he gave them the vague assurance that "the officers of the law would protect them." We hope they will. The Lincoln *Times* gives an account of a meeting of white citizens held to consider these outrages and "in order that the citizens might realize the depths of depravity to which the [white-cap] organization has descended." The executive committee appointed by a previous citizens' meeting last spring reported that its discoveries were "horrifying." "This band (which *once included* many good citizens who have since dropped out because they could not stomach the lawlessness proposed) have not balked at plotting the wholesale destruction of property, or even the assassination of white men whose existence they deemed dangerous to their welfare." The meeting heartily endorsed the crusade against these bandits, condemned "white-capism in all its phases," and agreed "to assist in upholding law and order in Lincoln County." Thus other white Southerners are learning that lawlessness in the treatment of negroes inevitably means lawlessness for whites also.

In charging the Federal grand jury at Huntsville, Ala., on October 11, Judge Thomas G. Jones of the Northern District of Alabama laid down a new theory of Federal jurisdiction over negro lynchings. He set forth his views at length, with frequent citations of authority, but the reasoning is very simple. "Under the Thirteenth Amendment," the judge says, "Maples [the negro murderer taken from jail

and lynched at Huntsville] had the immunity as a citizen of the United States to be protected against lawless violence by the mob of whites to prevent his enjoyment of the right of trial . . . when such violence was directed towards him because he was a negro, with the intention to deprive him of that right." Thus a fundamental distinction is made. If the lynching of Maples was provoked purely by abhorrence of his crime, it would be merely an offence against the State laws. "If, however," the judge charged, "you find something more than a mere felonious purpose to avenge the crime imputed to him, or general malevolence, and that the mob was actuated by the bad spirit that a person of Maples's race when accused of crime should not have the right to be acquitted if innocent, or condemned or punished by the court if guilty, and that the mob hung him to prevent his enjoyment of that right because of his race, his murder by a mob of persons of a different race constitutes a crime against the laws of the United States." Judge Jones wisely added, in laying down this contention, that every officer and juror of the Federal court was an Alabamian, and there was not the slightest reason for jealousy of it as an intruder.

It is for the best that these views should be laid down in the case of a negro whose crime was homicide. Yet Judge Jones, in continuing his charge, showed clearly the impossibility of condemning lynching for the lesser crime while condoning it for the greater. "Can any man, in the wildest flight of the brain," he asked, "picture Robert E. Lee or John B. Gordon, no matter what the charge against the criminal, joining a mob to break down a jail and taking a prisoner out to hang him?" "Can any of us, as conscientious men, deny that . . . there is a deplorable tendency to mob black men for crimes and misdemeanors which, when committed by white men, are allowed to go unpunished or left to the courts to punish?" And the responsibility for much of the lawlessness the judge placed where it belongs. "There are those with us," he said, "who, for notoriety, or to carry some selfish end, always make low appeals to the basest passions of our race, in the discussion of every public question which in the slightest degree touches upon the relations between the races. These men constantly assault the right of equality before the law, by the base teaching that giving a negro his right under the law would result in social equality, though they well know that 'justice without respect of persons' involves neither social nor political right."

One point made by Professor Sumner in his letter printed in Thursday's *Evening Post* should interest those generous souls who defend protection upon the ground that charity begins at home, for nations as well as individuals. Free trade, say they, might be the best thing for the whole world if the whole world could be induced to try it. But if the United States can make more by sticking to protection and let the loss due to an unscientific, inequitable distribution of the world's wealth fall on England or Germany, it would be crazy policy to experiment with free trade. Let the foreigner look after himself. Professor Sumner, however, shows that our present policy of selling goods for export far below the prices asked for the same goods in this country, is helping along our hated rivals at the expense of the American people. If the goods, even at these export prices, yield a profit, which is far more likely than that they are sold at a loss, then our own people, who are paying about 25 per cent. more for them here, are taxed by the Trusts in an outrageous fashion. The horns of the dilemma seem to be about equally pointed.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has been compelled to pay duty on the frame of a painting shipped from Montreal and entered at St. Albans, though the picture itself came in free under the tariff-law section applying to educational institutions. The director of the Museum declares it is the first case of his knowledge in which the institution has had to pay duty on a picture frame, but he is told by the Custom House authorities that it will not be the last. Under a very similar section of the tariff law in 1887 the frames for pictures in the Corcoran Gallery were admitted free. The plight of the Museum authorities is indeed pitiable. They denounce the law and its interpretation as unjust, as if that would help the matter, and ignore the simple means by which the most drastic of laws may be made flexible. Has not Massachusetts a Senator? Is he not the closest of personal and political friends to the President? Surely, the heart that was touched by the wailing of the pickled sheepskins, will not turn to marble when Art holds out her manacled hands.

A writer in *Cassier's Magazine*, Mr. Joseph R. Oldham, N.A., disputes Rear-Admiral Bowles's assertion in the last annual report of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, that the time required for the construction of a battleship in this country "compares not unfavorably with the best results obtained in foreign countries, namely, Great Britain and Germany." He points out that the American battleship *Ohio* was two and a half years on the stocks, whereas the *Rivadiva*, bulit at Genoa by an Italian firm, was launched within thirty weeks from the time the keel was laid. A larger ship, the *Libertad*, was put overboard at Barrow-in-Furness within forty-one weeks from the beginning of construction. One of our latest battleships, the *Louisiana*, was contracted for October 15, 1902, to be contructed in forty-one months and to be delivered ready for sea in March, 1906, a period of three and one-half years. The *Connecticut's* keel was laid in March, 1903, and she was launched September 29, 1904. Mr. Oldham asserts that if there were not such constant changing of the plans by the Board of Construction, the superintending constructor, and the contractors, and so much time lost in trying to harmonize the changes, a battleship could be built in twelve months, and at half the cost. Mr. Oldham himself has seen a 5,000-ton cable steamer constructed, launched and completely finished, with all her complicated machinery, within three months from the date of the contract, largely because the builders had matured designs which were in no way altered. Mr. Oldham may take too rosy a view of our builders' ability, but he clearly proves that our wasteful Government methods are not confined to the Post-Office Department and the navy yards.

The engagement south of Mukden precipitated by General Kuropatkin's advance last week, and barely recorded as we went to press, has been incessant until now, when we are still unable to announce anything decisive of the battle or the campaign. On both sides there have been blows to receive as well as to give, strategic positions have been lost, taken, and retaken, guns have been captured. No successful flanking movement is reported, and the situation is something in the nature of a deadlock; at least the advance is stayed. The fierce nature of the fighting, and the extraordinary losses, are compared to those of Liaoyang, with an increment; but exact information in either case is unobtainable. Some discount must be made in view of the lack of unbiassed testimony and of the highly romantic nature of the conflict itself; but we may be sure that none of the horrors of war are wanting. They are to be perpetuated, to all appearance, during the winter. The approaching reinforcement of the Russians will be met by that of their opponents, and if there be bankruptcy neither in men nor in money, the process will assume the phase of simple attrition—as in the last stages of our civil war—when the nation which has most human lives to sacrifice will prevail. Here is obviously Russia's advantage, and her all-rail communication and steady service really bring her armies nearer to the seat of war than Japan's. Still, no forecast is now of much value. Meanwhile, the fate of Port Arthur is undecided.

TAFT ON THE POWER OF THE PURSE.

Secretary Taft's speech at the Union League Club on Thursday night was mainly a defence of extravagance. The facts he admitted; he could not well do otherwise with the Treasury reports before him. Responsibility for the great heightening of the cost of government, however, he refused to accept for his party. It was, rather, a kind of mysterious and fated "tendency upward" which had played the mischief with the accounts. Besides, if you would but adopt "one way of looking at the increase"—namely, to compare the growth of expenditures with the growth of wealth—you would not be so sure that there had been extravagance. The fact that we are rich enough to endure lavish outlay makes it appear, when you come to think of it, very like frugality.

We think Mr. Taft makes a mistake in minimizing the serious problems in government finance which this country must promptly face. If he is a member of the next Administration, he will have to give anxious days to devising ways and means—including new taxes—to enable the Treasury to meet its obligations. Glance again at the record of bad financiering.

So recently as 1897, the last year before the Spanish war, the total expenditures of the Federal Government were no more than $365,774,000; but in 1900, after the smoke of battle had cleared away, it was found that the outlay stood at $487,713,000 in a time of peace. The hope was then expressed that the national finances would return to something like ante-bellum conditions; but, instead of shrinking, the expenditures steadily increased until in 1904 they rose to $582,403,000, or, deducting the $50,000,000 chargeable to the Panama Canal, to $532,000,000. Thus it appears that the aggregate outlay has advanced from $365,774,000 in 1897 to $532,000,000 in 1904, and an examination shows that the principal cause was an increase of some $134,000,000 in the cost of the army and navy. Civil expenditures have risen by some $32,000,000, arguing extravagance in every department of the Government; but the chief factor has been the growth of military outlay.

Until the present year, the prosperous condition of business had enabled the Government to meet its growing liabilities without difficulty. Imports had been large, and, by 1903, the customs receipts had risen to $284,000,000—an increase of some $108,000,000 over the figures for 1897. So, too, the internal revenue, even after the repeal of the temporary war taxes, stood at $230,810,000 in 1903, as compared with $146,688,000 yielded by the same taxes in the last year before the Spanish war. In fact, the aggregate receipts from customs and excise increased by no less than $192,000,000 between 1897 and 1903. In the latter year, with expenditures which amounted to $506,000,000, the customs and excise receipts stood at $515,000,000; and, with the $45,000,000 derived from land sales and miscellaneous sources, the Treasury was able to show a handsome surplus. In 1904, however, expenditures advanced to $532,000,000 or $582,000,000 if the Panama payments be included, while the receipts from customs and excise dropped to $494,000,000, and miscellaneous revenues did not increase. The result was a deficit of nearly $42,000,000, if all expenditures be included, or a small surplus of $8,000,000 if the Panama payments be excluded. In whatever way one reckons, the increasing expenditures have at last overtaken our present revenues. The growing deficit for the current fiscal year bids fair greatly to exceed the $23,000,000 estimated by Secretary Shaw.

So grave a financial outlook, Secretary Taft is dimly aware, will be held by the simple-minded to reflect upon the Administration. He warns them, however, that they must fix the responsibility elsewhere. It is not the Executive, it is not even the Republican party, that must be blamed, but Congress. Congress, says the Secretary solemnly, has "the power over the public purse." If there has been extravagance, the fault must lie in the body which alone has the power to vote away the public money. Now coming from a man who professes to be a realist in politics, looking at things as they are, unmoved by theories, this strikes us as singular. What has the vague governmental abstraction to which Secretary Taft refers, got to do with the actual practice at Washington? Very little.

In the first place, he knows, and everybody knows, that it is policy which determines appropriations. No maxim is more familiar. It has been in the mouths of chancellors of the exchequer and finance ministers from time immemorial. People in England blamed Sir Michael Hicks-Beach for not having lived up to his pledges of economy. He squarely met the challenge. It was not his wish or work, but the policy adopted by the Government, which had swelled the estimates. Reform your policy, and then you may talk about reforming your finances. It is this unquestionable truth which really fixes the responsibility for our plight upon the Republican party. Not only has it enjoyed unopposed power for seven years, but its policies have been confessedly expensive. It boasts of doing things in a large way. To "keep money in circulation" and to provide all sorts of openings for contractors to get rich out of the Government, has been its constant and almost avowed practice. It scorns doing things "on the cheap." Hence the fact that loose control of the finances and a lavish habit have come to be associated with a Republican Administration. It is its wasteful policy which makes wasteful finance.

Furthermore, Mr. Taft cannot be so innocent as not to know how the party organization, and combinations within it, have long since broken down his fine-spun distinction about Congress retaining the power of the purse. It is the Republican machine which now has that power. Expenditures, appropriations, votes of money for special interests, are controlled by party pressure, reinforced by a system of log-rolling. What power of resistance has a partisan Congress when a partisan President sends to it a pension order? If the party leaders held back, they would promptly be "sent for." At the White House they would be told that the measure was vital to the party's success, and that they must vote for it. The Executive has a thousand ways of "getting at" them. So of the appropriations for a big navy and for new offices and increased salaries—Congress is not left to deliberate independently on such matters. They are first "fixed up" by party leaders; and when the money is voted, the roll-call is that of Congress, but the determining power is that of the Republican organization. It is this obvious, this glaring fact of an insidious partisan machine having obtained control of all departments of the Government, in a way practically to obliterate their independent functions and to weld them all into a unit in the execution of the mandate of the party bosses, which makes Secretary Taft's harking back to the Constitutional theory of the division of powers seem almost fantastic. One may expect to hear him gravely expound, next, the doctrine of the consent of the governed in the Philippines!

"POPULAR CHORDS."

"If President Roosevelt is reëlected and an American citizen is in peril anywhere on this globe, there will be another similar act of war." Thus spake Attorney-General Moody in Jersey City last week. His audience "arose and cheered." It was evident, noted the admiring reporter, that Mr. Moody had "touched a popular chord."

No doubt; but the question is whether it is a chord he should have stooped to touch; whether a Cabinet officer, feeling his responsibility as he should, ought to be so ready to split the ears of the groundlings with wild and whirling words about war. If making a "popular chord" vibrate is the test of statesmanship, Mr. Moody would have to yield the palm to many a sand-lot orator. Vulgar and inflammatory appeals of which the Attorney-General would be ashamed, often produce more frenzied applause than that which attended the above flourish. He, as one of the judicious, would grieve at the spectacle of a Bryan, a Watson, a Debs setting the galleries roaring. Yells of delight do

not prove a sentiment sound in their case, nor do they in the case of the Attorney-General. A well-graced actor, capable in all the niceties of his art, will not arouse such tumultuous cheering as can easily an uncouth player in a Bowery theatre by means of some banal or coarse utterance. Mr. Moody himself would probably be above sending such a clap-trap telegram as that of President Roosevelt to the Chicago Convention—"Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead"—yet he could not deny that it thrilled a popular chord. The real question is whether it was not a chord which ought to be muted instead of thrilled.

A false and low conception of patriotism underlies all these Chauvinistic appeals to the mere sense of national bigness and force. The patriotic spirit which such words as those of the Attorney-General tend to evoke is too much like that of the Hungarians fifty years ago, as reported by Madame Mohl to Senior. A German living in Hungary praised the people to her as being so intensely "patriotic." "Are they honest?" "Oh, no; they do not know what honesty means." "Are they just?" "No, they do not know what justice means, but they are so patriotic. We Germans have nothing like their patriotism." "Does it show itself in caring for the welfare of their people?" "Not in the least; it shows itself in wearing the Hungarian dress, in speaking the Hungarian language, and in lamenting the loss of their privileges."

Hungary long since outgrew that kind of patriotism, which goes only with the rawest stage of national development. Crude self-assertion of the sort Mr. Moody echoed in his speech befits solely a parvenu among the nations, uncertain of itself, doubtful of its reception by others, and convinced that the only way to win respect is by bluster and insult. The Attorney-General would never think of regulating his private life by such standards; why should he, then, his action and utterance as a public man? As a matter of fact, we know that, as law officer of the Administration, he would never think of plunging into a war in behalf of an American citizen in peril anywhere on this globe. The first thing he would do would be to inquire patiently into the facts: Was the man actually an American; was he in peril for having violated a law of the local jurisdiction; if he had been wronged, would not an apology and redress be forthcoming from the foreign government concerned; would it not be enough to point out what international law prescribed in the case, without a moment's thought of indulging in braggadocio? As Attorney-General, that course, we have no doubt, is the one which Mr. Moody would be personally inclined to follow. Why is he not as stump-speaker also?

The question takes up deep into the perils to which the popular orator is exposed, especially in a partisan campaign. There was some reason in Carlyle's denunciation of political speakers. Not one of them could utter the truth, he averred; they could only flatter the prejudices and inflame the passions of their hearers. Similar was the implication of Mr. Beecher's recipe for popular preaching—when you had nothing to say, just yell loudly. It is always easy to get a cheer. Only observe the fustian morality which sets the theatre clapping, from orchestra to top gallery; only note the crude half-truths, the superficial resorts, the unfair personalties which drive the ordinary political meeting mad with applause. Any speaker can have that tribute, if he will lower himself to it. But ought not an educated man like Attorney-General Moody, a public officer charged with great responsibilities, to care more for the right instruction of the people than for their unthinking plaudits? Ought he not to maintain before them that a nation is great only when its walls are laid in justice and buttressed with fair dealing, and to leave rash talk of war to the untaught or the unprincipled? There exists a deeper popular chord which it ought to be the pride of every enlightened statesman to touch; for the people reverence just action and will praise magnanimity in man or nation, and will pin their faith, in the long run, not to the demagogue who would fool them to the top of their bent by boasting of their ability to whip any country on earth, but to the sober and high-minded leader who will tell them that their true triumphs and glories are those of justice and peace.

JUSTICE AT LAST.

Thanks to President Roosevelt, justice has at last been meted out to the man who, above all others, has been responsible for the deficiencies in the Steamboat Inspection Service which made the *Slocum* disaster possible. James A. Dumont, after having been tried by himself and pronounced innocent on September 23d last, has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to dismissal from the service by the impartial investigating commission of army and navy officers and civilians constituted by the President. With Dumont go Robert S. Rodie, the supervising inspector of the Second District, and Thomas A. Barrett, one of the local inspectors. More than that, the President directs that their successors overhaul the local office from top to bottom, removing all men who are unfit for their positions.

But the report did not stop with these recommendations. It is a review of the whole situation, bearing out completely the revelations made by the *Evening Post* in the winter of 1903. The only result then was the appointment of a successor to Dumont in Washington and the transfer of his evil influence to this port. At that time a good deal of Dumont's political pull, with which he had successfully defied all the numerous efforts since the days of Secretary Sherman to bring about his removal, was still in working order. However creditable Mr. Roosevelt's action since the catastrophe—and we would withhold no deserved praise—it must always remain a biting commentary upon our administrative methods that, with the facts all before the officials, it was still necessary to sacrifice a thousand lives to bring about the dismissal of the guilty and that reorganization whose necessity every interested person was aware of. The reorganization has now only just begun. If the Secretary of Commerce is lulled into fancied security after merely dismissing Dumont and his fellows, comparatively little will have been accomplished. There is need of new laws and new regulations. Some system of holding the inspectors to account for their work is absolutely essential. There must be a different method of paying them, and an arrangement by which they will be relieved from duty when disqualified by age. As the Commission points out, there also must be a statutory power to bring home to individual owners a criminal liability when their vessels have been improperly navigated.

In the *Slocum* case the Commission naturally found that the owners were "censurable in a high degree for the inadequate and improper conditions" on their boat, and that, whatever "their technical legal liability, they and their executive agents bore largely the moral responsibility." The inefficiency and cowardice of the master and crew, the lack of proper inspection, the rotten fire-hose and life-preservers, and the bad judgment of the pilot in beaching the ship were other reasons for the appalling loss of life. All this would be bad enough if it related to only one ship. But the Commission's report is full of warnings as to the future. It declares that there are many similar vessels doing service whose construction is as faulty as that of the *Slocum*, which "was not abnormal," but "typical." To remedy these conditions there must be unceasing efforts for a long time to come. The public is so satiated with horrors of all kinds that it speedily dismisses from its mind even so ghastly and needless a tragedy as that of the *Slocum*. It is, therefore, all the more the duty of the responsible officials to devote their energies to sweeping reforms, no matter what the expense or trouble to which steamboat-owners be put. The Secretary of Commerce can personally have no more important work for a year to come than the overhauling of the inspection service until it becomes a genuine credit to the nation. Such a result is not at all impossible of attainment, and it may mean

the saving of thousands of lives now imperilled.

One lesson must not be overlooked, namely, the need of bringing into such an investigation outside experts in no way connected with the department of the Government under the probe. The one dissenting opinion in the report before us is that of Mr. Uhler, the present head of the steamboat inspection service, who intercedes in behalf of Robert S. Rodie. When the local board sat upon its own case under Gen. Dumont's guidance, it gave an admirable instance of what "reforming from within" means. It carefully censured everybody except its own guilty inspectors; threw nearly the whole blame on the crew; falsified the facts; lied as to one of the coroners, and from beginning to end tried to shirk its own responsibility. No matter how desirous of altering a bad state of affairs the President or the head of a department may be, there is an inevitable, often an unrecognizable, bias on the part of men in office. Insensibly they are swayed by a feeling of loyalty to their fellows even when these are caught red-handed. There is a certain pride in their department which would rather hush up unpleasant facts than honestly confess the stain and openly wipe it away. And then, once you start an investigation, no one can tell what revelations will come out. Those in the seats of the mighty may themselves be hurled to earth. Hence the necessity of calling in some examiner whose pulse will not beat a whit faster whatever the neglect or corruption he uncovers. Just what the President did, with such admirable results, in the *Slocum* case should have been the procedure in the Post-Office frauds. A committee of Congress, at least, should have been entrusted with the duty of bringing out the facts. Instead, an anxious President and his worried party, in obvious dread of what might reach the light, decided to reform "in our own way and at our own time." As a result, no one believes that the process was either thorough or complete.

"ILLEGITIMATE VICTIMS" OF WAR.

So serious have been the German losses from typhoid fever in Southwest Africa that the mutterings of discontent in the press have now become a chorus of protest. It is bad enough, the critics say, that the prestige of the service should have been lowered by military blunders of various kinds, but that the medical department of the finest army in the world should have failed so lamentably in its efforts to safeguard the health of the troops is nothing less than disgraceful. To this the Government has made an unofficial reply that the possibility of a dangerous epidemic was foreseen; that seventy physicians, many of them bacteriologists, have been dispatched to the front, together with elaborate filtering and distilling apparatus. The defenders of the Government also point to the recall of Major Glasenapp, the commander of a field force which was practically wiped out by typhoid, as a sign that the authorities are prepared to hold commanding officers accountable for the health of their men.

This is locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen. There are 170 cases of typhoid now in the base hospitals of the colony, and the daily report of deaths shows that new arrivals are as subject to the disease as the men who have been in the field for a year. On a small scale the Germans are enacting over again the American experiences in our little war with Spain, and those of the English in South Africa. In our campaign only 268 men were killed by Spanish bullets, while 3,862 perished in hospital—the victims of our military and medical inefficiency. Since the beginning, wars have had their "illegitimate victims" by the thousands. One need but recall the scourging epidemics which swept through Europe in the wake of the Thirty Years' War to see that a campaign at that time invariably visited its punishment upon victors and vanquished alike, even when the bloodshed was over. But with national epidemics a thing of the past, the question has arisen whether armies also cannot be freed from the terrible diseases which have hitherto accompanied them.

To this question, Major Louis L. Seaman, who served as a volunteer surgeon in 1898 and has just returned from Mantchuria and Japan, has but one answer. In his address delivered before the Association of Military and Naval Surgeons at their St. Louis meeting last week, he declared that typhoid, enteric fever, and dysentery are preventable, and maintains that the Japanese medical officers have proved this beyond all doubt. From personal observation he reports that the "conspicuously empty beds" of the contagious and infectious wards of the great Japanese hospitals "voice more eloquently than words the most important lesson of the war." Dr. Seaman saw only a few cases of disease of the respiratory system, only three of typhoid in Mantchuria, and only occasionally a case of dysentery. Of the many thousands of patients in the hospitals he visited, not a baker's dozen were suffering from diseases of the digestive organs. In fact, there were but a few medical cases all told.

This extraordinary result Dr. Seaman attributes to three causes: the powers given to the Japanese medical officers, their preparation for war, and the excellence of the ration furnished to the soldiers. The Japanese are the first to recognize the true value of an army medical corps. "The medical officer is omnipresent." He is with the advanced scouts, carrying his microscope and chemicals, testing and labelling wells so that the army shall drink no contaminated water. Towns are at once safeguarded by the bacteriological experts on each divisional staff, and no soldiers are billeted where there is the slightest danger of infection. In camp the medical officer is unceasing in his efforts to instruct the men in their care of themselves. As a result, although operating in an extremely unsanitary country, the Japanese situation is the very reverse of that of the French in Madagascar in 1894, where of 15,000 men 29 were killed by bullets and 7,000 by preventable diseases. "Every man who dies in our army," said a high Japanese officer to Dr. Seaman, "must fall on the field of battle."

It was this general's belief that the Russians would lose four men by disease for every one killed, and he counted upon this difference in the health of the two armies to neutralize the superiority of Russian numbers. That he had good ground for his expectation would also appear from what Major Seaman has to say about the lack of Russian preparation for hostilities. He learned that the surgeon-general at Vladivostok said, the night before Togo's first attack: "Oh, there will be no war. If Russia expected war, I should be the first to know it, so my hospitals could be in readiness. As it is, I have never been so short of supplies as I am to-day." Major Seaman declares that Verestchagin himself, "familiar as he was with war in its most brutal and bestial aspects," must have been horrified at the immorality and drunkenness which everywhere marked Russia's preparation for the uplifting and glorifying "supreme triumph" of war. "Sodom and Gomorrah — the current synonyms of Port Arthur and Vladivostok in the Orient—were temples of virtue in comparison to the debauchery, licentiousness, flagrant immoralities, and openly flaunted vice recently practised in those cities." A better preparation for every disease known to armies is hardly conceivable.

Dr. Seaman severely blames our own army for its blindness to the changes now under way, for its failure to give the medical corps an adequate representation on the General Staff, or to send medical observers to join the Japanese army. He thinks the contrast between the faces "full of health and hope" of the gravely wounded Japanese and the "poor, wan, emaciated, and almost hopeless faces" of our own victims of mismanagement—"unwounded and illegitimate"—should stir the War Department to undertake a complete reorganization and remodelling of the medical service.

PREVENTION OF RAILROAD COLLISIONS.

During the first six months of 1904 no less than 388 passengers have been kill-

ed on American railroads. It is a black record. The potential causes of railway wrecks are constant. The engineer forgets an order to meet another train at a certain station though the order is in writing and is presumably pinned up before his eyes in the engine cab. The conductor of the train has a copy of the same order, but he forgets it, or is unable to prevent the engineer's error. A train is directed to wait at a certain station for two other trains from the opposite direction, and it waits for only one of them, then going on to its destruction; or the order says that a certain station must be reached within a certain time, and the time is misread or miscalculated. There is nothing mysterious about the causes of these collisions which now agitate the public mind.

About 15 per cent. of the railroad mileage of the country has the block system, the well-approved method under which the number of collisions is enormously reduced; but, on the other 85 per cent., passengers and trainmen—particularly trainmen—are added to the death list month after month and year after year with distressing regularity. If the people are to make their indignation effective, attention must be concentrated on one class of accidents—collisions, which constitute the great bulk of the disasters that give American railroading so bad a reputation abroad.

There is practically only one remedy—the block system. All railroad managers know this. They put the block system in force on their busiest lines, thus justifying the assertion of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in its last annual report, that this is the only recourse. The only reason for the absence of so simple a safeguard is the cost; but this plea is greatly overworked. One prominent railroad manager said, not long ago, that the block system had been introduced on several hundred miles of his road at an increase in the pay rolls of the telegraph operators and signalmen of only 3 per cent. This was not one of the largest trunk lines, and the protection afforded was less complete than that which we find on some of the Eastern trunk lines and on the well-equipped railroads of England; but it did greatly reduce the collisions and the death lists.

The block system means that no train starts on any part of the road until the line is ascertained to be clear of all other trains *for a known distance*. Without the block system, trains running in the same direction can be kept safely apart only by holding them a certain number of minutes at stations, and by the use of the discredited red flag; while on a single-track line the avoidance of collisions between trains running toward each other depends upon unerring adherence to the time-table, or, when trains are behind time, on perfect care and vigilance in asking for and reading telegraphic orders; unfailing memory of rules, time-tables, and the superiority of different classes of trains, and attention to diverse distracting duties under the most trying circumstances of weather and overwork. The block system, on the other hand, makes all trains of equal importance (as regards safety), makes the "danger points" fixed instead of variable, and does away with errors from defective watches, misreading of time-tables or written papers, and forgetting telegrams.

Consideration of the block system does not (at present) require notice of such refinements as the automatic stop, used in the subway to check a careless motorman. Neither can there be much profit in considering, just now, the question of overwork of trainmen, or of the influence of the trade unions. It is true that, when traffic is unusually heavy, trainmen will, for the sake of earning large pay, remain on duty too many hours. The officer in charge is tempted to permit this, or at least to wink at it, because he thereby prevents a blockade. The spirit of the trade-union agitations has weakened some trainmen's sense of responsibility; and many trade-union leaders are culpable for concentrating their attention on pay and hours and grievances, to the neglect of efficiency. But the majority of collisions are due to the error or neglect of men in good health and not overworked. The Government bulletins are full of cases of collisions where those responsible are reported as having good past records.

It is fair to say that in some quarters progress in adopting the block system has been delayed by the desire to wait for the invention of more perfect apparatus. American railroad officers believe—though Englishmen have not yet adopted this view to any extent—that the ideal block system is the automatic. It costs very much more to install than does apparatus for the non-automatic or manual system, hence managers do not easily get the necessary appropriations. But this waiting attitude is indefensible, for the crying need is the immediate adoption of *some* block system; the use of manual signals pending the perfection or more general approval of automatic signals. One prominent trunk line whose approved standard is the automatic, has yet put in the manual system on many miles.

The dilatory policy of the railroads has now continued for so many years that they can find no fault if Congress takes radical action. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in its last annual report, laid before Congress a definite measure, and there has been no adverse criticism of it. On the contrary, the manager of one important trunk line declared his intention of preparing to comply with a law like that proposed, which contemplates complete block signalling within five years. The Interstate Commerce Commission is the most appropriate body to exercise governmental supervision in this matter. With all its faults, it has done fairly well with the Federal statute of 1893, making automatic couplers and airbrakes compulsory everywhere. The people of the country have a right to require of railroads a reasonable assurance of safety, and the way to enforce this right is now quite plain. The railways have had their chance to make a good showing; too many have neglected it, and their showing is appallingly bad. Unless the managers act of their own motion in adopting safety appliances, the only thing they have to expect is a mandatory law with heavy penalties for its violation.

OUR EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM.

Comptroller Grout's reactionary attitude, and the rumor that the Board of Education is partially yielding to it, are the latest symptoms of a prevalent failure to understand the meaning and motives of the modern educational movement. Even to the Chancellor of our State University and to Prof. Barrett Wendell, the alert educator appears to be a person engaged chiefly in adding "frills" to our time-honored educational garments, as it were in pure pedagogic sportiveness; while to Messrs. Crosby and McIntyre, the Comptroller's experts, he is the victim of a timid gregariousness—of "a certain *esprit de corps*, or tendency to sympathize with and even defend whatever the educational associations of the country may, for the time, seem to approve, however inadvisedly." (The sense is a trifle obscure, but the scorn is unmistakable.)

A popular system of education, we read in the Comptroller's reports, aims "to provide a course of instruction and study best calculated to secure the highest average of intelligent citizenship." The best test of the efficiency of such a system is that it shall succeed in sending out, from the elementary school, "graduates having a practical knowledge and habitually correct use of the English language, together with such knowledge of mathematics, geography, and history as may be reasonably expected." These are the "essentials"; and any "special" studies which interfere with the healthful acquirement of these must be excluded as involving a waste of time and money and a loss of efficiency. "There can be no knowledge, training, or accomplishment, however desirable, of sufficient relative importance to warrant its acquirement in the public schools at the expense of what is called a common-school education." Of a similar tenor was Chancellor Whitelaw Reid's Convocation Address, which called forth a hearty "Amen" from the New York

Times in an editorial on "'Fads' in Education."

Intelligent citizenship! Is that to be nurtured by an education adapted to the production of tally clerks and cash girls—an education which gives no outlook upon the vast industrial civilization of our time, quickens and aids no aptitudes other than those of the pen and the tape-measure, awakens and feeds no interests that are humanizing and civic? Genuine education is scarce begun: the tools of education are furnished—little more—to be used selfishly or socially, criminally or worthily, according as the development of the moral faculties, the sentiments, the energies, the aspirations of the child is directed.

It is assumed that education is mainly a matter of the intelligence, whereas it is more fundamentally a matter of the emotions and the will. Of a truth, it is because education has failed to touch the heart and imagination, to nourish "admiration, hope, and love," and to discipline the will—has concerned itself so little with the real essentials of citizenship, with character, with honesty, loyalty, reverence, service, self-respect, self-control, idealism—that it has done so little, comparatively, against the forces of corruption, lawlessness, selfishness, and vulgarity which are rampant among us. The Old Education of a simpler social and industrial order achieved some of these things, though not so much by the school as by those other agencies, the home, the church, the broader type of vocation, which have long been failing us and must now be so often replaced by the school. *Must*, we say, because this is no matter of choice, but of national necessity. Democracy cannot prosper with parts of men for its pillars; it must produce whole men or perish. And it must do so despite the tendency of modern industrial life to develop and use mere fractions of men—mere "hands," the makers of small parts of things, mere cogs in the great commercial wheel. And it is upon its educational agencies, upon its potency as an educational institution and influence, that the State and the nation must rely to produce the men and the leaders of men upon whom its destinies depend. It is because the Old Education now promotes a narrow, routine intelligence, with the emphasis on drill, habit, and memory, whereas Democracy demands reason, judgment, observation, originality, that it must give way to an education which is liberally directed towards these ends.

The modern educator flatly denies the primacy of the so-called "essentials" in early education. The young child has far more important matters to attend to than desk and book-studies. These do too much violence to the natural powers of the child, who is not a sedentary and still-life creature, but one who learns and grows largely through play and activity, through the handling and shaping of things, through imitation and experimentation. Instead, therefore, of being a hindrance to the "essentials," when he is old enough to begin them, in his second or third school year, the "special" studies, if they are properly pursued, respect the child, break the outrageous monotony of desk work, bring zest and interest into the schoolroom, and instead of hindering actually promote progress in the "essentials."

Conventional educational values must be revised in the light of new standards. There is too much naïve ignoring of the real and well-known causes of our present failure to accomplish the results we have hoped for in the elementary school—namely, greatly overcrowded classes, which preclude individual attention; the poor physical condition of the children, due to underfeeding and unsanitary conditions in the tenements; the foreign nationalities (twenty-seven in one school), and their varying standards of living and manners, and, we must add, the still insufficient equipment of our teachers, for which the too low standards of our training schools are partly responsible. It will no doubt be said in reply that the Old Education at any rate succeeded in producing worthy and powerful men and women. Undoubtedly; but mainly because, coöperating with the meagre forces of the school, were other educational forces mightier than they—the old-fashioned home, gone from the city and so fast disappearing even from the country, the old forms of domestic industry, the old trades and crafts, the old free life with nature at the door, the direct contact with the simpler productive activities of the world, the old folk-lore and folk-song, and all the popular arts. We have discovered that we must find substitutes for these educational forces. The New Education is in part an effort to provide them.

THE GREAT POLITICAL STRIKE IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, October 2, 1904.

On the thirty-fourth anniversary, September 18, of the entry of the Italian troops through the breach of Porta Pia into Rome, we spent the morning in the Piazza della Signoria or wandering through Via Calzaioli to the Duomo, trying to get reliable news of the "general strike" officially declared "terminated," but affirmed to be still continuing at Milan. The interprovincial telephones had been silent for days; telegrams with answers prepaid had remained unanswered; the Florentine papers, which, notwithstanding the partial strike, managed to appear regularly, printed telegrams from four to fourteen hours old. Private letters from Milan written on Monday, the 19th, affirmed that the strike had been absolute and universal, and that, despite the "orders of the Labor Exchange" to end the strike and return to work, the majority of the workers had refused to obey, and insisted on prolonging it at least until the evening of the 20th-21st; in proof, they pointed to the fact that for five days not a single newspaper had appeared in Milan, that the Syndic himself had been unable to get his manifestoes printed, and that he had been obliged to lithograph them. Perfect order reigned, and, with the exception of the assassination of one Dr. Gadola by a common criminal now in safe custody, no blood had been shed either of civilians, police, or military, nor any attack made on private or public property. Incredible as the facts announced appear, it turns out that they are perfectly true, and whereas a week since we should not have hesitated to scoff at the announcement of a general strike in any single city of Italy, still less in several cities at once, we have to record an absolute five-days' strike in Milan, and strikes more or less general in Genoa, Turin, Venice, and Naples, and, shortest and mildest, in Florence, thanks to the excellent ordinances of the ex-wounded Garibaldian prefect, Annaratone, of the municipality, and of the citizens in general, who left it to the workmen and shopmen to come to work or to stay at home, many declaring that in either case their daily wage would be paid as usual.

Your readers may remember my letters to the *Nation* in March, 1902, from Rome, on "The Railway Strike in Italy," in which the pledges given to the nation by the young King in his first speech to Parliament were enumerated; and that of last May on "The Italian Socialists," the failure of the attempted general strikes in Rome and Florence—in both of which appeared my conviction that, as in England during the Chartist agitation, as in France always and quite lately, so Italy would fail miserably if any attempt should again be made. In the congress of the International Socialists at Amsterdam, though the general attention was fixed on the personal duel between Guesde and Jaurès, the uselessness and damage of a general strike as a weapon of economical progress were emphatically dwelt upon; only Ferri (and that incidentally) maintained that it was a weapon to keep in reserve in a political crisis. The Dresden motion of 1900 was reaffirmed by a majority, it is true. "No compromise with bourgeois governments or classes; nay, relentless war of the masses against the classes" was proclaimed. Yet Jaurès maintains his ascendency in the Socialist arrondissements in Paris; and Turati, in the *Critica Sociale* (August 16), demonstrated to our *then* entire satisfaction that at Amsterdam, as at Bologna, the victory of the *intransigenti* was merely apparent. The mere list of reforms which they themselves demanded, he said, could not in any country be secured by the Socialists alone; even the Germans, with their three millions of Socialist electors, are showing symptoms of impatience at the compulsory "orthodoxy" which renders their immense number useless, paralyzed as they are by the feudal organization of Germany. Little thought Turati, as he penned the twenty-six columns of report and criticism, that, before he could publish another number of the *Critica*, he, as Socialist leader, would be compelled to participate in a general strike, and, as member of Parliament, accept the responsibility of proclaiming the termination of that strike; to find himself and colleagues vic-

toriously defied by Labriola, the intransigent victor at Bologna, who induced the workmen of Milan to prolong the strike in defiance of the deputies of the extreme Left and also of the president and executive of the Labor Exchange in Milan! But so it happened; and if the leaders of both Socialist factions—if the radicals and republicans—were taken by surprise, taken prisoners, we may say, by their Benjamin elect, the proletary, how can any blame be cast on either the local or central authorities for their ignorance of the spirit that was abroad?

Blame or praise matters little now, but certain it is that on Thursday, the 15th of September, there was perfect calm, at least on the surface, throughout the country, and tidings of "the happy event" were alone awaited with curiosity. The young King is popular, "Elena of Montenegro" equally so; hence a real desire that the Queen should give birth to a son and heir to the Italian crown was prevalent. The desire was gratified on the evening of the 15th, but the news only reached the public on the morning of the 16th, when Humbert II., Crown Prince and Prince of Piedmont, received a really hearty national and international welcome. Rumors of a general strike reached Florence towards evening, but no one believed them till a late hour, when the *Corriere della Sera*, of date Friday the 16th, announced that a general strike had been proclaimed and commenced in Monza, and that, precisely at the moment of the entrance into the world of the future sovereign, the "sovereign people of Milan" had ordained not only a general but a universal strike, as a protest against the repeated massacres of the unarmed proletary by the royal army and the carbineers. Let who will deny the fact, this first sudden peremptory declaration was spontaneous and genuine.

News had come from the island of Sardinia that, owing to a labor dispute at the mines of Buggerru, two companies of troops had, without provocation, fired upon some five hundred strikers, who belonged to no league or union, and actually while their leaders were in conference with the masters; that two miners had been killed, three severely wounded, and several others more or less hurt. The Genoese workmen, who had lately been restless and turbulent, protested, held meetings, but reached no specific decision. Then from Castelluzzo came tidings of another massacre, by carbineers, of certain peasants who were holding an orderly meeting to pay their shares and take their lots in land assigned to the agricultural coöperative association lately established. They were perfectly orderly, and the room in which about sixty were assembled was left open. The brigadier asked for the list of the members, which might be an inoffensive measure on the part of a syndic or even a chief of police, but on the part of the carbineers was a mere arbitrary abuse of their uniform. The secretary refusing their demand, the brigadier declared all the peasants in arrest, and fired and killed two, while his comrades fired on the fugitives, who thought only of escaping to their homes. This fresh outrage, this fresh "proletary blood" shed with apparent impunity, so enraged the people that the vague proposition for a general strike was put forward when tidings of the Buggerru catastrophe first reached the continent. Stormy meetings were held at Sestri Ponente, near Genoa, and at Milan, where, at eleven at night on the 15th, the general strike was declared, and on the morrow commenced in earnest; all seemingly accepting the motion of the "Labor Exchange," "whose members, on account of the blood shed anew by the assassins of the homicidal Government, decide on a general strike in token of their indignation and abhorrence, and in order to prevent henceforward the intervention of the military in conflicts between labor and capital."

In rough numbers, the population of Milan is half a million, the workingmen above fifteen years of age are 116,000, the number of members of the Labor Exchange at the end of 1903 rather more than 30,000; hence if only these members had gone on strike the interruption of the business of the great industrial city would hardly have been apparent. But, by the unanimous confession of the entire press when, after five entire days of enforced silence, the newspapers reappeared, the entire business of the city was suspended; even the newspapers printed during the night of the 15th-16th, and dispatched by train to the provinces, were not distributed in Milan. The *Secolo*, while strongly stigmatizing the effusion of blood, had disapproved the proposal of the strike, suggesting instead the union of all the liberal and democratic forces of the nation for the installation of a Government pledged to the prevention of further bloodshed; observing that if, after the violent scenes of 1898, a general strike had been resorted to, to-day the Government and the municipality would be in the hands of clerical moderate reactionaries. Nearly the same language was used by Turati in a public meeting held on Friday, but he was hissed by the vast multitude assembled and the strike was voted unanimously.

It should be borne in mind that no question of labor conflicts arose, so that when the decision was carried to the mills, factories, warehouses, and shops, to the tram offices, etc., the workmen merely informed the employers that they abandoned their work as a protest against the slaughter of their fellow-workmen; that they had no cause of complaint against themselves.

No one believed at first that the strike would last more than twenty-four hours. The employers offered not the slightest resistance, and the meetings held in the Arena of 20,000 to 30,000 people embraced all classes, who united in protesting against the abuse, even the use, of the military on the occasion of labor disputes. Had the strike ended on Friday or even on Saturday, the "protest" must have arrested the attention of all Italy, because it would have appeared what it really was, a universal cry of indignation against the use of the national forces in conflicts between class and class. But in this, as in most cases of sudden popular tumults, the leaders had let loose forces they could not control, and the real people, bent on a practical issue to their protest, listened now to this, now to that suggestion. While the distribution of Milanese newspapers was prohibited by the Labor Exchange, papers from the other provinces were sold as usual. In the evening a lithographed manifesto from the Sindaco, signed by all the assessors, was posted. It recognized the noble indignation that agitates the souls of the citizens, who are begged to oppose violence with calm, to confine their protest within serene limits and civic virtue, and concluded: "We, your representatives, are at one (*solidali*) with you in protesting against the slaughter of these latter days, in your resolution to prevent their repetition. This very evening your mayor will start for Rome to inform the Government personally of your indignation, trusting meanwhile that you will remain calm and soon return to the work that you have abandoned in a painful moment."

Here, then, we have the tacit approbation of the citizens and the open adhesion of the municipal representative to the "indignant protest of the working classes against shedding the blood of their fellow-workmen." The Edison electric workmen remained at their posts, and not one was molested, though no special protection was afforded them. Some of the gas workers struck, others remained at their posts, also unmolested. The master bakers' union appealed to their men to return to their work, observing that "one day's strike was a protest equal to that of several; that to deprive Milan of bread was to inflict the heaviest suffering on their own class; and that while they should endeavor to supply the city even if the men persisted on strike, if their efforts fell short of the public necessities the blame would fall on them and their counsellors." All the working bakers returned to their task unmolested. At first it was asserted that all the railway workers had resolved to join the general strike, and many possibly did so; but, for reasons not yet wholly explained, they were by their directive committee ordered to remain at or return to their posts, and the order was obeyed, though at Genoa and at Venice partial strikes occurred.

Towards evening the cry was raised, "Down with Giolitti! Let the strike continue till he is dismissed," and the cry was echoed in the second immense mass meeting in the Arena. The vigilance of the workmen must have abated, for the *teppisti*, as the scum and riffraff of the populace are called in Milan, began to ply their trade. Cabs were stopped, restaurants and cafés which had remained open were compelled to close, and when the proprietor of the famous old Casanova Birreria refused to close, and the waiters and some of the public took his part, a sort of free fight ensued, in which the party of order would have had the best of it if one of the *teppisti* had not knifed and killed Dr. Gadola. On Saturday morning a fresh public meeting was held; indignation was expressed at the murder committed, and Turati exhorted the people to end the strike and return to their work. Lazzari announced that on the morrow a meeting of the extreme parliamentary Left would be held in Milan. To shouts of "They must dismiss Giolitti!" Turati replied: "The Deputies cannot promise you the head of Giolitti or of any one else; the resignation of any minister depends on the majority in Parliament; we can demand its reconvocation—nothing more." Meanwhile the press association requested immediate permission for the printers, compositors, etc., to return to their work, so that the citizens to whom bread for their bodies had been accorded, might also have bread for their souls. But the "Federazione del Libro" (Milan branch) refused permission, affirming that they must remain united with other workmen until the proclamation of the end of the general strike.

At midday came the following telegram from the Sindaco Barinetti, at Rome, to

the assessors of Milan, which had to be published in lithograph:

"CITIZENS: The Home Minister has taken action in order to repress the abuse by the military; the carbineers suspected of guilt have been subjected to penal procedure and arrested. The Minister has also taken steps to hinder the authorities from intervening in conflicts between capital and labor, leaves full liberty for all manifestations, refrains from intervening (save in cases of danger) in public meetings. These assurances having attained the aim of the strike, I trust that calm will be everywhere maintained and that all will return to their work."

That the telegram was authentic there can be no doubt, and it is more than confirmed by Giolitti's letter to the mayor of Turin in answer to his telegram expressing the indignation of the municipal Socialistic councillors at the massacres of Buggerru and Castelluzzo. It is too long to translate as a whole, but too remarkable a document to be passed over in silence. The President of the Council and Home Minister replies "explicitly and instantly to the telegram sent in the name of the Socialist councillors of the illustrious city of Milan," repeating that he has for the last three years constantly affirmed and maintained the absolute right to strike, and the non-interference of the military in labor disputes. He explains the painful incidents of Buggerru and Castelluzzo as wholly independent of the Government; affirms that as long as he is at the helm he will enforce obedience to the law by all, and invites the honorable councillors to reflect on the radical change in home policy effected by himself, and the enormous difficulties that he has had to contend with in order to secure to the Italian proletary the benefits that have accrued to them (presumably in their occasional victories over their employers). Hence he asks whether they can suppose that he intends "by insane violence to neutralize such splendid results, and feels sure that they need no recommendation to maintain order, to prevent any disturbance which would compromise the cause of liberty indispensable to the material welfare, to the moral and material progress of the popular classes." When the syndic's telegram and the Minister's letter reached Milan on Sunday morning, no doubt was felt that the strike would cease at once. Public meetings had been held *ad libitum;* no troops had appeared; the police had simply arrested all disturbers of public order. Two days' loss of wages is a serious loss to men who live from hand to mouth; the proprietors had been patient, at least outwardly; was it wise or prudent to try their tempers further? The directors of the Labor Exchange decided in the negative, and isused a manifesto *commanding* the members of the extreme Left to instantly reorganize parliamentary action, to pursue obstruction to its utmost limits, to prevent all legislative work until Giolitti was removed and a law passed prohibiting the presence of the military on the scene of labor conflicts; then *ordained* the close of the strike and the resumption of labor on the morrow, Monday, the 18th inst.

Meanwhile the members of the extreme Left, Socialists, Radicals, and Republicans, who had arrived at or were already in Milan, held a meeting in the town hall, and, after a couple of hours' discussion, voted the following order of the day: "The Deputies of the extreme Left assembled in Milan note with heartfelt pleasure the generous awakening of popular energy in defence of the lives of the working classes; they confirm the convocation of all the members of the extreme Left for Wednesday next, 21st inst., in Rome"; resolve to demand the immediate convocation of Parliament to discuss the conduct of the Government and its responsibility, affirming on their own part that the recent ferocious repressions are unworthy of a liberal Government, and hence that the present Ministry cannot possibly remain in power. Moreover, they pledge themselves to propose legislative measures which shall make it impossible for the military to turn their weapons against the people, and to obtain their passage by obstruction and by all possible methods. Immediately after this meeting the secretary of the league of resistance, accepting the decision of the Labor Exchange and the order of the day of the extreme Left, invited the Italian proletary to end the strike at once and return immediately to work.

All anxiously awaited the grand reunion of the extreme Left in Rome, and, general as was the expectation, the delusion was universal. Space forbids us to note the various deliberations of the various factions in their separate meetings. At a general meeting of Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists on September 21, "ferocious systematic repressions" were declared unworthy of a Liberal Government; hence the impossibility of the continuation of the present Ministry. The immediate convocation of the Chambers was voted, and a deputation chosen to demand it from the Speaker. Then a fresh meeting for the 16th of next October was decided on. *Voilà tout.*

Giolitti, who had remained impassive during the strikes, gave no sign or token that he was aware of the meeting of the extreme Left. The president of the Chambers, Speaker Biancheri, came to Rome and summoned the members of his staff to consult in regard to the immediate convocation of the Chambers. The Council were of opinion that they were incompetent to decide the question, the only time that the House had been convoked without the authority of the Ministry being in 1870, when the Speaker acted on his own authority. Requested to give at least their opinion as to the demand, they unanimously agreed that immediate convocation was unnecessary and inopportune. This opinion was at once communicated to the delegate of the extreme Left, and thus the only practical proposal of the extremists has ended in smoke. As to the closing of the session and an immediate appeal to the country, so far as Giolitti is concerned he may never have heard of such a proposal, for any attention paid to it in his official and officious organs. Hence the professed aim of the general strike—to obtain the dismissal of the Ministry, the dissolution of the Chambers, and a general election—has utterly failed, and the three parties are laying the respective blame one on the other.

J. W. M.

Correspondence.

INDIA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Secretary Taft begins his account (in the *Churchman* of October 1) of the Government educational work in the Philippines with the statement that its chief end is to "prepare the people under our guidance and control for popular self-government." This, he maintains—with what object it is difficult to see—is in direct contrast to the English colonial policy in India, which is to keep the people in ignorance, because this is essential to contentment under a strong paternal government. In support of this accusation of intentional neglect he gives statistics including the number of pupils under instruction, wrongly quoting the figures of the census of 1891 as those of 1901, which are more than a million greater.

This error, however, is of little importance in comparison with his apparent ignorance of what has been done to promote education in India in the last fifty years as shown in Lord Curzon's Minute on this subject. The Viceroy truly says that the existing system of education "seeks to satisfy the aspirations of students in the domains of learning and research; it supplies the Government with a succession of upright and intelligent public servants; it trains workers in every branch of commercial enterprise that has made good its footing in India; it attempts to develop the resources of the country and to stimulate and improve indigenous arts and industries." Although Lord Curzon does not state in so many words that the system has for its object the training of the Indian people for popular self-government, it is difficult to see wherein it fails in this respect. And as a matter of fact, the Hindoos are more and more admitted to a share in the government, and the number of native officials in proportion to the English is, I believe, far greater than that of the Filipinos to the Americans.

There is a fundamental contrast between the two educational policies to which the Secretary does not allude. In the Philippines "the teaching is all in English," in both the primary and secondary schools. The English language is put first among the subjects taught, and "the only texts used are English texts." In primary education in India, "English has no place, and should have no place," are the Viceroy's emphatic words—not because the speaking of English will be a help to independence, but because the teaching of a foreign language to children under thirteen in order to instruct them in that language, would be wasting precious time and stunting their mental growth. The outcome of the American system, if it is maintained, unless all human experience fails, will be, not a people fit for self-government, but simply a Malayan species of Baboos.

I will add that the Secretary's only reason for making all the instruction in English is the fact that there are twelve dialects, and in order to have "a reasonable, intelligent public opinion" "the people must be educated to think alike and in a common language to express the thoughts that they have on the subject of good government." It would be pretty hard to say

how many generations it would take to bring this about in the English language, if it were conceivably possible.

JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD.

BOSTON, October 12, 1904.

GOETHE AND SECRETARY TAFT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Secretary Taft, in his rôle of defender of extravagance in public expenditures, challenges comparison with another Minister of War, to whose achievements in that capacity a recent biographer pays enthusiastic tribute. It is true, the country is Weimar, and the time more than a hundred years ago; but the Minister is Goethe, and if extravagance is a good thing *per se*, it ought to be good at all times and in all places. Let us hear what Bielschowsky, in his most interesting life of Goethe, just completed, says of his management of the two departments of finance and war:

"Kalb had administered the 'Chamber,' that is to say, the department of finance, very poorly. The Duke therefore dismissed him from office, in June, 1782, and entrusted Goethe with its management, provisionally, as both thought, but for many years as it turned out. This complicated task was all the more difficult because Goethe found the office in a state of confusion. He soon felt how great a burden he had imposed upon himself. Most conscientious as he was, he realized the full gravity of his undertaking. As President of the Chamber he was the very head of the administration, and among his many serious problems the most serious was his struggle with the Duke. The Duke was no spendthrift, but a generous prince, who spent freely, enjoyed playing the host, and would not be bound by the limits of his private revenues in his expenditures for the chase and his travels. He therefore spent usually more than his income, and the Chamber had to provide for the deficit. Goethe put a stop to such extravagance. When he noticed, after the lapse of half a year, that Bertuch, the private secretary of the Duke, had spent more than he was entitled to during that time, he stopped all further payments, and told him very bluntly that he would have to manage differently during the rest of the year. 'I must have order, or I shall resign.' He achieved his object, and with considerable satisfaction he wrote to Knebel towards the close of April, 1783: 'My management of the finances has been more satisfactory than I thought possible a year ago. I am lucky and successful in my administration, but then I adhere firmly to my plans and my principles.'"

So much for Goethe as financier. He was equally successful in his management of the War Office:

"He found the department of war in the utmost confusion. The officials were neglectful, the routine of business disorganized, accounts and documents thrown together pell-mell. But he was not discouraged. . . . And after two years and a half not only was his department in the best of order, but the corps of officials was reorganized and so thoroughly trained that everything ran smoothly; and in spite of the Duke's military crotchets (*Makaronis*) Goethe succeeded in reducing the army of Weimar by half—that is to say, from 600 to 310 men."

GUSTAV POLLAK.

NEW YORK, October 14, 1904.

CHAUCER AND THE BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is one curious instance of the freedom with which Chaucer appropriated to his own use all that he found in his reading, which has not, so far as I am aware, been noticed by the commentators. At line 282 of the B version of 'The Legend of Good Women' we read:

"Behind this god of love, upon the grene,
I saugh comynge of ladyes nyntene
In real habit, a ful esy paas;
And after hem com of women swich a traas,
That, sin that god Adam had maad of erthe,
The thridde part of mankynd, or the ferthe,
Ne wende I nat by possibilitee,
Had ever in this wyde worlde ybe;
And trewe of love thise women were echoon.
Now whether was that a wonder thing or noon,
That right anoon as that they gonne espye
This flour, which that I clepe the dayesye,
Ful sodeinly they stinten alle at ones,
And kneled doun, as it were for the nones,
And songen with o vois, 'Hele and honour
To trouthe of womanhede, and to this flour
That berth our alder prys in figuringe!
Hir whyte coroun berth the witnessinge!'"

Apparently this was suggested by the vision described in the seventh chapter of the Revelation of St. John. There we have first a definite number, "an hundred and forty and four thousand," followed by "a great multitude which no man could number" of those "which came out of great tribulation." The whole company worships the Lamb, and cries with a loud voice: "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne." The word "hele" of Chaucer is a very fair rendering of the Latin "salus," which stands in the Vulgate text of this passage. A closer parallel to the words of the hymn sung by Chaucer's good women, however, is found in Revelation xix. 1: "Salvation, and glory, and honor, and power unto the Lord our God."

That Chaucer was familiar with this passage of the Revelation may be proved, if proof be necessary, by the fact that in the Man of Law's tale of Constance, itself the legend of a good woman, he quotes directly from Revelation vii. 3:

"Who bad the foure spirits of tempest
That power han t'anoyen land and see,
'Bothe north and south, and also west and est,
Anoyeth neither see, ne land, ne tree?"

Respectfully, ROBERT K. ROOT.

YALE UNIVERSITY, October 12, 1904.

Notes.

Dana Estes & Co., Boston, will be the American publishers of Prof. Leo Wiener's translation of Tolstoy's Complete Works in conjunction with Messrs. Dent, London, and conformably to their Balzac. Besides a biography, Professor Wiener furnishes an alphabetical "thought-concordance," more than 100 pages long, to the contents of the twenty-four volumes. There will be 150 full-page illustrations. Many of the pieces have hitherto never been rendered into English.

The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O., have in preparation twelve volumes of "useful, curious, and entertaining literature pertaining to the medical profession," and to be offered them with the coating of "The Doctor's Recreation Series." Mr. Charles Wells Moulton will be editor-in-chief.

Prof. Angelo De Gubernatis, who in 1901 produced a 'Dictionnaire International des Écrivains du Jour,' useful but not impeccable, has in preparation an International Lexicon of Contemporaneous Authors of the Latin Peoples. It is to contain, also, in an appendix, the names of all authors of non-Latin nations who have done independent work in the history, literature, and art of the Latin peoples. Gubernatis addresses an appeal for material to all the friends of his new venture. The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* expresses the hope that the Roman littérateur will do more thorough work than heretofore.

Next year three centuries will have elapsed since the appearance of the first part of 'Don Quixote,' and the Spaniards have decided to commemorate this anniversary on a rather grand scale by the publication (1) of a cheap popular edition of 'Don Quixote' by the Spanish Academy; (2) of an abridged edition for study in secondary schools; (3) of a still more condensed edition for the common schools; by a contest, with special awards by the Academy, for the best critical editions of a number of the minor works of Cervantes; by the production of several of Cervantes's plays in the Teatro Español; by the restoration of the chapter of the Church of St. Mary in Alcala, where Cervantes was baptized, and the establishment of a Cervantes museum in Alcala; by the establishment of a Cervantes Institute by Spanish literary and art societies to serve as a refuge for superannuated needy writers and artists; and by university festivities in honor of the poet. The President of the Spanish Ministry is chairman of the arrangement committee.

In his 'Essays of Lamb' (Ginn & Co.), Prof. G. A. Wauchope of South Carolina College has industriously edited selections from 'Elia,' 'The Last Essays,' and 'Critical Essays,' that will be useful for classroom purposes. Had the editor availed himself of Lucas's admirable labors he might have made his annotations more illuminative with less exertion. However, in his Library References there is no sign that either the Lucas or the Macdonald edition of Lamb has reached Columbia, S. C. Perhaps this staggers one less than to read: "It is not exaggeration to say that in [Lamb] English prose style reached its climax, and this view is now generally accepted" (Introduction, p. xxvii.).

A second edition of T. J. Lawrence's 'War and Neutrality in the Far East' has appeared within three months of the publication of the first, which was noticed at length in these columns (Macmillan). The book has been considerably enlarged, and its added pages now discuss the very interesting questions raised during the past summer. These are, chiefly, the taking of mail-bags from the *Prinz Heinrich* and their transfer to the *Persia*; the case of the vessels of the Russian volunteer fleet which got out of the Dardanelles as commercial vessels and immediately changed themselves into ships of war and began to stop neutrals; the cases of the *Allanton* and *Knight Commander*. What Mr. Lawrence has to say about the *Allanton* takes the form of a scathing review of the judgment of the Vladivostok prize court. He insists that the decision itself involves a glaring violation of international law, and especially of the rule that the penalty for carrying contraband ends with the voyage. Of the various pretensions as to contraband put forward by Russia since the war began, the author says that they amount, when taken together, "to little less than a prohibition of all sea-borne trade, export as well as import, between her enemy and neutral Powers." But these extreme pretensions have been accompanied by an equally remarkable willingness to waive them under diplomatic pressure; in the case

of the *Knight Commander*, a neutral prize was sunk by the captor, apparently without excuse, while the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs declares that "the language of the Russian Government justifies us in hoping that these acts of destruction of neutral prizes are not likely to be repeated."

Wolf von Schierbrand's 'Germany, the Welding of a World Power' (Doubleday, Page & Co.), portions of which have appeared in various magazines, is a compilation such as would be expected from an industrious and experienced newspaper writer. The author has well employed his opportunities for becoming familiar with German conditions, and has produced a book full of useful information, most of which is, in the main, accurate. Its value from a literary point of view, however, is impaired by its style, which follows the most pronounced American newspaper models. The sub-title of the book indicates that its author's training as a writer of English consisted in equipping him with the vocabulary in which a detective is spoken of as a "sleuth" and a fast steamship as an "ocean greyhound." He actually uses these and similar expressions.

Mr. Bradford Torrey discourses pleasantly in his 'Nature's Invitation' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) of what he has seen on his walks in regions as widely separated as New Hampshire and Arizona. No bird seems to escape his observation, and his acquaintance with these fellow-creatures is of prodigious extent. Of the flora he has less to say, but most of us would do well to listen to his casual utterances. Upon one point Mr. Torrey is justly resolute: Nature's invitations are to be accepted only with the qualification "weather permitting." "When a man sets forth on an out-of-door pleasure jaunt, his prayer is for weather. . . . In the mountains, if nowhere else, weather is three-fifths of life." The book is slight enough; but no one can read in it without getting some hint that will make his rambles more profitable.

The guides of the northern lakes and woods form a perennial source of material for the journalist and book-maker, but the quality of the result depends altogether upon the sympathetic insight of the writer. A Van Dyke can get at the best that is in these men of the woods, interpret their essetial qualities of heart and mind to almost any class of readers, and still leave them possible human beings. Mr. H. S. Canfield, the author of 'Fergy the Guide, and his Moral and Instructive Lies about Beasts, Birds, and Fishes' (Henry Holt & Co.), has not tried to be a Van Dyke. Sinking contentedly below the higher levels of humor, he allows his protagonist to pour forth some three hundred and fifty pages of such frankly impossible yarns as one may hear in a corner-grocery crowd of uneducated smart boys. It would require the tucking in of a large amount of genuine wit and philosophy to save such a book, but the real wit and philosophy are not very striking features of the compound, in the present case. One finds not infrequent suggestions of the influence of Charles W. Chesnutt's 'Cunjer Woman,' but "Fergy" is far below the measure of old Julius as an entertaining liar. Any one of the separate chapters might pass muster in the Sunday supplement of a modern daily newspaper, but *in extenso* no garrulous barber could be more tiresome than "Fergy."

A handy little 'Synopses of Dickens's Novels' has been made by J. Walker McSpadden on the lines of his 'Shaksperian Synopses,' and comes to us from T. Y. Crowell & Co. There is first a chronological conspectus, with some bibliographical details, of the novelist's productions; a summary of each novel, preceded by the same details amplified, a statement of the scene, and a cast of characters. The volume closes with an index to characters, with reference simply to the novel. All this may be praised, but Mr. McSpadden should not say that "no list of his [Dickens's] characters . . . has been available." We have at our elbow the volume of the Globe Edition of Dickens issued in 1869, by Hurd & Houghton, containing besides 'The Uncommercial Traveller' and 'Master Humphrey's Clock' a "General [Descriptive] Index of Characters *and of their Appearances*," with precise references. Moreover, it is much fuller than Mr. McSpadden's, whose index begins with Akerman. The other gives "Adams, head boy at Doctor Strong's, with a turn for mathematics, *David Copperfield*, ii., 24, 38, 45, 77-78, 81," and three others similarly particularized. This is followed by an "Index of Fictitious Places, Popular Sayings, etc." The edition we suppose to be out of print, but Pierce's 'Dickens Dictionary,' to be had of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is the more thorough work of which Mr. McSpadden may well say "Pereat qui ante nos."

There has come to hand the first (October) number of a periodical of large quarto size, entitled "*Kind und Kunst:* Monatsschrift für die Pflege der Kunst im Leben des Kindes." It is published by Alexander Koch at Darmstadt, and number one has, bound in, a title-page for the whole annual volume (October, 1904, to September, 1905), and also an ornamental preliminary title-page with an elaborate pictorial display. Examination shows that the editors will address themselves to mothers and governesses and teachers of young children; and to help them in their task there is also a children's department, a "Kinderwelt," with (in this number) a fairy story which is apparently original and new, and certain very clever verses to read at the baby's bedside. Other departments show how drawings can be made, by the teacher or by the child, or both, some of these being silhouettes. Then there are photographs of rational toys, with the maker's name attached, and a great number of photographs having no connection with one another and without explanatory text—evidently specimens merely of snapshots of children with lambs, with picture books, and perched in trees, taken by the amateur photographer.

In the *Revue de Paris* for September 15 appears the second part of Ibsen's letters to Georg Brandes. These fifteen letters cover a quarter of a century, 1873-1897. Ibsen is not a good correspondent. When he is engaged on a play, he writes no letters and reads no books. Every alternate December during the above period he was producing a new drama, but even to Brandes he could not write freely about the work into which he was putting all his energies. These letters will be of no use to his literary biographer. The translator, Mme. Rémusat, is actually uncertain, as she shows by her question marks, what the plays are to which Ibsen now and then makes a grudging allusion. In 1873 Brandes had sent Ibsen his translation of John Stuart Mill. Ibsen thought Mill both pedantic and unscientific, and could not understand his friend's interest in an author who reminded one of Cicero and Seneca. Later on, Brandes settled in Copenhagen, and with his brother founded a review, the *Nineteenth Century*. Ibsen, always hostile to the cantonal idea and an ardent apostle of the Scandinavian spirit, could not sympathize with his friend's Danish "exclusivisme"; but in the end he wrote for the review a series of rhymed letters on the intellectual tendencies of the day. Rarely does Ibsen declare his principles in a letter. "La minorité a toujours raison," he wrote in 1882, when a very small minority tolerated his "Ghosts." When the last letter was written, in 1896, Ibsen was planning to settle himself on the coast, between Copenhagen and Elsinore, "dans un endroit découvert d'où je puisse apercevoir les grands bateaux venant de loin ou s'en allant au loin." For he found that in Christiania "tous les chemins sont fermés, toutes les voies sont barrées à la communication de la pensée. . . . Ici, près des fjords, est ma terre natale, mais . . . mais . . , où est ma patrie?"

Dr. Emil Schlagintweit contributes to *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number five, an interesting account of Tibet and the leading facts of its recent history. Other articles are a summary of the meteorological results of the observations of the Swedish Antarctic expedition under the leadership of Dr. O. Nordenskjöld, and a continuation of the descriptions of the geology of Kamtchatka and the Argentine province of Buenos Aires. The principal contents of number six are Dr. H. Steffen's account of the Baker-Fiord in west Patagonia, and the narrative of a recent journey through Shantung and Kiang-su, by Walter Anz. While, in this latter province, Herr Anz found the ways infested with robbers, and every one went armed, in the other the multitude and activity of the men building a railway made him almost forget that he was in China.

The bibliography of the geographical literature of 1903, published as the extra September issue of the *Annales de Géographie*, is now a substantial octavo volume of 320 pages. The number of entries, 937, does not accurately represent the extent of the work, for under one title several publications are often catalogued. Under number 595, for instance, are displayed eight titles of books or scientific papers by Sven Hedin. The descriptive and analytic notes to the great majority of the entries by the editor, M. L. Raveneau, and his fifty-four collaborators give the work exceptional value for reference. Among the subjects of growing interest and importance, as shown by the number of publications, is colonization. Under this head one may get an excellent idea of what is being done by the different countries to develop their colonial possessions. The index of authors contains more than 2,000 names.

Some time ago the City Library of Cologne issued a pamphlet written by its director, Dr. Adolf Keysser, and entitled 'Die Oeffentlichen Bibliotheken und die Schöne Literatur.' The special reason for

its publication was to enlist booklovers and authors in the Rhine province in behalf of the collection of Rhineland literature, which for years has been this library's specialty; but it is also of general interest, as indicating the view which the "scientific" librarian in Germany takes of the "modern" library movement. "If the large public libraries," the author says, "are to satisfy all literary needs, they have an extensive, many-sided task before them. They are to serve not only research, but also the distribution of the results of research, for the enlightenment of the multitude and for the promotion of political and professional education; they are, finally, to assist the spread of ethical and æsthetic culture, as far as this can be gained through the study of literature." The author makes a plea for collecting everything produced by writers of a given territory and everything relating to the territory, in poetry and fiction, as well as in other branches of literature.

The new Catalogue (of non-fiction) which the Trenton Free Public Library has sent out contains an announcement that deserves to be widely imitated. It is provided that "the number of non-fiction works that may be drawn on an individual card is determined largely by the needs of the reader and the character of the works requested for home use." This is a most liberal and farsighted policy, and should tend to stimulate serious reading among the users of the library. The note following this statement—"Special privileges on application"—shows that the trustees and librarian of this institution mean that it shall really serve *all* the people.

The Presidential address of Dr. Percival, the Bishop of Hereford, before the Educational Science Section of the British Association, being largely drawn from his personal experience as head master of Clifton and Rugby, and president of Trinity, Oxford, contains much that is of general interest, though his main theme is the defects of the English system. Among the prominent causes of these defects are the general lack of interest in education, the excessive influence of tradition, and the want of systematic training of teachers. Treating of elementary education, he characterizes the petition of 14,718 medical practitioners for the introduction of simple hygienic teaching, including instruction on the nature and effects of alcohol, as "one of the most important educational documents" of the time. The ignorance of the lower classes as to the primary laws of health, and the fashionable cult of athleticism by the middle and upper classes, have this significant result: "at one end of the scale, neglect of the rudiments of sanitation, the loss of the *corpus sanum*; at the other end, the idol worship of athleticism, the depreciation of the intellectual life, and the loss of the *mens sana*."

Of the dead who have made their mark, we have space only now and again to speak fittingly. The youth of promise must needs fare still worse. Such a one, Mr. Trumbull Stickney, instructor in Greek at Harvard, passed away on October 11, leaving a great void in the thoughts and feelings of his intimates. Our readers know something of his scholarly work performed in Paris while earning his degree of *docteur ès lettres*, and may recall two letters of his to the *Nation* from France in Nos. 1951 and 1956. Mr. Stickney's literary, like his linguistic, talent was brilliant and gave much to expect in maturity. His person and his character were alike charming.

—Among the first grants made by the Carnegie Institution was that for a 'Guide to the Archives of the Government of the United States in Washington.' The volume was prepared by Mr. C. H. Van Tyne and W. G. Leland, and has now been published under the direction of Professor McLaughlin of the Bureau of Historical Research. Each department and its various bureaus were examined, and the result shows that a surprising quantity of historical material has been stored in various places, under different rules of management, and, it must be confessed, with great ignorance of its value and relation to like material elsewhere. Not only the purely Executive records have been surveyed, but the historical collections of manuscripts that have been purchased or received by gift from time to time and, for want of a central depository, have been placed wherever space could be found. Naturally, the knowledge to use these papers was not available, and in some cases they have received little or no attention from the busy officials in whose keeping they were. For the first time some information is obtainable regarding the size and nature of the collections, their location and the rules governing their use by students or investigators. The survey has been well done, and in arrangement could hardly be improved. A full index and bibliography increase its utility as a work of reference.

—As the more important of the collections of historical manuscripts have been transferred from the Department of State to the Library of Congress since the preparation of this guide, the Library and the War Department are the two great depositories of such materials. There is, however, a great difference in the use made by the two of their stores. The War Department has much that is properly historical—like the Confederate Records and what was captured during the civil war. The student is not only forbidden access to them, under the plea of want of space, but the officials of the Department do not know what they have in the boxes, files, and vaults of manuscripts in its charge. This situation is fully described by Mr. Leland, who, in default of access to the collections, was obliged to depend upon the few references in printed reports. The Library of Congress, on the other hand, is open to all, and, under its capable head, it is utilizing its immense material for the benefit of the public. Its newspaper collection is bound and indexed; its manuscripts are rapidly being calendared and listed, and its books are well classified and catalogued. There is every reason why the historical material from other departments should be placed in its keeping, and this policy is emphasized by the results of the examination made by Messrs. Van Tyne and Leland. A similar guide to State records is preparing under the auspices of the American Historical Association.

—This year's conference of the American Library Association being international in scope, the editor of *Public Libraries* conceived the happy idea of making the October number of that journal an international number. It consists of articles describing mainly the modern free public library movement which has spread over Europe during the last ten years, largely as an outcome of the acquaintance which European visitors gained with American libraries during the Chicago World's Fair. This is especially true of Germany, and the movement in that empire is most fittingly described by the man who has been chiefly instrumental in bringing it about, Dr. Constantin Nörrenberg, city librarian of Düsseldorf. Among the other countries represented are Austria, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Japan. The article on "Modern British Libraries" is by the late Miss M. S. R. James, for many years librarian of the People's Palace in London; afterwards, and until her recent death, connected with the Library Bureau in Boston. In addition to this paper, which describes recent developments, both in the British Islands and in the Empire, there are special papers on libraries in South Africa and New South Wales, and on "Public Libraries in London." Of timely interest is a paper on the "Honolulu Library and Reading-Room Association." A. A. Granfelt writes of the "Popular Libraries of Finland" in a way to arouse the greatest sympathy with this struggling people; pathetic is his description of the ups and downs of a small parish library. Among the American contributions we note the introductory article by Mr. Dewey, who briefly reiterates the well-known data of the library movement in this country since 1876.

—Simultaneously with the Peace Conference in Boston, the American Unitarian Association publishes in six volumes a new edition of Dr. Channing's Writings. The time is fit, for it was in Dr. Channing's study that the first American Peace Society was organized, and no aspect of his works has more immediate interest than that which is turned towards war with a fixed intensity of opposition. Externally the edition is very attractive, and the letterpress surprisingly so, considering that the plates are those of the six-volume edition of 1841-43. The change from a duodecimo to an octavo page has an agreeable effect. Mr. Chadwick's introduction is an elaborate condensation, in thirty-eight pages, of his 'William Ellery Channing,' published a year since, with little verbal reminiscence. It aims to trace the lines of Channing's growth up to the time of his earlier publications, and to relate his writings to his personal history and the times in which he lived. There is less emphasis, as there should be, on Channing's theological than on his philanthropic and social activity, with special emphasis on his anti-slavery work. His relations with Garrison are described as "a mystery that defies solution." Of his social aspirations we read: "It is not extravagant to hope that, on the social plane, the progress of society for a long time to come will be the progressive embodiment of his spirit and the progressive realization of his particular ideas, hopes and plans." It is the confirmation of this view afforded by these writings that amply justifies their republication, and makes them deserving of the attention of all who are engaged in sociological studies or in philanthropic work. The openness of Channing's mind and the breadth of his religious sympathy have many striking illus-

trations, and they have never been excelled.

—In comparison with the abundance and quality of the other exhibits from Japan, at the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition in St. Louis, that of the Educational Department is rather disappointing. It emphasizes the fact that, from the grand conception of 1870, the trend has been away from culture and the humanities to technical and industrial training. Of the eight universities planned, but two are founded, and only one is fully worthy of its name, but in the useful arts and sciences the development has been enormous, and the exhibits—from Dr. Kitasato's bacteriological section to that of meteorology or penology—are very creditable. The Department of Education has issued, in connection with its display in St. Louis, a volume of more than five hundred pages in nine parts, treating of primary, secondary, superior, art and technical education, and that also for the blind, deaf and dumb; of libraries, museums, educational societies, and textbooks; and of education in the Hokkaido (Yezo, etc.) and Formosa. It is not consecutively paged, but is rather a bundle of pamphlet reports, is liberally illustrated in half-tones, which show the outdoor and indoor life of the pupils from kindergarten to university, and give one a vivid idea of the progress made in school equipment and comfort. The sitting of five million youths daily on chairs, instead of on their own doubled-up legs on floor matting, with richer diet and regular exercise, must, after a century or so, show an increase in stature of the entire nation, as has already occurred in the army and navy. One of the most encouraging features of the whole situation is the powerful influence exerted on the Mom Bu Sho by intelligent men and women interested in educational art and science, who, by means of the societies and publications, keep the Department and its methods and general policy out of partisan politics. The increase and appreciation of educational facilities in Formosa and Yezo for the races other than Japanese, as well as for the unfortunate in the empire at large, are hopeful facts here shown in detail.

—All Mexico has been thrown into a turmoil—withal, a tempest in a teapot—by the publication of a book attacking Benito Juarez, whom the Liberals—or, in effect, the Government, Federal and State—are scrupulous about calling the *Benemérito de las Americas* (Well-deserving of the Americas), always in extra large and heavy capitals. This book was written by a so-called Liberal, a man who has for some years sat in the Federal Congress; but it was hailed with acclamations by the clerical press, which has been keen in its revival of past rancors, and it has thrown the Liberal party into paroxysms. The author of 'The True Juarez' is Francisco Bulnes, an engineer by profession, but for some years chiefly noted as perhaps the first orator in the country. Pure Latin in style, this book purports to be a critical review of the acts of Juarez, especially in connection with the French intervention. To some extent it is so, though the author has considerably misused the patterns of historical writing which he set before himself; probabilities, and even surmises, grow into absolute facts, and constant use is made of insinuations having scant bases of authority, so far at least as revealed. His diatribe, as it may fairly be called, is as far removed as possible from scientific reasoning and impartial criticism.

—The notable thing in the discussion he has provoked is that little attention has been paid to the contents of his work. Here and there, some one has challenged its assertions about Juarez's private life, or its accuracy as to his relations with his own followers, with the French and English ministers, and with the United States. But generally the first object of the excited Liberals who have rushed into the fray seems to have been to heap epithets on Bulnes, the second to proclaim Juarez a man too sanctified in patriotism to admit of criticism—a god on a pedestal, not a man. It is doubtful if the majority of these critics, in the press and at mass meetings, have yet read the cause of their commotion. One looks almost in vain in the Mexican press for an intelligent criticism of the book. Two mass meetings were held in the capital, one showing a disposition to mob the traducer; also shortly thereafter a mass meeting of students of the Government's law and other schools. Meanwhile, Congressman Benito Juarez had been considering what was incumbent upon him to do to "vindicate the honor" of his father. He finally referred the question to a "committee of honor" (the designation is rather significant), composed of prominent Liberals. After a long and grave deliberation in the house of one of them, they informed the younger Juarez that he ought to leave the defence of his father's honor in the hands of the Liberal party, and he issued a pronunciamiento to the public, in which he agreed to do so, stifling his sentiments of relationship, as he virtually stated. Five books in refutation of Bulnes were then announced as in preparation, and two have already appeared.

—The movement to introduce an intellectual reform among the Parsis of Bombay has lately culminated in the formation of a society called "The Gātha Society," the first meeting of which took place on the 10th of September of last year at the Framji Cawasji Institute, Bombay, with the Rev. Dr. D. Mackichan, Vice Chancellor of the University of Bombay, in the chair. Upon that occasion a lecture was read by the Vice-President of the society, Mr. J. C. Coyajee, late Senior Fellow of Elphinstone College, upon "The Spirit of the Gāthas," and this, after having appeared in the *Oriental Review* for October, 1903, has been reprinted in the form of a pamphlet, and is now republished as the first number of the Society's publications. An interesting quarterly review, animated by the same spirit and aims, has meantime appeared. It is called the *Zartoshti*, and is bilingual in Gujrati and English. Its first numbers show a thorough spirit of criticism and are very practical. For instance, the Ahuna Vairya prayer, a greatly revered fragment, is treated, together with all the various modern translations of it. One of the editors, the Rev. Manockji N. Dhālla, a Parsi priest of character and distinction, proposes to pass two years in Oxford for the purpose of perfecting himself in the higher criticism of his subject. That he is to be supported during his stay there by a few wealthy Parsi gentlemen of Bombay adds some interest to the circumstance.

WALTER PATER.

Walter Pater. By Ferris Greenslet. (Contemporary Men of Letters.) McClure, Phillips & Co.

For a biographer, Mr. Greenslet has chosen an infelicitous motto, but, by dint of paying no attention to it, he has produced a memoir at once sympathetic, discriminating, and acceptable. The chronicle of a hidden and dateless kind of life demands the skill of the poet or the novelist rather than of the historian, or else that very delicate and subtle art which is shown at its highest in Pater's own 'Marius,' in his 'Emerald Uthwart,' or 'The Child in the House.' These, together with some of the essays and 'The Imaginary Portraits,' constitute the true sources for his biography—for the history of his personality and his spiritual growth. Mr. Greenslet, therefore, depends mainly on such authorities, and furnishes in addition a few facts and dates as the framework of his judicious appreciation. These serve to place Pater in his environment, and to account to some extent for the development of a growth so unusual and exquisite.

Pater came of a family of Dutch extraction, settled in England in the eighteenth century, in which the custom had prevailed for generations to bring up the boys as Catholics and the girls as members of the Anglican Church. His father, a well-to-do physician, was the first of the family to break away from this tradition and to quit the Church of Rome without adopting any other form of faith. But the infant son, quite evidently, was reared under the traditional family influences, in that refined and secluded household which is pictured in the sketch entitled 'The Child in the House.' The house was in Enfield, a quiet suburb four leagues from London. At the age of fourteen, a slow, serious boy and a dreamer, he was sent to King's School at Canterbury, which probably furnished the setting and environment of his 'Emerald Uthwart.' Thence he passed to Queen's College, Oxford, where he devotes himself especially to philosophical studies, and trains his pen carefully by daily translations from Sainte-Beuve and Flaubert, or by poetic versions from Goethe, from Alfred de Musset, and from the Greek Anthology. He comes strongly under the influence of Ruskin and of Goethe; and the mark of the latter certainly was ineffaceable. From the year of his graduation (1862) to 1886, he remains closely connected with Oxford, as tutor and subsequently as University Fellow. He varies his residence by an occasional visit to Italy, or by travels on the Continent. Apparently he never visited Greece, though his sketch of Attic scenery in the 'Hippolytus Unveiled' is absolutely unsurpassed for vividness and perfect appreciation of tone, atmosphere, and color. It is a little curious that, with all his grasp of Germanic and Romance literature, he never was able to speak with ease any language but his own.

While living at Oxford as a University Fellow, his intimate friends were such men as T. H. Green, Professor Nettleship, Principal Caird, and Swinburne. He is described as shy and reserved—at times, to the verge of rudeness; and yet compan-

ionable with his intimates and a favorite with the students. In these he took a deep and conscientious interest, spending his time and thought freely on them and offering them frequent hospitality. His rooms were arranged with taste, but without luxury. His life, well ordered and simple, exemplified the noble austerity of his philosophic creed. His habits of composition were slow and painstaking—painful, indeed, with travail of spirit and many revisions. His style reveals too clearly, at times, in its tortuosities, the traces of these struggles.

Between his studies in philosophy and the width of his tastes and sympathies, he swayed, naturally, and veered in his religious views. While still an undergraduate at Oxford, he thought of becoming a Universalist clergyman. Notwithstanding the extreme skepticism—the paganism, even—of his essay on Winckelmann, he had, as might be expected, a sympathy with the æsthetic charm of the rites of the Catholic Church. As he grew older, he became more conservative; and some of his friends think that had he lived he might have ended his days in the quiet fold of some country living. His rationalism, in fact, advanced definitely toward a Christian mode of thought. The attitude of cocksure skepticism which would pronounce the Christian scheme absolutely false, he regarded as unphilosophic in its positiveness. He preferred, as he says, "to open wide the door of love and hope"—to trust himself to the raft of faith, and to risk the voyage of life in company with "many worthy priests and with millions of good Christians, who will always on such grounds continue to form the nucleus of a church." This attitude was never better expressed than in his review of 'Robert Elsmere.'

Though he grew up in the very storm and stress of the movement of modern science, it is remarkable how absolutely this whole province was alien to Pater's mind and tastes. He admits its pursuits, it is true, among the classes of activities which are open to his ideal Cyrenaic. But, apart from this casual allusion, there is nothing in his writings or in his biography to intimate that he knew anything or cared anything about its methods, its discoveries, or its advances. Not only was he, to all appearance, indifferent to its beneficent utilities —to the angelic ministrations, for instance, of medicine and surgery—but he has not a word or thought for that splendid sweep of intellect, of insight, and imagination, that genuine divination, by which the physicist, using the most powerful instruments of mathematics, penetrates the secrets of nature, calculates the ultimate constitution of the molecule and the atom, and makes the dreams of the alchemist something like a reality. This realm of thought did not appeal in the slightest to his imagination. Either he was ignorant of it or he ignored it. Yet, just so far as he left it outside of his ken and sympathy, he fell short of the example and the practice of his many-sided master, Goethe. Goethe was himself a physical investigator of genius. Pater was as indifferent to physical science as Darwin was to the humanities. And in this deliberate indifference and aloofness there was for him, it must be admitted, a certain instinctive propriety. The most recondite analysis of an atom or a sun, aided by the most powerful calculus, seems to have no relation whatever to the secrets of the human mind and heart. The late Lord Salisbury doubtless enjoyed the diversion afforded by his chemical laboratory; but he never got a hint from it as to the noble art and craft of statesmanship. The biologist and the pyschologist, with all their apparatus and experiments, have hardly brought a ray of light to the workshop and the processes of a Shakspere or a Balzac. Much less can the study of the physical sciences, which we now style "practical," contribute one jot toward the knowledge or the management of men.

Pater's talent for analysis is to be seen everywhere—in the 'Appreciations,' and especially in the 'Imaginary Portraits.' He has a fancy, like Hawthorne, for dissecting and reconstructing the movements and traits of a somewhat bizarre and complex nature—such as his Denys L'Auxerrois, or the Apollo in Picardy—fantastic creations, both of which he built, or rather blew like bubbles, out of a hint furnished by Heine. But no neater or stranger specimen of his gift can be cited than his portrait of Sebastian Van Storck—the solitary and reserved aristocrat, frozen on the peaks of his own cold and high aspirations, who, becoming enamoured of the philosophy of Spinoza, rejects human love, spurns fastidiously the cosy nest of domestic affection to which poor Mademoiselle Van Westrheene would beckon him, and pursues the ideal of a calm intellectual indifference, "of which he was the sworn chevalier." A touch of human frailty, a relenting ray of sunset, warms this strange figure, as he retires for meditation to a desolate tower upon the sands, where in the midst of a great inundation he loses his life in saving that of a little child. From such a portrait, doubtless, there look out upon us some stray lineaments of Pater's own character and experiences.

Great as was his gift, however, in this direction, he was first and foremost an artist by temperament—that was the basis of his endowment. He looked at life and the world through the artist's eyes. That temperament colored and informed even his philosophy. Every one of those notes which are so conspicuous in 'The Child in the House' is echoed and prolonged in the 'Marius'; the same characteristic *motifs* recur and are expanded in this mature work, which describes a pilgrimage of the same spirit through the distant lands of antiquity —distant, indeed, in time, but hardly foreign to his trained and scholarly imagination. His own soul had already made all the wanderings of Marius; his peculiar qualities, his personal views, are reflected in many of these chapters.

The step which Marius makes from a strict and fastidious Epicureanism to the earliest pattern of Christianity is not so very long, and the way is not unintelligible. Pater's own definition and conception of the system of philosophy which might end in such a goal, is worth a few words of exposition, because Pater really lived by it and is explained by it, and because the standard of life which it presents is perfectly rational and intelligible. To catch the flying moment; to pack it full of sensation, of intellectual activity, of choice and varied experience—even of noble pain or sorrow, or affections that may imply sorrow as well as pleasure: to adorn life and make existence a kind of beautiful order and music; to live days that are "lovely and pleasant"—this was the ideal which he thought might become an "inward mystic piety," a kind of religion. The intrinsic beauty and value of such a life is secure, whatever may be the past or the future, the origin of our being, or our destiny to come. These noble energies might embrace the pleasures and the pursuit of art and of science, of religious enthusiasm or political activity, of taste and curiosity which satisfies itself by its own activity—the life even of a Seneca or an Epictetus; in short, whatever of human life may be heroic, impassioned, ideal. So far may it lie from the gluttony and Epicurism of Dante's Ciacco that it may be summed up in the formula, "My meat is to do what is just and kind."

No ethical scheme is necessarily contemplated in this ideal. As Pater expressed it originally in his appendix to 'The Renaissance,' it might issue in the sort of existence which Tennyson has pictured in "The Palace of Art." Lest it might prove a stumbling-block to his young friends, he withdrew his earlier statement of doctrine, and finally remodelled it in an austere form, intruding into his scheme a real morality. It must embrace the artistic conscience—the aim at perfection. Its pleasures must be noble, must not be cruel. It must eschew indolence; it must make the utmost of the "here and now." Expressed in these terms, his doctrine has its own truth, its necessity and its compulsion. So comprehensive, in fact, is this latest revision of Pater's Cyrenaicism that if we were to search for a type which fits it thoroughly we could hardly do better than fix upon the late Mr. Gladstone. "The Grand Old Man" himself would have resented the classification, and would have scorned to be numbered with such company; but a glance at his own journal will justify our statement. He was, of course, first and foremost what we call a "man of action"—that was his mission. He used all the power of his genius for moral and religious purposes. He was occupied greatly, as he himself says, "in working the institutions of his country." When we hear of his filling his day with a Cabinet meeting, followed by a committee meeting and a speech in the House—that is what we expect, and it is natural to learn that another day is occupied with snipe-shooting, and a breakfast with Rogers, or Milne, or Wordsworth. But, mixed with these occupations and distractions, and filling every nook and cranny of time, he is reading Cicero, Augustine, Goethe's "Iphigenie"; he is writing an essay on Justification. He closes the day with music, or a "dose of whist," followed by some cantos of the "Purgatorio." This man of action is really solitary, something of a hermit; his inmost companions, his "Doctors," are Aristotle, Augustine, Bishop Butler, Dante. These, and names like these, are the secret springs of his action. Dante above all is his mentor and master, and out of Dante this idealist chooses the "Paradiso." At the same time he is Chancellor of the Exchequer; he retrieves the decaying fortune of the estate at Hawarden; he knows more of the brewer's trade than the brewers know themselves. He works sixteen hours a day, and, as Sir James Graham remarks, he could do in four hours what it would take any other man sixteen to do. This, surely, is a varied activity and intensity of

experience which makes the most of every pulse-beat; this is to be present "always at the focus and to burn with a gem-like intensity." It fulfils more perfectly than Pater's own life the ideal which he sketched in his famous *envoi* to the volume on 'The Renaissance."

Mr. Pater's mission has largely to do with tastes and their cultivation. The late Matthew Arnold used to say that conduct and questions of conduct make up three-quarters of human life. Pater might not claim so much for the domain of taste and culture, though, in a sense, he might claim everything for a method which aims to make noble and fruitful the inner life of man. Yet if it touched a man's pleasures and recreations, only, by way of refining and elevating, it would still deal with a large proportion of every day. The labor-unions are willing to surrender one-third of man's whole span to recreation, to "play." Few of the rest of us can spare so much; but what we can spare might be made precious, packed with high and pure delights, such as Mr. Gladstone used to snatch, such as Pater eloquently preaches. Though it begins at another side of human nature, his preaching finally meets that of the pulpits more than half way, for Pater is much more genuinely of the tribe of Plato than of Aristippus. Even pleasures he takes, so to speak, seriously, austerely: they must be worthy of a rational being, possibly of an immortal being. The scheme and vision which he offers may seem to the Philistines foolishness—the merest and vaguest moonshine; his voice and message faint and alien, preposterously faint; but the more preposterous, perhaps, the deeper the need. His is one of those still small voices that call us back to things beautiful and enduring; it is a faint and distant bell that tolls in some deserted shrine the passing of ideals, or summons to the worship of things forgotten for the moment, but of the essence of man's soul and spirit, and hence imperishable and divine.

SCOTCH CONSTITUTIONALISM.—II.

The Unreformed House of Commons. By Edward Porritt. 2 vols. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan.

The Scottish Parliament before the Union of the Crowns. By Robert S. Rait. London: Blackie & Son.

Is it true that from the time of the Union to the passing of the Reform Act (1707-1832) the will of the Scotch people obtained no effective representation in the Parliament at Westminster? To this inquiry the reformers of 1832 gave with no hesitation whatever an affirmative answer:

"'From the Tweed to John O'Groat's, throughout the whole length of that country,' said Brougham, when the Parliamentary Reform Bill for Scotland was before the House of Lords in 1832, 'there is not within the memory of man the knowledge of anything like a popular election. As far back as the records of authentic history go, there never has been anything deserving the name, or even approaching to a popular election, anything like an election for borough or city, anything which would convey to the mind of an Englishman, or a Welshman, or an Irishman, a notion of what an election is.'"

English constitutionalists have for the most part accepted Brougham's rhetoric as representing not only a part but the whole of the truth; nor can any one who examines the system of representation which, created before the Union, continued in existence till 1832, wonder at the belief that it provided the people of Scotland with no means for expressing the will of the Scotch people. Looked at from the point of view of an English Liberal, the system exhibits nearly every defect which could possibly be found in any scheme of parliamentary representation. The number of Scotchmen represented at all was ridiculously small. It is difficult to obtain, even from Mr. Porritt's elaborate treatise, a clear account of the actual number of the Scotch electors, but, from different statements scattered up and down his book, one may infer that the Scotch electorate did not in 1831 consist of more (though it may certainly have consisted of less) than 5,000 persons. Patronage was universal. "In 1816, Edinburgh had its patron, and so had each of the fourteen groups which, with Edinburgh, elceted the fifteen members from the burghs to the House of Commons." The members of the electorate were distributed in the most eccentric manner. In one of the counties, it was said, there were only nine electors. At an election at Bute, only one person attended at the meeting, except the sheriff and the returning officer. This one person took the chair, constituted the meeting, called over the roll of the freeholders, answered to his own name, and finally moved and seconded his own nomination, put the question to the vote, and was unanimously returned. The electors in the burghs were not the inhabitants of the town, but members of small and close corporations which were not really elective, but which filled up their own number by coöptation. The electors in the counties were for the most part local landowners, but this was not necessary. A gentleman who had owned land in a county might, by going through the proper legal formalities, part with his land and yet retain his electoral rights.

As was to be expected, the members who represented, or, if you prefer, misrepresented, the limited body of electors, used their position for their own advantage. The forty-five members from Scotland were the constant supporters of the Government of the day. In the time of George III. they added considerably to the power of the Crown. But they did not give their services for nothing. A lord advocate, such as Dundas, managed the Scotch representatives with all the skill of a trained wirepuller. He knew personally every man who could influence a Scotch election; he knew what each supporter's influence was worth, and he paid for it in appointments given to such supporter or to the supporters' friends and adherents. Can any one wonder that, to Whigs denouncing the anomalies of an unreformed Parliament, it naturally seemed that the Scotch representative system was little better than a plan for misrepresenting the will of the Scotch people? Nor in 1830, when the electors of Scotland were for the most part Tories and the mass of Scotchmen who did not constitute part of the electoral body had become Whigs or Radicals, was it unfair to assert that the members for Scotland opposed rather than represented the wishes of the Scotch people; but it must, on the other hand, be remembered that the condition of things in 1830 was exceptional, and that it is by no means clear that, during the eighteenth century and the earlier part of the nineteenth century, the political sentiment of the people of Scotland differed greatly from the sentiment of the men who, under the strangest of systems, were sent to London to represent a country by the majority of whose inhabitants they were certainly not elected.

A student of constitutions who has realized the difficulty of inferring from a formal analysis of any institution what would be its actual working, will hesitate to accept Brougham's rhetoric or the Whig tradition as a completely true answer to the question we have under consideration. If we want to know whether the wishes of the Scotch people were effectively represented in Parliament, we shall do wisely to put aside any theory we may have formed as to the principle of representative government, and direct our attention to the teaching of history. We shall then find that certainly, in some way or other, the will of the Scotch people did exert a very marked influence on the determination of any question which obviously affected Scotch interests. The forty-five Scotch members undoubtedly gave support to every successive ministry, but then this support did not extend to purely Scotch questions. The Scotch members formed in regard to such questions something like a Scotch Parliament:

"The very unpopularity," writes Lecky, "of Scotchmen drew them together, and in this class of questions they showed themselves singularly shrewd, tenacious, and implacable in their resentments. The admirable habit of conferring together on purely local matters, and adopting a common line of policy before the discussions in Parliament, which has given the Scotch contingent nearly all the weight of a national legislature, was early adopted."

And this "national legislature," while by its combined and vigorous action exerting an influence out of proportion to its numbers on the ministers of the day, certainly did on critical occasions represent Scotch feeling. The murder of Porteous rightly excited vehement indignation in England, yet the measure inflicting punishments upon Edinburgh for popular connivance with an atrocious crime was, by the fierce opposition of the Scotch members, reduced to the imposition of a moderate fine for the benefit of the widow of Porteous. The proposal to punish Edinburgh was never forgiven, and, as Lecky points out, the animosity of Scotch legislators hastened Walpole's fall. An English member who, on another occasion, used language in Parliament felt to be an insult to Scotchmen, was deprived by the Scotch vote of his seat on an election committee. Another instance of the parliamentary power exerted by Scotch feeling is to be found in the successful opposition headed by Sir Walter Scott to the suppression of Scotch one-pound notes. The ministers of the day who proposed a change which was very possibly wise, and was certainly not intended as an affront to Scotchmen, were Tories, little disposed to yield to popular agitation. They were supported by a large Tory majority. But, for all this, the wish of Scotland made itself felt in Parliament, and Scotland to this day enjoys the privilege of having the nastiest and dirtiest little notes to be found in the United Kingdom.

The Scotch members, moreover, obtained for their country the inestimable benefit of being left, as regards Scotch affairs, to

itself. At the time of the Union, Scotland was already provided with institutions, and especially with an educational and ecclesiastical system, which admirably suited the wants of Scotchmen. The social condition of Scotland was in the main sound. The very best thing for Scotchmen was to be left alone. Two things they needed: free trade with England, and a wide career for Scotch energy and talent. The first was given to Scotchmen by the treaty of Union; the second was gained for them by the astuteness and vigor of their parliamentary representatives. If this be remembered, even the selfishness, we might almost say the greediness, of Scotch members who supported every Government in turn, on the implied understanding that Scotchmen were to receive an exorbitant share of official appointments, may be regarded in rather a more favorable light than that in which it is looked upon by Whigs who cannot forgive the constant support given by Scotch members to George III. and his favorite Ministers. That the members sent from Scotland to Westminster were men bent on pursuing their own personal ends, that they cared little for the general interest of Great Britain, that their presence at Westminster did not raise the tone of English politics, is pretty certain. Dundas, with his merits and his faults, was a typical Scotch politician; but by Scotchmen and even by Englishmen much may be forgiven to Dundas and men like him because they certainly strove to promote the welfare, if not exactly of Scotland, yet of a large number of Scotchmen, and did open careers for their countrymen in which Scotchmen rendered great service to Great Britain. It was no bad thing that Scotch energy and honesty found employment in the government of Britain's Indian dominions. Whether the tacit compact by which Scotch members supported any Ministry that gave a large share of official appointments to Scotchmen, was or was not in the long run beneficial to Great Britain, is a matter with which Scotchmen in the eighteenth century concerned themselves but little, and which we need not discuss. All that need here be maintained is, that this kind of compact was part of a policy which approved itself to Scotchmen. The political vices with which Englishmen reproached Scotch members arose, not from the failure of these members to follow the wishes of their countrymen, but from the tendency of Scotch members to represent only too truly the desires, not only of the electors of Scotland, but of all Scotchmen who took an active part in public life.

Any man, then, who looks historical facts in the face, must come to the conclusion that while the Scotch representative system was full of anomalies and vices, yet during the eighteenth century at any rate the will of the Scotch people did obtain effective representation in the Parliament at Westminster. From this conclusion he may draw the further inference that just as the very best of constitutions which philosophers or statesmen can frame cannot of itself ensure the welfare of a State whose inhabitants do not possess the virtues necessary for the discharge of the duties of citizens, so the most ill-contrived of polities may suffice to ensure the prosperity of a vigorous people who possess a large amount of civic virtue. He may also find in the actual prosperity of Scotland during the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth the explanation and even the justification of the aversion felt by men as patriotic and wise as Sir Walter Scott for any scheme of wide constitutional reform. No man assuredly ever loved Scotland better or was better acquainted with the Scotch people than was Sir Walter. He knew and even exaggerated the merits of his countrymen; he knew that somehow or other Scotch virtues had been fostered and Scotch prosperity had increased under the faultiest of parliamentary institutions. He, and Tories like him, dreaded so-called reform because they believed that it might sweep away many of the virtues and decrease the welfare of Scotchmen.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

The Annual of the British School at Athens. No. IX. Session 1902-1903. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

No archæological publication is awaited with greater interest than Mr. Arthur Evans's annual accounts of the progress of his excavations at Cnossus in Crete. From the first, in 1901, these reports have been models of promptness and precision, with sufficient plans and illustrations from photographs to make the text clear. In his reports of his early excavations, Dr. Schliemann was prompt, but not precise nor systematic; the accounts of many other explorers have been clear and scientific, but published only after long delay. The Cretan explorations of the Italians at Phæstus and Hagia Triada have received less attention than they deserve because their publication has been incomplete and rather inaccessible.

At the close of the first year's excavations on the site of Cnossus, in 1900, Mr. Evans thought that his work there was about half done, and at the opening of the excavations in 1903 he hoped to complete the undertaking that year; but his discoveries of last year were as unexpected and interesting as any since the first, and the field of exploration was largely extended. A considerable part (pp. 35-59) of this report is devoted to the Central Palace Sanctuary and its great temple-repositories, in which were found not only important inscribed clay tablets and impressions of seals, but a mass of objects of faïence ware, with evidence that the palace had a factory for such ware—a prehistoric Sèvres or Meissen. Vases, cups, and bowls of divers shapes were found, with ornamentation of foliage, flowers, and fruit, flyingfish, nautilus, etc. Far the most important of the objects found here, however, were faïence figures about a foot in height of a "snake goddess," and two female votaries, accompanied by other votive objects, robes, and girdles, in the same material. In this repository was "a cross of fine-veined marble and of orthodox Greek shape," nearly nine inches in width. This is conjectured by Mr. Evans to have been the central cult-object in this shrine, corresponding to the "Sacral Horns" on the very much ruder "Shrine of the Double Axes," which was discovered and published a year earlier, and he presents a conjectural arrangement of the shrine, with the goddess on one side of the cross and her votaries on the other, votive robes hung on the wall, and a mass of ornamented cockle-shells in the foreground.

The goddess entwined by serpents and adored by votaries with serpents in their hands will doubtless rouse mythologists to the consideration of her chthonic and other relations. Mr. Evans is inclined to believe that he has found in her the original Aphrodite, and that her worship spread from Crete to Paphos and to Cythera, to Gaza and to Eryx. But the women's garb, singularly modern in some respects, may interest even a wider public. Lady Evans has given a description of it in modern terms. The goddess seems to be wearing three garments: "a skirt made without gathers . . . decorated with horizontal lines," "a double apron or 'polonaise,' made without fulness, reaching to the knee at the back and front, and rising to the hips at the sides," "decorated round its edge by a 'guilloche' pattern," which may be embroidery, and "a tight-fitting jacket-bodice, made of rich stuff, decorated, apparently, in embroidery, with a pattern formed of volutes." "In front the bodice is cut away in a V-shape from the shoulders to a point at the waist, leaving the neck and both breasts absolutely bare," not unlike the bodice figured on a silver hairpin from the third Mycenæan grave. "From just below the breasts the edges of the jackets seem to be braided in curved patterns, and laced across from this braiding by cords." The head is covered by a high cap or tiara, and the hair falls to the shoulders in long locks. The garb of the votaries is similar.

Important for comparison are terra-cotta figurines discovered last year by the British at Petsofa, near Palæcastro, in Eastern Crete, and published in this Annual. Though the headdress and skirt differ, the figures are in harmony as to the covering of the upper part of the body—at least, in this, that the breasts are exposed, though the woman wears a waist or a bodice. This is a capital confirmation of the observation, apparently not yet published, of a distinguished Berlin scholar a year ago, that the female figures on the gold seal rings found by Schliemann at Mycenæ (which, from the ordinary reproductions in plaster or by photographic process, seem to have no covering for the upper part of the body, though their skirts are so elaborately fashioned) really wear a light, sack-like garment which does not cover the bosom, but may be distinguished at the sides, near the arms. The skirts of the Mycenæan and Cnossian ladies are alike in being flounced, but the Mycenæan ladies had no such laced bodice as that worn at Cnossus, nor such a high Medicean collar as was the fashion in eastern Crete. The Petsofa women apparently wore hoops (in the second millennium B. C.)—a mere abundance of petticoats would hardly account for the bell shape of their skirts—and their gown seems much more a single garment than does the garb of the snake goddess. Mr. J. L. Myres finds relations between the bodice and skirt worn in Crete and those from the (early bronze age) tumulus of Borum-Eshöe in Denmark, with the differences to be expected from the difference of climate; he also illustrates the headgear of Eastern Crete by the "plate-hats" of recent fashion books. Though the goddess has a matronly de-

velopment, her waist is exceedingly small, and her outline would satisfy the most fashionable dressmaker of the present year. As at Mycenæ, the men's garb is less elaborate, being in general only a loincloth. Clearly the dress of the women cannot be reconciled with that of Homeric Greece, though if Aphrodite wore such a bodice when she went to call Helen from the Great Tower of Ilium, she might have been recognized by "her lovely breasts" (Iliad iii. 397) in spite of her assuming the face of an old woman.

The newly discovered inscribed clay tablets allow stricter definitions to be made with regard to the early writing. The linear script, as was to be expected, is proved later than the pictographic script. Of the two varieties of linear script, class A is found to have been used during the first period of the later palace. Class B is believed to be parallel to class A, and not derived from it. Mr. Evans thinks that the change from the one to the other indicates not an ethnic break, but a dynastic revolution. What has been accomplished toward the decipherment of the tablets, the report does not intimate. A fragment of a tablet is figured which formed part of the inventory, and represents one of the ewers and basins found in the repository.

At a little distance from the palace, Mr. Evans discovered a Royal Villa, an elaborate structure which had certainly three floors, and probably four. Its *megaron*, with raised tribunal, gypsum throne, and a balustrade before this, and a lamp of lilac-colored gypsum about three feet in height on the steps, is believed by Mr. Evans to be the original type of a royal hall, from which the later basilica was descended. The likeness is certainly striking, but several links seem still to be missing in the historical chain. This villa was not destroyed by fire, like the palace, but was abandoned, plundered, and left to gradual decay.

As for Mr. Evans's Theatral Area—broad steps at right angles to each other—he makes out a very plausible case for its use for public shows, *i. e.*, for dances or pugilistic contests; it would not do for the contests with bulls, suggested by the frescoes found two or three years before. The bastion in the angle between the steps may, as he thinks, have held the canopy for the royal party. On these steps about 500 spectators might have been seated. But why the semi-circular form should not have been adopted, is not clear, and the discussion of these steps cannot be separated from that of the similar steps at Phæstus, for which the material does not seem to be ready.

Mr. Evans calls attention to the evidence of close relations between Crete and Egypt—clumps of crocuses used in decorations as adaptation of clumps of lotus flowers, and a painted jar with papyrus reliefs; but he does not touch the important question of the relation between the earlier and the later civilization of Crete. Evidently he is waiting for new evidence. The fact that the earlier palaces both at Cnossus and at Phæstus were destroyed by violence, so that they had to be entirely rebuilt, when joined with the obvious superiority of the so-called Camáres pottery over the early Mycenæan which followed it in use, would suggest not only a struggle and conquest, but also the introduction of a new people. Mr. Evans seems to hold strongly to the continuity of race, and to the development of the "Mycenæan" civilization in Crete. He has better information on this subject than any other scholar, and gratitude for the facts which he supplies should give patience to wait for evidence for some inferences.

The magnitude of the excavations at Cnossus has obscured unduly the importance of the other British excavations in Crete. In this Annual, Mr. Bosanquet, Director of the British School at Athens, and his associates give an excellent account of the second season's work at Palæcastro, at the eastern end of the island. Here they have uncovered no palace—perhaps we have Cretan palaces enough, at Cnossus and at Phæstus, with the royal villas near the one and a few miles removed from the other—but the remains of an early prosperous town, with a still earlier cemetery not far away. The narrowness of the streets, of which few are wider than twelve or fifteen feet, need not mislead us to suppose this a mean town; the houses were not high, and doubtless horses were not used in the streets, and no great width was necessary. The pottery found here is even more beautiful and more varied in design than that at Cnossus. A lovely fruit-stand, of Camáres ware, painted red and white, about a foot in height, was found complete. Mycenæan conical "fillers," charmingly decorated, tankards, and mugs, in great variety, form such a collection as had not been known before. Not only in garb but in other matters, too, the old Cretans were strikingly "up to date": several dishes were found, of elegant shape, combined with fire-boxes which could be filled with burning charcoal; this was "prevented from falling out by stopping the big hole with clay, air being supplied through the smaller holes," and these vessels served the purpose of the modern hot-water plate, keeping food warm.

In addition to the Cretan reports, Prof. W. M. Ramsay has a long article on Pisidia and the Lycaonian frontier, rectifying on fuller information the boundary line which he drew in his 'Historical Geography of Asia Minor,' in which work the Pamphylian frontier and many towns were set too far north. Mr. Dawkins contributes "Notes from Carpathos," after a three weeks' visit to that island, with a special study of primitive wooden locks and of the principles of inheritance in the island. Mr. Wace furnishes a discussion of Apollo on the Omphalos, and Mr. Tod edits a hitherto unpublished Attic decree, of about 303 B. C. The Annual closes with a brief account, and plans, sections, and elevations, of the little church of the monastery at Daou Mendeli in Attica. The book has a satisfactory, though not full, index.

Life and Letters of Edward Byles Cowell, M.A., Hon. D.C.L. Oxon., Hon. LL. D. Edin., Professor of Sanskrit, Cambridge, 1867-1903. By George Cowell, F.R.C.S. Macmillan Co. 1904.

One wonders at first why this book was written. The life-history of a shy student whose chief interest lay in editing Sanskrit texts could appeal to the public only by accident. If chance had made Cowell a conspicuous figure in the Sepoy rebellion, through which he lived unobserved in India, or if he had mingled with men of affairs after returning to Europe, there might have been more obvious reasons for exhibiting his life. But above all he was a quiet, reserved, unassertive scholar, who disliked publicity and devoted himself to his work and wife, differing in no respect from many other modest men of even greater reputation, whose lives and family correspondence are their private property. It is eminently fitting that we should have a life of Hunter, who was a public man and somewhat of a politician as well as a scholar, and one feels that Max Müller belonged in a sense to the public for which he catered; but Roth and Weber and Whitney and Cowell—these were men of a different stamp, and one can but think it almost indelicate to expose to the eyes of a public from which such scholars withdrew themselves the intimate details of their private lives.

With this protest, however, it must be said that the present biography has a charm of its own. Being forced, as it were, to view this life from within, one finds it complete and satisfactory; and after all, when the squeamishness which is felt at first is suppressed and one has learned to know the scholar as a man, one must admit that it is a pleasure to have had the experience, despite the details which seem to be needed in order to fill the volume, or rather to fill out the picture. That Cowell was accustomed to say, "Why, *dear* me," and to pronounce extra*or*dinary, as if it had six syllables, are pretty petty facts, such as are appropriate to a family reunion when one revives memories of one's relatives. But other characteristics—Cowell's love of home, his appreciation of poetry, his distaste for Browning's verse because "it does not give one the pleasure and quiet rest which really beautiful poetry naturally does," his simple goodness and lack of all affectation—these fit in together and make a very pleasing portrait of a man who worked hard and lived serene, satisfied to win approval from his conscience and his colleagues.

Perhaps the most striking incidents in the career of this venerable Sanskrit scholar were his marriage with a woman much older than himself, and his friendship with Edward FitzGerald. Cowell left school at sixteen and spent nine years in a counting-house, where he would probably have remained to the end of his life if his wife had not incited him to undertake a university career. He went to Oxford at her instigation. There he gained culture, "but not the Cambridge kind of scholarship." He was a natural student, but lacked initiative. His sprightly and confident wife made him what he was externally. She insisted on his genius finding its proper place, and she succeeded. He got a post in Calcutta and afterwards in England. He wrote mainly for Sanskritists, and always remained the best type of profound scholar, being widely known as the editor of many Sanskrit and Pali works, as a translator of Persian poetry, and as the author of historical studies. That is all there is in Cowell's life. FitzGerald's friendship and letters form a considerable part of it as described in this volume. From Cowell the Laird of Little Grange learned Persian and was wont to call the professor his master (a title Cowell admitted), as well as overpraise him, which he gently resented. "Exaggerated praise," he says, "is not well. This praise is *not true*, and so I shrink from it."

If ever this book goes into a second edition, its author, who is a cousin of the late

Professor Cowell, should have some Sanskrit scholar revise the proof-sheets. The learned professor at Cambridge would have been shocked at several points had he been privileged to read his own biography: Deussen not Denssen (p. 328 and repeated in the Index), is the name of a well-known German Sanskritist. On page 358, Kaurnudi is for Kaumudi. Still worse is the repeated mistranslation (pp. 381, 382), "Thou art thou" for "That art thou" of the famous and oft-quoted epitome of Vedanta philosophy, *tat tvam asi*, "Thou art that" (Brahma, the All); as Professor Cowell himself paraphrases, "Each is himself a part."

A History of Ottoman Poetry. By the late E. J. W. Gibb. Vol. III. Edited by E. G. Browne, Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. London: Luzac & Co. Pp. xvi., 382.

With each new volume of this work, the greatness of our loss in the too early death of its author is becoming clearer. Professor Browne is editing the remains most rightly with a scrupulous self-repression. To draw from him a footnote of protest requires something, for him, so serious as a complete ignoring of Qa'ani, the Persian realist of the last century. Evidently, on this point, Mr. Gibb agreed pretty closely with Paul Horn, as the latter's 'Geschichte der Persischen Litteratur' shows, and disagreed with Professor Browne. But apart from such temptation, Professor Browne's footnotes are mostly melancholy indications that the contents of this volume must have been written some time before Mr. Gibb's death, and would, in the event of his life, have been expanded and revised in the light of fuller sources which had become open to him. Thus, several times there stands in the text a regret that such or such a *diwan* had been inaccessible, and we learn below from Professor Browne that the very book needed had been acquired at a later date. Nothing could make more clear the fundamental character of the work done by Mr. Gibb, based essentially on MSS., and the extreme difficulty which any student of this subject must meet in collecting his sources. Possessed of considerable private means, Mr. Gibb was in precisely the position to be able to carry on such researches.

Again, the object of the book is becoming plainer. The weight of the mass of translated poetry is making itself felt. In fact, on one side, the book may be viewed as an anthology of Turkish poetry strung on a thread of criticism, literary history, and biography. So, if there is in this, as the author confesses, a "somewhat depressing monotony," there is also revealed for the first time a great body of genuine literature and a most singular development of æsthetic art. It will come to most readers almost with the shock of the ludicrous, that the supposedly savage and sensual Turks should have developed and clung for centuries to a poetic art which could be thus described:

"The aim of succeeding generations of poets has been to build up a literary idiom as remote as possible from the speech of every-day life, an idiom from which everything Turkish that could be eliminated should be removed, and into which everything Persian that could be introduced should be brought. The result of all this is that the language wherein these poets wrote is, and always has been, utterly unintelligible to the vast majority of the people. The poets wrote for themselves, or at most for one another; not for the public, whom they altogether ignored. And this highly artificial idiom, which now at the close of the classic period, after the efforts of some three centuries and a half, we find flourishing as the literary dialect of Turkey, is beyond all question extremely beautiful. So deftly has the rich but delicate Persian embroidery been worked upon the Turkish background that the two, while each remains perfectly distinct, form one harmonious though resplendent whole. The scope which it affords for artistic skill in the choice of words and in the manipulation of phrases renders this idiom a delicate and subtle instrument in the hand of a master; and to such as can appreciate it there is an æsthetic pleasure in the study of poems like those of Nef'i or Na'ili, considered solely and simply as works of art, without regard to any meaning their words may convey."

It is this art, then, which Mr. Gibb's exceedingly clever translations reproduce most faithfully for us. Their very abstruseness and preciousness make their value as interpretations.

But such an art could not last. It was bound by successive refinements, in its lack of contact with life, to pass the point of intelligibility, through the Persian embroidery covering and concealing the Turkish material and background. Poetry cannot live which is absolutely separated from spontaneousness and requires a special training to understand it. The mystery in this case is that the method should have lasted so long, and should so evidently have attracted and subdued all the poetic impulse of the Turks. But with the close of the present volume we begin to see its end. We are carried from A. D. 1520, when the reign of Suleyman the Great marked the widest extension of Turkish empire and the culminating point of Turkish poetry of the type just described, to 1712, the year of the death of Nabi, in whom we find this classic age growing into an age of transition, and the objective genius of the Turks themselves beginning to find utterance. The way is being opened to the succeeding romantic period, and to that intensely modern period in which Turkish literature now moves. It will be learned with regret that Mr. Gibb's account of this modern school was left very incomplete. On Kemal Bey, for example, perhaps the most weighty of its three pioneers, there is only a number of pencil jottings. Yet this modern development in Turkish is one of the most interesting phases of the awakening of the East. In it, and in it alone, has Turkey sincerely joined the European world, and in it the change has been as absolute as any made by Japan in other fields. With it, too, Mr. Gibb was thoroughly in sympathy and closely in touch, and our regret is, therefore, the greater that his unique opportunity and equipment should have left so little fruit. There is no one now, it may be safely said, who can give in English the appreciation which we might have had from him.

The American Constitutional System: An Introduction to the Study of the American State. By Westel Woodbury Willoughby. The Century Co. 1904.

This is the first of a series of volumes bearing the title "The American State," and designed to describe in detail the organization and operations of the governmental agencies of the United States, Federal, State, and local. It prepares the way by a very good examination of the constitutional character of the American State. It is not strictly a law book, but a statement of the general principles in accordance with which the legal powers of governmental agencies are exercised. For instance, there is an analysis of the general relation between the Federal and State Governments; a discussion of nullification, secession, and reconstruction, and the Constitutional status of acquired territory. Here the author follows the courts, and the result is an elementary hand-book of Federal Constitutional law, with all necessary citations scrupulously given. In addition to this there is enough history to connect the exposition with the author's theory of the "Federal State"; for this we must refer the reader to the book itself. It can hardly be set forth in a few words. We do not ourselves attach to it the importance which it holds in Mr. Willoughby's view.

The author is one of those writers on government who are wedded to the belief that, to understand the operation of a government, the first necessity is to fix upon an absolute sovereign somewhere. This step presents peculiar difficulties in the case of the United States, because here we have a Government avowedly Federal, formed by States once confessedly sovereign, and still treated as legally sovereign within the sphere of action in which they have not delegated their sovereignty. Lawyers say that the Government of the United States is one of "delegated powers," and that in many respects the States are still sovereign, while internationally and for many other purposes the only sovereign is the United States. But Mr. Willoughby is not satisfied with this, and goes so far as to speak of the States as "simply governmental or administrative districts of the United States." The theory does not seem to us to be an integral part of the book, nor to find support in those decisions of the courts to which we must all look in the long run for the true exposition of the foundations of our institutions, and on which most of Mr. Willoughby's superstructure rests.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, W. Davenport. A Dictionary of the Drama. Vol. I. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Alexander, Mary W. The Table. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net.
American Literary Criticism. Edited by William M. Payne. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40 net.
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Austen, Jane. Pride and Prejudice. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Baker, M. N. British Sewage Works. The Engineering News Publishing Co.
Boole, M. E. The Preparation of the Child for Science. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 2s.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1904.

The Week.

Mr. Cleveland has lived long enough at Princeton to acquire something of the "iron heel" which Dr. Holmes associated with that academe; and he set it heavily down upon current Republican pretences on Friday evening. The remarkable enthusiasm which marked his first public appearance in the campaign was not more a personal tribute than a bearing witness to the sound political doctrine for which he stands. Grover Cleveland is the man above all others to resent and riddle the Republican assumption of a monopoly of the public virtues. What hypocritical tongues are now saying of the inability of Parker and the Democratic party to give the country good government, was said by them just as positively of Mr. Cleveland in 1884. His eight years of office should have laid that calumny forever. On the tariff question, Mr. Cleveland's speech sought out again the Republican sore spots which he knows so well. Bred in a clergyman's family, he knows how to hurl the Scriptures at an opponent; and his characterization of the tariff Dives patting himself on the back because he allowed Lazarus the crumbs which fell from his table, was as effective as apt. The whole speech, in fact, with the demonstration that Mr. Cleveland's peculiar hold upon the confidence and honor of the business interests of New York is undiminished, cannot fail to have a stimulating effect upon Judge Parker's canvass.

Again has Judge Parker shown that it is not entirely safe to hurl challenges at him. "Where are you going to begin economizing?" demanded President Roosevelt. "Do you dare to talk about reducing the army?" "Certainly I do," replied Judge Parker on Friday. And, what was still more unkind, he proceeded to give excellent reasons why it should be reduced. It costs more than twice what it did seven years ago. Then we were at peace; now we are at peace. Nobody said the standing army was not big enough then; the burden of proof is on those who maintain that it ought to be larger and twice as costly now. To say, as some Republicans do, that it would be dangerous to reduce it, is to say that Grant and Hayes and Garfield and Arthur and Harrison, their own Presidents, were guilty of imperilling the country by keeping the army so small. As Judge Parker forcibly says, if we are to have a policy of militarism at home and adventure abroad, the army is not too big—is not half big enough. If, however, we are to walk in the old paths of peace, there can be no doubt that the swollen army estimates offer themselves invitingly to the pruning-knife. And he was equally convincing in his references to that catch-all, "miscellaneous expenses." A multitude of sins of extravagance lie covered there.

Senator Knox trod on delicate ground last Thursday when, at the Union League Club, he undertook to praise the present Administration for creating a Federal department for the supervision of corporations. As the ex-Attorney-General explained, the head of the Department of Commerce and Labor had power "to gather such information and data as will enable the President to make recommendation to Congress for additional legislation, and to compel the giving of testimony and the production of such books and papers and the making of such reports as may be necessary for the purposes of investigation." Now we presume that Republican orators would not be "pointing with pride" to the new Department unless they believed it to have been efficient. If it is efficient, it has collected a great deal of "information" about the inside workings of corporations. Yet all the information which that Department has gathered has been and is in the possession of the gentleman at present holding a position one of the customary and legitimate duties of which is to collect a campaign fund. The more efficient the Department has been, the greater the impropriety of the ex-Secretary's present position. We are entirely willing to believe that in his dealings with the heads of corporations Mr. Cortelyou has taken scrupulous care to "speak softly." None the less his former colleague's praise of the Department of Commerce and Labor means, if it means anything, that its head possessed a "big stick," whether he used it or not.

"Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished"—this is the motto adopted by most campaign orators. "Victory," they cry, "is already within our grasp. At the polls we shall be proved innocent of the crimes of which we are accused." Elihu Root, however, is the *enfant terrible* of his party. He has frankly told the members of the Union League Club that "there is a serious question about the election of Governor," that he fears the ticket is in grave danger. In behalf of Lieut.-Gov. Higgins Mr. Root protests. "His nomination came to him unsought. He is no man's man; he is his own man. It is a very hard and very cruel thing that he should be borne down by unjust aspersions." The aspersions to which Mr. Root obviously refers are the charges that Mr. Higgins is Odell's man, that he represents the Administration which is now appealing for a fresh lease of power. If the suspicion that Mr. Higgins is Odell's man is such a terrible injury to a virtuous and independent candidate, why not strengthen him, the rest of the ticket, and the whole Republican organization in this State by retiring Benjamin B. Odell, jr., from the leadership? At present the Governor-Chairman is worse than an old man of the sea sitting upon the neck of his party. Mr. Root's fears that the load may prove too heavy are only too well founded.

In his address on October 19 Mr. Elihu Root quoted Judge Parker's question whether the Republican party would give tariff regulations to the Filipinos "under which they can exist." He then replied by asking the Judge whether he had examined the Philippine Tariff law, enacted September 16, 1901, by the concurrence of Filipinos and Americans, "enacted with sole reference to the interests of the Philippine people, imposing tariff duties lower than they had ever had in the islands before," and approved by Congress without criticism or objection by any Democrat. This is as pretty a piece of pettifogging as has come to our notice for a long while. What Judge Parker meant admits of no doubt. His question related not to the tariff adopted for the islands by the Philippine Commission, but to the high customs duties which keep Filipino goods out of the United States. This dodging of the real issue is all the more interesting since it was this same Elihu Root who, as Secretary of War, in his annual report for 1902, "earnestly urged" that the duties levied in the United States upon Philippine products be reduced to 25 per cent. of the Dingley tariff rates. He added that the "ills which have recently befallen the people of the islands call urgently for active and immediate measures of relief."

A year later this same Elihu Root "earnestly renewed" this recommendation, saying:

> "As matters stand at present, we have practically deprived the Philippines of their Spanish market, and we have so arranged the tariff laws of the two countries that American consumers are making money at the expense of the Philippine revenues. I submit that there is no just reason why the people of the Philippines should not be treated with some fair approach to the advantages which are awarded to the people of Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands."

On February 27, 1903, President Roosevelt himself sent to the Senate a special message in which he "very earnestly" asked that "this matter receive the immediate attention of Congress, and that the relief prayed for be granted." He

asked for action on the tariff "not merely from the standpoint of wise governmental policy, but as a measure of humanity, in response to an appeal to which this great people should not close its ears." Included in this message was a cablegram from Gov. Taft, which said: "Necessity for passage House tariff bill most urgent. The conditions of productive industry and business worse than in November, and growing worse each month. . . . All political parties, including labor unions, most strenuous in petition for tariff bill. Effect of its failure very discouraging." But the Republican party, as represented in Congress, paid not the slightest heed to the appeals of Root, Taft, or Roosevelt, of whom it is so proud. The tariff Shylocks refused to let any considerations of humanity prevail. Since his party thus stands condemned by the words of its own leaders and by himself, it was a piece of peculiar effrontery for Mr. Root to stand up and convey the impression that, thanks to its wise management, conditions in the Philippines are little short of millennial.

"Independence is their cherished ideal," said Dr. Frederick W. Atkinson, ex-superintendent of public instruction in the Philippines, at Lake Mohonk, on Thursday, "and that they may ultimately realize the ideal is, I believe, the *unexpressed* purpose of those who have undertaken the tutelage of these peoples." This, according to the rules laid down for political discussion by the Republican party, is about as far as an American citizen may go without crossing the "treason" line. He is privileged to say, as Dr. Atkinson does, that he believes some one else thinks of Philippine independence as a desirable thing in the indefinite future. He must not say, if in any official position, that he favors it himself, nor that any other person in authority has put it into words. We ourselves think that Dr. Atkinson's address is on the danger line. Parker's speech of a fortnight ago is now being read by every bloodthirsty Moro and Igorrote. These Orientals are notoriously adept in black and occult arts. Is there not danger that they may read by a sort of clairvoyance some of these "unexpressed purposes" of the authorities, and thus become "unsettled"? If our splendid colonial structure is so delicately balanced that, like an Alpine avalanche, a single word spoken aloud will topple it over, people who even think "independence" ought to be carefully watched. Wherein, after all, has the Republican policy changed since Mr. Dooley wrote: "It is our purpose to give them a government suited to their needs, which is small, and generally to do as we blame please with them, making up our minds as we go along"?

The Republican National Committee has now given to Gov. La Follette of Wisconsin the most complete recognition. When a famous spellbinder is sent into the State, not only will he speak under the auspices of the La Follette faction, but he is also expected in his peroration to couple the name of the Governor with that of Mr. Roosevelt. By implication, the latest order requires also that the speaker shall be silent as to the services of the two Republican Senators, Messrs. Spooner and Quarles. The National Committee began the campaign with a unanimous decision for the Stalwart faction; next declared its intention to remain strictly neutral; and now throws all its influence on the other side. The party which gives aid and comfort to Addicks in Delaware because he can marshal more votes than the other side, cannot, however reluctant, refuse to help out the cause of a man who gives such fine promises of "delivering the goods" as La Follette. Yet this decision by no means makes plain sailing for the national ticket. If anything, it affronts the Stalwarts more grievously than the June decision did the La Follette men. Before the announcement that the National Committee would lend a hand in the election of La Follette as well as that of Republican electors, the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, the chief Stalwart organ, observed that "the La Follette following, made up as it is of all sorts and conditions of men, 45 per cent. of whom are not Republicans and never will vote for Republican Presidential electors, will not suffice to keep Wisconsin in the Republican column."

By biding his time and employing Pinkerton detectives, Governor Heyward of South Carolina has bagged five out of the six white men charged with lynching a negro at Eatonville, South Carolina. One of them is the town marshal of Eatonville, and the others are farmers. All of them are now in the State penitentiary to prevent an attempt at rescue. We do not think that there will be any. This was a peculiarly atrocious case, described by the Charleston *News and Courier* as "a shocking crime committed on slight provocation." As a matter of fact, there was no provocation at all. The negro had merely threatened to spank one of a crowd of drunken whites. For this he was arrested, fined $5, and locked up for safe-keeping. That night he was taken from the jail and killed, his body being horribly mutilated after the manner of the Sioux and Apaches. There were sixteen wounds inflicted before the victim was thrown into the water—all inflicted because he threatened a low white man! It is to the credit of the South Carolina press that it vigorously denounced the crime and supported the Governor in his efforts to punish the guilty.

On Monday a Federal grand jury, in response to Judge Jones's charge, indicted several alleged members of the mob that lynched Horace Maples in Huntsville, Alabama, on September 7. The jury stated that Maples's color alone made his killing possible, as he would not have been lynched had he been white; and declared that punishment must be inflicted and the law upheld, for "the white people of this section feel that they owe a duty to the negro race." All this is very gratifying, though there must be very considerable differences of opinion as to the legal right of the Federal grand jury to interfere. The jury itself seems to have had doubts, for it admits that its action may be regarded as "outside interference," but explains that something had to be done. At Statesborough something is likely to be done at last, for Judge A. F. Daly, in charging the grand jury of Bulloch County, declared that the lynchers were murderers as much as their victims, the only difference being that the lynchers were the bolder slayers. Coming after the cashiering of the militia captain whose cowardice, or worse, made the lynching possible, it really begins to look as if the chief offenders might meet with the punishment they deserve.

Each building trade here has its own union and its own contractors' association, between whom working agreements have existed for years. The general arbitration treaty, which really constitutes an appellate court, specifically says that these numerous sub-agreements shall continue in force. In the last year we have had several glimpses into these sub-agreements. In the bricklayers' strike, for instance, it was shown that the local workmen had for years pledged themselves to put in fireproofing only for employers with whom they were already affiliated. The purpose was to give the mason builders a monopoly, and especially to keep out of New York a corporation operating in other large cities. The recent decision of Magistrate Ommen in the cut-stone case has an important bearing upon this point. He found that the workmen and the employers had entered into a conspiracy to control the output. The masters employed only specified unions; the unions worked only for contractors who were in the combination. Any outside contractor was promptly forced in by strikes, or otherwise. The Cut-Stone Employers' Association by this means so controlled the situation that they combined on all competitive contracts. The prices charged were so high that the "successful bidder" was able to turn back 10 per cent. of his profit into a common treasury. This was shared equally by unions and employers. "The representative of the journeymen," the decision reads, "testifies that the journeymen considered it to be their duty

to protect the interests of their employers against unjust competition and the cutting of prices; that the higher the prices the employers received, the higher the wages were. I suggested that these high prices affected the public, who had to pay them; to which he answered that Commodore Vanderbilt had once said something about the public."

Weinseimer's conviction on the charge of extortion is another triumph for the District Attorney's office. His trial adds little to our knowledge of labor unions. So long as there are contractors willing to make "presents," there will probably be rascally walking delegates ready to accept them. The unions, however, make a better showing in the Weinseimer than in the Sam Parks case. Parks, it will be remembered, became a greater hero the more the indictments piled up against him. He still maintained his leadership in the Building Trades Association; led the labor-day parade after his conviction for extortion; was paid honors of state at the Kansas City Convention of his International Association while waiting a new trial. He was not deserted until, a confessed blackmailer and a consumptive wreck, he was taken away to die in Sing Sing. Weinseimer, however, from the day his guilt became apparent, was abandoned by his union associates. Apparently, the unions have learned that public confidence is a valuable asset, and that to win it they must eliminate walking delegates with $80,000 bank accounts. This is a gain; and it is to be hoped that building employers will, on their part, make a needed progress towards better methods.

The statement that Mr. Alfred Hertz, the conductor of "Parsifal" and the other German works given at the Metropolitan Opera House, is to be forced to join the Musical Mutual Protective Union, calls attention once more to the impudent and tyrannical methods of that union. It is difficult to see much difference between these methods and an ordinary "hold-up," except that in one case a man's life is threatened and in the other case his livelihood, if he doesn't pay up. Perhaps the law will interfere in time, when the offenders, emboldened by their success, shall carry their system to its logical conclusion. There is really no reason why the singers should be allowed to escape blackmail when all the players and conductors are levied upon. Why not point the pistol at the prima donnas, the tenors, baritones, and bassos? Why not boycott all the living composers who do not promptly pay up and wear the badge of slavery? Why not refuse to play for any manager who does not put a union label and pay a union tax on every ticket he sells? And why not leave in a body whenever a critic enters a theatre or concert hall who has not paid his "initiation fee" of a hundred dollars? The possibilities of earning an honest penny in this way are limitless, and the Musical Mutual Protective Union is making but a bungling use of its opportunities.

Professional counsellors in the closet may expect another rebuke within a few weeks. A general election will be held in Canada on November 3. There was a time when Mr. Laurier (he was not then Sir Wilfrid) had altogether too much time for closet study. Certain speeches on free trade delivered both before and after he became the leader of the Liberal party would indicate that he came under the enervating influence of experts. He appears to have been quite incapable of "thinking Imperially" or of realizing that expediency and opportunism are all-sufficient. Eight years ago he took office as Prime Minister of the Dominion, and since then friends whose activities are not by any means confined to the closet have widened his perspective. Now he thinks Imperially, sees Imperially, and, as many a grateful corporation will testify, he does things. He was elected on a platform so distinctly academic that its principal plank was one demanding radical reform of the high protective tariffs imposed by his opponents. For a time the closet counsellors were confident. The oil and binder-twine duties were reduced. There was talk of other reductions, incidentally of reductions of majorities at the next election. About this time Sir Wilfrid Laurier saw the great light of expediency.

The tariff on woollens was raised, and the steel manufacturers were given not only higher duties, but bounties as well. It may be mentioned in passing that the workers in one of the large steel plants which had benefited largely by bounties, advanced the ridiculous plea that, as competition from the United States had been shut out, and as a portion of the taxes which they paid had been given to their employers in bounties, they had a right to expect wages more nearly approaching the scale obtaining in Pittsburgh. They promptly received protection—from a body of Government militia. How far Sir Wilfrid has advanced during these eight years may be judged from the fact that he proposes that any future modification of the tariff shall be made by the friends of the protective system. In his opening speech of the campaign he said: "There shall be no revision of the tariff until there has been ample investigation, until consideration has been given to every class of the community, to the producer and to the consumer. All classes of manufacturers will be heard and will give their advice, so that the Government will have the best possible advice." The leader of the Conservatives, Mr. R. L. Borden, puts forward his tariff proposals in two words, which, while they would doubtless seem indefinite to the cavillers of the closet, are sufficiently suggestive to all who do things. "Adequate protection" is his slogan. It is distinctly good, as containing much of possibility and not too much of promise.

Even the Pope was surprised at the great majority which Premier Combes obtained in the Chamber in support of his anti-Clerical policy. It portended a speedy movement to abolish the Concordat altogether, and this very week we are to have the text of the proposed measures for the separation of the Church and State. M. Combes made a skilful appeal to national feeling as against outside meddling, even by the Supreme Pontiff. The attempt had been made, he said, to discipline a bishop, both a Frenchman and a Republican, by a tribunal which the laws of France did not recognize. He also made much of the alleged departure of the present Pope from the policy of Leo. Such Parliamentary and political tactics, combined with the feeling against the Church which exists to a certain extent in France, may easily lead to the strange spectacle of a Catholic country supporting its Government in cutting loose from the Holy See.

The incident, in the North Sea, of the outgoing Baltic fleet firing upon innocent British trawlers, had a tragic aspect and a nationally inflammatory effect. In reality, however, it was far less calculated to embroil England and Russia than the attempt to control contraband on merchant vessels. Russia may go to the verge of international law in her efforts to cripple Japan, but she could never purposely seek to draw England into hostilities along with her treaty ally. It is apparent that the Russian admiral had a motive of self-preservation not yet revealed, even if he lost his head. We are also reminded how panicky is the boasted "sea-power" in face of floating mines and destroyers, and what folly it is to go on building these costly battleships, as tender as an eggshell when tapped in the right quarter. The moral is not alone for Russia, whose nervous blunder can probably be disavowed with a clear conscience, and will be expiated. On the whole, British phlegm was never more admirably shown than in the calm with which the public received the bloody news, so grotesque, at the same time, as to be incredible. The press has naturally been bellicose in demonstration, and the British fleets have had to be set visibly in motion, but the mob and the exchanges have alike been unexcitable.

THE CONSPIRACY.

Senator Culberson of Texas, at the Reform Club's Parker meeting in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening, produced the promised Panama surprise when he read the following letter written by President Roosevelt to Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, twenty-five days before Panama seceded from Colombia:

"*Personal.*

"WHITE HOUSE,
"WASHINGTON, October 10, 1903.

"MY DEAR DR. SHAW:

"I enclose you, purely for your own information, a copy of a letter of September 5th, from our Minister to Colombia. I think it might interest you to see that there was absolutely not the slightest chance of securing by treaty any more than we endeavored to secure. The alternatives were to go to Nicaragua against the advice of the great majority of competent engineers—some of the most competent saying that we had better have no canal at this time than go there—or else to take the territory by force without any attempt at getting a treaty. I cast aside the proposition made at this time to foment the secession of Panama. Whatever other Governments can do, the United States cannot go into the securing by such underhand means the cession. Privately, I freely say to you that I should be delighted if Panama were an independent state; or if it made itself so at this moment; but for me to say so publicly would amount to an instigation of a revolt, and therefore I cannot say it.

"With great regard, sincerely yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor *Review of Reviews*, No. 13 Astor Place, New York."

That there was gross injustice, and an unexampled disregard of law and treaty, in the President's course towards Colombia, competent and fair-minded men have been compelled to conclude from the evidence. But they, and the professors of international law who have pointed out the illegality of the President's seizure of Panama, never charged that he was guilty of double-dealing. His own blunt assertion of an intention to do whatever he pleased was bad enough; but if deceit lurked behind, the matter was much worse than was supposed.

It is true that a part of Mr. Roosevelt's letter to Dr. Albert Shaw had been printed. We may say that the whole of it has been in our possession since last November. It was sent to this office, in confidence, by a friend of the President's. That was the amazing thing. This stark admission of a purpose to "take the territory by force," if necessary, was considered by the President a complete answer to the charge that he had taken it by guile. What could be more alarming, as revealing the state of mind of the Chief Magistrate of this nation? The defence was but an aggravation of the original accusation. It was alleged that he had conspired against Colombia, and the answer was that he was prepared to take her property by force! Never was there a more startling revelation of the incendiary ideas in the President's head.

A second question, however, amounting to an issue of veracity, is raised by another phrase in the letter to Dr. Shaw: "I cast aside the proposition made at this time to foment the secession of Panama." Made by whom? Was Editor Shaw proposing to lead a filibustering expedition, like another Walker? Was the Frenchman Bunau-Varilla, whose bad repute stands written in the official documents of his own country, urging the President to promise that use of American warships which was afterwards made, and which Bunau-Varilla pledged himself to the conspirators on the Isthmus would be made? Was Señor Duque, who now says that he "knew" the Administration would support him and the other Panama revolutionists, making a "proposition" to the President? Were any agents of the Panama Company doing it? Some one made the proposition. Who was it? And how, after this admission to Dr. Shaw that he was privy to the plan in advance, could the President inform Congress, as he did three months later, that "no one connected with the Government had any previous knowledge of the revolution except such as was accessible to any person of ordinary intelligence who read the newspapers"? Was the "proposition to foment the secession of Panama" made to the President by the newspapers? To all these questions a speedy and conclusive answer is imperatively required.

A very deadly parallel was constructed by Senator Culberson between a statement in the President's message to Congress and a letter of Secretary Hay's to the Colombian Minister. This letter, it should be added, was not sent to the Senate with the other pertinent documents. Mr. Culberson affirms that it was kept secret for a full year. In it the Secretary made, by direction of the President, a statement flatly contradicted by Mr. Roosevelt himself in his message to Congress. Here is the exhibit:

HAY TO HERRAN.	ROOSEVELT TO CONGRESS.
"I am directed by the President to say to you that in his opinion the 'reasonable time' allowed him by the statute to conclude negotiations with Colombia for the construction of an Isthmian canal has come to a close, and cannot be extended."—January 21, 1903.	"As events turned out, the question of reasonable time did not enter into the matter at all. . . . And yet there had not been a lapse of a reasonable time—using the word reasonable in any proper sense—such as would justify the Administration going to the Nicaragua route."—January 4, 1904.

The truth seems to be that the Secretary was nettled at the miscarriage of his badly managed diplomacy; that the President was wild to get a canal by hook or by crook; and that they turned eagerly to the project of dismembering Colombia. What sort of impression will this letter of Mr. Roosevelt's make upon people in Hayti and San Domingo and Venezuela? With all those countries we have troubled relations. In all of them Americans have great money interests, and are urging the President to intervene in their behalf. Has he written privately to some other friend, "I freely say to you that I should be delighted" if there were a revolt in Venezuela or San Domingo or Hayti? The similar sentiment which Mr. Roosevelt expressed in regard to Panama was so flagrantly improper that it is no wonder his apologists thought it better to leave that part out of their version of the document. Delighted to see a friendly nation broken up! When South Americans read that, they will ask, "Which of us is safe against this plotting American President?"

BELATED PANAMA SCRUPLES.

All the official denials of serious trouble with our new-hatched republic on the Isthmus are themselves denied by the President's letter of instructions to Secretary Taft. Admiral Walker, Gen. Davis, and Minister Barrett have each in turn pictured Panama as a little paradise of contentment. This pretence, however, is now brushed aside by Mr. Roosevelt. He informs us that the residents of the Isthmus are "alarmed" at the attitude of this Government, which they fear intends to injure them in both pocket and pride; and accordingly he resorts to the extraordinary step of sending the Secretary of War on a special mission to compose their ruffled feelings. That there should be in Panama such a thing as "distrust of the American Government" fills the President with grief and pain. It is all a little late, astute Panamanians might say, pointing out that they naturally dread lest the man who swallowed the Colombia camel will not too carefully strain out the Panama gnat.

It is clear that the principles laid down in the President's letter are exactly the opposite of those he acted upon a year ago in dealing with Colombia. If he had been then one-half as scrupulous and conciliatory as he professes to be now, he would never have embarked upon the policy towards Colombia which Senator Hoar and ex-Senator Edmunds described as practically that of a highwayman. Only listen to the considerate man: he even renounces rights which "a just construction of the treaty" might enable us to assert. Last November, he was fairly torturing a treaty to read into it his preposterous claim of power to break up Colombia—all in the way of the purest friendship. To-day, he will waive a clear grant of power, out of fear that its exercise might injure our good name, or that foreigners might be given the impression that the United States had a President ready, in his own language, to "take things into his own hands."

We cannot wonder that the President is ashamed to take advantage of the letter of the treaty with Panama. The people of Panama had nothing to do with its

drafting. The work was done by John Hay and that shameless and discredited French adventurer and conspirator, P. Bunau-Varilla. The juxtaposition of those two names at the bottom of the treaty is not one of which the American Secretary of State can be proud. It is known exactly how Bunau-Varilla came to sign for Panama. A commission of real Panamanians was on the way to negotiate a treaty—had, in fact, actually reached New York—when the *soi-disant* Minister of Panama at Washington signed the treaty before it was dry. Every one remembers how its modification was afterwards prevented, in both Washington and Panama, on the plea that it must be ratified as it stood, lest it fail altogether. We say, therefore, that for the President to insist upon the strict enforcement of a treaty which was practically forced on Panama, would be about as decent as for a money-lender to seize the furniture of a widow because she had not paid him 124 per cent. interest on the chattel mortgage, as his contract called for.

It is obvious that the President's letter is given out not wholly in the public interest. Its intent as an electioneering document is plain. The people are expected to see in it a refutation of the charge that President Roosevelt is aggressive in international relations. In so far as this betrays a sensitiveness to criticism, and a willingness to give a tacit pledge of amendment, it is gratifying. Mr. Roosevelt has unquestionably disturbed many sober-minded Americans by his headlong and high-handed course towards Colombia. He has caused widespread apprehension—that sort of uneasiness which Tacitus, by a happy though unconscious prophecy in his very phrasing, called the *strenuosissimi cujusque periculum.* Now, apparently, the President is trying to remove that fear—or, at least, to reduce as much as possible its adverse effect upon his political fortunes.

This is of a piece with several other recent attempts to convince the public that Mr. Roosevelt is "safe" in his conduct of foreign relations. President Wheeler, for example, gave it out as "good news," on his return from Washington, that Mr. Hay was to be kept in charge of the State Department. The implication was that he would exercise a conservative influence upon a rash President. This reminds one of the promise which Lord John Russell made when he took Palmerston into his Government in 1846, that he would "control" the meddling Foreign Minister and prevent his policy from becoming dangerous. It did not turn out that way. Palmerston's policy was quite along the lines of Roosevelt's idea of "policing" weaker countries, and his "general interference" in Portugal, in Italy, and in Greece, not only brought England to the verge of war, but made her disliked and antagonized throughout Europe. Lord Russell found at last that the only way to "control" the pernicious activity of Palmerston was to turn him out of the Cabinet, which he accordingly did.

Mr. Roosevelt, in fact, might do worse than make a careful study of Palmerston's career. Popularity, no doubt, is to be won by any public man who will make a vehement assertion of his country's claims as against all others. Palmerston was, in his day, the idol of all English Chauvinists. He swung the Big Stick, and the cheers for "Old Pam" were as frantic as for "Teddy." But what was the net result of his foreign policy? To make England at once weak and hated. The contemporary shouting of the multitude cannot offset the historical verdict on Palmerston, which is against him. His conception of diplomacy was, as Sir Robert Peel declared, to use it "to fester every wound, to provoke instead of soothing resentments, to place a minister in every court of Europe for the purpose, not of preventing quarrels or of adjusting quarrels, but for the purpose of continuing an angry correspondence and promoting what is supposed to be an English interest by keeping up conflicts with the representatives of other Powers." And Gladstone, in the great debate in 1850, boldly met Palmerston's swagger about *civis Romanus sum*, by asking:

> "What then, sir, was a Roman citizen? He was the member of a privileged caste; he belonged to a conquering race, to a nation that held all others bound down by the strong arm of power. For him there was to be an exceptional system of law, for him principles were to be asserted, and by him rights were to be enjoyed, that were denied to the rest of the world."

If President Roosevelt's letter of instructions in regard to the treatment of Panama shows that he has seen the error of his ways, and means hereafter to display magnanimity and patience towards the weak, instead of a disposition to browbeat and crush and despoil them, it may be taken as a happy augury.

HELP FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

We cannot imagine fair-minded Republicans approving the course of the Administration in calling upon the Governor of the Philippines to help it in the election. That government which was to "know no politics" we see now that the Republican party regards as a valuable political asset. Secretary Taft's demand upon Gov. Wright, and the latter's dutiful reply, have some aspects that are comic, some that are indecent. In one way, the exchange of telegrams amounts to about this: "Are you making a mess of your work? TAFT." "I don't think I am. WRIGHT." But, in another sense, there is something positively improper and offensive in using several hundred dollars of the public money to pay for a Republican campaign document. In other words, what was predicted when we entered upon our annexation of distant islands has already come to pass. They are flung as a make-weight into the scales of a Presidential election. In the most unblushing partisan spirit, official reports are ordered so as to help the party in power.

Narrowly inspected, what does this vindication of the Philippine Commission by itself amount to? Secretary Taft, recalling how he himself was compelled to make unfulfilled predictions to aid McKinley in 1900, telegraphed over an opinion about conditions in the islands quoted by Judge Parker from a recent investigator on the spot. This opinion Gov. Wright ostensibly controverts, but practically confirms. It was charged that, at their "worst," American officials in the Philippines have been "dishonest, corrupt, and despotic." All that Gov. Wright denies is that "any considerable number" have been. He admits a "number of defaults," but proudly reports that the Government has suffered no loss, since it was "protected by insurance." Gov. Wright states that the "defaulters, with a few exceptions, appeared prior to the inauguration of the law"—that is, the civil-service law. But the report of the Philippine Civil Service Board for 1903 shows that thirty-nine persons had been removed from the classified service "for cause." The notorious cause is embezzlement.

Gov. Wright also, to the ear, denies that the Philippines are in a bad way agriculturally. In reality, he admits it. It should be noted, in passing, that the statements on this point, made by the observer whom Judge Parker quoted, were no stronger than those of that old Philippine expert, John Foreman. Gov. Wright concedes that there has been "a reduced area of cultivation" with "considerable distress," and that the exports (almost wholly agricultural) "fell off" during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904. Thus does our Philippine Balaam, summoned to curse Judge Parker, come very near to blessing him.

On the question of suppressing newspaper criticism and censoring the native theatres, Gov. Wright's denials are again tantamount to admissions. The Philippine Commission would never think of censoring plays—unless, of course, they contain such "insurrectionary" sentiments as the one suppressed a year ago. So, too, editors are perfectly free to criticise, though they go to jail, along with those two American newspaper men who were condemned as seditious, without a jury, and appealed in vain to the Supreme Court in Washington. Similarly, about the ravages of the ladrones. "Not true," cables Gov. Wright, which he immediately explains to mean that "there are only four or five ladrone leaders," and that there are "still a number of small bands prowl-

ing about." Call you this denying the charges?

Gov. Wright's single round and unqualified denial is of the assertion that taxation is oppressive. But on that question we have some impartial and competent evidence in the November *Atlantic*, at the hands of Mr. Alleyne Ireland. As a student of colonization and an avowed Imperialist, he has been making an expert study of our administration of the Philippines, and comes to the conclusion that it is one of the most wrong-headed, blundering, and burdensome governments ever imposed upon helpless natives. After showing that the Filipinos have to pay 46 per cent. of the value of their exports to support a rule forced upon them, Mr. Ireland adds:

> "That a country should have to pay 46 per cent. of the value of its total industrial product for the privilege of being governed is obviously absurd; and although a dependent tropical government is always expensive, from the fact that the administration is very much better than could arise naturally as a product of native activity, that of the Philippines is much more expensive than it should be.
>
> "Comparing the cost of government, on the basis adopted above, with that of five British dependencies in various parts of the tropics — Ceylon, Barbados, British Guiana, Trinidad, and the Federated Malay States — the average is 27 per cent., as against 46 per cent. in the Philippines."

Mr. Ireland's article is, in reality, a very destructive criticism of our methods in the Philippines. From the beginning, he argues, they have been a medley of good intentions and ignorance, the chief effect being "blindness to local conditions and contempt for universal experience." He thinks that if the officials in the islands—and President Roosevelt along with them, we may add —only knew something of what successful colonization really is, they would not boast so much of having given a model to the world. As it is, they have no basis for intelligent comparison:

> "To give a single example: I was shown in the Philippines some of the most wretched roads I have seen in fifteen years of colonial travel, and was asked with pride whether the English had ever done anything like that for the benefit of their colonial subjects; and when I replied that you could travel a thousand miles in an automobile in the Federated Malay States on roads as good as the Massachusetts State roads, my statement was met, if not with absolute incredulity, at least with the last degree of surprise. It was the same thing in a hundred matters."

Secretary Taft's dragging of Gov. Wright into the campaign would not have been creditable even if it had been successful. Its flat failure will, we hope, prevent further improprieties of the sort. Facts are the last thing the Republicans should try to bring out. Their true line of argument is to say that the American people have become "tired" of the Philippine question, and do not want to be reminded again that, as Mr. Dooley remarks with biting sarcasm, "our own late gloryous war" was "like gettin' drunk an' bein' fined twinty million dollars or a hundred years in th' Philippeens."

AN OVERRATED SPEECH.

The reputation which some men build up on the slenderest of foundations is astonishing. Take the case of Mr. Vanderlip, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and his address before the Illinois Bankers' Association on October 18. It has been everywhere commented upon as a noteworthy deliverance, and Mr. Vanderlip is referred to as one of the acutest of financial critics; yet will it be believed that, in attempting to analyze the sources and conditions of American prosperity, he left out the main cause? He never once mentioned the tariff! This, of course, of itself fixes Mr. Vanderlip's true rank as a thinker. He is nothing but a shallow sophister. The common or wayside Republican stump-speaker would be ashamed to display such ignorance. To speak of the financial resources and industrial growth of the United States without tracing all to that one first cause, least understood, the tariff, is to be as mad as an undevout astronomer.

It is really painful to find a man of Mr. Vanderlip's standing groping about for obscure and inoperative causes when the explanation of the whole is as clear as daylight to any man who will open his eyes. Our ablest publicists have given us the unquestioned truth; and they will experience a shock when they read of his crude opinion that our recent prosperity was intimately dependent upon the establishment of a sound currency. "Poor man," they will say; "still in the beggarly elements! Doesn't he know that the Dingley tariff was enacted before any financial legislation after what he calls 'the definite verdict of the people' in 1896? And of what earthly use is it to have a gold standard if you have no tariff to make us all rich?"

In some of the statistics which Mr. Vanderlip presented, there was here and there what looks unpleasantly like a suppression of a vital truth. For instance, Mr. Vanderlip said, in enumerating our actual resources, "We have a corn crop worth $1,000,000,000." Yes, but why was he not frank enough to tell us that it was all grown under the fostering influence of a protective tariff? One glance at that sacred oracle which enshrines all our hope—the Dingley tariff—should have put him on the right track. Section 227 reads, "Corn or maize fifteen cents per bushel of fifty-six pounds." We do not say it was positively dishonest in Mr. Vanderlip to conceal this duty on corn, but we ask fair-minded men what is to be thought of one professing to be an authority on finance, who has the effrontery to go to Illinois, where every farmer *knows* that a duty of fifteen cents a bushel grows more corn than all the fertilizers used in agriculture, and to discuss the value of the crop without once laying the credit of the whole at the feet of Dingley and the Republican party? Well, we may be sure that the sturdy Republicans of the West saw through Mr. Vanderlip's fallacies. It is not so stated in the dispatches, but we have little doubt that when he spoke so superficially of our wheat crop worth $412,000,000, some instructed person in the audience—a man, say, who had received the pure milk of the word from Senator Fairbanks—whipped out his tariff Bible and cried out, "Credit to whom credit is due! How much wheat could we have raised had it not been for section 234, 'Wheat, twenty-five cents per bushel'?"

We really have not the heart to pursue Mr. Vanderlip's misleading statistics further. Such a very little twisting would have made them sing the praise and glory of protection that his refraining will inevitably arouse suspicion. This will be heightened by his unguarded admission that "the result of the Presidential election," whatever it be, contains no element of business danger. This is pretty cool, coming as it does after the clear proof, which some even of the youngest of Republican orators have been able to make, that Judge Parker's success would mean instant and widespread misery. Mr. Vanderlip pretends to be well informed, yet he appears to be ignorant of the very a b c of financial wisdom, the very kindergarten of tariff doctrine, as laid down by President Roosevelt. The latter carefully explained in his letter of acceptance that, if he is not elected to keep the tariff "pat," the wage-worker will be "either turned adrift entirely, or his wages will be cut down to the starvation-point." Yet Mr. Vanderlip ignores that high and disinterested authority!

Perhaps the very worst of his blunders remains to be mentioned. He affirmed that the experience of the past ten years has taught Americans the wholesome lesson that "there is not a new political economy." This is distressing. We go to this wide-awake man of the market-place, and we only find him talking like one of President Roosevelt's despised counsellors of the closet. We had supposed that the facts were understood. Political economy, it is well known, was a cunning invention of Englishmen, designed to enable them to prevent foreigners from becoming as prosperous as they. But, even putting this aside, we should like to know how a science devised and adopted for a country having only 50,000 square miles, and neither prairies nor Niagara Falls, can be fitted to a majestic country of more than 3,000,000 square miles, without a ruin. Mr. Vanderlip is ludicrously wrong. We *have* made political economy all over. We have shown the world how to sell without buying, how to get rich by taxing ourselves, how to save money by

squandering it, how to make huge profits out of customers whose trade we have destroyed. The United States has made the old political economy as obsolete as one of Cleopatra's bonnets, and has developed a system independent of the musty writers of long ago—yes, independent even of arithmetic and common sense. But Mr. Vanderlip, pretending to be an American with his face to the future, denies us this glorious power to break the old moulds, and tries to discourage us by saying that we, children of destiny, time's noblest offspring, have got to do business just as if we were a lot of stupid Englishmen or plodding Germans! He evidently needs a thorough course of Republican campaign oratory.

BABES AND SUCKLINGS.

Two pieces of news that will interest all parents and educators have recently come from Chicago. The children in a grammar school objected to one of the teachers and organized a strike. The affair was managed in the most approved manner. A cordon of pickets, none more than fifteen years old, was stationed about the building; outside this line five or six hundred boys and girls, wearing "union" badges, hooted at the "scabs"—the name applied to the teachers who gazed from the school windows. An infantile walking delegate was on patrol, cautioning his pickets not to yield to either mother or father. It was in Chicago also that some older pupils were equally determined to assert their rights, though they appealed, not to brute force, but to the courts. The Board of Education, in order to break up the nuisance of secret societies in a high school, passed a rule that no member should participate in literary and athletic contests. Certain students and their obedient parents promptly applied for an injunction against the enforcement of the rule, on the ground that it was "unjust" and "vicious." In this particular institution there were ten Greek-letter societies, which, it is averred in the complaint, "stimulated loyalty."

All this reads like a fairy tale to men who have reached the age of thirty-five. These ancient *laudatores temporis acti* wag their heads sadly over the degeneracy of the times, and lament that youth is no longer held with a strict hand, as when they were boys. The official spokesman of these melancholy graybeards is Principal Henry L. Boltwood of the Evanston Township High School, Illinois. Mr. Boltwood lives near enough to Chicago to watch the doings there of the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time; and he apparently believes that the temper exhibited in Chicago, though it may not have found such emphatic expression elsewhere, exists throughout the country. In a recent address he said: "College athletics and college secret societies are the special features of college life which are injuring the secondary schools."

In developing his thesis Mr. Boltwood argues that the children in our secondary schools, aged from twelve to eighteen, are eagerly imitating the most objectionable features of college life; and he enumerates hazing, betting on athletics, cheating in order to keep on athletic teams, and "cheap imitations of college fraternities, especially in the things in which the college societies are most at fault." To this indictment another count has been added by Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick, physical director of the New York city public schools, who protests against the growing evil of professionalism in school athletics. All this expert testimony can hardly be disputed, for it confirms the belief of people who, though they may have watched the secondary schools less carefully, have nevertheless been much disquieted by unhappy tendencies.

One cause of complaint can never be removed—the youthfulness of the young. The exuberant silliness of adolescence has always been the theme of philosophers as well as of satirists, and it will continue to provoke admiration till the human race becomes extinct. But conditions in the year of grace 1904 are in some respects different from those of 1880—to go back to a prehistoric epoch. To-day the newspapers are giving wider publicity than ever before to the performances of college students; and the facts in which the public seems most interested relate to boyish pranks and athletics. Our football gladiators are sharing with Roosevelt and Parker the distinction of being the foremost men of America. Their pictures adorn our dailies and weeklies; the condition of their muscles is detailed by the column; and their games are minutely reported. Were the captain of the Harvard or the Yale team to sprain an ankle, the accident would be displayed with the startling headlines which are reserved for elopements in high life and other events of transcendent and national importance. All this ink and paper has its effect on the imagination of a boy who lacks that exquisite sense of proportion which invariably distinguishes his elders. The ingenuous lad really thinks a college athlete is a person of consequence, worthy of the fuss made over him; he acts on the sincere conviction that a defeat in athletics is a real blow to the prestige of a college or school; and he never dreams that election to a "swell" Greek-letter society may not be worth several years of assiduous boot-licking.

The result of this distorted view, according to Mr. Boltwood's observations, is a lowering of the morale of the secondary school, in athletics, in amenities of social intercourse, and in studies. The school is broken up into small rival cliques, which strive to secure for their members prominent places on the teams, which give expensive receptions and dances, which snub the "outside barbarians," and which consistently subordinate study to play. Mr. Boltwood's depressing conclusion is, that, while the secondary school is now suffering because its pupils are imitating the follies of college "men," the college will in turn suffer "from a lowering of the character of its recruits." In fine, the college and the school are chasing each other down a seemingly bottomless hill.

There is, however, one factor that has not been taken into the reckoning. Though the public is now daft over college athletics, the mania must sooner or later run its course; we cannot go on at the present pace forever. If our American colleges are to retain the support of serious people, they must do something to check the excesses of athletics, the reckless squandering of time, strength, and money. Our contests must cease to be huge financial enterprises; and parents must tire of butchering their sons to make a Boston or a New York holiday. When the reaction sets in, it will be an undisguised blessing to students of all ages, from the post-graduate school to the kindergarten.

SHAKSPERE AND THE SYNDICATE.

One swallow does not make a summer, and one Shaksperean revival does not necessarily portend the dawn of a new era of the higher drama upon the stage. Nevertheless, the production upon an elaborate scale of three great Shaksperean plays for a season's run in a circuit of syndicate theatres has in it a good deal of cheerful significance.

For the last decade, at least, the stage has been falling into deeper and deeper discredit with the better class of playgoers, who are its most substantial support. In that time there have been a few good new plays and some good individual performances, but the number of both has been steadily diminishing. Of popular successes, of course, there have been many, but a large proportion of these must be ascribed not to inherent merit, but to various kinds of sensationalism, personal notoriety, artful advertising, lack of competition, and a gradual debasement of public taste. But, on the whole, the financial results were satisfactory to the managers. Their system was slowly but surely killing the goose which laid their golden eggs; but so long as there were eggs they were content and confident. Last season, however, there were no golden eggs at all. The goose had been fed too long upon promises and expectation only, and stopped laying. To quit metaphor, the situation in which the managers found themselves was this: They had conceived the notion of making the dramatic output of one continent serve for two. Plays that

had succeeded in London, Paris, or Berlin must, they argued, succeed in America also. Therefore, a monopoly of these plays and of the best local theatres must lead to fortune. What was the use of bothering about native talent, of encouraging native dramatists or raising a body of American actors? Actors of real or wholly fictitious reputation could be imported if needed, as easily as plays, and all the United States beguiled with drama at second hand, a little worn, perhaps, but stamped with European approval.

It was a pretty and attractive scheme, and it was put into operation with remarkable executive ability. But it had the fatally weak point, that it paid no heed to the inevitable failure, sooner or later, of the supply, not only of plays and dramatists, but of actors. You cannot raise crops, season after season, upon soil that has been overworked and never fertilized. The coöperative managers were too thorough in their operations. They reaped, and reaped, and reaped, without paying any heed to the growing exhaustion of the land, until they found themselves suddenly confronted with conditions of almost absolute barrenness. Of the score or so of dramatists who had been permitted to share the profits of the fat years, some had retired to enjoy a moneyed leisure, others had worked out their rather thin vein of inspiration, some were dead. Of promising new men to take their places there was scarcely a sign. The deadly policy of monopoly, by choking competition, had throttled effort, so far as competent writers were concerned. It had done more than this. By its short-sighted system of forced long runs, it had practically put an end to the production of real actors; that is to say, of men and women capable of any histrionic achievement greater than the perpetual reproduction of their own personalities in minute variations of the modern social drama.

Twenty-five years ago the American theatre was thought to be in a parlous state, but in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia there were still houses where first-rate interpretations of masterpieces could frequently be enjoyed. They are almost unknown to-day. Everybody knows the shifts to which contemporary managers have been driven to disguise the poverty of their literary and dramatic resources—the manufacture of stars by advertisement, the exploitation of social scandals and immorality, the crude dramatizations by hack-writers of trashy but popular novels, the lavish displays of millinery to attract the women, and all kinds of sensation and scenic extravagance to please the gallery. True lovers of the theatre and believers in its artistic and civilizing mission have noted, not without a growing hope and expectancy, the increasing inability of these pernicious expedients to satisfy the public demand for solid and rational entertainment. The financial disaster in which so many theatrical enterprises were overwhelmed last winter was significant of public discontent.

The syndicate managers are shrewd men, who cannot be altogether oblivious to the meaning of these signs. One lesson they must have learned from painful experience, and that is that a good play which was successful when well interpreted in one city, is by no means certain to prove equally profitable when badly performed in another. The fate of "Ulysses" was a case in point; and many others might be cited. That Shaksperean plays gorgeously mounted and carefully acted will almost always pay, Mr. Beerbohm Tree has abundantly proved in London. The magic of the poet's genius exercises its spell even when the power of the medium to interpret it does not rise much above the level of mediocrity. It is almost an axiom that a great play, with its universal appeal to human intelligence, will, if moderately well given, prove more profitable to the box-office than any shallow, flashy piece of no general interest. There is just a chance that this truth, a platitude to all students of theatrical history, has been recognized by the syndicate managers. If they can be brought to realize that the play is the thing, it will not be long before they realize also that they need actors, not mere tailor's blocks, if their elaborate fabric, which has no solid foundation, is not to collapse in indistinguishable ruin.

Herein lies the true importance of their present Shaksperean enterprise, which has begun well. If it prospers they will extend it, and a group of Shaksperean actors will gradually arise. But there will be no such consummation unless the companies are permanent, and this would involve a return to something like the old stock system and a partial revolution in the syndicate methods of management. A stock company without a permanent home would be an anomaly, and the syndicate may be compelled to adopt this view by mere force of circumstances. Training schools for actors of some sort they must have, or go out of business. Should they be reduced to this extremity, a result which is not entirely beyond the bounds of possibility, stock companies would be formed everywhere by the exigencies of the situation, and some of them unquestionably would be Shaksperean.

THE ARKANSAS COTTON BELT.

HELENA, October 10, 1904.

A geological excursion through the Cotton Belt of northeastern Arkansas has, to a Northerner, much beside scientific interest. Indeed, such an excursion probably offers better opportunities for observing the sociological conditions than would a trip made for that special purpose. All the more is this true where the geology has much to do with the sociological problems.

One of the most puzzling geological problems of the Mississippi Valley is found in Crowley's Ridge, which runs from the vicinity of Cape Girardeau in Southeastern Missouri, to Helena, in Arkansas, a distance of about 200 miles. This long, low elevation nowhere rises more than 200 feet above the plain of the upper part of the old delta of the Mississippi, which begins at Cairo and gradually increases in width until the Gulf of Mexico is reached. Here, on the Arkansas side, this delta is from fifty to sixty miles wide, and much of it is overflowed in high water. The overflow, however, is largely from small tributaries to the great river rather than from the Mississippi itself. A curious phenomenon is presented by the St. Francis River, which rises not far from Cape Girardeau, where it is separated from the Mississippi by so low a pass that the flood of the main stream sometimes overpours into it, and so furnishes to the tributary a volume of water which is out of all proportion to the local rainfall.

As a consequence of all this, a wide belt of land bordering the Mississippi in Arkansas is peculiarly adapted for the raising of cotton and other agricultural products which demand a soil enriched by occasional overflows of silt-bearing water. It is through the centre of this belt that Crowley's Ridge runs, dividing it into two nearly equal parts, the St. Francis River being about half the way on one side of it and about half the way on the other. The basis of this ridge is a deposit of tertiary gravel, but it is everywhere overlaid by a capping of loess from twenty to fifty feet thick, which is as much like that deposit where it appears in largest amount and gives fertility to the valley of the middle Missouri, to the wheat belt of Southern Russia, to the irrigated portions of Central Asia, and to the plains of Northeastern China, as two peas are like each other. If, as seems most probable, this is mainly a water deposit, its envelopment of Crowley's Ridge points to a general subsidence of the lower Mississippi Valley, during late glacial or post-glacial times, of more than 200 feet.

Unlike most of the highlands of the Southern States, Crowley's Ridge has in it elements of fertility almost equal to that of the vast flood-plain above which it rises; but as it is heavily covered with timber and is more subject to droughts, its cultivation has been delayed. It is interesting to observe, however, that the population which is spreading over it largely consists of colored families, who give remarkable signs of industry and thrift. Around their comfortable cabins were ever-enlarging fields, which were in process of clearing by the rather slovenly but perhaps economic method of girdling the trees and suffering them to stand for a number of years while successive crops of cotton were luxuriating in the virgin soil.

One of the most cheerful sights which greeted our eyes was that of the numerous bevies of neatly dressed negro children, with school-books under their arms, wending their way to some school-house in a sequestered nook which had escaped our notice. Arkansas has not, indeed, a high reputation for its expenditure in support of schools, either white or colored, but nu-

merous indications like this, in the country districts, added to that of the large and flourishing colored schools found in Helena, give one much greater hope for the negro population than is derived from the representations of some of the Northern missionary societies. It was especially gratifying, in attending the largest colored church in Helena, to observe that the preacher addressed his audience (consisting mostly of young people) in a manner which indicated a fair degree of educational development, and that, among the notices which he gave out, one of the most prominent was of the opening of the public schools upon the following day, and his advice that his hearers should make the most of them by being on hand at the beginning.

This religious service was itself an indication of prime importance in helping one to form an estimate of the future of the colored people. There are, it is true, numerous colored congregations of the old style, where much can be seen that is amusing and ludicrous; but it would be no more fair to judge the negroes by the most unprogressive members than it would be to judge the white race by their lowest stratum. It should be set to the credit of the colored people that there are in this small city several well-attended congregations where the singing and the preaching compare fairly well with the corresponding exercises of the average congregations in large portions of the country settled exclusively by whites. It is these congregations which are setting the pace for the others, and are working most surely for the ultimate advancement of all.

But, going back to the cotton districts, it was significant to notice that nearly all the work done in the more productive portions of the district was by colored people, and that to a very creditable degree they are coming into possession of the lands in small holdings, the owners of the estates renting or selling almost exclusively to negroes; the poor white population, for one reason or other, cannot compete with them in the cotton fields. This is largely the case, we were told, for social reasons. The negroes so predominate that a self-respecting white family of the working class is bereft of society in the cotton fields, and so the whites are more and more retiring to the less productive higher land beyond, where they eke out a precarious existence in simpler modes of agriculture. It is certain that the negroes are to possess the cotton belt of the South.

Saturday is a great day at Helena. Though the city itself contains but ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, by the middle of Saturday afternoon it seemingly contains fully twice as many, the addition consisting mainly of colored people from the outlying districts who have come in to spend a holiday. They came in all ways imaginable—on foot, on horseback and muleback, riding donkeys, and driving cattle harnessed to broken-down wagons; but there was also a goodly sprinkling of strong Studebaker wagons carrying large families of happy children, and not a few covered buggies containing fond lovers or newly married couples. It was altogether one of the gayest scenes imaginable. For the most part the people were neatly dressed, though not always with the most fastidious taste. We saw no drunkenness or street brawls, while long before sundown every road was hidden by a cloud of dust raised by the happy returning crowd.

On inquiry of several men who have been engaged in business for more than thirty years in Helena, we were assured that the signs of thrift among the colored people of that vicinity have increased materially within the last five years—so much so, indeed, as to mark a new epoch in their history. A director in one of the three banks of the city said that, in his bank alone, there were 400 colored depositors with deposits ranging from four to four thousand dollars, and that there has recently been a marked improvement in the tenacity with which they held on to their bank deposits. His opinion was, that the depositors in one of the other banks were more numerous than in his, so that, probably, the total number of colored depositors would be 1,200. Another gentleman, of equally long residence and wide business connections, said that he had had much experience in selling land in small holdings to the colored people, and that he had observed within the last few years a marked improvement in the promptness with which they were paying their indebtedness. Especially was this noticeable in connection with the recent high price of cotton. The increased receipts were not being squandered, but were applied towards discharging their mortgages and improving their property. In one case, where he had sold 1,500 acres in small holdings, every one had been paid for.

A study of the whole situation also leads an unprejudiced Northerner to be less severe in criticising the attitude of the Southern whites on the question of negro suffrage. Friendly Northerners who have been for thirty years doing business in the region say that when they went there all the offices were in the hands of the colored people, and that the public business was being conducted in a way that would lead to the speedy ruin of everybody. It was an absolute necessity that it should be rescued from the hands of the negroes. When asked what would be the effect of unrestricted suffrage at the present time, the reply was promptly given, that it would result in the return of the colored people to all the offices and the practical disfranchisement of the more intelligent property owners, with a repetition of carpet-bag rule.

Still, strange to say, the negroes do not seem to bear resentment against the white people for taking the reins of government into their own hands as they have done, but are everywhere on the most friendly terms with them. Indeed, this is one of the most striking characteristics of the race, as was illustrated in some painful observations on board a river steamboat coming down the Mississippi. Nothing could be imagined more harrowing to one's sense of justice than the tones of voice and the insulting language with which the mates ordered the stevedores about when engaged in the arduous labor of transferring freight from the steamer up the steep incline of the gangplank to the improvised landing upon the bank. Every tone and word was designed to humiliate the person addressed. At one time, when there was a little hesitancy, a heavily leaded stick was thrown with angry vigor into the midst of the company, who were vainly striving to lift a heavy burden; and yet there was never a murmur or complaint or any signs of resentment from the overworked roustabouts.

Perhaps, however, one's sympathies are likely to be overwrought on such occasions, for it was remarked that when no work was to be done the overseer spoke kindly to the men, and even fraternized with them. Furthermore, the men were paid $2 per day with board and lodging, which we observed was so attractive that when the boat was making up its crew there were several times as many applicants as positions, and the clamor to obtain the places was such as would do credit to a Wall Street exchange when stocks were booming.

On the whole, we are led to believe that the Southern problem is not so different from labor problems in general as is sometimes supposed. The forces at work for the elevation of the colored people are the same as those which are inherent in all civilization, and are now tending with increased force to elevate the race with little regard to the question of suffrage, which is suppressed for a season through the excessive fear of the whites having its origin in conditions which will eventually pass away under influences that cannot be resisted. The negroes of the South are in the main amply protected in their civil rights—as much so as women and children are in ordinary communities. A negro can collect a debt as easily as a white man can. They are also improving their educational facilities in a striking degree. They are acquiring property; they are slowly learning business habits, and they are more and more commanding the respect of the business men who are dealing with them. Taking a long look into the future, one cannot be doubtful of the result. We shall eventually have a colored population at the South which will command the respect and confidence of all.

G. Frederick Wright.

Correspondence.

THE "PEONAGE" LAWS OF THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You may be interested to know that the Supreme Court of Alabama has recently held that the "peonage" law, under which negroes were fined and imprisoned for violating certain kinds of contracts, is unconstitutional. The case is reported in 37 Southern Reporter, 332 (advance sheets published October 15, 1904).

A similar law was held by the Supreme Court of this State, a few years ago, to be constitutional. It is a disgrace to the State, and it ought to be carried on up to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it would undoubtedly be declared void.

Yours very truly,

J. W. Hawthorn.

Ruston, La., October 17, 1904.

THE HOUR AND THE SCHOLAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A Wall Street broker sent word the other day to his friend, a college instructor, that he didn't see "how any sane man could vote for Judge Parker." The other man could not conceive how any clear-minded student of history and economics, de-

pendent on a fixed and scanty income, could hesitate so to vote. Mr. Cleveland seems to him the sanest man in the country, Mr. Shepard the sanest of New York politicians. The recent speech of the one, the *Atlantic* article of the other, should relieve the broker's mind as to his friend's mental health, at least.

Nearly all of us heartily like and admire Col. Roosevelt; but most men realize no less that his nature and temper point out for him a very different sphere of activity. He has frankly abandoned the leadership he so rashly assumed in the assault on the worst features of the tariff. In that direction the Judge is the only hope of reformers. Nor is the Republican Senate a perfectly secure barrier to progress. Next year a bill of a hundred words, or single bills still briefer, according free cattle, free coal, free iron, free copper, might be something more than good politics. Would the Massachusetts Senators, for instance, ignore a national popular mandate, and urgent instructions from their home Legislature, and oppose such measures?

But why—and for that query this letter was begun—why is no academic voice heard clearly in this economic, social, and moral crisis? The tariff is a question, mainly, for experts. A dozen such could be named from Morningside, New Haven, and Chicago alone. Their general alignments are not unknown; to suppose them indifferent is absurd. Can it be that the financial hopes and needs of institutions, as seen by their executives, are weighty enough to secure silence?

"Nearer comes a hungry people." Mr. Carnegie is not alone in realizing that the enormous increment of national wealth should be, must be, will be, more equitably distributed. The attempt to save or restore by legislation the sturdy, independent middle class, the free farmer, artisan, and tradesman, will certainly be made. If the indomitable forces of liberalism have wise and prudent leaders, all this may come gradually, peacefully, normally. But if the Gracchi be put to silence, Marius is always ready. Even Cæsar may be already born.

The supreme need of the hour is the need of all hours. Politics should not be absolutely controlled by "practical men." The wisest, the most philosophic thinkers and students, the Bryces and the Morleys, should, and in any rationally organized commonwealth would, win, in middle life, positions so honorable, so secure, even financially so comfortable, that thereafter the strongest and plainest utterance of salutary truth, however unpalatable and unpopular, would be their chief remaining ambition and duty.

Who and where are such American scholars? W. C. L.

October 23, 1904.

Notes.

The first attempt to edit scientifically any of the books of Eliot's famous Bible and to bring them within the easy reach of scholars and the general public will be made in 'The Proverbs of Solomon, King of Israel: From Eliot's Indian Bible,' edited, with introduction, notes and vocabulary, by Alexander F. Chamberlain and William Wallace Tooker. Soon the statement may disappear from the public prints that the last person who could read Eliot is dead. The tercentenary of Eliot's birth falls in 1904, and this work will form one tribute to his memory. The difficulties of the task are such that no exact date of publication can be announced.

Francis P. Harper is on the eve of bringing out 'The Life and Writings of Father Pierre-Jean De Smet,' from his unpublished manuscript journals and letter-books and his printed works. This Flemish missionary to our Western Indians had extraordinary opportunities in the period 1838-1872 of studying our aborigines, and the four volumes which have been edited by Major Chittenden and Mr. Alfred T. Richardson fit in alike with St. Louis's celebration of itself and with the Lewis and Clark commemoration. Portraits, views of old trading posts, and maps will accompany the text.

The Macmillan Co. have nearly ready the first volume of a revised edition of Grove's 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians'; an enlarged edition of Dr. E. E. Hale's 'Memories of a Hundred Years'; 'The Declaration of Independence,' by Herbert Friedenwald; 'The History of Columbia University,' now celebrating its 150th anniversary; 'The Practice of Self-Culture,' by the Rev. Hugh Black; 'The Christian Opportunity,' being sermons and speeches delivered in America by Dr. Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury; and 'Players and Vagabonds,' by Miss Viola Roseboro.

Forthcoming from Dana Estes & Co., Boston, are Alexander Dyer's 'Glossary to Shakspere'; a Life of Shakspere, by W. J. Rolfe; a 'Shorter History of Ancient Egypt,' by Percy E. Newberry and John Garstang; and 'Japan: The Place and the People,' by G. Waldo Browne.

The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco, will publish directly 'The History of California and its Missions,' by Bryan J. Clinch, in two volumes, with more than forty illustrations.

'The Makers of Modern Fiction,' by Prof. J. W. Dawson, is in the press of Thomas Whittaker.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. are at the season's forefront among republishers, with Defoe's Works in sixteen duodecimo volumes. Each contains an etched frontispiece, and Defoe's text is preceded by an introduction from the pen of Mr. G. H. Maynadier, of Harvard's English department. This part of the editing is conscientious and informing, while the stamp of the University Press inspires confidence in the accuracy of the letterpress. This is not in any sense, nor is it intended to be, a luxurious edition, but one reasonably within the reach of all who buy books. The external appearance is neat and unpretentious.

Messrs. Crowell also send us a long row of reprints fitted for the same shelf with the foregoing, and part of the series "no gentleman's library should be without." We can barely enumerate them—Boswell's Johnson; Lockhart's Life of Scott; Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë; Cross's Life of George Eliot; Irving's Lives of Columbus and of Mahomet; Farrar's Life of Christ; Harrison's Life of Poe; William Morris's Poems, selected and edited by Percy Robert Colwell; and standard fiction like 'Gil Blas,' Bulwer's 'Rienzi,' Lever's 'Harry Lorrequer,' Miss Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice,' and Ware's 'Zenobia.' All these have at least a frontispiece embellishment, and are simply printed and bound.

We will mention here that the same house has brought out Tolstoy's 'Bethink Yourselves!' in attractive form and solid binding, so that this tract is now being doubly circulated in the United States. We know of no country in which the following passage could be pondered more profitably: "A soldier said in answer to my question: 'And how if the enemy attacks what is sacred?' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Why,' said he, 'the flag.' And if you endeavor to explain to such a soldier that God's commandment is more important, not only than the flag, but than anything else in the world, he will be dumb, or will get angry and report you to the authorities."

The sixth edition of Dr. C. W. Dulles's 'Accidents and Emergencies' (Philadelphia: Blakiston) is an admirable volume, illustrated, devoid of the usually useless elementary anatomy and physiology that so often encumber such books. It excellently instructs laymen in the relief of the commoner injuries. One of its pieces of important advice, that deserves wide circulation, is: "Live wires held by the sufferer may be short-circuited by dropping (not laying) across them a metal bar, like a poker or crowbar."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. complete with a ninth volume, 'New France and New England,' the set of the late John Fiske's history of the American Colonies in the illustrated edition. We have from time to time praised the discrimination used in providing portraits, plans, maps, scenery, titles of old books, maps, autographs—everything authentic and helpful, and nothing more imaginary than old prints (as here of Champlain's encounters with the Indians) which have a curious and antiquarian value. The present illustrations are strictly in line with the former. A good example of the mode of choice is afforded by those which accompany the chapter on Salem witchcraft. We will single out for mention the photo-engraving after the supposed oil portrait of Marquette that turned up seven years ago in Montreal. Though disputed, it is probably as good a likeness as some of its fellows having a printer's label. The volume is very handsomely made.

Funk & Wagnalls have, since our recent notice of Walter Sichel's 'Disraeli: A Study in Personality and Ideas,' become the American publishers of this work.

The veteran musical critic, Mr. George P. Upton, a translator also in many fields, is adapting from the German for A. C. McClurg & Co. an attractive little set of "Life Stories for Young People," as, Beethoven and Mozart by Franz Hoffmann, William Tell by Ferdinand Schmidt, and the Maid of Orleans by Frederick Henning. These narratives have been well calculated for youthful minds past infancy, and Mr. Upton's version is easy and idiomatic. The German illustrations have been taken over, but they are all fanciful, and we should have liked instead (or in addition) portraits of the two composers, the Maid in some modern French statuary, the Lake of the Four Wood Cantons, etc. However, we would not be grudging in our commendation.

We have received a generous handful of volumes in the "Oxford Modern French Series," edited by Leon Delbos, and publish-

ed by H. Frowde. They are thin crown octavos, decently bound in buff, and excellently, if compactly, printed; and are very reasonable in price. Each has an author's biography in front and notes at the end. We are thus provided with extracts from Balzac ('La Vendetta,' etc.), Alphonse Karr ('Autour de mon Jardin'), Lamartine ('Histoire des Girondins'), Chateaubriand ('Mémoires d'Outre-tombe'), Tocqueville ('Quinze Jours au Désert,' etc.), Sandeau ('Mademoiselle de la Seiglière'), Hugo ('Bug-Jargal'), and Gozlan ('Château de Vaux'). The series deserves the attention of educators, since the aim is to provide a high grade of models for translation into flawless English.

'My Chinese Note-Book,' by Lady Susan Townley (London: Methuen & Co.), is a perfectly clear and compact narrative of her interviews with the Empress Dowager of China and the Mantchu princesses of the Court in Pekin. Part I., or one-half of this book of more than 300 pages, contains an historical résumé, with a sketch of the three religions of China—the moral, ideal, and material, or Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism. It is refreshing to find the compiler using critical authorities, and realizing the comparative lateness of real history and the mythical character of most of the pre-Confucian annals. The lady's brief travels were mostly in the Pei-ho valley, and up the gorges of the Yangtse River. Her most interesting and very vivid chapters are those describing her more intimate experiences with the court ladies and Empress, as she sat on the *kang*, amid the ticking of many foreign clocks, and ate sweetmeats as she chatted. One touch of feminine nature makes the whole world kin: we read of the grand dame who makes all China tremble, but, nevertheless, always carefully sees that no robber gets under the bed. Besides two slave girls sleeping on the floor of her room at night, others watch outside the door. The poor Emperor is kept down severely, and made to know his place. The book is well illustrated, and probably gives the best, as it is the liveliest, account of feminine life at court, and especially of the new woman in China educated abroad. Chinese maids of honor have already been given audience while arrayed in Parisian costume, with a courtesy instead of a kowtow. An automobile presented to royalty by a progressive viceroy is probably *non grata*, partly because of the necessity of the Daughter of Heaven sitting behind the driver, and partly because of the woful lack of paved streets in dusty Pekin.

The Chicago Exposition was signalized by the publication, through the American Library Association, of an annotated A. L. A. Catalogue ('Catalog') of 5,000 volumes suitable for a small public library. This work had a marked success, appealing not only to librarians, but to private purchasers and even to students. Before the St. Louis Exposition has closed, we now have a reissue, or rather a complete new Catalogue, designed for 8,000 volumes, under Mr. Melvil Dewey's direction, and classified according to his decimal system. It is essentially an English collection, few foreign works being admitted except in translation. It is in two parts, one classified, the other arranged in dictionary fashion by author and subject. Annotations of appraisal, moreover, and hints of contents accompany the first division, and the authority for each is ascertainable from a table. We need say nothing more of so meritorious a work than that it issues from the Government Printing-Office, under the auspices of the Library of Congress, which, together with the American Library Association and the State of New York, has helped to bear the cost of the enterprise. Future editions are anticipated, when an attempt will be made to indicate the books desirable for a library of 1,000, 2,000, and 5,000 volumes respectively. In the two catalogues of 1893 and 1904, fiction rates at 16 per cent. of the total number of titles. Biography, literature and history stand next in order, each at 13 per cent. plus.

Another, if an humbler, A. L. A. Annotated List is Miss Caroline M. Hewins's 'Books for Boys and Girls,' which now appears in a second edition revised (Boston: A. L. A. Publishing Board). There is nothing better of the kind, and it is made fairly *readable* by the compiler's talks by the way, which are worth pondering.

We can also report the appearance, from the Victoria University Library, Toronto, of a 'Bibliography of Canadian Fiction (English)', by Lewis E. Horning and Lawrence J. Burpee. It makes a pamphlet of eighty-two pages. Slight biographical sketches are reserved for Canadian authors, born or naturalized. Many of these are well known on this side of the border. The publisher is William Briggs, Toronto.

'A Primer of Library Practice for Junior Assistants,' by George E. Roebuck and William Benson Thorne, bears the imprint of Messrs. Putnam, but is English-made and intended. Its summary historical survey of the establishment of public libraries in the United Kingdom and of the legislation to that end is supplemented by the full text of the culminating Act of June 27, 1892. In practical details, while much useful information is conveyed, the instruction will seem rather primitive on this side of the water, where library appliances are so much more highly developed. Still, for that reason, the comparison will be profitable, even of the technical terms employed, *e. g.*, "manuscript catalogues" for card catalogues. Another thing that will strike library assistants here is, that in England they are assumed to be of the male sex only.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, number eight, opens with an account of an archæological journey through the Libyan desert to the Siva oasis, by Prof. G. Steindorff. Its most interesting incident was the visit to an ancient temple, in good preservation, on whose walls were Egyptian reliefs representing the Pharaoh and the ruler of the oasis presenting their offerings to the gods, at whose head was "Amon-Rē" or Jupiter Ammon. Pharaoh's name, according to the interpretation of his inscription, was Achoris, which would make the date the fourth century B. C., and Professor Steindorff has little doubt that this is the sacred spot where Alexander the Great was greeted by the priests as the son of God. Capt. Jerrmann, in a description of his travels through the rubber district of East Bolivia, gives many entertaining sketches of the people and their customs, especially those of the rubber collectors. The map accompanying this paper has a peculiar interest as being the last work of the well-known cartographer, Dr. B. Hassenstein.

Education in the eastern Sudan is making encouraging progress. In the Gordon College at Khartum there is a primary department in which 120 boys are taught in their native tongue according to the Egyptian curriculum. In the technical school, which is equipped with a complete apparatus, there are boys of fourteen and upwards who can read and write and know some arithmetic. The university course is intended mainly for the training of young men of the better classes, sheikhs' sons, etc., to become teachers of village schools and kadis or judges of the Mussulman courts. This class, says a correspondent of the London *Times*, it was thought would be the most difficult to attract to any school or college, "but there are sixty of them attending classes now," and making remarkable progress. "Well dressed, clean, and bearing themselves like Arab gentlemen, they are a credit to themselves and to the college." In addition to these three courses of education, there is a laboratory and a museum. The primary school at Omdurman, on the opposite bank of the Nile, has 220 pupils.

From a recent official report on the condition of Ceylon, it appears that the average annual excess of revenue over expenditure for the past seven years has been five hundred thousand dollars, the amount for 1903 being nearly a million. This excess has been spent on great public works designed to develop the resources of the island, especially on railways and irrigation. The foreign trade has increased 70 per cent. in the last ten years, the exports to foreign countries, mainly of tea, 370 per cent. In this increase Russia leads, while last year Germany took more than treble and the United States more than double the values taken in 1893.

In a recent convention of the Royal Academy of Belgium, M. Mansion made a warm plea in the name of science for the new non-inflected Latin invented by Peano of Turin, as meeting all requirements for an international scientific language. The Italian professor, who had already invented a remarkable system of mathematical ideography, in his new linguistic venture has discarded case-endings, numbers, gender, and person, as was contemplated by Leibniz; and, in addition, the endings of the tenses and the moods. The *copia verborum* is taken from the Latin or its modern representatives; all words are unchangeable; the construction is that of the neo-Latin languages. Latin without inflections M. Mansion regards as the final outcome of a natural linguistic development, and he considers Peano's invention vastly superior to Volapuk or Esperanto. He denies that any of the modern languages, even the English, can ever become the international language of the learned world. This must be an artificial language. His paper is entitled "Latin sans flexion de Peano comme langue internationale de l'avenir," and appears in the *Bulletin de la Classe des Sciences*, 1904, No. 3.

—Mr. Henry Bradley takes the floor in the current quarterly issue of the most interesting periodical in the world, the Oxford English Dictionary (H. Frowde). He introduces the letter M with the usual preliminary discourse on this alphabetic sign. In enumerating its meanings as an abbreviation—and first for proper names—he fails to notice the American librarians'

cataloguing convention, by which "M:" stands for Mark. This fixed observance might well be recorded in connection with succeeding letters. While the fullest rubric of the present section is Make, which demands thirteen pages or thirty-nine columns, and requires a phrase-key at the end, and is surpassed in the entire Dictionary only by Go, the characteristic of our words in M is the great store drawn from African, Oriental, and South American sources, as a glance at the first five pages will show. Abundant, too, are words derived from names of persons and places—Macadam, Mackintosh, Macassar (oil), Maccoboy (snuff), Mackinaw (blanket), Macaulayism, Machiavellian. This last form, as a substantive, turns up in 1568, as an adjective in 1597, with Machiavel midway in 1570. The relief of the British garrison at Mafeking in May, 1900, prompted the newspaper coinage of the verb to Maffick, to express the British populace's rejoicing over the event, with a speedy extension to mean indulgence in "extravagant demonstrations of exultation on occasions of national rejoicing." Gen. Napier's Abyssinian victory at Magdala in 1868 furnished a name for a red aniline dye, as did the bloody field of Magenta in 1859. By a whimsical contrast, Malakoff was made a brand for crinoline.

—The article on Mamma is a good example of this Dictionary at its best, etymologically and historically. With regret we read that while the educated in England have probably always stressed this word on the last syllable, in the United States the stress on the penult is the more usual; and "a prevailing pronunciation" with us is *momma*. Differing practices appear again in the case of Mail. "In England the word in ordinary use is limited to the dispatch of letters abroad, as, the *Indian mail*, etc.; or as short for mail-train. . . . It is retained as the official word for the dispatch and delivery of inland letters where the general public uses *Post*." The verb To Mail is purely American idiom. Much light is thrown on what is English idiom or usage in several places in this section. "In the main" is now the accepted form of the phrase, and is at the front (1628) in the quotations. But at intermediate points "for," "on," and "upon the main" were ventured. If English idiom—that is, the genius of the language—justified these constructions, usage in the long run rejected them: they are English, yet not English. On the other hand, Main, for 'the chief part,' as "the main of the morning news," "the main of us," would never come natural to an American; it is English idiom in a restricted sense, foreign to American usage, and still "good English." The modern usage of Make, in the sense of 'to compose, write as an author,' is, says Mr. Bradley, "difficult to reduce to rule. It is common to speak of making a sonnet or an epigram; but it would sound odd to speak of 'making' a tragedy or a novel, except with some added phrase, as in 'Some one has made a tragedy on the subject.'" What bars the way? Further along, we come to Make in reference to locomotion or travel, as, to make an excursion, expedition, journey, voyage, one's way, etc., etc., in sufficient quantity; yet presently we encounter the barb-wire fence. "English idiom is apparently capricious in excluding many locutions which would seem to be parallel with these; we cannot, *e. g.*, use *make* with object a *ride*, a *walk* (*cf.* German *einen Spaziergang machen*)." So here we have English as distinct from Teutonic idiom. Moreover, "make a ride" is grammatically correct, and might be English, but it isn't. Foreigners will take warning. So they will note that Ma'am is "used at court instead of *madam* in addressing the Queen or a royal princess." As etiquette is idiom, we will close with another instructive quotation under Majesty: "It was not until the seventeenth century that *your majesty* entirely superseded the other customary forms of address to the sovereign. Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth were often addressed as 'Your Grace' and 'Your Highness,' and the latter alternates with 'Your Majesty' in the dedication of the Bible of 1611 to James I." The inconsistent syntax of this and other similar words, with reference to the second and third person in accord, and to pronouns, is duly pointed out.

—In a recent number of the *Réforme Sociale* M. René Lavollée renews the lament over the depopulation of the rural parts of France. The great cities grow at the expense of the rest of the country, and the small ones grow at the expense of the hamlets. These are, in general, smaller in size than they were a century ago. During the five years ending in 1901 the population of the rural departments decreased by 766,823; out of eighty-six departments, sixty-two were thus affected. During the last half-century probably not one in ten of the small communes has increased in population; the loss has generally amounted to one-quarter or one-third. Moreover, the death rate in the cities compared with the country is as 3 to 2. The movement is not accounted for by the introduction of railways, as it has become more extensive during the last twenty-five years. No doubt the introduction of labor-saving machines has made it practicable to cultivate the soil with fewer men; the product may be greater now than ever before. Allowing for this cause, we still find that the barbarous system of compulsory division of estates, the enormous taxes on the transfer of land, and the system of military service would suffice to produce the effect. There is little inducement to build a permanent homestead so long as the law threatens its destruction when the next generation succeeds. Until this law is improved the birth rate in France will decline and the population be maintained only by foreign immigration. Of course, the effect of life in the barracks is prejudicial to the institution of the family. The habits of soldiers are not such as to make them desire to cultivate the soil, and the peasant's boy is apt to try to find a place under the Government or in domestic service rather than to return to the farm.

—The "American Sportsman's Library" can hardly be said to have made any great gain in its recent addition of a volume on 'Guns, Ammunition, and Tackle,' by various authors (Macmillan). Capt. A. W. Money's opening chapter, on the "Shotgun and Its Handling," is marred by a defence of the amusement of live pigeon-shooting from traps. It is admitted that such shooting is cruel "from the humanitarian point of view," but the humanitarian himself is assailed as an unpractical person who does not really know the difference between cruelty and its opposite. Fortunately, American sportsmen are rapidly reaching a level of ethical intelligence which enables them to discriminate between genuine hunting, with due regard for the game, and the useless slaughter of live birds in what is essentially target shooting. The chapter on the "Theory of Rifle Shooting," by W. E. Carlin, will doubtless interest the expert whose knowledge of advanced mathematics is still subject to command, but nine out of ten of the class to which the book as a whole appeals will find themselves entirely unable to grasp any large portion of Mr. Carlin's discussion. The colored plates of trout, salmon, and bass flies are charmingly done. The art of the illustrator seems to have reached the limit in this particular field. Nature herself could never dress up a Kotoodle bug to compete with the exquisite millinery of Mr. J. Harrington Keene. But we turn from these brilliant plates with real pleasure to the full-page illustration in black and white which faces page 424—a bewhiskered old fellow in battered hat and shirt sleeves leaning restfully against a tree on the river bank, a can of worms at his feet, two setlines tied to stakes near by, and a crooked hickory pole in his hands, "determined to get something." Not that we should hold this up as the proper ideal for the gentleman who wishes to become an angler; but when an ordinary mortal reads a treatise on "tackle" which scarcely recognizes the existence of anything under that name whatever except the artificial fly, it takes a powerful antidote to restore a normal balance.

—'Shelley: An Essay,' by Adolphus Alfred Jack (London: Constable), is, in the language of the author's note, "an attempt . . . to answer the question, Who is Shelley, and what is the attitude in which, to understand him, we ought to approach his poetry?" It cannot be said that Mr. Jack is an altogether efficient guide for a person capable of asking "Who is Shelley?" Nor is his endeavor to fix in a phrase the quality of Shelley's poetry final. His exposition of the clear-eyed Shelleyan view of nature, the antithesis of the Wordsworthian fallacy, is perfectly convincing; his appreciation of individual poems is always excellent; yet when he comes to consider the mould of Shelley's mind as a whole, his notion that "Shelley sees things so clearly that he does not see them clear," is, if we take his meaning correctly, applicable to himself. The fact seems to be that so to imbue one's self with the Shelleyan atmosphere as to become a sympathetic analyst of it, is to make the practice of objective criticism a matter of the extremest difficulty. But Mr. Jack has given us an essay which will provide the initiate student of Shelley's poetry with very suggestive reading. The hundred-odd pages of his essay are compact of that sincere, reposeful scholarship of which Oxford seems to keep the secret still. It is a very sweet and clean piece of writing, admirably low and even in tone, heightened at intervals by a startlingly vivid phrase, as, for example, where it is said of "Adonais," "Throughout the poem the words death and died hoot their continual lament."

—'The Expansion of the Common Law' is the title of a volume of lectures delivered by Sir Frederick Pollock to American law

schools last year (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). Prefixed to the course of 1903, as being "sufficiently germane to the matter to serve as a general introduction," is an address delivered in 1895 before the Harvard Law School Association on "The Vocation of the Common Law." The book covers a wide field, and is full of admirable specimens of the author's style. It is a review of the whole process by which the Common Custom of the old local courts of England has been developed into a great modern system of jurisprudence. It touches on a host of subjects, such as equity and trial by jury, which are involved in this process, and the history and proper position of which in our *corpus juris* have been made clear only in our own time. It is hardly necessary to say that whatever Sir Frederick Pollock touches he makes interesting. The simplest lecture is that on "The Foundations of Justice," in which he dwells upon certain features of our courts as derived "from the earliest justice of our ancestors." These are—publicity, neutrality (*i. e.*, our courts judge between parties upon proofs which they respectively bring forward, and exercise no inquisitorial powers), and independence, both in interpretation and in jurisdiction. The lecture on "The Law of Reason" is remarkable for the suggestion that, in the Common Law, reason plays much the part taken by the Law of Nature in other systems. Oddly enough, he is able to confirm his view by a passage from 'Doctor and Student,' hitherto, he thinks, entirely overlooked. The Student, being asked by the Doctor of Divinity what he has to say of the Law of Nature, makes answer: "It is not used, among them that be learned in the laws of England, to reason what thing is commanded or prohibited by the Law of Nature, and what not, but all the reasoning in that behalf is under this manner. As when anything is grounded upon the Law of Nature, they say that Reason will that such a thing be done; and if it be prohibited by the Law of Nature, they say it is against Reason, or that Reason will not suffer that to be done."

TWO STUDIES OF NAPOLEON.

Napoleon: A Short Biography. By R. M. Johnston. A. S. Barnes & Co. 1904.

Napoleon. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

The jaded student of an endless bibliography may find it hard to believe that any one should come forward with a book which appears to differ in scope and treatment from all existing works on Napoleon. It is the impossible that happens, and two Napoleonic novelties have been produced almost simultaneously by writers using the English language. Mr. Johnston's "Short Biography" is conceived in a spirit and written in a style which marks it off from existing sketches of the Emperor's career, while the divorce which Mr. Dodge makes between politics and war gives a distinctive tone to his account of the great campaigns.

Mr. Johnston's book is popular history of the best class—scholarly, readable, and acute. When we call it readable we would emphasize and strengthen a term which is so frequently used in an equivocal sense. It is not only possible to read this volume, but it is difficult to deny one's self the pleasure of an uninterrupted perusal. We quote the first paragraph as an example of the directness and selective skill which are observable throughout.

"In the history of Napoleon Bonaparte we plunge into the characteristic at the very outset—the date of his birth. He was born either in 1768 or 1769; probably, but not certainly, in the latter year. As late as in 1796, when he married, the date of his birth was given as February, 1768; later it was fixed at the 15th of August, 1769. This is not a matter of vital importance, yet it is not without interest, for two reasons. In the first place, it is typical of Napoleon's methods that he should have placed the celebration of his birthday at the same date as that of the Virgin Mary's, which is one associated with rejoicing and merry-making in all Latin countries. Another interesting point in this connection is that in 1768 the Island of Corsica, the home of the Bonapartes, was Genoese; a year later it was French. If Napoleon was born in 1768, he was born a Genoese; if in 1769, a Frenchman."

That signs of rapid composition are sometimes to be met with we shall not deny, but the narrative has dash, movement, and constant vitality. These qualities, added to the writer's grasp of his subject, render the essay an excellent introduction to Napoleonic literature.

One grave danger which Mr. Johnston escapes is the temptation to moralize. In a book of less than 50,000 words there is no room for reflections on the manifold issues that grow out of Napoleon's policy and conduct. Without pretending to maintain a tone of colorless impartiality, Mr. Johnston compacts his comment into a very brief space. What his own judgment of Napoleon is may be largely gathered from the character sketch which occurs in the first chapter:

"He was given to violent bursts of temper, the occasional outbreaks of a nearly superhuman mental energy and of a temperament easily swayed to passion by personal and selfish considerations. He was perhaps the greatest egotist the world has ever seen, with the result that he often applied his indomitable will and magnificent qualities to very low aims. Judged hastily and by certain traits alone, he might be thought to be little more than contemptible—thus, in the matter of veracity. He viewed lying from a strictly utilitarian point of view, and always said just what was convenient, so that his history, written from his own statements, would be little better than fiction. He played cards as he conducted warfare, obtaining every advantage he could, legitimate or otherwise."

This is a passage which one might expect to find in the pages of Seeley, but Mr. Johnston is much more open-minded than his English predecessor, and interprets Napoleon's genius with fuller sympathy. For example, when speaking of the Emperor's correspondence, he says:

"In the thirty-two volumes published officially one might nearly say that there is not a superfluous word, not an embellishment. Conciseness, energy, decision, perception, stand out with overpowering force from every page; and it may quite properly be said that the Correspondence of Napoleon is a great literary monument. It is safe to be predicted that it will be read when the names of Chateaubriand, of Delavigne, and of Lamartine are well-nigh forgotten."

We should be glad to show, were it possible for us to do so within present limits, how Mr. Johnston enforces the main facts of Napoleon's life by appropriate detail and lucid explanation. His account of military operations is particularly clear, and many readers will be indebted to him for their first real knowledge of the tactics which were developed during the wars of the French Revolution. Especially minute knowledge is revealed in his discussion, however brief, of the *causes célèbres* in which each incident has become the nucleus of a polemical library. In general, Mr. Johnston holds a middle course, or rather he is too conservative to be led away by exaggerated hypotheses simply because they are new. Thus, for example, he rejects the theory that Napoleon was an epileptic, or modifies it until its peculiar significance has vanished. At most, he observes, Napoleon was a very slight sufferer, and no epileptic ever showed greater clearness of intellect. "Historically speaking, to say that he was epileptic is probably untrue, and is certainly irrelevant and misleading." To give a further indication of Mr. Johnston's general attitude, we may instance his comment on the execution of the three thousand Turkish prisoners who were taken at Jaffa. After citing the exculpation offered by purely military critics, he concludes: "This may be true, but it might also be pertinently asked: Was not the unprovoked attack of France on Malta and on Egypt at least as great a subject for reproach? Is it not far more important to award blame for the waging of an unjust war than for what is only a military incident, of debatable necessity, occurring in the course of such a war?"

The public has an unfortunate tendency to admire the large books which it never reads—perhaps on the principle *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. We endeavor to give the present sketch some prominence, partly because it shows strong signs of talent, and partly because most readers will find it lucid though not voluminous. The wars and character of Napoleon are such common topics of conversation that, to say the least, it is desirable for every one to know something about them. Every historian who keeps his ears open knows how much drivel is talked by the "well-informed man" about the Emperor of the French, and cannot escape the conviction that not one in ten is familiar with the distinction between the 13th Vendémiaire and the 18th Brumaire. To all who would acquire the essential facts by the shortest possible cut, Mr. Johnston's volume can be recommended, and, unlike most short cuts, this is a safe one to take.

Where we have found so much to praise, we shall hardly be accused of captiousness when we repeat that, in technical matters of style, Mr. Johnston has not quite found his proper level. So far as essentials are concerned, his manner is excellent. He has the ease and rapidity which are needed to do justice to the breadth of his information and the precision of his ideas. But, unless our diagnosis is quite incorrect, facility of expression has been accompanied by a certain neglect of revision which, though slight in itself, is still noticeable. At the same time we must be sure to make our last word one of appreciation, for Mr. Johnston has gifts of clear thought and plain, incisive speech.

Col. Dodge writes on a much larger scale and addresses a totally different audience. While narrowing his field to military affairs, he expands his detail so considerably that, though his work is eight times longer than Mr. Johnston's, he only reaches the Peace of Tilsit at the close of his second volume. Having essayed to produce a 'His-

tory of the Art of War,' he moves forward from studies of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Gustavus Adolphus, to an exhaustive examination of Napoleon's campaigns. Frederick the Great is passed by for the moment, but will be taken up without further delay, and dealt with in the light of the important researches which have been undertaken by the German General Staff. The point of departure for the whole *opus* is a rooted belief that warfare can be studied to advantage only in the original conceptions of the great commanders—or, as Napoleon himself puts it in the passage which Col. Dodge has taken for a motto: "La tactique, les évolutions, la science de l'officier de génie, de l'officier d'artillerie, peuvent s'apprendre dans les traités; mais la connaissance de la grande tactique ne s'acquiert que par l'expérience et par l'étude de l'histoire des campagnes de tous les grands capitaines."

As an exponent of the Napoleonic campaigns, Col. Dodge is descriptive rather than theoretical. He is less concerned to measure Napoleon by a yardstick of his own than to show what actually happened in the field. Whether from a sense of indebtedness to Jomini and other predecessors, or from the nature of his conception, he explains much more than he dogmatizes. Thus these volumes, best suited though they are to readers of some professional training, do not outsoar the powers of the ordinary civilian. Among the chapters of greatest interest are: "Tactics and Administration at the End of the Eighteenth Century" and "Formation for Battle" at the time of the Third Coalition. Here Col. Dodge sets forth with terseness and insight the principles upon which war was conducted under the Directory and Empire, gathering up countless threads of detail into a single strand. Elsewhere—that is to say, through the main body of the work—he follows out one campaign after another with an almost unparalleled minuteness. "There is no work in any language which goes into the military side of Napoleon's career so fully as the present volumes." Such is the statement of Col. Dodge's publishers, and in support of it they might have pointed to nearly 300 pages on the campaign of 1796-97, and more than 300 pages on the War of the Third Coalition. Each action is described with a fulness which occasionally tends to obscure the main issue, and encumbers the text with a host of minor names.

The chief merit of Colonel Dodge's study is its exhaustiveness; its chief shortcoming as a contribution to history is the author's neglect to show us how he got at his facts. Making many thousand statements which cover a wide range of biography, movements, and statistics, he has not appended to his text a single footnote. In many cases we can see from his quotations that he has used good authorities, but he would have rendered his more serious readers a service by giving them chapter and verse on important questions. There are many histories in which footnotes may well seem pedantic and unnecessary, but where the value of the performance hinges upon the accuracy of the materials employed, it is desirable to show that these materials have been tested. The data for the Napoleonic period require the most elaborate examination, and at too few points does Colonel Dodge give us hints of conflicting evidence. In his preface he speaks with warm and deserved approval of Prof. Oman's 'History of the Peninsular War.' His own work has many valuable qualities, but it would have been distinctly improved by a firmer adherence to Prof. Oman's methods of research. To say that Colonel Dodge's 'Napoleon' is simply a compilation would be unfair and misleading, for it shows traces of careful thought in conjunction with wide reading. Our cavil is that it would have resembled compilations still less had a fuller indication of processes been furnished.

Colonel Dodge's opinion of Napoleon as warrior and man can be made out by a careful synthesis of detached passages. In no place, however, does he offer a systematic criticism of the Emperor's genius or put him into line with his peers—unless we except the following comment upon Frederick:

"The picture of Napoleon at Sans-Souci is one which will for ever impress the lover of the great King of Prussia. While Napoleon reverently uncovered his head when he stepped within the portal of the narrow Potsdam vault, where, beside his testy but honest father, rest the ashes of this great man, he whose lineage and whose character were incomparably lower than those of the dead hero could yet not refrain from taking Frederick's sword and belt, as well as other strictly personal relics, to send to the Invalides, where were yet a few of the French soldiers who had fled from Prussian skill and valor at Rossbach, as their victors' sons were now fleeing from theirs."

But, after all, Colonel Dodge's aim is to delineate the strategy of Napoleon as depicted through his marches, even where this involves an account of the routes which were followed by the different corps. On the topographical side the book is strong, and Colonel Dodge's grasp of geographical detail in its relation to strategic purpose constitutes his best claim to rank among the historians of Napoleonic warfare. The maps and illustrations with which both volumes abound are serviceable, though they do not pretend to be of the most elaborate kind.

WAR AND PEACE.

War and Peace. A Novel. By Leo Tolstoy. A New and Complete Translation from the Russian, by Constance Garnett. In 3 volumes. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Those to whom 'War and Peace' stands at the very head of historical novels will welcome a new translation. Those to whom it is a weariness of the flesh—and such exist—will marvel that Mrs. Garnett's version is hardly off the press before announcement is made of still another produced by Professor Wiener and to appear ere long. At the present moment there are at least three attempts to satisfy English readers with a competent rendering of 'War and Peace.' The latest styles itself "complete," but there is no preface to indicate the shortcomings of its rivals in this particular. We have made a rough computation on the assumption of solid pages, and arrive at 654,400 words for Mrs. Garnett; 640,460 for Nathan Haskell Dole's version; and 587,100 for Clara Bell's. Without undertaking to distribute these differences by comparison either mutual or with the Russian, we shall confine ourselves to three parallels from which the respective qualities of accuracy and (above all) of style may suggest themselves. Many more—far too many for our space—would be required to make such suggestions conclusive.

We will begin with a French criterion, namely, Napoleon's sharp censure of Murat for proposing an armistice to the Russians retreating upon Olmütz. The original text accompanies Mr. Dole's translation, which we quote from the Crowell edition of 1898. There is no substantial discrepancy in the three translations; the example is mainly of style:

Garnett, 1:205:

"It is impossible to find terms in which to express to you my displeasure. You only command my advance guard, and you have no right to make any truce without my order. You are causing me to lose the results of a campaign. Break the truce immediately and march upon the enemy. You must make a declaration to them that the general who signed this capitulation had no right to do so, and that only the Emperor of Russia has that right."

Dole, 1:243:

"I cannot find words to express my displeasure. You merely command my van, and have no right to conclude an armistice without orders from me. You are making me lose the advantage of a campaign. End the armistice instantly and march on the enemy. Explain to him that the general who signed this capitulation had no right to do so—that only the Emperor of Russia has this right."

Bell, 1: 274:

"I cannot possibly find words to express my vexation. You command only the van, and have no right to propose an armistice without my orders. You have made me lose the advantages of a whole campaign. Break the armistice at once and march on the enemy. Have it explained to him that the general who signed the capitulation had no right to do so, that no one has the right but the Emperor of Russia."

Our next test is drawn from the description of Natasha's introduction upon the scene of the story. Here divergences will be remarked; but again the chief insistence should be on the skill of the translation. In Mr. Dole's version, to be noticed is the freedom with which the passage is reconstructed and the long sentence broken up.

Garnett, 1: 43:

"The dark-eyed little girl, plain, but full of life, with her wide mouth, her childish bare shoulders, which shrugged and panted in her bodice from her rapid motion, her black hair brushed back, her slender bare arms and little legs in lace-edged long drawers and open slippers, was at that charming stage when the girl is no longer a child, while the child is not yet a young girl. Wriggling away from her father, she ran up to her mother, and, taking no notice whatever of her severe remarks, she hid her flushed face in her mother's lace handkerchief and broke into laughter. As she laughed she uttered some incoherent phrases about the doll which was poking out from her petticoat."

Dole, 1: 52:

"The little maiden was at that charming age when she is no longer a child nor yet a young lady. She was full of life, but not pretty. Her eyes were black and her mouth was large; her bare childish shoulders were rising and falling in her bodice from the excitement of her race; her dark locks were tossed back; her thin arms were bare; she wore lace-trimmed pantalets, and her low shoes displayed her slender little ankles. Tearing herself away from her father, she ran to her mother, and, giving no heed to her stern reproof, hid her blushing face in the lace folds of her mother's mantilla, and went into a fit of laughter. The cause of her laughter was the doll which she took out from under

her skirt, trying to tell some fragmentary story about it."

Bell, 1: 61:

"The little girl, with her black eyes and a wide mouth, was plain rather than pretty, but to make up for it she was amazingly full of life; her shoulders were still throbbing in her low frock from her breathless run; her black curls, all in disorder, were thrown off her face; her bare arms were brown and thin; she still wore long trousers trimmed with lace, and had low shoes on her little feet. She was at the age, in short, when a little girl has ceased to be a child, but when the child is not yet a conscious maiden. She slipped away from her father and threw herself against her mother without heeding her reproof; then, hiding her blushing face in the lace flounces of the countess's wrap, she went into fits of laughter, and began a long, incoherent story about her doll, which she took out of the skirt of her frock."

Finally, we place side by side a pathetic battle episode of which Kutuzoff is the central figure:

Garnett, 2: 502:

"I did not consider I had a right to conceal from your highness what I saw. . . . The troops are completely routed. . . ."

"You saw? You saw? . . ." cried Kutuzov, getting up quickly and stepping up to Woltzogen. "How . . . how dare you! . . ." (making a menacing gesture with his trembling hands), he cried, with a catch in his breath. "How dare you, sir, tell *me* that? You know nothing about it. Tell General Barclay from me that his information is incorrect, and that I, the commander-in-chief, know more of the course of the battle than he does."

Woltzogen would have made some protest, but Kutuzov interrupted him.

"The enemy has been repulsed on the left and defeated on the right flank. If you have seen amiss, sir, do not permit yourself to speak of what you do not understand. Kindly return to General Barclay, and inform him of my unhesitating intention to attack the French to-morrow," said Kutuzov sternly.

All were silent, and nothing was to be heard but the heavy breathing of the gasping old general. "Repulsed at all points, for which I thank God and our brave men. The enemy is defeated, and to-morrow we will drive him out of the holy land of Russia!" said Kutuzov, crossing himself; and all at once he gave a sob from the rising tears.

Dole, 4: 321:

"I did not feel that it was right to conceal from your serene highness what I have been witnessing. The troops are wholly demoralized. . . ."

"You have seen it? You have seen it? . . ." screamed Kutuzof, scowling, and leaping to his feet and swiftly approaching Woltzogen. "How . . . how dare you? . . . ." and he made a threatening gesture with his palsied hands, and, choking, he cried: "How dare you, dear sir, say this *to me?* You know nothing about it. Tell General Barclay from me that his observations are false, and that the actual course of the battle is better known to me, the commander-in-chief, than it is to him."

Woltzogen was about to make some remark, but Kutuzof cut him short:

"The enemy are beaten on the left and crushed on the right. If you saw things wrong, my dear sir, still you should not permit yourself to say what you know nothing about. Be good enough to go to General Barclay and tell him that it is my absolute intention to attack the enemy to-morrow," said Kutuzof sternly.

All was silent, and all that could be heard was the heavy breathing of the excited old general.

"They are beaten all along the line, thank God and the gallantry of the Russian army for that! The enemy are crushed, and to-morrow we will drive them from the sacred soil of Russia," said Kutuzof, crossing himself; and suddenly the tears sprang to his eyes and he sobbed.

Bell, 5: 87:

"I do not think I should be justified in concealing from your Highness what I saw. The troops are completely routed."

"You saw—you saw that?" cried Koutouzow, starting up with a fierce frown; with his trembling hands he gesticulated threats, and, almost choking, exclaimed:

"How dare you, Sir, tell me such a thing as that? You know nothing about it! Go and tell your general that it is false, and that I know the true state of things better than he does."

Woltzogen would have interrupted him, but Koutouzow went on: "The enemy's left is driven back and his right badly damaged. If you saw wrongly, that is no reason to tell a falsehood. Go and tell General Barclay that I intend to renew the attack to-morrow!" No one spoke; there was not a sound but the old man's hard breathing. "He is repulsed on all sides," he added; "and I thank God and our brave troops! The victory is ours, and to-morrow we will cast him forth from the sacred soil of Russia." He crossed himself and ended with a sob.

Whatever else may be inferred, it is clear—even from the last sentence of the third extract—that this work of genius calls for an English genius to interpret in our idiom.

In the Crowell edition, tables of contents are furnished for the several books, a very useful and indeed necessary clew to the labyrinthine structure of the story. In Mrs. Garnett's scheme these find no place, and the perpetual running-title is "War and Peace." Neither publication has an index, yet this great romance cries for one; or maps, equally to be desiderated. Some luxurious edition of the future may even be supplied with portraits of the historical personages who mingle with the creatures of Tolstoy's imagination, and are so handled as to appear not less real and not less fictitious. The Crowell edition gives in volume one a list of the principal characters, with an indication of the proper pronunciation of their names. For reading aloud, this aid is essential. It might be extended in the index which we crave. In closing, we remark that Mrs. Garnett's volumes are much the handsomest; Clara Bell's the most convenient to hold.

A History of England. By the Rev. J. Franck Bright, D.D., Master of University College, Oxford. Period V. Imperial Reaction, 1880-1901. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

With a fifth volume, which begins at Gladstone's return to office in 1880, Dr. Bright closes his meritorious sketch of English history. Fully recognizing the inherent difficulties of his task, he observes towards contemporaries an attitude of studied impartiality. While we should not be unwilling to hazard a guess concerning his private opinion on such questions as the preferential tariff and imperialism, we cannot tax him with twisting the arguments he would oppose, or seeking to do aught but present the views of each party from its own standpoint. In one passage he observes that "the province of history is neither to prophesy nor to encourage, but to note characteristic types and tendencies." The presence of the selective faculty, which Dr. Bright possesses in a considerable degree, is particularly evident throughout this concluding volume. Politics and war, rather than social development, form the subject, and it becomes the author's function to discuss briefly a few salient topics out of the thousands which thrust themselves upon his attention. Dr. Bright's choice is good, his comments are moderate without being colorless, and he is successful in avoiding any strong suggestion of the 'Annual Register.'

To each of the volumes in this series a distinctive title has been assigned. The first section, reaching from Roman times to the accession of Henry VII., is styled "Mediæval Monarchy," the survey of Tudor and Stuart rule receives the name of "Personal Monarchy," and the period which extends from the revolution to the death of William IV. is regarded as the era of "Constitutional Monarchy." The age of Queen Victoria gets two volumes—the "Growth of Democracy," closing at 1880, and the present book, which finds its main motive in "Imperial Reaction." We mention these titles because they throw some light upon Dr. Bright's point of view, and also because we wish to show that he takes 1880 for the great dividing date within the Queen's reign. So long as Gladstone remains in office it is difficult to mark a divide between democracy and reaction, but probably most observers would agree that, during the last ten years of his life, whether in office or out of it, he was striving against current tendencies. Dr. Bright, though a chronicler and not the exponent of any political creed, seeks to give his narrative some unity by accentuating the idea of an imperial reaction.

Not long ago Dr. Garnett distinguished between political pessimism and the note of anxiety which has of late been so audible in the utterances of English public men. Dr. Bright apparently is not a pessimist, but he too is ready to enumerate the grounds of solicitude. In the following sentence, for example, the allusion to the "weary Titan" is all but explicit: "Whether Great Britain is still capable of expanding or even of maintaining its existing expansion, or whether the hour has arrived when, as in other empires, the very greatness of its acquisitions and its wealth tends to overstrain its strength, and leads toward a course of decadence, is a question not to be hurriedly decided." In dealing, however, with the causes of unrest, Dr. Bright is brief and the considerations which he advances have little novelty. Of greater interest are the signs of reaction as he names and describes them. The desire for increased territory, the growing importance of the House of Lords, the ritualistic movement, the increased love of amusement, and the current admiration for military life, stand chief among the symptoms of national feeling which he notes and with most of which, it is clear, he does not sympathize. "Ambition and the love of rule, belief in extended empire, in restricted and selfish commerce, in the superiority of military life, in the value and importance of the privileged classes, and the substitution of symbolism for higher spiritual creeds, are marked characteristics of the time, and are exactly those things which the last century prided itself on having left behind."

Himself a clergyman, Dr. Bright's words on the direction of ecclesiastical tendency derive special weight from his position. He sees a majority of the Anglican clergy

bent on reproducing the ritual of the seventeenth century, and a distinct section of them repudiating the name "Protestant." In view of these facts, he considers that all attempts to effect a reconciliation of churches are futile, since at no time has the antagonism between the English Church and the Nonconformists been more pronounced. But Dr. Bright has a harder rap for the High Church party than is administered through his allusion to their dislike of the word "Protestant." Many of them, it is well known, combine a lenient attitude towards modern thought with ecclesiastical practices which were in vogue before the Reformation. "It does not tend," says Dr. Bright, "to the healing of this dislocation [among the sects] that a large body of enlightened churchmen have adopted in many respects the liberal views which marked the Broad Church in the middle of the last century. Liberality of doctrine and of criticism are useless as solvents of religious differences so long as they go hand in hand with mediæval ritual and claims to exclusive privilege." We see that our author in his remarks upon ecclesiastical affairs limits his statements to the Established Church, although the Nonconformist conscience gets due credit for its activity at the time of Parnell's appearance in the divorce court.

The two other features of contemporary life in England by which Dr. Bright seems to be most deeply impressed are the love of amusement and the exaltation of the army. The idea that work should be got over as quickly as possible is, in his opinion, gaining ground, or rather it has spread so widely as to embrace the whole community. Everywhere there appears "this excited pursuit of relaxation," which ignores the more serious things of life and drives people to scenes of gayety. "The love of pleasure and excitement, acting in connection with some other causes, has played a great part in changing the entire character of English rural life; the agricultural laborer of the last century has almost disappeared. There are many villages in which young men, or even men of middle age, are scarcely to be found; the work is carried on by old men, and by lads waiting their opportunity to follow their predecessors into the cities." Dr. Bright's comments on the growing cult of things military might well have been uttered by a Liberal of 1870. He sees the England which, but a few years ago, had decided that war was an unmitigated evil however great the duty of defence might be, begin to praise the warlike virtues and to talk of conscription as desirable in itself. Here we witness the encroachment of the reaction in its most objectionable form. The advance of civilization is based on a recognition of the fact that the arts of peace stand on a higher plane than war, which, in Dr. Bright's unvarnished phrase, is "a return to the crudest forms of savage life." When a country, having once outgrown the desire for purely military glory, falls back to the idea that the army offers the brightest of all careers, it naturally sets its face towards the Middle Ages, the era when this conception was dominant. Here we get reaction undisguised.

While we find Dr. Bright's criticism of current tendencies the most prominent passage in this volume, we have read his review of English politics with much interest. Though the subject is rendered difficult by its nearness, its complexity, and its association with party feeling, he has approached it with a freedom from bias which is seldom found among historians of their own times.

Frederick the Great and the Rise of Prussia. By W. F. Reddaway. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

The distinguishing feature of this book is Mr. Reddaway's clear sense of Frederick's limitations. The overflowing energy, the military skill, the quick response to public duty, are all in sight, and so pronounced that most devotees of the strong-man theory are dazzled by them. When Mr. Reddaway depicts the King's shortcomings, he does not merely inveigh against his moral defects; he criticises with some severity the quality of his mind. After every subtraction has been made, the energy remains, and upon it alone the claim to greatness may well be founded; but there are errors of judgment and warping prejudices which detract a good deal from Frederick's reputation for sagacity. Mr. Reddaway gives a clear and vigorous account of his hero's career, but, as we have said, the volume is marked chiefly by its candid admission of defects.

In a chapter entitled "The Problem of 1740," the alternatives which presented themselves to Frederick at his accession are discussed from the broad standpoint of European politics. "It is one of the most grotesque facts in history," says Mr. Reddaway, "that the Emperor William II., when he cried, 'Our future lies upon the water,' should have been uttering as prophecy what ought to have been commonplace for a century and a half." Then follows a long comment upon Frederick's neglect to pursue a colonial policy when even Charles VI. was making Ostend the centre of an Imperial East India Company, and when the Baltic lands were ready to supply a hardy breed of sailors. The Great Elector had founded Great Fredericksburgh on the Gold Coast, and equipped a fleet which fought the Spaniards on the high seas. Why was it that Frederick, who revered the memory of his great-grandfather, should have turned his eyes from the sea while potentates of lesser resources drew profits from their colonial possessions? Mr. Reddaway accounts for this lack of interest in maritime expansion partly on the ground that Frederick lacked the inspiration drawn from travel, and partly by reference to his mistaken views of political economy. A king who believed that his gold hoard was the best symbol of national wealth, was not likely to spend money on doubtful ventures for the upbuilding of trade.

Generally speaking, Mr. Reddaway would limit Frederick's sagacity to matters which lay within the immediate range of his vision. He had no idea that progress meant anything more than administrative improvement, or that the doctrines of the American Revolution could forebode organic change. In the world of pure speculation, also, he seems to have made little headway. "As a thinker," says Mr. Reddaway, "Frederick falls very far short of greatness. Though he struggled all his life with the problem of the World and its Maker, he convinced himself only that Nature furnished irresistible proof of an intelligent creator, but that the idea of an act of creation was absurd." While he retained his admiration for Voltaire as a man of letters, he could see nothing in German literature, least of all in Goethe. Most surprising of all was his contempt for science.

" 'Is it not true,' he demanded of D'Alembert, 'that electricity and all the miracles that it reveals have only served to excite our curiosity? Is it not true that the forces of attraction and gravitation have only astonished our imagination? Is it not true that all the operations of chemistry are in the same case?' Euler himself had failed to make the fountains at Sans-Souci play successfully, and the King jeered at geometricians as the very type of the pig-headed. In the campaign of 1778 an officer who trusted his theodolite in preference to his eye was bidden to go to the devil with his trigonometry."

These strictures may not seem to touch essentials, as Frederick was a man of action. Taking him, however, within his own range of politics, Mr. Reddaway finds much to censure. His disbelief in the existence of honesty led him to mistaken calculations regarding Augustus of Saxony in 1756 and the amount of support which Louis XV. was likely to give Austria during the latter part of the Seven Years' War. He was equally unfortunate in his estimate of women. "Prussia suffered severely for his belief that Maria Theresa was pliable, Elizabeth of Russia incapable, the Pompadour insignificant, and Catherine II. shallow." That he gained much by skilful tactics in an age which favored opportunism, is obvious; but Mr. Reddaway finds little to say on behalf of a political diagnosis which saw danger in the Court of Austria, discountenanced an alliance with the German princes, and looked to Russia as the one desirable ally. Worst of all was Frederick's lack of insight into the true functions of government. Mirabeau, much as he admired the smooth working of Prussian bureaucracy, saw that under a foolish prince Prussia would collapse as surely as Sweden had done. Under an ordinary absolutism the autocratic power of the Crown is not exercised by the monarch in person. Frederick, who appointed the non-commissioned officers and fettered the civil service, forms an exception to this rule, and it is his constant intermeddling which brings down upon him the severest condemnation of our author. "He was not profound enough to see that the machine which he labored to render indissoluble, was such that only an unbroken series of monarchs as gifted as he could guide it. Nor was he wise enough, though he knew that the next steersman of the State would be a fool, to alter the machine so as to give it some power of self-direction."

The German admirers of Frederick are willing to swallow a great many camels—moral and otherwise—a practice in which Carlyle also shows remarkable facility. When Droysen says that he was morally justified in seizing Silesia, we see how far patriotism will carry the scientific historian. In the face of such panegyrics as are wont to be heaped on the cynically perfidious sovereign, Mr. Reddaway's strictures will do no harm. Prussia gained power by Frederick's lawlessness and trickery, and his sole monument, apart from his record in the field, is the territorial aggrandizement of his country. To the larger interests of German nationality he was perfectly indifferent, and he applied to politics the methods which enable a modern speculator

to make his fortune by wrecking a railway. Of course, when this sort of thing is done in politics, plausible extenuations can be found without much trouble. The best thing in Frederick's character was a grim devotion to his work; but even here he does not rise above Philip II. and many others to whom business is a necessity. Mr. Reddaway gives him full credit for energy, military genius, and tactical acumen in politics, yet we are unable to see aught but a bitter sarcasm in his concluding sentence: "As long as the German Empire flourishes and the world is swayed by the principles of its founders, so long will the fame of Frederick the Great remain secure."

We have confined our notice to a single, though it is the salient, aspect of this book. It only remains to say that, as a student of the period, Mr. Reddaway is well informed, and that as a writer of narrative he is more than ordinarily incisive.

Dukes and Poets in Ferrara: A Study in the Poetry, Religion, and Politics of the 15th and Early 16th Centuries. By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Since J. A. Symonds died, no other Englishman has written as satisfactorily as Mr. Edmund Gardner on the Italian Renaissance and kindred subjects. He not only knows his material, but has caught the spirit of the times—a spirit so hard for the modern Anglo-Saxon really to enter into—so that he is peculiarly well fitted for the task which he has now set himself, namely, to trace the story of Ferrara from 1400 to the death of Tasso in 1595. The present volume covers the 15th century and closes with an account of the early reign of Alfonso I.

There are many respects in which this book deserves a cordial welcome. In the first place it gives for the first time in English an account, detailed, consecutive, and interesting, of the Italian State which ranks after Venice, Florence, Milan, and Naples among the Renaissance republics. Ferrara has been neglected by our historians, and yet it had a strongly defined individuality, and it exercised an important, sometimes even a deciding, influence on political combinations in Italy. As the duchy was never sufficiently powerful to take the initiative in conquest, its forte lay in waiting, in compromises, in knowing when to join an alliance and when to hold back; and its career illustrates admirably how a small state could preserve its independence even when cast among a pack of larger and hungry neighbors, each of whom longed to devour it.

The House of Este, which ruled Ferrara for two hundred years, was more fortunate, or more dexterous, than any of its contemporaries, both in the continuity and in the duration of its power. It saw the rise and fall of the Scaligers at Verona, and of the Visconti and the Sforza at Milan; it was already established before the Medici gained control of Florence, it witnessed the extinction of their main line and the degeneration of Tuscany under their bastards. Mr. Gardner furnishes ample material for studying the growth of the family into power, and for comparing its policy and its individual members with those of the other despotic houses, so that we can determine how far personal qualities and how far the exigencies of time and place caused the Duchy of Ferrara to differ from its rivals. The species despot is the same everywhere, but it has many varieties, and of these the Estensian was one of the most enlightened. The Lords of Ferrara, as Mr. Gardner says, made it their policy, like the Medici, "to dazzle their subjects with pageantry, perhaps less from artistic motives than from a desire to impress upon them the splendor and the glory of their illustrious house." This is some compensation for their tyranny, and differentiates them from the brutal Carraresi and Baglioni, or the atrocious Ezzelino da Romano.

Of the Estensi described in this volume, Duke Ercole, who reigned from 1471 to 1505, is the most remarkable. He it was who raised Ferrara to a high political place, and made it a centre of culture. He typifies the ideals of the Renaissance at its culmination. He protects poets, painters, and scholars. He is pious and skeptical. He seeks guidance of Savonarola; he builds a convent for Sister Lucia of the Stigmata, and almost worships her. Yet in his political relations he is crafty, and in his private life he is no model of virtue, although he cannot be charged with either the inordinate licentiousness or the cold-blooded severity of some of his forerunners. Take him for all in all, he is perhaps the most agreeable despot of his age, always excepting the Duke of Urbino; and Mr. Gardner has done well in making a detailed study of him.

The reader who is not familiar with the spirit of the Renaissance may be somewhat puzzled at first by the absence of broad views, or generalizations, round which to group the multiplicity of special facts; but in pursuing this method Mr. Gardner illustrates in the best possible way the individualism of the Italian republics. They had no far-seeing policy, only self-interest, with a resultant opportunism. As the wishes of the people did not count, the whim, often hysterical, of the Duke was carried out unchecked. Mr. Gardner succeeds admirably in reproducing the kaleidoscopic effect of such conditions. Not that he slights the deeper forces at work—for life was not all on the surface; and especially in his chapters on art and literature he brings out the more permanent elements. Nowhere else in English can one find so thorough an account as he gives of Boiardo, the earliest of the great Italian epic poets; or of the founders of that Ferrarese school of painting which has only lately had proper attention paid to it. While he is enthusiastic for his subject, Mr. Gardner is always temperate in particulars. He does not blink the horrors, nor exaggerate the splendors, nor does he linger over the bestialities of such monsters as Alexander VI. His judgments are usually charitable. Of Lucrezia Borgia, for instance, whose coming to Ferrara to be the bride of Alfonso I. is one of the striking events in his story, he takes the least damaging view. He has produced so excellent a work, in spite of the difficulty of making a clear story out of a multitude of details, that we may look for equal success in his second volume, which will deal with less complex politics and will have for heroes Ariosto and Tasso.

Shelburne Essays. By Paul Elmer More. First Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

All but one of these essays have appeared elsewhere. The exception is not the least important of the series, if it is, as we suppose, the last, "The Religious Ground of Humanitarism." The name, "Shelburne Essays," is an affectionate reminiscence of the New Hampshire town upon the Androscoggin in which for a time Mr. More made for himself an hermitage and gave himself up to meditation upon literature and life in a more epicurean than ascetic fashion. All these essays draw their illustrations from, and refer their allusions to, a wide range of reading and study. Especially does the Hindu note recur with a frequency at first astonishing, but, as we proceed, with the familiar countenance of an expected friend.

The subject of his first essay, "Thoreau," is approached through a long avenue of verdurous thoughts and fancies which makes a pleasure of delay. Reading 'Walden' in his mountain solitude proved an experience comparable with Mr. More's reading of the Odyssey by the seashore, the place interpretative of the book. His special plea is that Thoreau's essays, more than those of any other descriptive writer, are a natural outgrowth of a feeling deep-rooted in the historical beginnings of New England—"the wondering awe of men set down in the midst of the strange and often threatening forces of an untried wilderness." But his most interesting discovery, or interpretation, is that Thoreau is differentiated from the nature poets of the last century by his lack of pantheistic reverie, which is certainly "important if true" in view of the once common intimation that Thoreau had not only "grown the Emerson nose," but all the features of his mind with an assiduous imitation. Mr. More's praise of Thoreau on this head is significant of his own reaction from the pantheistic character of Oriental thought.

The second essay, "The Solitude of Nathaniel Hawthorne," finds in Hawthorne's writings from first to last a succession of variations on the theme of solitude. "No single tale, however short or insignificant, can be named in which, under one guise or another, this recurrent idea does not appear." The danger is that so much insistence on one aspect of Hawthorne's work may tend to obscure other aspects which are of equal if not greater importance. Further, it occurs to us that Mr. More's fondness for the literary parallelism sometimes attracts him to analogies that are overstrained. His suggestion that Miriam in 'The Marble Faun' commits Beatrice Cenci's crime, has, no doubt, been widely entertained. When he writes that 'The Blithedale Romance' is "in every way the slightest and most colorless of the Hawthorne novels," he expresses an opinion to which Mr. Howells is radically opposed; but there is, perhaps, something of excess in both the minimizing and the maximizing view.

The attempt to trace the literary origins of Hawthorne and Poe to a common root in the moral experience of the American people has in it a touch of hardihood, so different were the early experiences of the two men, and so different severally the outcome of their powers—Hawthorne's so intensely moral, Poe's so purely intellectual and unmoral. Neither the Emersonians nor the Eddyites will be pleased with Mr. More's finding Emerson responsible for Christian Science and similar vagaries, but it is certain that the Eddyites have often found the Emerson scripture to their purpose, though Mrs. Eddy protests that her

indebtedness is not to Emerson, but to Miss Sarah J. Bodwell, the principal of Sanborn-ton Academy.

An essay on Carlyle commends Froude's biography of the undoubting Thomas as "one of the two great biographies of the language." The interest of Carlyle's life is found to centre in his Hindu belief in the illusion of existence, contrasting with an emotional consciousness, egotistic, self-assertive, wholly foreign to the Hindu mind. A chapter upon English verse makes its principal appeal to technical students of prosody, but a secondary to all who are interested in the proper reading of poetry. An elaborate review of Arthur Symons's poems finds that decadent poet equally sincere and sickening; but the sincerity is not so obvious as the morbific quality. There are two essays on the Celtic Revival which abound in sound discriminations, with a frank preference for the late Lionel Johnson to Mr. Yeats as representative of the new Irish school.

Quite the most interesting of Mr. More's Essays is "The Religious Ground of Humanitarianism." It is at the same time the least satisfactory. A careful examination of the Gospels brings out the contrast of their moral idealism with the temper of our modern life. To which shall we cleave? Mr. More's answer is that the teachings of Jesus were merely "counsels of perfection," not requiring general obedience. "His kingdom was not of this world, and there is every reason to believe that he looked to see only a few chosen souls follow in his steps." This seems to us a more lame and impotent conclusion than flat refusal to obey the precepts of Jesus because they are too high and hard for us to realize.

Comitium, Rostra, Grab des Romulus. By Eugen Petersen. Rome: Loescher.

An exceedingly interesting and important contribution to the yet undetermined history of the Roman Comitium and its adjacent structures has herein been made by the first secretary of the German Archæological Institute in Rome. His chief conclusions are based upon a careful examination of literary sources in connection with the remains under and in the neighborhood of the Black Stone discovered by Boni in 1899. The Column and the Cippus with the archaic inscription are among the earliest of these remains, and date back to the "regal period." With them are to be classed scanty remnants of a *suggestus*, consisting of a flight of five steps, some 24 metres long, surmounted on the south by a platform about four metres broad. Column and Cippus stand close to the western end of the steps, which run precisely east and west. The surmounting platform is bounded on the southern side by a retaining-wall of incompletely polygonal outline, concave toward the steps. This wall is to be regarded as the bounding wall of the Comitium ascribed by Cicero (Rep. II., 17, 31) to Tullus Hostilius. Furthermore, Column and Cippus lie in a north-and-south line which just clears the western corner of that rectangular structure to the south of the "Tomb of Romulus" which has been called by some archæologists an "altar." This north-and-south line was the axis of the original Hostilian senate-house, which, to make possible the determination from it of noon and sunset mentioned by Pliny (N. H., vii., 212), cannot have stood as far to the north as Hülsen and others have thought. It must rather have occupied a site partly under and partly in front of the later Secretarium Senatus (Sta. Martina). The Comitium was therefore not substantially reduced in size by the building of the Curia Julia, but was always small.

To the republican period belong the "Tomb," with its vanished lion-guardians, the "Altar," and another *suggestus* with steps and platform, of which a few traces yet remain. These steps, however, run in an arc, of which the "Tomb" and "Altar" may or may not have stood precisely at the centre. But the "Altar" is no more nor less than the Rostra of the Republic, erected first in 338 B. C. The name Rostra was, however, applied not infrequently to the entire hemicyclic structure at the centre of whose outer edge it stood, precisely as also the ancient writers sometimes speak of the Forum when strictly only the Comitium is concerned. The earlier retaining-wall continued in part to bound the platform of the republican *suggestus*, which furnished ample space for statues and for the seats of spectators at funerals and other public celebrations in the Comitium. The "Tomb," with its lions, was erected in the fifth century B. C., and was mutilated probably by the Gauls in 390 B. C. After their departure the monument was not restored, but the former accumulation of sacrificial offerings and débris was heaped upon it. The remains of the tomb itself were thus buried from sight, but the area above it remained open for offerings till Cæsar's time.

The orientation of Rostra and Tomb corresponds to that of the pavement of travertine blocks extending from east to west in front of Sta. Martina and S. Adriano (though at a different angle), but does not correspond to the orientation of Cippus and Column, and therefore to that of the royal senate-house. The travertine pavement doubtless marks the area immediately in front of the Sullan curia. But as the Tomb was constructed in the fifth century, the early senate-house had perhaps even by that time given place to another lying at a different angle, and no longer, therefore, in strict orientation to the points of compass. Its site perhaps extended somewhat under S. Adriano as well as under Sta. Martina. Sulla built his senate-house with the same orientation, and to his time is to be attributed the travertine pavement mentioned above. For the building of the Curia Julia the radial axis was swung yet a little further around, giving the orientation that the denuded core of S. Adriano still preserves. In connection with the other changes then carried out around the Comitium, the pavement was finally extended over the site of the Tomb, which was marked as an everlasting memorial by the quadrate of black marble. This Black Stone was oriented with reference to the front of the new senate-house, and not to that of the Tomb, which also it only in part covers.

With the discontinuance of offerings at the grave of the founder of the city came the establishment of the worship of the founder of the Empire. To the republican rostra, with its encompassing arc, and the altar-tomb of Romulus, succeeded the Rostra Julia, with its hemicycle embracing and sheltering the altar raised on the spot where, from the ashes of his funeral-pyre, Cæsar entered the ranks of the gods. The correspondences are no mere chance, but as purposeful as that less subtle scheme which perpetuated the reminiscence of the vanished republican Rostra by building another at the western end of the Forum with an adorned platform toward the Forum itself, ending on the opposite side toward a smaller area in a series of inward-curving steps.

Such are the main outlines of the interpretation given by Prof. Petersen, on the one side, of the curious and scanty remains from the older period; on the other side, of a number of literary sources. The specialist will need to pay careful attention to the lively argument advanced. Even Prof. Petersen concedes that we can no longer believe the *templum* to be a precisely outlined and oriented piece of ground. Is it not possible that modern archæologists are pushing too far the argument from the orientation of other things?

How to Collect Old Furniture. By Frederick Litchfield. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1904. Pp. xiv., 169.

On a former occasion we have reviewed Mr. Litchfield's 'Illustrated History of Furniture,' and he is also the editor of a revised edition of Chaffers's 'Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain.' He is known to readers of his books, and to those persons who use them rather for reference than for reading, as one who takes the dealer's rather than the antiquarian's view in matters of decorative art. Much the same spirit appears in the book before us. There is no great learning shown, and fortunately no affectation of learning. There is no attempt at tracing with any minuteness the growth of style, the modifications of design or the influence of one nation upon another. The pages are devoted to a quasi-historical following up of furniture from the Renaissance in Italy through the Jacobean period for England, through the Empire for France, and in a similar fashion for Italy and Holland. Further chapters deal with the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in England, this part of the book being set out on a more extensive plan than what has gone before. Chapter VIII. deals with "faked furniture," with some clever remarks on the possibility of detecting work which is new or partly new, and there is a chapter of "Hints and Cautions." Another, of "Notes and Explanations," occupies pages 145 to 164, and in this we read of lacquer, with a very inadequate account of it; of intarsia work, with a misleading confusion between tarsia and certosina. Here, too, are a mistranslation of *chaise longue*, which, at least in the French vocabulary, is not used for one very peculiar kind of seat and for that alone; definitions worth recording of Pembroke Table and Sutherland Table; and a long account of the habits of buyers at auction, and their way of preventing the competition of unexpected outsiders—all trustworthy in appearance, and all entered under the term, "The Knock-outs."

We should advise no one to use this book as an authority, for it is, as indicated above, often careless in its statements; but it is capable of giving a great deal of informa-

tion to any one who will risk the precise accuracy of this statement or that, or who will check the assertions by more carefully made books. As for the illustrations, they are largely in half-tone prints taken from well-chosen originals, and offer to the reader sixty or seventy excellent pieces of ancient furniture presented in an intelligible way. It is explained that most of the originals are in the museum at South Kensington "in order that the [London] collector may compare," etc.; but really the pieces are simple, and are well shown in the pictures. Not one exceptional work of art, in sculpture or inlay, is offered. The little text cuts may be disregarded, although some of them are taken from the respectable originals published by famous furniture-makers of the past.

A Dictionary of the Targumim, the Talmud Babli and Yerushalmi, and the Midrashic Literatures. London: Luzac & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols., 4to.

The author of this colossal work, which was begun in 1878, and of which the first fascicle came out in 1886, might well have said of himself with pride, *Usque ad Plaudite vivendum*—one should live till the curtain is rung down; for he died within a week after reading his last proof-sheet. The dictionary is very full, and could not have been written as it stands unless the compiler had read pretty carefully the whole of the vast literature named in its title. He had, of course, the benefit of what was done by many predecessors, from Rabbi Nathan, who about the year 1100 wrote the Aruch, to the late works of Jakob Levy and of Alexander Kohut of New York. Many of the rare vocables and rare meanings of the more common vocables occur in disputed and corrupt readings; it was therefore necessary, in the preparation of the dictionary, to have at hand a comparative table of these discrepancies. This work had been done for the Babylonian Talmud, the most important part of this literature, by Raphael Rabbinowicz, as Dr. Jastrow acknowledges in his preface.

This is the first Talmudic Dictionary written in English, and the English is faultless except in the rendering of law terms; it seems as if a man trained for a preacher were specially unfitted for the business of the lawyer. Thus, the word *Aharayoth*, a very common law term, has a twofold meaning. The more usual is the lien which, under the Talmudic law, a bond attested by two witnesses creates on all the landed estate and slaves owned at the time of its delivery by the obligor; the other meaning is the warranty of title contained or implied in a deed for the conveyance of land. Dr. Jastrow knows both meanings well enough, as he shows by his citations and his English renderings, but his definition runs thus: "*Surety, esp. mortgaged property, or property which may be resorted to in case of non-payment* (even if sold)." Again, in defining *Miggo* (216a), it is called "a legal rule by which the statement of a *deponent* is taken for true, etc.," where evidently a *defendant* stating his defence is meant, not a deponent—that is, a witness.

The quotations are well chosen to throw light on difficult and important passages. It is not, however, the defining part of the lexicon round which the battle of the learned rages, but the etymological, and there are no books whose contents offer greater room for honest difference than the Talmud and Midrash, with their composite jargons. The Mishnah is a sort of decayed Hebrew, mixed with many Aramaic forms and vocables. It contains not a few words that are plainly Greek; very few Latin words, but some very important law terms undoubtedly Babylonian. The Talmud proper, or Gemara, aside from the quotations of Mishnah and Baraïtha imbedded in it, is Aramaic; the Jerusalem Talmud is written in the Western dialect, mixed with a great deal of Greek and some Latin; the Babylonian Talmud in the Eastern dialect, mixed with some Babylonian and quite a number of Neo-Persian words. Foreign elements, such as Greek and Persian, look rather strange when clothed in Hebrew letters, and are sometimes disguised almost beyond recognition. But Dr. Jastrow was a thorough Greek scholar, as behooves a Prussian Doctor of Philosophy; he had, moreover, the Greek derivations of Talmudic words before him in the works of his predecessors, from John Buxtorf down to Kohut. It was not ignorance of Greek, like that of the Babylonian rabbis in the Talmud, which made Dr. Jastrow seek Hebrew or Aramaic roots for Greek names and vocables, but a certain whim of the scholar; and he showed the same aversion to derivations from Latin and from Persian. Dr. Gustaf Dalman, whose short dictionary for Talmud, Targum, and Mishnah was published at Frankfort in 1901, in his preface does full justice to Dr. Jastrow's merits, but "regrets the violence with which he forces Greek and Persian words upon Hebrew and Aramaic roots." It is annoying to meet these *coups de force;* but the caprice finds vent in hardly as many as thirty cases, while thousands of words from the Greek are followed by their true originals in Greek characters.

Among the more important instances in which the author denies the Aryan derivation are the following:

Simta, 'sidewalk,' had for centuries been referred to Latin *semita*, and indeed may be read Sémita; from this same Latin word the Arabs have borrowed the courses of the stars—plural *azimuth*.

Zug, 'a couple,' generally compared with the Greek ζεῦγος, 'a team.' As there are verbal roots, z.u.g., 'to pair,' both in Aramaic and in Arabic, Dr. Jastrow may possibly be right here.

Epikoros, 'an aggressive infidel'—evidently the name of Epicurus, the well-known Greek philosopher. The author tries to connect it with the Aramaic and Neo-Hebraic *hefker*, 'abandonment,' but is clearly wrong.

Istasith, 'civil commotion,' 'party strife,' the Greek στάσις; Jastrow prefers a reading *Istanith*, and finds an Aramaic root for this by assuming a non-existent conjugation, which he calls Ispeël.

Pithgam, 'command,' 'word,' which is Biblical, but most common in the Targumim, is by Bible scholars derived from Old Persian *pratigama*, Neo-Persian *paigam*. Jastrow finds for it a Hebrew root not otherwise known.

Ten-du, words of uncertain meaning, which Rashi says are Persian and mean 'bodies two' (*du*=two), Dr. Jastrow renders "burden of grief."

The author is acquainted with Babylonian influences, but he recognizes only the words most clearly and indubitably drawn from that source—not, for instance, *shetar*, 'a written contract,' the verbal root of which is in Assyro-Babylonian the only one for 'to write,' while in Biblical Hebrew it occurs only in *Shoter*, 'a writer,' *i. e.*, an official; nor *Aris*, 'a tenant on shares,' the Babylonian *irrishu*, 'a cultivator or tenant farmer.'

In short, Dr. Jastrow allows the derivation of any Talmudic word from sources other than Hebrew or Aramaic only when the foreign origin of that word is beyond all doubt..

The Cult of the Chafing-Dish. By Frank Schloesser. London: Gay & Bird.

The chafing-dish in the hands of a highly trained cook is a practical toy, capable, within limitations, of contributing to the gayety of life; but in the hands of an amateur it merely puts another burden of responsibility on the overtaxed digestive organs. Let us take Mr. Schloesser's formula for the making of a matelote of eels, a classical dish of whose delightful possibilities Marmontel tells us in the introduction to his story 'Les Bateliers de Besons.' The liquid of a matelote of eels is a béchamel; as a *liaison* or thickening to his sauce Mr. Schloesser indicates "a walnut of butter and a tablespoon of flour." This, incorporated into the matelote without any previous treatment, would merely contribute to the incongruity of the mess. To show how impossible it is to do justice to a béchamel in a chafing-dish, or even to approach it, we will give the correct method of making this sauce, as an example of its complex composition and the care required in preparing it. We neglect the proportions of each ingredient.

The foundation, then, is butter and flour; the liquid, milk; the flavoring, parsley, thyme, bay-leaf, onion, turnip, and celery; the seasoning, cayenne, salt, and lemon juice. The milk is put on in a small, clean pan with the vegetables and herbs; allowed to simmer for a quarter of an hour and then strained. The butter is then put in a saucepan and allowed to melt. The flour, thoroughly sifted, is added to the butter and briskly stirred over the fire with a wooden spoon. At first it will form a stiff paste; but this will gradually liquefy and end by assuming a honeycombed appearance. Thereupon the milk is to be added gradually. With the first few drops the consistence of the butter and flour will change, becoming stiff like dough. Into this each successive addition of milk should be well stirred so that no lumps may form. The saucepan should be *withdrawn from over the fire every time the milk is added;* the sauce beaten and stirred till quite smooth and returned to the fire to thicken before any more milk is added. When all the milk is in and the sauce both well thickened and free from lumps, it may be allowed to boil, and kept boiling for five minutes or until, when drawn with the spoon from the sides of the saucepan, it falls apart in such a way as to leave spaces upon them quite blank and clean. If the sauce be properly made it should be perfectly smooth, so that no straining will be necessary. When seasoned it will be fit for use. Mr. Schloesser, in his recipe, tells of adding to his mixture a half-pint of claret, brandy, and a tea-cup of

bouillon. What would Grimod de la Reynière have said of this barbaric desecration of a béchamel?

Mr. Schloesser is a pleasant writer and enthusiastic in praise of his utensil. He calls it "Chaffinda," or, as he says, "my better half. Every bachelor has a wife of some sort. Mine is a chafing-dish."

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1904.

The Week.

With the current week ends the Presidential canvass, the least excited, noisy and demonstrative—we might almost say the least conversational—within the memory of man. This paradox—in view of the spectacular attributes of one of the candidates, as well as of the number and gravity of the issues at stake—has engaged the attention of the thoughtful, and awaits the light which the election may throw upon it. No single issue has asserted its preëminence, and no bugaboo has been maintainable since Judge Parker took the currency out of the debate. "The Street" has been absolutely unaffected by the political movement. Indeed, the chief interest of the hour has attached to State rather than to national fortunes. The feeble signs of life in the Republican machine corpse, evidenced by what has been going on in Wisconsin, Illinois, and Massachusetts; the revolt against corruption in Missouri—have saved the periodic function from being stale and featureless; and that way lies the hope of reform.

The remarkable enthusiasm at the Parker meeting at the Madison Square Garden on Monday night—so great that, for a wonder, it could not be rated as a "frost" in the headlines of the Republican organs—is but one sign more of a rising Democratic tide in this city and State. No one can be blind to it, whatever inference he may draw. New York, we may remark, has been more familiar with Mr. Roosevelt's career than any other portion of the Union, and is therefore in a position correctly to measure his value and usefulness. In this it does not need any assistance from Messrs. Hay and Root and other official apologists and eulogists. Judge Parker's speeches are certainly of the kind to win him votes wherever he goes, for he is direct, earnest, sincere, and weighty, and makes friends the instant he shows himself. In discussing the tariff on Friday, he was both lucid and forcible. His illustration should have brought home to his listeners the real nature of the burden which the tariff lays on the shoulder of consumers. If, he said, a collector went through the country urging that every man, woman, and child contribute according to his means to the coffers of the United States Steel Corporation, the proposal would be received with jeers. No argument could persuade people that "the good of the country" required from everybody even a small contribution toward the wealth of the Trust. And yet under the tariff these levies are forced upon the consumer indirectly.

While the commissioning of Gen. Leonard Wood and Collector Crum during a "constructive recess" of the Senate is not one of the great issues of the campaign, it is yet extremely interesting for the light it throws on Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the constitutional limitations of his power. The Parker Constitution Club, therefore, made a wise selection in devoting its third report to this subject. On what is primarily a legal question, the opinion of the eminent lawyers whose names are signed to the report should carry great weight. But, to the layman, the lesson of the whole transaction is very simple. The straightforward, shoulder-hitting Administration, in order to keep a few favored military and civil appointees in office, resorted to the most pitiful and hair-splitting of technicalities. The notion that, between twelve o'clock and twelve o'clock of a certain day there was a "recess of the Senate" within the meaning of the Constitution, as the Club's lawyers put it, "finds its parallel only in the arguments of the Scholiasts." A veteran legislator like Senator Hale called it "a strained construction of which I have never been able to find a father," while so adroit an advocate as Senator Spooner said, "I do not intend to give approval to the notion that there can be a constructive recess." The "chimera ruminating in a vacuum" belonged no more exclusively to the realm of metaphysics than Mr. Root's explanation that "there can be no end of a session until a time is reached when there is no session, and the time when there is no session is a recess." The question is not merely a nice point for the lawyers, bearing only on some appointments and the collectorship of one district. It has larger aspects. As the Constitution Club states, "he [the President] attempted to make a permanent appointment by means of a succession of temporary appointments, thus seeking to do indirectly what he was not permitted to do directly. Such a proceeding constituted a most serious and menacing departure from the Constitution."

For one who has had so much experience with Philippine affairs, Secretary Taft made a remarkably inexact statement in Brooklyn the other day. According to the newspaper report of his speech he said: "By taking Manila, Dewey took the Philippine Islands." But surely the Secretary ought to have known that the Court of Claims has passed upon this very question in the case of Warner, Barnes & Co. against the United States, in which the company sued for the repayment of certain duties levied between April 11, 1899, and November 15, 1901. When the case was argued, the whole contention of the War Department and of its officers who testified went to show that the duties levied were not collected in time of peace, or when the islands were under the actual control of the United States authorities. The Court of Claims held that, in the state of war existing in the Philippines, all things were done "as if the war had been a public one with a foreign nation." And it carefully explained that the treaty of peace merely gave the United States the right to take the islands and try to establish its sovereignty. Not until July 1, 1902, was this done, according to the Court of Claims, and then only by employing 126,468 soldiers and at a cost of 4,374 American lives. For Mr. Taft to give the impression to-day that the islands were ours from the moment that Dewey sailed into Manila Bay, is distinctly misleading.

"How would the Opposition's remedy of free trade in Trust-made articles hurt the Standard Oil Company?" asked Senator Beveridge in a campaign speech the other day. "There is no tariff on oil." It is true that the tariff law imposes no specific duties on oil, but Section 626 provides that in every case where a foreign country imposes a duty on petroleum and its products, the United States shall collect an equal duty on these same articles. Instead of there being no duty on oil, there are so many duties that it takes a sizable Government pamphlet to enumerate them. Russia's duty, for instance, is 1 ruble per pood, and is equivalent in our standards to $0.002852 per gallon. Allowing 8½ pounds to the gallon, the unit familiar to the consumer, the rates from the important foreign countries work out approximately as follows: Austro-Hungary, 15.6 cents; Finland, 1.7 cents; France, 6.6 cents; Germany, 5.5 cents; Greece, 29 cents; Italy, 35.7 cents; Netherlands, 0.8 cent; Portugal, 27.8 cents; Russia, 2.4 cents; Spain, 18.5 cents; Switzerland, 0.9 cent; Canada, 5.5 cents. Of course, in these cases we have practically delegated the power of fixing our tariff schedules to foreign Governments, but the duties are there; and so long as they exist it is idle to talk of free trade in oil.

Secretary Hay's presentation of the reasons for a second Hague conference should be of much help in making it a success. The Russian-British agreement for an international commission to in-

quire into the actual facts of the North Sea incident makes the hour of the invitation timely. Indeed, the war in the East had already done that, for even if Japan and Russia should be unwilling to meet the other nations at The Hague, the horrible slaughter in Mantchuria should make the rest of the world the more zealous in the cause of peace. There are many questions of international law to be settled, upon which there should easily be agreement. The rights and duties of neutrals, the exemption of private property at sea, not contraband of war—these are matters never more pressing than at this moment. The new distinction between absolute and conditional contraband of war, and the inviolability of the official and private correspondence of neutrals, are fresh issues brought to the front by the activity of Russia's cruisers. How great a step forward in the law of nations their satisfactory settlement and definition would be is apparent if we but consider the dangerous friction between Russia and England over the Red Sea seizures three months ago.

A Washington dispatch to an Administration newspaper states that "a disagreeable impression" has been made upon the State Department by the news that the courts in Venezuela have decided against the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company. This was the case in which the company was sued for having financed a revolution against the constituted Government. We believe it is not denied that the proof was absolutely conclusive, being largely documentary, and furnished by a former employee of the company. But the fact that our Government is displeased at the decision, is not the most significant thing in the dispatch. It goes on to say that "the State Department has always reserved the *right to review the judicial proceedings* in this celebrated case, and has already more than once indicated plainly that it did not regard the step taken in the asphalt controversy as *legal*." There we have a fine illustration of Secretary Hay's announced purpose to treat our "sister republics on this continent" as equals. He proposes to interpret their laws for them. Their judicial proceedings are to be reviewed and overriden by him. He is to be their court of final appeal. The very statement of his position is enough to condemn it. It may be explained as a mere bit of that arrogant contempt for Spanish Americans which Mr. Hay has unfortunately too little concealed, but in any case it is an attitude at once unjustifiable and provocative.

Dr. Chandler, the anti-Addicks Republican who was nominated for Governor in Delaware, refuses to get off the ticket in the interest of "harmony" so that the State may be carried for Addicks and Roosevelt. He declares that he enlisted against Addicks until the end of the war, and that, no matter if others surrender, he will fight to the last. The nomination came to him, he explains, without his seeking, and was accepted on the distinct condition that it should stand until the votes were counted. So he declines to strike his flag to the piratical Addicks. To old-fashioned people this may seem an instance of unbending virtue; but the President's favorite doctrine of "the practical" and "the larger good" tells heavily against it. Impracticable Dr. Chandler should be made to understand that it is better for a dozen Delawares to be debauched by a dozen Addickses than for the party of purity and reform to fail to elect its President.

Gov. Garvin of Rhode Island has offered a reward for the conviction of bribers, $150 each for the first five, and $50 each for the rest. He will not, it is safe to say, bankrupt the State, not because Rhode Island will be free from bribery on November 8, but because the corrupters of that corrupt little commonwealth will, if we may judge the future by the past, be rich and powerful enough to escape punishment. The ring headed by Senator Nelson W. Aldrich has made the term popular government almost a mockery in that State; it buys and sells legislation and offices with an effrontery unsurpassed in Delaware under Addicks or in Montana under Clark. The condition of affairs was briefly described by Gov. Garvin in a speech at Olneyville last week. "Rhode Island people," he said, "are exploited by their Legislature. Their right to a just representation in the General Assembly, their right to an equal suffrage in the cities, their Constitutional right to have the three great departments of the State Government kept equal and apart, their right to a non-partisan judiciary, their right to a fair return from the granting of public franchises to private individuals, their right to the enactment of just laws without purchase—all these rights and many others are denied to the people of the State by the General Assembly." This year the Republicans are so nervous over the outcome that they are spending money with unusual liberality; and they have tried to strengthen the ticket by inducing Chief Justice John H. Stiness to run for Congress. The obvious purpose of this step is to divert attention from the disreputable ring to a respectable candidate. It is the old story of the wolf in sheep's clothing.

The death of Mr. Van Cott gives President Roosevelt what should be a welcome opportunity to put the local post-office on a sound business basis. In many respects its management has been disgraceful. We refer not merely to the political activities of the late postmaster, but to the fact that the New York post-office is years behind the great offices of Berlin and London. For this, Congress must, of course, share the responsibility, but every large business house in this city is aware that in efficiency and promptness of delivery the New York service is sadly lacking. The handling of newspaper mails is especially open to criticism, and repeated complaints bring no satisfaction. If Mr. Roosevelt feels as he used to feel about the need of efficiency in such an office, he will appoint a man of the type of the late Mr. Henry G. Pearson, whose bust stands near the entrance of the post-office building. What is needed is not a political leader, whether his tendency be in the direction of reform or otherwise, but a successful business man whose standing will of itself give assurance that he will properly conduct this great office without regard to the affairs of any political party, and with the sole desire to make the postal service in this city the best possible.

The subway opened last week adds to our habitable area territory at least ten times the size of Manhattan Island itself. The bearing of this upon social conditions can hardly be overestimated. Our tenement system at its worst has its basis in unchecked human greed, and only curbing legislation such as the new tenement law can stop it. But its peculiarity is that it comprehends all classes except the very rich, so that private dwellings have ceased to be built on Manhattan Island, less than 100 going up last year. With the new transit system, however, the man of moderate means will no longer be inevitably forced into five or six ridiculously high-priced and ill-ventilated rooms. At present, residential property within thirty minutes of the City Hall is valued at from $20,000 to $30,000 a lot; the new transit system, however, will ultimately bring into the same time limit an abundance of lots valued at $1,000, $2,000, and $3,000. Its effect is already illustrated in the movement of the Jewish population. Thousands of East Side families have moved up into the sections of Harlem penetrated by the new railroad. Great preparations are already under way to build up for their accommodation vast areas which have lain waste for years, but which are now brought within the hinterland of the subway. How a slight transit improvement impels the people from the flat to the one-family house is evident from the great growth of South Brooklyn since the trolleys crossed the bridge. Living conditions on Manhattan are not to be radically changed, for nearly all the vacant land is occupied and its great

growth in population will keep up land values. But the subway will enormously increase the residential area, and give the city elbow room.

"Peace with honor" is Mr. Balfour's phrase for the adjustment of the North Sea imbroglio, and only the most dauntless Chauvinists of the British press take any other view. Indeed, to lament with the *Standard* that Great Britain has not wrung a more summary satisfaction from Russia is to regret that war is averted, for the affair was of extreme difficulty. Probably it never could have been settled by direct negotiation. The point of honor was involved hopelessly. Russia could not have cashiered an admiral overnight, and yet English indignation would tolerate no delay. England could not have remained long in the anomalous position of impounding a friendly fleet. Something must have broken before even the preliminaries of an investigation and amends were effected. Precisely because the point of honor was definitely in question, the reference of this controversy to a commission appointed by the Hague Tribunal is of the highest historical moment. It extends the principle of deliberation and arbitration to a class of cases generally supposed to be too delicate to admit of such a disposition. Recall only that virtually all existing arbitration treaties have excepted matters of national honor from the compact, as if offences too outrageous to admit the intervention of an arbiter might arise; as if, in short, methods of peace were all very well for purposes of business, but degrading when more serious national issues were at stake. Fortunately, Mr. Balfour and the Tsar have taken no such short-sighted view. On what is the most delicate punctilio that could arise, they appeal to an impartial commission for the facts. Nothing could more effectually discredit the theory that arbitration will forever be but a halting and limited expedient.

The reflections of the London *Times* correspondent on the value of the Tibetan treaty fall as coldly as soda after wine. He reminds all concerned that the treaty was made by a provisional government, whose engagements the Tibetans may or may not honor; in the name of a deposed sovereign, the Grand Lama, whom they venerate. It is recalled that the chief signatory, the Tashi-Lama, was being treated as a heretic and usurper while Lhasa lay under General Macdonald's guns, that the position of the Amban will be untenable when the British withdraw. In short, the signatories of the Tibetan treaty are precisely like the young clerks who serve as dummy organizers of great stock companies, with the difference, however, that, in the case of Tibet, no principals may ever be found at all. The moral of the whole affair is that quite as satisfactory a treaty could have been drawn and signed at Gyangtse or Calcutta. The march to Lhasa has been unproductive even of prestige, unless Mr. Balfour is willing to go the whole way and establish a crown colony on the roof of the world. In other words, Great Britain has been at infinite pains and expense to execute a formal instrument with a nation incapable of furnishing a bond. In the business world such incompetent parties are provided with guardians or let alone. Bülow, when reproached with the numerous secret conventions into which Germany had entered, declared the Empire to be extraordinarily "treatyable." Obviously this is not the case with Tibet. The real animus of the Younghusband mission appears in the retention of the Chumbi valley. The treaty is merely a soothing application for the British conscience.

Morally, Premier Combes was defeated on Friday. The Chamber voted a platonic condemnation of espionage in the army—a resolution absolutely without point unless the accusations against Gen. André were believed. Against such an expression of opinion a majority of four, on a vote of confidence, is of little weight. It is too early to know whether there is any foundation for the charges that Gen. André uses the army for partisan purposes and conducts an odious system of spying upon his officers. The character of the man makes it seem unlikely that such practices, if they exist, have his countenance. But the readiness with which M. Combes's normal majority of about eighty has melted away, shows the essential weakness of his position. On all anti-clerical measures he is strong; on all others most vulnerable. No Government of recent years has rested on so narrow a base. Friday's mishap, then, will presumably fix the Premier in his resolve to concentrate upon the abolition of the Concordat—the only issue upon which he can surely rally the discordant elements of his composite majority.

Premier Combes's bill for the separation of Church and State in France is surprisingly moderate. It allows an interval for the parishes to provide for self-support, promises to the priests a pittance of 400 francs annually for four years after the separation, as well as pensions for the high dignitaries of the Church now in service. Nothing about the change will be abrupt except the abolishing of the embassy at the Vatican. Considered broadly, the measure seems almost conciliatory, and unexpectedly regardful of the historic relations between France and the Holy See. It shows a very different spirit from the wholesale proscription which M. Combes visited upon the recalcitrant religious orders. In judging a measure of this importance, several questions arise: Is the policy desirable in itself? Are the means taken to secure it fair and honorable? Is it expedient? On all scores except expediency, much is to be said for Premier Combes's project of separation. The ideal for all nations is a free Church in a free State, but it is politically doubtful if at the present time France would be better off with the Church free. With the Concordat abolished, the Pope is at liberty to send Ultramontane bishops who could fill the parishes of every Department with scheming, disloyal priests, of which a natural consequence would be the formation of a Clerical party that might become formidable, and in any case would present a constant embarrassment to the Republic compared with which the Clerical perils imagined by M. Combes are so many phantoms. Some inkling of this danger he clearly has, since his bill provides for the continuation of the Ministry of Cults, a portfolio which, after the complete separation of Church and State, would seem as superfluous as a sixth toe. Evidently the Premier contemplates some ill-defined jurisdiction over the Church through such a ministry.

The London *Times* has discovered an interesting letter written by Li Hung Chang, a few weeks before his death in 1901, to Yung-lu, at that time one of the most influential of the Empress-Dowager's advisers. The Russian Government was then urging China to agree to a convention making the *de facto* situation in Mantchuria permanent. Li Hung Chang, always pro-Russian, desired the acceptance of Russia's proposition, and advanced some reasons why the Empress-Dowager should agree, which now sound very much as if he had had an insight into the future. If, he said, Russia was left in possession of Mantchuria, no serious harm would ensue, for in that event friction would certainly arise between Russia and Japan on the frontiers of Korea, and an actual conflict would be inevitable. To his own country he assigned the ignoble part of siding with the victor. Should the Japanese win, the proper policy for the Chinese, in Li Hung Chang's opinion, would be to join them in driving the Russians out of Mantchuria. In the other event, China should win Russia's gratitude and receive back Mantchuria by giving Korea to the Czar, and by aiding in the complete overthrow of the Japanese. Thus he felt certain that, either way, China would regain Mantchuria—a belief hardly to be shared by unbiassed observers of the Russian tenacity in holding on to any territory once acquired. But it is interesting to note that the present war was foreseen in China as clearly as in Japan, and this makes the Russian blindness to impending events all the more astonishing.

MR. HAY ON PANAMA.

It was not necessary for Secretary Hay to come to New York to prove that his pen had not lost its cunning. One speech more could add little to his reputation as a man whose words, in Lady Gregory's phrase, "crystallize into epigrams as they touch the air." And it was not a literary treat that we had a right to ask of him—grateful as is the delicate play of his wit amid the rude bawling of the run of stump speakers—but a full and frank deliverance on matters of which he is especially competent to speak, and as to which his course (which is that of the President) has been sharply challenged. But we ask for facts and we get—phrases.

Now phrase-making has its perils. A clever verbal turn may excite immediate laughter, but if it sticks in the mind long enough to lead to reflection, the result may be laughter on the wrong side of the mouth. Thus, Mr. Hay on Wednesday week defined Mr. Roosevelt as "unsafe" only in the sense that a disinfectant is unsafe for a microbe. Excellent! Nothing could be happier, unless it suggested to the hearer to run over some of the microbes in the political world to which the Roosevelt formaldehyde has been applied with lethal effect. There was that deadly bacillus, *Quayicus Pennsylvaniensis;* but we remember that it simply waxed fatter the more of the Roosevelt disinfectant was poured upon it. Every one knows, too, how the said disinfectant acted rather as a restorative upon that venerable microbe, "Lou" Payn. And as for the most fatal of all the microscopic political wrigglers, Addicks, he is this day hailing Theodore Roosevelt as a friend and ally who is aiding the great Delaware corruptionist with what Addicks calls the "courage of his new convictions." Powerful disinfectant, this! The microbes themselves grin at it.

It was a natural supposition that Mr. Hay, speaking in Carnegie Hall, would pay some attention to the damaging revelations made by Senator Culberson in the same place a week ago. By them the scrupulous good faith, as well as the legality, of the Administration's course in Panama was roundly called in question. Had the head of the State Department no reply to make? It was John Hay the Secretary of State, not John Hay the literary artist, from whom we were entitled to demand a plain tale about all those devious proceedings. But we did not get it. He did not pass it by in entire silence. In that, his art failed him. It would have been better to ignore charges than to make a weak and inconclusive reply to them. And Mr. Hay's remarks upon the Panama business were far from going to the core.

He denies that President Roosevelt committed an act of war against Colombia, but his sole reason is that the peace was not broken. "Not a hostile shot was fired." But this, obviously, is to make the weakness of a victim the true measure of his assailant's virtue. Mr. Hay's definition of highway robbery would apparently be that the crime exists only when the assaulted traveller tries to beat off Dick Turpin. Equally short of meeting the case is the Secretary's account of what was actually done. He refers simply to "the notice given hostile forces on the Isthmus that they were not to fight on the line of the railroad, which it was our duty to keep open." As if that were the whole of it! Mr. Hay conceals the fact that the orders were to prevent Colombian troops from landing within fifty miles of the railroad; that Admiral Coghlan notified Gen. Reyes that his orders were to forbid the Colombians to land a force "anywhere within the territory of Panama." If this is not an act of war, what would be? If there was any warrant in law or treaty for such astounding orders, why has not somebody produced it? It seems impossible that the John Hay who made this evasion is the very same John Hay who wrote of another Government, in 'Castilian Days,' "There is a lack of principle in the higher walks of Government. It is not so much dishonesty as it is a total absence of conscience in political matters. . . . They have a brow of bronze when detected and exposed in a misrepresentation." It would have been almost better for the Secretary to drop into his cynical mood, and to explain his course in going with the President to do evil in the words of his own poem, "Una":

> "—— unhorsed I lay
> At the feet of the strong god, Circumstance."

To none of the new evidence going to show that the Administration had a guilty knowledge of the impending revolution in Panama, did Mr. Hay, though speaking on the defensive, deign to refer. Señor Duque, one of the Panama conspirators, has stated that he "knew" the revolution was to have the support of this Government. He says also that he called at the State Department more than a month before the revolution was brought off. Bunau-Varilla gave his word to the schemers in Panama that United States warships would appear in time to aid them—as they did. President Roosevelt himself wrote to Dr. Shaw on October 10, 1903, of a "proposition" made to him to "foment the secession of Panama," adding that, though he could not do that publicly, "privately, I freely say to you that I should be delighted if Panama made itself an independent State at this moment." Do not all these suspicious circumstances cry aloud for explanation? Could not Secretary Hay fairly be called upon to say something about them? Imagine the way in which he would have exercised his nimble wit and biting sarcasm at the expense of a Democrat caught in such a moral coil!

Panama has ruined many a reputation in France, and it promises to stand in history as the one great blot upon Mr. Hay's diplomacy. He early mishandled the situation, rejecting the proposal that alternative treaties be made with both Nicaragua and Colombia, before the final decision as to route was reached. That measure of common prudence would have averted all these subsequent troubles. But Mr. Hay clung blindly to the Nicaraguan canal, and would not even consider the Panama route — until the time came when, as Mr. Roosevelt wrote, the most competent engineers told the Administration that "we had better have no canal at all" than go to Nicaragua. Then it was too late for the diplomatic negotiations which Mr. Hay should have attended to years before; and the original blunder led on to one unhappy consequence after another, until the final wrong was done of attempting to make fraud and force do the work of patient reason. To defend all this is possible only in the spirit of what Mr. Hay, in the days when his ardor against oppression moved him to write the "Curse of Hungary," called the "weak worship" of the sword.

THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNORS.

The theory that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, ridiculous though it may appear to our enlightened age, was once held by a considerable number of Americans. Doubtless there yet survive among the lower classes a few victims of this ancient and formerly popular superstition. For the sake of these well-meaning but misguided folk, Secretary Taft last week offered to an audience in the backwoods of Brooklyn a new interpretation of the phrase "consent of the governed." Referring to a document issued July 4, 1776, sometimes known as "the Declaration of Independence," Mr. Taft asserted: "That Declaration, when it speaks of the consent of the governed, has reference to people having knowledge as to what are their own best interests."

Following the clue given us by Secretary Taft, we have examined with curious interest the musty document which for some inscrutable reason he thinks worthy of citation. To understand it fully without a knowledge of the circumstances under which it was drafted, is impossible; but on one or two points the signers of the so-called Declaration are reasonably explicit. They labored under the delusion that an unnamed "King of Great Britain," to whom they refer with amazing irreverence, was trying to reduce "these colonies"—thirteen are specified—to a condition of vassalage. From the tone of this Declaration it is evident that, although this King, like Secretary Taft, was the real

possessor of superior knowledge, the silly colonists, just like the wretched Filipinos of to-day, thought they knew what was best for themselves. Between the colonists and the King there was a striking difference of opinion, as shown in the following sentences from the Declaration:

"He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

"He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained."

To a man of modern views the irritating thing about this Declaration is the impudent assumption of these colonists, thousands of miles away from the centre of light and authority, that they actually had knowledge as to what were their own best interests. In the very nature of the case such knowledge was impossible. They were scattered in small hamlets through a vast wilderness; they had scant means of communication; their schools were few and feeble. The King had by their own confession set over them able governors, who, like Gov. Wright in the Philippines, sent home word that everything was going well. And yet the Declaration of the colonists conveys a distinct impression of dissatisfaction. We shall be interested at some future time to follow the fortunes of these ignorant and ungrateful people, and to learn whether they ultimately received from a long-suffering King the punishment they so richly deserved.

In the meantime, we are glad to apply to one or two recent events the principle which Secretary Taft has enunciated so lucidly and vigorously. For example, some time ago a law authorized the payment of United States District Attorneys throughout the country by fixed salaries instead of fees. There were, however, such fat pickings in New York that an exception was made of this district; and Henry L. Burnett, the incumbent, receives, in addition to his regular salary, fees that in some years have amounted—so well-informed men are convinced—to at least $50,000. Here is indubitably an instance of extravagance and abuse. In order to ascertain how serious the matter might be, the *Evening Post* requested its Washington correspondent to ascertain how much the United States District Attorney for Southern New York has been receiving in addition to his proper salary. The very Assistant Secretary Taylor who has solemnly denied that there were "Administration orders forbidding the publication of information regarding Governmental expenditures," flatly refused this particular information. Attorney-General Moody was equally unwilling to make any disclosure. It is the money of the citizens that is being spent, but we plain people are too dull to know whether the expenditure is discreet or foolish; we must leave such questions to wiser heads, say, men like Beavers, Machen, and Heath, miracles of wisdom and probity.

Not always, however, are our gracious officials so unrelenting towards the erring. Some young Filipinos who are being educated in this country have, with the rashness of youth, expressed from the stump a desire for Philippine independence. What have the authorities at Washington done? Thrown the malcontents into prison, or returned them to the straw huts from which they came? No; the Washington dispatches show that the authorities have exhibited extraordinary magnanimity:

"It seems reasonably clear that the Administration could take these youths to task for participating in the Bryan campaign, but it is unlikely that this will be done during the present campaign."

There's the limit of forbearance. It has been said in extenuation that disciplining the boys would at once make martyrs of them, would advertise their sentiments more widely, and would neutralize the argument that Filipinos greatly prefer our rule. For our own part we impute higher motives than mere political expediency. Assistant Treasurer Taylor and Attorney-General Moody are probably unaware that an election is pending, but they know that the figures about extra payments to Mr. Burnett are not milk for babes like the general public, but meat for strong men like themselves. Moreover, they view the faults of the Filipino boys with detached impartiality. For this sublime tolerance, and for all other mercies let us be duly thankful, realizing that the essential thing is not the consent of the governed, but of the governors.

TAKING TO GIVE BACK.

"Does it matter," demanded Mr. Chamberlain indignantly the other day, when defending his proposal to levy protective duties, "if what I take in one hand I give back with the other?" That is protection in a nutshell. In other parts of his latest speech Mr. Chamberlain showed how well he had learned to parrot American protectionists. He reproduced with zest their contention that it is the foreigner who pays the tax; and, with an enthusiasm like their own, contradicted himself on the question of the effect of the tariff upon prices. English manufacturers simply could not compete with low-priced foreign goods; duties must be clapped on to protect them; yet the moment that was done, the goods would be sold to the dear English consumers at still lower prices. This is as amusing as it is familiar; but in no other particular did Mr. Chamberlain show more plainly that he had grasped the true theory of protection than in his account of it as a system of forcibly taking money from the people on the promise of voluntarily giving it back.

Economically, of course, this is the vicious assumption that fettered industry and commerce are better than free; that meddling legislators can improve on natural law. Governmentally and socially, it is paternalism in its worst form. The individual merchant or manufacturer does not know what is good for him, and would ruin his own business if left to go his own mad course. Hence a supernally wise Government steps in to "take" his money away from him by tariff taxation, comfortably assuring him the while that he will get it all back again. The bargaining nature of protection is of its very essence. When at its best, it involves the sort of striking of hands between the citizen and the Government which Mr. Chamberlain so innocently described. "Give me," says a protectionist Government, "all the money I ask in taxation, and trust me to take care of your profits."

But in this country the Republican party has pushed the taking and giving of protection far beyond these idyllic beginnings in England. Here and now, as a matter of actual fact, protection is a system of organized political corruption. Party managers go to the beneficiaries of the tariff and say with a meaning as yet undreamed of by Mr. Chamberlain, "What does it matter if we take money from you for the political campaign, provided we more than give it back to you in the shape of a guarantee that your law-swollen profits, your purchased privilege of taxing your fellow-citizens, shall be undisturbed?" This is the malign form of the protective *do ut des* in the United States. It is a sale outright of the law-making power. All the "frying of fat" out of protected manufacturers that has been done since Senator Plumb was frank enough to describe the process accurately, has gone upon the understanding that large subscriptions to a party fund carry with them the right to dictate the laws affecting the business of the subscribers.

Does any intelligent man doubt that this form of corruption is extensively employed to-day in order to promote the election of Mr. Roosevelt? A statement made in his behalf from Washington represents him as highly resentful of Judge Parker's charge that the Republican Committee is collecting large sums from Trusts and corporations dependent upon tariff favors. The President thinks that the character of the men conducting his campaign ought to be a sufficient answer to all such allegations. But a corrupt system cannot be made pure even in the cleanest hands. The angel Gabriel could not fry the fat without soiling his wings. And it is really not a question of character, but of fact. Is it or is it not true that Chairman Cortelyou or one of his agents has gone to protected manufacturers, to large cor-

porate interests, railroads, and Trusts, to ask for money to elect Mr. Roosevelt? If it is not true, it ought to be the easiest thing in the world to prove the charge a slander. Let the books be opened. Let Mr. Cortelyou deny categorically the statement that he has sought such contributions. Let him specify by name the manufacturing and other corporations upon which he has *not* made a request amounting to a demand. In that way he could speedily cover his accusers with confusion. But if the charge is true, what does it necessarily imply? Judge Parker was absolutely correct when he said that no corporation, as such, could make a campaign contribution except for dishonest purposes. It would be, in the nature of the case, a giving by the tens of thousands in the hope of getting again by the hundred thousand. It is, in effect, making merchandise of law; and is the last step in the perversion of justice as pictured by the great historian—first by force, then by fraud, finally by *money*.

This is the great shame and threat of protection as we know it. That the system is short-sighted, oppressive, outgrown economically and industrially, it is easy to show; but the feature of protection which to-day makes honest men eager to see it burnt up as a public iniquity, is its insolent intrenching itself in public corruption, its unblushing purchase and subjection of a great political party, and the effrontery with which, having despoiled, it enters upon possession of the Government as if it were but one more of its chattels. If protection is ever to be destroyed, it must be by men who clearly see and loathe its immorality, its monstrous social injustice, and whose hearts burn within them as they confront privilege buying its way to power and asking brutally, "What are you going to do about it?"

THE VOYAGING OF A FLEET.

It is easy enough to poke fun at the elaborate preparations made by the Russian Baltic fleet, its slowness in starting, and the deliberation of its voyaging. But the public should not forget that the development of modern navies has made cruising in fleets in war time a very different matter from what it was in Nelson's day. Then your battle squadron could cut loose and scour the seas for months without the need of returning to a dockyard or a machine shop. There was no necessity for docking at regular intervals in order to maintain the efficiency of the ships; and as for repairs, there were few that the crews could not make at sea or to leeward of some sheltering island. Marryat's boldest cruisers sailed as well under jury masts as under their own spars, and their crews were trained to make good any injuries except the worst below the water line. If a ship stayed afloat at all after a severe engagement, her captain counted on making some friendly port.

With the modern fighting machines it is a wholly different story. The skilled mechanic is of as great value as the bluejacket—if not greater. Aside from that, a war fleet which is bound for a distant battle-ground must have auxiliary vessels and guard-boats not dreamed of in the days of Hull and Lawrence. Particularly is this the case when, as happens to the Russian fleet, there is no certain base of operations near the scene of hostilities at which the ships can refit. And the stringent international law as to coaling in a neutral harbor is a still greater obstacle to prompt progress. A ship may remain in a neutral harbor long enough to take in sufficient coal to steam to its nearest port. But, obviously, Vladivostok is not the Russian harbor nearest to Vigo. Hence all the coal which Admiral Rojestvensky's ships will require must be supplied by merchant vessels, either at sea or outside the three-mile limit, unless direct trans-shipment should be permitted in some such harbor as Tangier. Colliers are said to be already expected at Manila to await orders where to join the fleet. Doubtless there are dozens of colliers now making for ports all along Rojestvensky's route to the Far East. Some idea of the amount of coal needed may be obtained from Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge's estimate that the British China squadron needs in time of peace 46,000 tons of coal for a period of four and a half months' leisurely cruising. The London *Times* thinks that each battleship will require between 5,000 and 6,000 tons to reach its destination.

Next to colliers, the most important non-combatant auxiliary of the Baltic fleet is its repair ship, the *Kamtchatka*. Some of its cruisers are already reported disabled, and more are sure to be as the long journey goes on. The uncertainty as to the fleet's reaching Vladivostok and Port Arthur makes the *Kamtchatka's* presence all the more necessary. She is fitted with metal-turning and electro-technical machinery, with Wagrain smelting furnaces, a three-ton American hammer worked by compressed air, boring and cutting instruments, two steam cranes—in short, is a floating factory manned by the best workmen from private yards. During the war with Spain, the repair-boat *Vulcan* supplied thirty-one of our vessels with extra engine parts, material, and tools, repaired twenty-six others, and made innumerable minor repairs of guns and their equipments. England also has a *Vulcan* in addition to a *Hecla* and an *Assistance*.

According to the London *Times*, one of Rojestvensky's numerous auxiliaries is a hospital ship. If he has anything like the number of torpedo boats and destroyers assigned to him, it is safe to say that he has at least one "mother" ship from which they may draw supplies en route. A number of armed transports are also reported to be part of the Baltic fleet. If it includes a distilling ship, it would not be surprising, as these vessels have won permanent places for themselves in several navies besides our own, in which the *Rainbow* did good service. Even if the Russians have not yet come to a refrigerating vessel like the *Glacier* of the United States navy, they must have arranged for supply ships to meet their fleet en route. To protect the battleships there are the torpedo boats, destroyers, fast cruisers, and armed merchantmen which comprise what may be called the combatant auxiliaries.

Obviously, the modern war fleet is singularly complex and heterogeneous. Every vessel that cruised with Nelson was able to defend itself, and a powerful fleet of sailing warships, whatever its nationality, was able to keep together at a good speed in a remarkable way. With a fleet like Sampson's in 1898 and Rojestvensky's, the variations of speed between the various vessels are much greater. Side by side with a twenty-knot commerce destroyer there may be an eight-knot gunboat, repair ship, or collier. The presence in his squadron of one slow boat was Schley's excuse for his very leisurely progression from Cienfuegos to Santiago. In that case the services of the small vessel were purchased at entirely too high a price. As a writer in *Cassier's Magazine* recently pointed out, every such auxiliary adds to the responsibility of the commander-in-chief, and if it becomes a drag upon the fighting ships its value is very considerably lessened. If the armored cruisers and battleships could cut loose from all impedimenta and steam to the East at a uniform rate of fifteen knots for thirty days, their value would be enormously increased. This Rojestvensky could not do even if he abandoned his motley auxiliaries, because of the low speed of his battleships, limited coal capacity, and the fear of exposing himself to torpedo-boat attacks without his scouts to guard him. Hence it is a fact that in these days of ocean flyers and speedy freighters the war fleet bound for distant seas has made, proportionately, a much smaller gain in mobility and speed than suggests itself when we read of record trial trips of new cruisers or battleships.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION AT ST. LOUIS.

ST LOUIS, October 22, 1904.

The twenty-sixth annual conference of the American Library Association held during the past week in connection with the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was in many respects a notable one. Though not international in name, it was more than national in scope, and the presence of many foreigners, most of them accredited delegates from their Governments or from uni-

versities or libraries, gave a lustre to the meeting which the mere *name* "International" could hardly have increased. Austria, Belgium, Chile, China, France, Germany, Great Britain, Guatemala, Holland, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Norway, Peru, and Sweden were represented. Among the delegates were many well-known librarians, such as Dr. Guido Biagi, librarian of the Mediceo-Laurenziana in Florence, and editor of the *Rivista delle Biblioteche e degli Archivi*; Prof. Dr. R. Pietschmann, K. Dziatzko's successor in Göttingen; Prof. Dr. A. Wolfstieg, librarian of the Prussian House of Delegates; Dr. Aksel Andersson, vice-librarian of Upsala University Library. Belgium was represented by Senator H. La Fontaine, founder of the Institut International de Bibliographie at Brussels; the Library Association of Great Britain by Mr. L. Stanley Jast, chief librarian of Croydon Public Libraries. From Norway came the librarian of the Deichmanske Bibliothek in Christiania, Mr. Haakon Nyhuus. Dr. Biagi brought as a gift to the Association the first volume, recently issued, of the new edition of Muratori, and the Chilean delegate, Señor Bennett, several publications of the Chilean National Library and its director, Señor Montt. Circumstances had prevented the carrying out of the original intention to make this conference an international congress of librarians, but, in order to give official recognition to the Association's distinguished guests, they were all elected honorary vice-presidents of the Association.

Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, in his presidential address, alluded to the two previous conferences which had been held in connection with international expositions, in Philadelphia in 1876, and in Chicago in 1893. "It was inevitable," he said, "that we should meet this year at St. Louis; and it was appropriate that our programme should deal with those larger phases of the library movement and those questions of elemental economy which, at our ordinary conferences, have to give way to discussion of practical detail; and that we should seek to include upon it statements of the progress and problems in other countries than our own." Foremost in interest were considerations of some large international undertakings, in progress or suggested. Senator La Fontaine told of the work of the Institut International de Bibliographie, and expressed his hope for increased international coöperation. Dr. H. H. Field, the originator and for many years the sole supporter of the Concilium Bibliographicum in Zurich, sent a communication describing the present condition of that institution. Dr. Cyrus Adler of the Smithsonian Institution, in charge of the American regional bureau for the International Catalogue of Scientific Literature, reported on this undertaking, as did Dr. J. D. Thompson on the Handbook of Learned Societies which he is compiling for the Carnegie Institution under the direction of the Library of Congress. Miss A. R. Hasse of the New York Public Library urged an international catalogue of public documents, emphasizing its value to international commerce. Mr. W. D. Johnston of the Library of Congress suggested the preparation of an annual survey of library literature; this suggestion was referred to the Council for consideration. Mr. Jast presented a proposition from the British Library Association for a common code of cataloguing rules for English and American libraries. Mr. W. C. Lane, Harvard's librarian, read an exhaustive paper on present tendencies in cataloguing. While international coöperation seemed to him doubtful, coöperation between libraries of the same country was not only feasible but necessary. A joint acquisition list for some of the larger libraries, like the one published by the Swedish libraries, would be of great value in promoting inter-library loans.

Nearest to the heart of Dr. E. C. Richardson, Librarian of Princeton University, and first vice-president of the Association, was apparently the question of an international catalogue of manuscripts. This he thought to be of great practical concern to librarians. Inquiries as to the whereabouts of certain manuscripts known to be in America are by no means infrequent. There are two or three large collections of Oriental manuscripts in this country; of Greek manuscripts America has but few, and these widely scattered and difficult of access. Dr. Richardson would have his catalogue as a basis for inter-library loans. In Europe the facilities and courtesies extended to American scholars have been very numerous; it is regrettable that return cannot be made in kind to European scholars travelling in this country.

Among the other papers read during the week, mention should be made of Mr. Nyhuus's account of "State-Supported Libraries in Norway," and his own work as adviser to the Ministry in library affairs; of Mr. Henry E. Bond's accounts of "Library Development in Great Britain" since 1897; of Mr. Jast's on "Library Extension," particularly by means of lectures, book talks, and library readings; of Professor Pietschmann's appreciation of Karl Dziatzko, the organizer and administrator of libraries, the consummate scholar, the generous, warm-hearted man. Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick of the New York Public Library presented the report of the committee on "The Relations between Libraries and the Book Trade," describing the activities of the committee, and embodying the recommendation that "a committee be appointed to continue the work that we have begun, with definite instructions to send information, along the lines followed by our bulletins of the past year, to all members of this Association, as well as to persons likely to become members." Determined efforts to increase the membership of the Association were recommended "as one of the most effective ways to promote library combination and mitigate the hardship of the net-price system."

The account of the Conference would be incomplete without mention of the formation of the Bibliographical Society of America, which was effected during the week with the following list of officers: William C. Lane, president; Herbert Putnam, first vice-president; Reuben G. Thwaites, second vice-president; C. Alexander Nelson, secretary; Carl B. Roden, treasurer. The Council of the Society met one afternoon and formulated plans for forthcoming publications. A. G. S. J.

AN OLD-TIME MISSISSIPPI PLANTATION.

VICKSBURG, October 17, 1904.

For personal reasons it would not be best to indicate the locality of this plantation more nearly than to say that it is not far distant from Indianola, which was made famous a year or two ago by the forced resignation of a worthy and capable colored woman who had for some years acceptably filled the office of postmaster. But the hoodlums at last prevailed, and so roused the race prejudice that merit counted for nothing; and, against the desire of the better class of whites, safety compelled the abandonment of her position. It is also not far from the scene of that most horrible tragedy, of a few months ago, in which two negroes were mutilated and tortured in every imaginable way before being smeared with oil and burned at the stake. A more typical place for the study of the negro problem at the South could not be selected.

This portion of Mississippi, stretching from Memphis to Vicksburg, corresponds closely in physical characteristics to that in Arkansas, on the west side of the river, above Helena. It is a portion of the delta deposit of the Mississippi, which is occasionally overflowed, and so enriched thereby that it constitutes one of the most fertile agricultural districts in the world. It is here about fifty miles wide, and, during the flood last year, when the levees broke below Memphis, the whole country, with the exception of a few low ridges utilized for building sites, was covered with water to a depth of from two to ten feet.

It is a serious question with the planters whether the levee system which aims to prevent these overflows is on the whole advantageous, since the overflow of the Mississippi, like that of the Nile, brings untold wealth to the soil, and for that reason the planters can well afford to suffer temporary loss at the rare intervals when floods occur. Furthermore, according to the planters, the levees so interrupt the natural course of the water that they cannot be continuously successful, and hence prepare the way for greater and greater catastrophes in the future. For example, in the natural course, the Mississippi in high water overflows below Memphis into numerous channels which wind indefinitely through the delta and eventually reach the Yazoo, and so find their way back to the main stream at Vicksburg. These tend to lessen the flood in the Middle Mississippi, and ordinarily are not dangerous to the sections through which they flow. But the levee system obstructs this overflow of the main river into them, prevents the relief which would accompany it, and so increases the danger to the banks and levees below. Moreover, as the levees are not built by the general Government, which could follow a consistent plan, but by the separate States, the efforts of these to secure self-protection is often ruinous to all parties. At Greenville, Miss., for instance, where the levees are twenty feet high, they are faced by a levee on the Arkansas side which is only a mile distant, thus narrowing the channel to that width, and causing a gorge of water in time of flood. It is not the planters who are asking for levees, but the politicians, who get the contracts for building them. The planters, however, pay

the bills, as the tax for them is levied on the cotton raised in the river counties, every bale of cotton paying one dollar levee tax.

For hundreds of miles through this region at this season the traveller sees nothing but cotton fields, literally white for the harvest. These are bordered, however, on both sides of the railroad by persistent lines of forests of tall oak, gum, and cypress trees. These forests indicate the still vast undeveloped resources of the country, for not half the available cotton land of this portion of the delta is yet cleared of the primitive growth of timber. A significant peculiarity of the cultivated areas is that they are dotted with cabins of uniform pattern, scattered through the fields. These are usually whitewashed, and without glass windows, being rarely larger than for two rooms. The small amount of money spent for the homes of the working people of the cotton belt in Mississippi is in striking contrast to that expended for homes in the North.

The plantation which interested us most, and where we were hospitably entertained for three days, is still in possession of the family of the original owner, whose son lives in the spacious old mansion and personally supervises everything about the place. The negroes on the place are largely the descendants of the slaves who were on it before the war; many of the original occupants being still alive and living in the old quarters. The house is surrounded by all manner of neatly kept outhouses, in which is stored everything necessary for the life and well-being of the community. In short, it is a world in itself, including a well-stocked commissary store, where the tenants can get the necessaries of life, including simple medicines, at better terms than at the stores in the village near by. The work of the house is all done by colored servants, but they leave the premises at night and return in the morning.

Fourteen hundred acres of the plantation are devoted to cotton. This is all cultivated by renters, who pay $7 an acre, and furnish their own teams and seed. There are thirty renters, which gives to each one an average of a little over forty acres apiece. The lots run from twenty to sixty acres. As the land readily yields a bale of cotton (500 pounds) and $8 or $10 worth of seed to the acre, and with good cultivation more, it will be seen that at present prices (ten cents a pound) a small colored family which can cultivate thirty acres has a fine chance to get ahead in the world. Living is cheap, so that there are places where a workman, with the aid of his family in cotton-picking time, can earn a net income of nearly a thousand dollars a year. The improvidence of the negroes is the only thing which prevents their rapidly rising to affluence. But, for one reason and another, in this part of Mississippi they have made no appreciable progress in accumulating property. It is so easy to obtain the necessaries of life that they are content to live from hand to mouth. More than anything else, they need to have preached to them the gospel of discontent. Negroes own but 4 per cent. of the taxable property of the State.

But the negroes have the field, and are in almost complete control of the industrial situation. White laborers are not in demand. So little confidence is there in the poor whites that one of respectable appearance might tramp the country through for work, and no one would hire him; whereas the most disreputable-looking negro would be set to work as soon as he offered himself. This is because of the confidence had in the natural disposition of the negro. He is docile, and, when necessity requires it, he will work without making trouble. The only drawback to the rapid development of this vast uncleared cotton area is the scarcity of labor. And in this lies the negroes' opportunity. This gives them a vantage ground which they are using with good effect for securing fair treatment by the whites. The persecution of the negroes in this region does not originate with the property owners; indeed, they look upon Gov. Vardaman and his followers as their worst enemies. The localities where the negroes are grossly abused are quickly forsaken by them, and the work of the fields goes undone. Two or three of the large planters in the region where the negroes spoken of above were burnt at the stake, have sold their estates and abandoned the locality because of the difficulty of getting help in the fields caused by this inhuman treatment.

The same is true in another region near by, where our driver gleefully pointed out the limb of a tree on which "three niggers were hung" recently. The cotton in that region is going unpicked from lack of help. On riding between two fields, one of which was nearly picked and the other untouched, our driver explained the fact by saying that the "nigger" had got his own field almost done, and the white man was attending upon the completion of it. While the negroes are quietly abandoning certain localities where they are unjustly treated, they are flocking wherever they receive fair treatment. On another plantation, where special efforts had been made to provide good schools, more tenants offered themselves than could be provided with land.

The hope of the negro at the South evidently lies, not in universal suffrage, but in the natural working of these great economical forces. So long as his civil rights are fairly well protected (and that can be done through the courts), the future of the negro is in his own hands. As an economic force, he is indispensable to the South, and indeed to the whole country. With freedom and urgent demand for his labor, he can win a position for himself if he has the proper moral qualities.

We have had occasion to see in many instances the deep and widespread influence of schools sustained by Northern benefactions. In one case we found a most efficient elderly lady from Maine, who had been thirty-five years engaged in these schools, and now had a hundred young negro girls under her care, whom she and her assistants were teaching, not only book learning, but all the elements of neat housekeeping. Such pupils, like those from Tuskegee, are in great demand, and go out to infuse higher ideals of life among their people. Their efforts all put together seem, however, like only a drop in the bucket. But when one comprehends the strength of the economic forces into which these elevating ideas are being introduced, he may well thank God and take courage. The negroes even of the Cotton Belt of Mississippi are going to be permeated by higher ideas, and so become far more efficient economically in the country. Compared with the hope arising from this general situation, that from unrestricted suffrage is of small account.

Nor should we fail to give due credit to the beneficent work of the public-school system of the State. Ninety-six per cent. of the taxes of Mississippi is paid by the whites, and only four per cent. by the negroes; yet the negroes receive more than half of that raised for school purposes. It is true that the present Governor has advocated a division of the funds according to the taxable value of the property owned by the two races; but in this he has little support, and the Constitution of the United States would stand in the way of the enforcement of any such plan. The public school system of the South is capable of doing far more for the negroes than all the educational efforts of Northern philanthropists are doing. Indeed, their work will be valuable chiefly as it incorporates itself with that of the Southern public-school system. These Northern schools are doing, however, incalculable good in furnishing teachers for the public schools, and in raising their standard of efficiency.

One cannot travel through this part of the South without having his sympathies stirred for the poor whites. As one meets them moving about over the highlands in their covered wagons, or sees them boiling syrup from the little patches of sorghum by the roadside, he can but see that their economic future is far more hopeless than that of the energetic and self-respecting colored population who work the cotton fields of the delta. But in all this one must take a long look into the future, and not occupy his thoughts too much with the imperfections of the present. Cotton is to remain king, and the Mississippi delta is to be the seat of its dominion. The people who predominantly occupy that seat of power are favored above almost all others. Cotton cannot be picked by machinery. The negroes must do it, and it is done to best advantage by families who are interested in the crop. Thus we have in the necessities of the case a most important agency giving prominence to the family, and counteracting the evils of the factory system, which, in many places, is abolishing to a great degree the significance both of the family and of the individual.

G. Frederick Wright.

BARON HUEBNER'S SOUVENIRS.—I.

Paris, October 10, 1904.

The second volume of Baron Hübner's 'Souvenirs,' which has just appeared, will certainly be as much read as the first. It begins on the 1st of January, 1857, and, as before, with the diplomatic reception at the Tuileries by the Emperor—a reception which was purely formal and had nothing extraordinary. We note nothing at this time but the death of Princess Lieven.

"She retained all her lucidity of mind, showed great serenity, and awaited death with impatience. . . . Her son, her nephew Benkendorff, and Monsieur Guizot were with her during the last night of her long life. She sent them away with a gesture and died a few moments afterwards. Politics interested her up to the very last. She sent to me for news, and wished to know where

the conference about Neuchâtel would be held."

In a letter to Count Buol, Hübner wrote:

"Last night, one of the persons who, half a century ago, made a great mark in the diplomatic world and on the great European stage, disappeared after a short illness. Princess Lieven died of a catarrhal fever. Her body, much worn, succumbed almost without a struggle. She preserved to the end the use of her faculties, her charm of mind, the grace of the grand manner which distinguished her in so high a degree. . . . She had witnessed the eighteenth century, she was the last representative of a great epoch, and the last depositary of the good traditions which are disappearing in this country."

I find a curious conversation with M. Piscatory, who was long the French Minister at Athens, one of the parliament men imprisoned on the day of the *Coup d'État* of December 2. Speaking of this *coup d'état*, Piscatory said that Napoleon would have made it, "'not with the former ministers of Louis Philippe, but with younger men wearing our color, if they would have stood by him seriously.' 'But,' said I, 'M. Molé's great idea was to create a vacuum round him.' 'Yes,' answered Piscatory, 'they created it so well that he could walk wherever he pleased.'" Piscatory was very far-seeing. He said:

"Nobody in the old parties desired seriously that the chief of the eldest branch should return to France. M. Berryer would be in despair if the Count de Chambord returned; M. Thiers does not care for a return of the Orléans. Nobody wishes to run the chances of new events. Nobody wants to compromise his situation as leader of a party; and, first of all, the Count de Chambord is one, and might be more patient."

Count Buol, Hübner's chief, was hostile to the French Government and to its general policy; he represented essentially the old tradition of Austria, looked upon Napoleon III. as an upstart Emperor, and felt that he favored the views of those who desired Austria to be expelled from Italy. Hübner held all the ideas of his chief, but with more moderation; his position made it necessary for him to be always on his guard, and to have relations with people whom he neither liked nor respected. He knew very well that the atmosphere of the Court was decidedly anti-Austrian, and that the politeness shown him was often a mere veil. His notes on diplomatic and political affairs have lost much of their interest, after the lapse of so many years and so many events which have, in a great measure, completely altered the political state of Europe. It is more interesting to meet with his remarks on the men and women who were notorious under the Second Empire. This is, for instance, what he says of Baron Haussmann:

"The physiognomy of Paris is changing day by day. M. Haussmann is the inspirer and the soul of all the contemporary public construction in Paris. There is nothing more interesting than to hear him explain with extreme lucidity his projects, the way they were conceived, the means which he employs to realize them. He is a man *hors ligne* in his sphere of action, and, to my mind, the greatest figure which the Second Empire has produced, so far. Constantly attacked by envious people, he has been able, thanks to the protection of the Emperor Napoleon, which never fails him, to make the capital more healthy, to trace great arteries, to create all the marvels, not always of exquisite taste, which are admired in the capital of France, and which Europe is anxious to imitate."

There are many curious details about the attempt made at the door of the Opéra on the life of Napoleon by Orsini and three other Italians. Hübner heard the first news at a dinner at Alphonse de Rothschild's. Bombs were thrown at the carriages which bore the Emperor, the Empress, and their suite; some bystanders were wounded. The Emperor and Empress went directly to their box; it was noticed that the Empress had marks of blood on her gown—the blood of the wounded horses. The next day Hübner talked with Count Bacciochi, the "jovial and amiable" introducer of the Ambassadors, who made him acquainted with what he calls the atmosphere of the Tuileries.

"The first impression there was that of immense joy—the joy of having escaped from a misfortune which would have put an end to the social and political fortune of the favorites of the present régime. Another sentiment has developed with extraordinary force, namely, indignation against England. This excess of anger can be explained only by a watchword which is certainly not given by Napoleon III. . . . The agitation comes from the palace of the Presidency of the Legislative Corps, of which Morny is the soul. He exploits the attempt in the interest of the Russian alliance, of which he is the fervent advocate."

At the diplomatic reception, where the Ambassadors offered their congratulations to the sovereign—

"the Empress told us with spirit and with a certain coquetry the details of the attempt. After the first explosion, which killed a horse, and thus hindered the other horses from proceeding, the two doors of the carriage were opened at the same time and sinister-looking men approached, evidently with the intention to finish their victims with their poniards. At that moment she thought herself lost. But policemen came forward and helped their Majesties to come out."

The passing to the door of the theatre, she continued, "was not very nice; the Emperor wished to retrace his steps to speak to the wounded, but I dragged him to the hall, saying, 'Not so foolish! Enough of that!'" Long afterwards a person who followed the sovereigns to their box told Hübner that "the Emperor seemed at that moment quite demoralized, while the Empress was admirable in her calm and intrepidity."

In the speech from the Throne, which opened the Legislative session, the Emperor asked for repressive laws. "He seemed to be under great emotion, and the Chamber to share it. People feel and say, 'What a mess (*gâchis*) if this man had been killed!'" The day after, there was a great ball at the Tuileries.

"I dance a quadrille," says Hübner, "with Princess Anna Murat, next with the Empress, and afterwards have a long talk with her. The order of the day is this: The army will save the Empire and the Napoleonic dynasty, even if Louis Napoleon be killed. One is so excited at the idea of seeing a handsome woman with a baby in her arms, seconded by a heroic army, saving France, that for the moment the Emperor, destined to be carried away by a bomb, seems almost to have become a *quantité négligeable*."

I cite this passage to show what illusions can be formed and how they are dispelled by events. Who could think then of Sedan and of the 4th of September? The anti-English sentiment on which Hübner dilates reached its climax in addresses sent to the Emperor by the colonels of the army. Hübner, who mentions them, adds:

"This proves only what I have maintained ever since the *Coup d'État*, that the Empire, notwithstanding contrary appearances, was the result of a military conspiracy, and can subsist only with the help and the good will of the army. The Emperor seems to understand how painful his situation is. He seems disconcerted, sad, almost overpowered. The Empress, on the contrary, enjoys her triumph of a heroine. She has risen and looks well."

There is certainly a connection between the sentiments expressed by the army and the Italian war. It has been thought that the war was hastened by the attempt of Orsini, who was an agent of the Italian *carbonari*, and who wrote a letter to Napoleon before ascending the scaffold. Napoleon was imbued with a desire to help the Italian cause; he was also desirous to give occupation to the army; he was anxious to remodel the map of Europe; and though he had said, on becoming Emperor, "L'Empire, c'est la paix," he entered first upon the Crimean war, and afterwards upon the Italian. Hübner says, in a note (written long after the journal) on the subject of the possible connection between Orsini's attempt and the Italian war:

"The Emperor of the French, placed at the highest summit of greatness, accepted on a footing of equality by the heads of the older dynasties, had forgotten the pledges made in his youth to those who dispose of the unknown and dark powers. Orsini's bombs came to remind him of it. A ray of light suddenly struck his mind. He must have understood that his former associates never forgot nor forgave, and that their implacable hatred would be appeased only when the renegade returned to the bosom of the sect."

We arrive now at the most important part of Hübner's memoirs—at the period which prepared the Italian war. The Crimean war had been only a sort of military *hors d'œuvre;* it had taken place out of what may be considered Europe proper; it had effected no permanent or great changes in Europe; it had left the Turks in Constantinople; it had added no strength to the power of the Sultan, nor really diminished the power and the prestige of Russia. It was not so with the Italian war, of which the importance was paramount in the second half of the last century, which accomplished great changes and paved the way for still greater ones.

Correspondence.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "W. C. L.'s" letter in the last issue of the *Nation*, raising the question, How can any sane man vote for Parker? and conversely, How can any sane man vote for Roosevelt? gives, I take it, the views of but one class of men on each side of the question. Brokers and college professors are doubtless an important part of the body politic, and, under an ideal form of government, should wield more influence than they now do in shaping public policy as determined by elections; but under our present system of counting noses at election time, it is the man in the street who decides all these questions for us.

This "man in the street"—whether it be a city street or a village street, it matters not—is a person who acts on certain vague feelings and instincts without much regard

for strict logic, historical perspective, or the principles of political science as taught in the books. Matters outside of the United States do not interest him much unless there be a war going on, when he devours all the harrowing details of destruction of life and property with the same interest that at home he follows the details of a prizefight or a football game. But on matters purely American he entertains one or two decided opinions.

Speaking about a little unpleasantness caused by one Shays in the early history of Massachusetts, that profound statesman and level-headed philosopher, never to be sufficiently admired by all true Americans, Mr. Thomas Jefferson, said:

"A little rebellion now and then is a good thing; . . . an observation of this truth should render honest republican governors so mild in their punishment of rebellions as not to discourage them too much. It is a medicine necessary for the sound health of government." "God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion—what signify a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure."

With the lapse of the one hundred and seventeen years since the above pious opinion was expressed, the average American citizen may have become less truculent and bloodthirsty, but it is pretty certain that at present he is not in favor of fertilizing the tree of liberty with any more human blood. He is undoubtedly a peculiar sort of person, but he does not enjoy having bricks heaved at peaceful citizens while riding on street cars, having workingmen assassinated because they are willing to work, or having hearses stoned because a Labor Union does not approve the funeral arrangements! How does the man in the street know that either political party is responsible for these riots, commotions, "rebellions," as Jefferson calls them? He does not, but the papers that support the rioters, in Chicago at least, are Hearst newspapers, that loudly proclaim their Democracy. "Ergo," says the man in the street. . . .

The same crude logic couples the fact that the government of most American cities is unspeakably rotten with the fact that the government of most large American cities is in the hands of the Democrats. "Ergo again," says the man in the street.

The things right under his nose are what interest the average citizen. In our large cities at least the Democratic party has often been singularly unfortunate in its professed champions. E. L. C. M.

Chicago, October 30, 1904.

PRESIDENTIAL ADVERTISING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In current issues of a number of magazines and periodicals, whose circulations are enormous, there appears, among the advertising pages, a full page centred with the picture of President Roosevelt, and filled in with extracts from his utterances, together with favorable utterances from others concerning him and his policies.

Thus does the self-respecting, dignified Republican voter see his idol placed before him along with baby powders, corn plasters, and salad dressings at so much per page. Such an undignified bid for support is an insult to American manhood, a disgrace to our nation, and should cost the Republican nominee many, many votes.

Yours very truly, F. W. Parker.

Chicago, October 8, 1904.

[We print the above because it illustrates the minor motives which may govern men in casting a vote for President when great issues are involved. South of Mason and Dixon's line, Mr. Roosevelt's spontaneous civility to a half-white man of national distinction is denounced in terms like those applied by our correspondent to campaign methods which, after all, are an appeal to reason, and better than torchlight processions. And if we concede something to our correspondent's sensitive regard for appearances, we would ask whether the *réclame* of a personally conducted campaign is worse in Mr. Roosevelt than McKinley's offering a place in his Cabinet to the man who had paid his debts and made him President. The American public was not too nice to stomach that.—Ed. Nation.]

THE PRIMARY FUNCTION OF POETRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "Browning's characteristic poems do not give me pleasure of that sort which it is supposed to be the special function of poetry to give."

This quotation from Mr. Goldwin Smith, in your notice of his contribution to a recent number of the *American Historical Review*, contains a generally accepted fallacy, and reveals the rock upon which many a critic has foundered and made shipwreck of his craft. I refer to the stated supposition that it is the special function of poetry to give pleasure.

Not only does Mr. Goldwin Smith, but numberless critics beside, including many writers on rhetoric, arrive at conclusions from this false premise that in no wise explain the function of poetry. I think it may be said, with no attempt, or even desire, to derogate from the high esteem in which the eminent professor is justly held, that whoever argues that the primary function of poetry is to please, does not understand poetry. In making so sweeping an assertion, I am not unaware that perhaps three-fourths of the readers of poetry are animated, more or less, by this fallacy, which is as nonchalantly uttered and as stoutly maintained as if it were a truth, demonstrated beyond all possibility of dispute; whereas, ultimately, no view of poetry could be more belittling, if I might not use a stronger word. It were certainly far from flattering to the body of earnest-minded men who make up the poets, to say of them that they have given the best that was in them to the primary end of pleasing.

If the poets themselves are to be believed, the first and last aim of their work is, not to please, but to teach. In other words, the poet's business is to see and reveal. It is as the Holy Spirit dictating to the lonely seer on the isle of Patmos, "Write what thou seest." Only in so far as the poet heeds this injunction, obeying it as a good soldier obeys his captain's order, and gives a faithful transcript of the vision, does he fulfil his high and holy office. This without regard to whether his transcript please or displease.

I do not deny, however, that some sentiments, from being expressed in poetry, acquire a property of pleasing above that which they ordinarily possess; but this power of pleasing is incidental or secondary, like that which comes from the mating of sound to sense in the use of words. Do I seek to please men or God? This the poet's question always; and (I say it reverently) the question was not answered with more undoubting decisiveness by the great apostle who propounds it than by the men who wear and deserve the name of poets.

I know of no more conspicuous irony of human life than that, in view of the notable impulse given by the poets to every moral advance of the human race, they should still be looked upon by the beneficiaries of their labors as beings who passed lightly through the byways of life, furnishing pleasant entertainment to others by the pretty flowers chance-gathered by the roadside, instead of being looked upon, as indeed they are, as fellow-travellers who, contemplating this problem of human existence, saw it with clearer vision than we, and gave us the result of their sight or insight in the best and most heart-reaching words they could find.

The subject is indeed a wide one, and so, not to trespass unduly on your space, allow me to cite at random, and from the poets themselves, some views relative to the function of poetry. I would recommend, in this connection, that the whole of Lowell's Ode, beginning "In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder," be thoughtfully read. This Ode I look upon, and I think rightly, as the clearest, most comprehensive, most mightily worded exposition of the function of poetry to be found in the English language, certainly in any American author. And while I suppose Mr. Goldwin Smith, and those who hold with him, would dismiss this Ode as a highly figurative work of the imagination, it is, nevertheless, the literal statement of a literal fact.

"In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder,
The Poet's song with blood-warm truth was rife;
He saw the mysteries which circle under
The outward shell and skin of daily life.
Nothing to him were fleeting time and fashion—
His soul was led by the eternal law;
There was in him no hope of fame, no passion,
But with calm, godlike eyes he only saw.

. . . . . .

But now the Poet is an empty rhymer,
Who lies with idle elbow on the grass,
And fits his singing, like a cunning timer,
To all men's pride and fancies as they pass."

There is the picture of your pleasure purveyor.

"Not his the song which, in its metre holy,
Chimes with the music of the eternal stars,
Humbling the tyrant, lifting up the lowly,
And *ding sun through the soul's prison-bars.*"

The italicized clause in the last line tells what the true function of poetry is.

Once more. I cite from Byron this:

"When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic muse,
Her voice their only ransom from afar."

In either of these two cases, it will be observed that the question of pleasure is not once asked, nor even thought of, but the far deeper question seems to have been insistently next these poets' hearts. Always the question is: "Has the light broken in your hearts? or, Have you felt the divine uplift?"

Lowell's Ode was written when he stood at the threshold of his career. It was here he gave us to understand what we might reasonably expect from him. It is the statement by the architect of the building he proposes to erect, the propounding of the theory by which he meant to work. Long years after the writing of this Ode, when "past my next mile-stone waits my seventieth year," it is not improbable that the man of gray hairs, and judgment cooled in the hard school of life, had discovered the shortcomings or the flaws in this youthful, hot-hearted ideal. Writing to his lifelong friend, George William Curtis, Lowell replies to the criticism that his poems (meaning, I presume, chiefly the 'Biglow Papers') had given, instead of the pleasure which, it is argued in some quarters, it is the first function of poetry to give, the exact opposite of pleasure, namely, pain. Deeply as Lowell the man deprecated the offence which he had given, yet, being a poet, in the true sense of the word, he *must*

"blurt ungrateful truths, if so they be.
That none may need to say them after me."

Hear him further: "I hate to speak; much more what makes the need." But being, as I said, a poet, the spirit of inevitable necessity was laid upon him, and, at the risk of offending and alienating even those of his own household, he had to speak.

Such, in brief, is my notion of what poetry is in its primary function—the making better of men's hearts, as it were by fire.

Of course, it is to be expected that this false premise of the pleasure-giving function of poetry, being foundational with the school of Mr. Goldwin Smith, will be found to vitiate most of the judgments summarily passed by this school on particular poets. Thus, when Mr. Smith says that Burns in a manner is not surpassed, he is merely juggling words, and tells us nothing about Burns or about poetry. Similarly, the mischief of this foundational fallacy crops out more glaringly in Mr. Smith's almost contemptuous dismissal of Tennyson. "Tennyson has been called a great teacher; but he has nothing definite to teach." Does Mr. Smith mean that the apostle Paul has nothing definite to teach in that great passage, "We walk by faith, and not by sight"? The laureate teaches the same:

"Strong Son of God! immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

And on through "In Memoriam" there is teaching of the most definite sort, if one has but the will to look for teaching instead of looking for pleasure. Think you Tennyson has nothing definite to teach when his verse teems with such thoughts as this—"Often a man's own stubborn pride is cap and bells for a fool"?—that there is nothing definite in the teaching that a man finds himself only when he loses himself and his will in the fathomless will of God?

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou.
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

JAMES E. FRENCH.

CINCINNATI, October 25, 1904.

A MISQUOTATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your critic has treated my 'Napoleon' so handsomely that I feel some diffidence in asking you to make a very trifling correction. He quotes me as writing, "it is safe to be predicted." I was much relieved on turning to the text to find that I may plea not guilty of such a barbarous expression, and that what I have written is: "it is safe to predict." Doubtless your compositor allowed his imagination to wander.

I am, yours faithfully,

R. M. JOHNSTON.

44 SHEPARD ST., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
October 30, 1904.

A HOUSE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the latest issue of your paper is printed a pleasantly worded reference to the volume on 'Library Practice' by Roebuck and Thorne, which is our publication for both London and New York. The writer of the notice says of the book that it "bears the imprint of Messrs. Putnam, *but* is English made and intended." The reviewer evidently writes under the impression that our publishing interests are exclusively American. It is the case, however, that since 1840 our house has had publishing interests in Great Britain, and during the past thirty years our books have borne the inprint of "New York and London." We are, in fact, at this time taking up through our London house the publication of a number of works by English authors, for some of which the interest will naturally be larger with the English than with the American public.

We are, yours respectfully,

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

NEW YORK, October 31, 1904.

[No; our remarks had reference to the typography of this particular publication.—ED. NATION.]

THE NEW EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For the first time in the twenty years that I have read the *Nation* I give way to the temptation of writing to the Editor, for I must express my satisfaction in finding my own views on the "New Education" so strongly and finely stated in an editorial of October 20. Take away the first part, explaining the situation in New York city, the remainder ought to be illuminated and hung in the private sanctum of every educator, and printed in leaflet form and presented to every "influential citizen and taxpayer." It is concise, clear cut, vitalized with conviction, and rendered contagious by a restrained but fine enthusiasm. It is the best short article on the subject that I have seen, and, being in the reference department of a library, I see many attempts. Coming from the *Nation*, I am hopeful that it may have influence with conservative people.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANCES B. TURNER.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., October 24, 1904.

Notes.

Harper & Bros. will publish directly 'Red Hunters and the Animal People,' stories by Charles A. Eastman, M.D. (himself a Sioux); 'London Mews,' verses about cats, by Catherine Janvier; 'How to Draw,' by Leon Burritt; 'The Land of Riddles (Russia)', by Dr. Hugo Ganz; and 'Phases of Modern Music,' by Lawrence Gilman.

Messrs. Putnam are preparing for the holidays "Les Classiques Françaises," little books, bound in leather, gilt-stamped, and giving texts in clear type from Feuillet, Mérimée, Sand, Sainte-Beuve, etc. Other announcements are 'The Coming Conquest of England,' a translation of August Niemann's 'Weltkrieg'; 'Breaking the Wilderness,' by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh; and 'The Garden of Tears,' poems by the late Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Macmillan's November list includes the fifth volume of James Ford Rhodes's 'History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850,' ending with President Johnson's checkmate by Congress; Clifton Johnson's 'Highways and Byways of the South'; 'Paris and its Story,' by Thomas Okey; 'From the Monarchy to the Republic in France,' by Miss Sophia H. MacLehose; 'The Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy, and the Rise of the Secret Societies,' by R. M. Johnston, in two volumes; 'The Story of Ferrara,' by Ella Noyes; 'Recent Discoveries in the Roman Forum,' by St. Clair Baddeley; 'Sunny Sicily,' by Mrs. Alec Tweedie; 'British Water-Color Art,' by Marcus B. Huish; 'The Principles and Progress of English Poetry,' by Charles Mills Gayley and Clement C. Young; and 'The Distribution of Wealth,' by Thomas Nixon Carver of Harvard.

McClure, Phillips & Co. offer this month 'A Country Home for Everybody,' by E. P. Powell.

Funk & Wagnalls Co. will be the American publishers of E. D. Morel's 'King Leopold's Rule on the Congo' (London: Heinemann).

Hodder & Stoughton in London and John Lane in this city will bring out 'Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Novelist, Critic,' edited by James Douglas, who has obtained leave to make selections not only from the critical essays but from the poems of his author. The volume will be illustrated.

'Moral Education,' by Prof. Edward Howard Griggs, is announced for early publication by B. W. Huebsch of this city.

Prof. William Knight's collection of 800 letters from William and Dorothy Wordsworth to their brother John is nearly ready to be issued by Ginn & Co.

Richard G. Badger, Boston, announces 'Cassia, and Other Verse,' by Edith M. Thomas; 'Contrasted Songs,' by Marian Longfellow, a niece of the poet; and a volume of verse by Hildegarde Hawthorne, granddaughter of the novelist.

For 'A Geometrical Political Economy,' by H. Cunynghame, "an elementary treatise on the method of explaining some of the theories of pure economic science by means of diagrams," the curious are referred to a promise of the Oxford University Press.

Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' has been reissued in a dignified little volume bound in dark blue cloth, printed in a very clear and round font, and illustrated by sixteen designs, chiefly from the pen and brush of T. Hamilton Crawford, the remainder being from old engravings—on the whole a harmonious and a decorative series (Scribners).

Alexander Jessup's 'The Best of Stevenson,' with a good portrait, bears the new imprint of H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. The same firm, among a number of reissues,

make two taking little volumes out of De Quincey's Essays, with Charles Whibley's Introduction, and Thackeray's 'Four Georges,' introduced by George Meredith.

Mr. Mabie's 'Nature and Culture' within its decade has been handsomely treated with tinted illustrations of wood and shore and pen-and-ink head and tail-pieces in a way to please its admirers (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

The Century Co.'s "Thumb-Nail Series," with buff stamped leather cover, is reinforced by Irving's 'Old English Christmas' and Shakspere's "As You Like It" and "Romeo and Juliet," each with a portrait; companionable booklets, with an air of distinction.

Tolstoy's 'Plays: The Power of Darkness, The First Distiller, Fruits of Culture,' translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude, is now added to the revised edition of his works published by the Funk & Wagnalls Co. An appendix contains a valuable "Annotated List of the Works of Leo Tolstoy."

The fourth and concluding volume in M. Oppenheim's edition of Sir Arthur Helps's 'Spanish Conquest in America' is at last off the press (John Lane). The work is handsomely printed, learnedly edited, and has an itemized index of 70 pages. Though long in course of production, it was worth waiting for.

The fifteenth edition of Baedeker's Handbook of Paris and its Environs comes to us from Charles Scribner's Sons. Of interest is the list of suburban electric lines, which are rapidly multiplying, and this item at the very end: "In August, 1904, about 1,000 *Taxameter Cabs* (*Taxamètres: Voitures à Compteur*) were placed for hire on the streets of Paris," following the successful example of Berlin and other German cities. They are "provided with indicators clearly showing the fare due for each drive," and hence preventing dispute.

Mr. Francis L. Wellman's 'Art of Cross-Examination' (Macmillan) was reviewed in these columns at the time of its publication. The great demand for the book, which is as entertaining as it is instructive, has led the author to bring out a new and enlarged edition. He had added as much material as was contained in the original volume; five chapters are entirely new. The cross-examination of Miss Martinez by Mr. J. H. Choate, in her celebrated breach-of-promise case, tried in this city, is given at great length; it is not accessible, we believe, elsewhere. Valuable illustrations are also given of the use made of it in summing up. The chapters on "Fallacies of Testimony" and "Cross-examination to Probabilities" are new and interesting. A very curious case is that of Twichell, properly convicted of murder in Philadelphia, some years ago, though by utterly mistaken testimony. Having murdered his wife, he took her body into the yard and left it there, carefully unbolting the gate leading to the street, and leaving it ajar, so that it should appear that the house had been entered through it. In the morning, the maid-servant got up, went into the yard, stumbled over the dead body of her mistress, and in great terror rushed through the gate into the street and summoned the police. On the trial, she swore positively that she had unbolted the gate on the morning of the murder, this having been her habit on every other morning. This testimony convicted Twichell, he having been the only other person in the house; but it was an entire mistake. The case is a remarkable illustration of the fallibility of the most entirely honest testimony. The fallacy of *habit*, like that of *desire* and *bias*, is always at our elbow to prevent us from telling the exact truth. This chapter may be specially commended to the attention of those engaged in psychical research.

Dr. Curtis Hidden Page disclaims for his 'British Poets of the Nineteenth Century' (Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co.) the character of a new anthology for the period, on the ground of its narrow inclusiveness. It embraces, in fact, only "the fifteen chief poets of the century." Its aim is threefold: to furnish in one volume enough to satisfy the needs of a college student in such a course, to guide him in the concurrent use of a library, and, finally, to be helpful in other courses in English literature. No doubt it will be appreciated in all three aspects. The second is supported by classified reference lists discriminating among editions, and by indication of critical essays on the given author. The arrangement of pieces is chronological, and many long poems are printed entire. Criticism will of course begin with the list of fifteen, and for our own part we could wish either Mrs. Browning or William Morris passed over in favor of Edward FitzGerald—certainly not a creative poet, but in taste and in diction easily the superior of either of the two. The selections we do not quarrel with, but since we have Swinburne on Whitman, we should have liked Matthew Arnold on Emerson and his "voice oracular." We miss Clough's "Necessity" (" 'Tis common sense"); and in place of Landor's "Shakspere and Milton" we should have put his fine Miltonian "Will mortals never know each other's station Without the herald?"

Another anthology, in charming attire, is Anna Benneson McMahan's 'Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings' (Chicago: McClurg). The frontispiece shows Casa Guidi, and more than sixty other half-tones (after Alinari photographs in the main) exhibit statuary and painting, palaces and towers, bridges and gates, cloisters and villas, and scenery. This is all very well carried out, and the book makes a pretty gift or a tourist's vade-mecum. The print is elegant.

Calendars are already making their appearance. The 'Browning Calendar' of T. Y. Crowell & Co., edited by Constance M. Spender, is a thin, tasteful volume of daily verse from Robert Browning only, of whom an unusual portrait is made frontispiece. Since election day is close at hand, we select November 8 for a chance extract (*absit omen!*):

> "That low man seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it:
> This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it."

The 'Daheim-Kalender für das Deutsche Reich' for 1905 (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Büchner) is of the old-fashioned Annual order, with essays, stories, and illustrations of excellent quality. Mentionable are Professor Heinemann's article on Schiller and his Lotte; Lieut. W. von Bremen's narrative of Napoleon's campaign "From Boulogne to Austerlitz"; Rosenberg's centenary notice of the great sculptor Rietschel, and Buss's survey of the reign of crinoline. All these are copiously illustrated in the best manner, adding numerous portraits to those of sovereigns in the preliminary genealogy of princely houses, and of the eminent dead commemorated in the Necrology. Not a few illustrations (as those relating to garden birds) are in color.

The *Geographical Journal* for October describes a journey of unusual interest in northern Argentina by Mr. F. O'Driscoll. Though the country is now sparsely settled by an ignorant and unprogressive people, there are abundant evidences that in prehistoric times an intelligent and industrious race lived here. Scattered through the valleys and on the mountain sides, and in one instance on the summit of a mountain 16,000 feet above the sea level, are the remains of extensive workings, including shafts, galleries, and water ditches. "The amount of work done by some people of the past was enormous." No reference is made to ruins of habitations, temples, or forts such as are found in the ancient mining regions of South Africa, and apparently none have been discovered. The mineral wealth is not exhausted, according to Mr. O'Driscoll. In the province of La Rioja "the headwaters of most of the streams are black, blue, green, or yellow in color, and so highly are they impregnated with the salts of copper, silver, and other metals that tired mules, without water for two or even three days, refuse to drink of them." Some regular mining work is being carried on here, and the Argentine Government is building the largest aerial railway in the world to connect the mines with the Government railway. The agricultural resources are still largely undeveloped.

'The New Japanese Civil Code, as Material for the Study of Comparative Jurisprudence,' is the title of a pamphlet, by Professor N. Hozumi of the Imperial University of Tokio, in which he summarizes the notable features of that code. Instead of adopting Prof. Boissonade's code (1880-1890), based upon the French civil code, the Japanese, after fifteen or twenty years of discussion and selection, completed a new body of law, which came into force on the 16th of July, 1898. Each of the great epochs of Japanese history—the introduction of Chinese civilization (701 A. D.), the establishment of feudalism (1232 A. D.), and the adoption, or rather the adaptation, of Western civilization (1868 A. D.), has been followed by codification. In the codes of 1898 we see the departure from "the Family of Chinese law," to which for nearly twelve hundred years that of Japan belonged, to "the Roman Family of law." The outstanding features of the new codes are publicity and the personality of the individual. Previous to the Restoration of 1868 there was no idea that publication was essential to law, and the criminal code was kept in strict secrecy, the laws being commands addressed to the magistrates, not to the people. The conception of making the statute a rule of conduct for the citizen was reached only after the introduction of Occidental jurisprudence. The Chinese maxim was, as it is yet, "Let the people abide by, but not be apprised of, the law." Now, the books of law are cheaply published for the use and benefit of all. The arrangement of the new code shows three stages in the evolution of the laws of succession, the latter being conceived successively as a mode of perpetuating the worship of ancestors, of succeeding to the status of de-

ceased persons, and as a mode of acquiring property. In old Japan there were no "rights," as neither the word nor the thing existed. In the new codes, the rules of duty have become also the rules of right. The chapters on House and Kinship, House-headship and Parental Power, Relationships, and Adoption, are very suggestive and informing.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Inscriptions, M. Clermont-Ganneau offered for study a small Isis statue sent by Maspero, the head of the Cairo Museum. The unique feature of this find consists in the fact that the back of the statuette is covered with a Semitic inscription stating that a certain Gersaphon had dedicated this Astarte image, thus implying the identity of the Egyptian goddess with the Phœnician.

Arrangements have finally been completed for connecting Iceland by cable with Denmark. The line is to run by way of the Faroe and Shetland Islands to a point on the west coast, from which it will be connected overland with Reykjavik. The concession is granted to the Great Northern Telegraph Company of Copenhagen, and is for twenty years from the time of connection, which must not be later than January 1, 1906. An annual subsidy of 80,000 kroner ($23,000) is to be paid from the Danish and Icelandic treasuries. Apart from its convenience to business men and tourists, this improvement will add greatly to the efficiency of the Danish meteorological bureau, as daily weather reports are to be sent to Copenhagen.

Mr. Jacques Reich's series of large-scale etchings of American statesmen has just been extended by one of Webster, which will take rank among the best of the metal-engraved portraits of this subject. The plate measures 13½x18 inches. The head is in a key that recalls "Black Dan"; there is excellent modelling in the right cheek particularly, and the eyes are carefully rendered, with a skilful suggestion of age. It is Webster nearing the end who is shown here—Webster of the 7th of March speech, in which capacity he still has plenty of admirers, and even more apologists. So our artist ought to find his patronage. Mr. Reich's address is 2 West 14th Street, New York.

—Another chapter of Dr. Andrew D. White's reminiscences stands out most prominently among the contents of the November *Century*. The special subject is his mission to Russia, under Presidents Harrison and Cleveland, 1892-1894. The criticisms of Russian men and policies are in effect extremely severe, though measured in utterance and entirely free from any mark of prejudice. Dr. White takes sharp issue even with the prevalent impression that, in spite of the general backwardness, Russia nevertheless produces great statesmen: "As a matter of fact, there has not been a statesman of the first class in Russia since Peter the Great, and none of the second class, unless Nesselrode and the first Emperor Nicholas are to be excepted." The atmosphere of autocracy destroys the possible greatness of Russia's statesmen, and whatever growth she has made during the past forty years has been in spite of them. Dr. White confesses to considerable surprise that President Harrison should have called him to office, since he had visited the White House a short time before for the express purpose of calling attention to shortcomings of the Administration in the management of the civil service. After the election of Cleveland he tendered his resignation and gave up his apartments, only to be again surprised by the earnest request of the new President that he would retain his post. One point in Russian policy he finds worthy of hearty commendation, and that is the care which surrounds the bestowal of citizenship, in comparison with our own looseness in giving it—not merely to men unfit to exercise it, but even to adventurers who come here just long enough to obtain it and then leave "in order to escape the duties both of their native and their adopted country, thus availing themselves of the privileges of both citizenships without one thought of the duties of either." Prof. Henry F. Osborn has a fascinating paper on "The Evolution of the Horse in America," based upon the explorations conducted by the American Museum, by means of the William C. Whitney fund.

—In the first number of volume iii. of the 'Memoirs of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, Harvard University,' Mr. Edward H. Thompson gives a short, concise, and interesting description of three groups of ruins in middle Yucatan. He indulges in no exuberant language about size and architectural beauty, and no lament over the "ancient civilization" having passed away; above all, in no attempt to interpret the gaudy Indian wall-paintings, of which he gives copies in color. His ground-plans show an earnest endeavor to exhibit at least one of the ruined complexes in full, not limiting himself to giving the most striking edifices only: and yet he leaves us in doubt as to whether he has given all or not. It is exceedingly difficult to obtain a perfect survey of any complex of ruins in those densely wooded regions. Triangulation is impeded by tall vegetation and by the absence of sufficiently commanding points. A path has to be cut from ruin to ruin, and in this laborious and protracted work it is easy to overlook minor vestiges, the existence of which is as important as that of the larger. But Mr. Thompson has done much in that direction, and, as he will probably continue his labors, we may, sooner or later, hope at last for a complete plan of one or more of the ancient Yucatan settlements, conveying a complete idea of its extent, approximate density of population, and the several types of constructions embraced in it. Hitherto we have had merely diagrams of parts of each ruin, or sometimes of only one or a few isolated edifices of better preservation or particularly striking appearance. These give no proper idea of the part such buildings played in the economy of the whole group.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish 'Science and Immortality,' by William Osler, M.D., F.R.S., the fifth lecture delivered at Harvard University on the Ingersoll foundation. If the founder of this course desired to assist our faith in immortality, her wishes have not so far been met to any great extent. On the other hand, the individuality of the lecturers has been pronounced. Dr. Osler is no exception to the rule in this respect. He has been appointed to succeed Sir John Burdon Sanderson as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University, and his distinctly scientific acquirements are probably superior to those of any of the Ingersoll lecturers who have said their good things before him. But, strangely enough, his lecture is not so remarkable for its scientific character as for its literary excellence and charm. It shows a mind remarkably well versed in the literature of its subject, ancient and modern. Indeed, if the presentation has a defect, it is that the quotations and allusions come too thick and fast. Dr. Osler's engagement with his subject is less that of anxious inquiry than that of genial curiosity. He describes three different attitudes towards immortality which he calls Laodicean, Gallionian, and Teresian. The Laodiceans are those who are practically indifferent, neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm. We moderns generally are, we are told, Laodiceans, and the more sweeping statement is made that "the desire for immortality seems never to have had a very strong hold upon mankind." Dr. Osler is less at pains than any of his predecessors to make terms with the conventional opinions of religious people. The Gallionians are those who, like Gallio, "care for none of these things," and "live wholly uninfluenced by a thought of the hereafter." As a scientific man, Dr. Osler takes his place with the Gallionians, but his mind, like Faraday's, has an unscientific, an emotional, annex in virtue of which he is one of the Teresians, those whose hearts, like St. Teresa's, have reasons with which their intellects are not acquainted. His science is wholly ignorant of immortality, but he is, nevertheless, of the opinion of Cicero, "who had rather be mistaken with Plato than be in the right with those who deny altogether the life after death."

—Prof. Ernst Freund's 'Police Power' (Chicago: Callaghan & Co.) is a valuable addition to recent law-books on this subject. Developed within the last fifty years, the "police power" as it stands to-day is one of the most interesting fields of controversy between the State and the individual. Under written constitutions it represents what is left to the State of its once universal arbitrary power in view of the modern constitutional guarantees of private right and liberty. Under it, for instance, the right of the State to regulate rates of fare and freight has been established, notwithstanding the constitutional principle that a charter is a contract. Under it health boards are vested with their great powers, license or local-option laws are upheld, nuisances are abated, and hours of labor are regulated. Mr. Freund's book is especially valuable because it discusses intelligently the great limitations placed upon the police power by modern adjudication—without which we should live under a tyranny fatal to industrial and individual freedom—namely, that of reasonableness. This reasonableness is often solely a question of degree. A degree of regulation which promotes the public good and is in the interest of justice is reasonable; a degree which confiscates property or destroys liberty is unreasonable. Mr. Freund points out that the "earlier attitude of the courts" (Munn vs. Illinois, 94 U. S., 113) was that if a condition existed for legislative action, the Legislature was the sole and exclusive judge to what degree its power should be exercised. The present doctrine of the Supreme Court is that a statute is frequently valid,

or the reverse, "according as the fact may be whether it is a reasonable or an unreasonable exercise of legislative power over the subject-matter involved, and in many cases questions of degree are the controlling ones by which to determine the validity, or the reverse, of legislative action" (Wisconsin M. and P. R. R. Co. vs. Jacobson, 179 U. S., 287). The difference represents the result of a great struggle for liberty and common right against legislative tyranny, none the less important to us because it was fought by corporations against a legislative movement urged on by popular clamor.

—This subject is more cursorily treated in Simeon E. Baldwin's 'American Railroad Law' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), a volume which aims at stating what is "distinctive" in our railroad law, and putting it in systematic order. The author has had much experience with his subject, both in teaching and in practice. The Fourteenth Amendment and the Interstate Commerce Act come in for a good deal of discussion. The author's method, which is a simple one, results in condensing railroad law into a volume of moderate compass. Where we have had occasion to examine it, it serves very well as an outline or guide to the subject. From the same publishers we have received a manual of the Bankruptcy Act of 1898, by John M. Gould and Arthur W. Blakeman. The act as amended is fully annotated and explained, the Federal and State decisions given, as also the general orders and forms established by the Supreme Court. As the authors say, the book combines the information furnished by both a digest and a textbook of bankruptcy law and practice.

—'A Yankee on the Yangtze,' by William Edgar Geil (A. C. Armstrong & Son), makes rather livelier reading than most books on China. The author was willing, for both economical and personal reasons, to travel *à la Chinoise*, and hence to suffer and enjoy the native rations. Being thus close to the people on deck and street, he was amply rewarded. Able to speak Chinese, and, what is equally important, to understand it when spoken, he circumvented the rascalities of the interpreters. He raises his voice, in unison with the great chorus of the informed and competent, in favor of the employment by the United States Government of trained and scholarly Americans for this service. By sad experience, we know also how often the truth is twisted and fact turned into fiction through that excessive politeness which, according to the Japanese proverb, becomes impoliteness. Mr. Geil's narrative is of a journey from Shanghai, through the Central Kingdom, to Burma. All along the route he met missionaries, most of them from English-speaking nations, and not a few of them in Chinese costume and coiffure. The local magistrates treated him handsomely. He reckons one hundred thousand native Protestant church members in active communion, half a million *regular* and *earnest* (his own italics), and another half-million irregular and casual inquirers. The Boxer troubles, well discussed by this time, have made three hundred million people think about Occidental civilization and religion. Half the population along the route smoked opium—"eleven out of ten," as the Chinese say. There is only one missionary opinion on the subject of opium. Shanghai statements as to the abundance or rarity of wild animals in China were found to be no more trustworthy than items of war news. He rested at mountain inns more than 8,000 feet above the sea level. He saw experimental graves, with hair, etc., of future (but living) occupants tried in temporary interment. With its hundred full-page pictures and continuously spirited narrative, this book gives probably the best contemporaneous account of the common people's daily life in China.

CONWAY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Autobiography, Memories, and Experiences of Moncure Daniel Conway. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

There are two standards by which every autobiography may be judged: we may either look at the revelation it brings to us as to the personal qualities of the author, or, on the other hand, at the amount of collateral information it yields as to the rest of the human race. The first test is usually best applied by beginning at the first page and reading on for a while. To apply the second test, begin at the end of the closing volume and read the index. In the case of the work before us, it is by beginning at the end that one can best appreciate the book. It would be difficult to name any other biography which contains an index so extraordinary. It occupies twenty-five pages in double columns and very small type. There is scarcely a prominent literary or scientific name in England or in America which does not appear in it; and, on turning to the page mentioned in each case, one is sure to find something worth telling. It is safe to assert that neither the index to Boswell's Johnson nor that to Lockhart's Scott contains so many separate entries. Names of localities occur in almost as great a variety as that which attaches to persons; and the story told in England of the author and his wife as having left home for a journey and spent thirty successive nights in thirty different cities seems a modest statement as one looks through this volume. How much is brought back from each of these different cities is another question, but it is safe to say that for personal anecdotes the book is unequalled, and it is also true that Mr. Conway's perceptions are so keen and his literary handling at once so graphic and so well trained that there is not a dull page in the book. At any rate, it gains in constant interest from beginning to end. To these gifts is to be added a freedom from personal vanity and a conscientious desire to do justice to all.

It should also be pointed out that Mr. Conway, during his unique English career, combined, both by temperament and in the especial position which Providence gave him, certain very rare advantages for an autobiographer. His seeming inconsistencies prove points of strength. Himself the most radical of reformers, he was also the minister of a church; and this church ("South Place"), being absolutely unsectarian, left every one free to go to it and left its preacher equally free from all ordinary restrictions. The more heretical any contemporary was, the more canonical it was for Mr. Conway, during his English residence, to introduce him to his so-called pulpit. He himself escaped the social obstacles placed in England around a dissenter, although he embodied in himself the utmost exemplification of Emerson's phrase, "The soul of the soldiery of dissent." He could go to the theatre every evening, for instance, and, to do him justice, usually did. When the cause of an heretical wife, Mrs. Besant, against a high-church husband was to be tried before a Jewish judge, one was sure to find Mr. Conway there. He kept in touch with all the scientific men, and, what was most remarkable, with all the doctors of divinity. English editors valued him for his knowledge of things American, and American publishers prized him for what he knew, or might be assumed to know, about Europe; and the spice and variety of all these connections is manifested in these two great volumes.

But man is human, and one's temptations usually go along with one's opportunities, and here again come in some of the remarkable qualities of the author of this volume. Not only had he to all appearance no personal enemy on the face of the earth, for he was thoroughly kind and helpful to all within his reach, but his faults and limitations are as frankly shown in this book as are his merits. No man exhibits more unhesitatingly than he what the French phrase calls "les défauts de ses qualités." His most suspicious reader will not attribute to him in the most extreme case a deliberate falsehood, nor can his most charitable reader fail to suspect him, ere long, of a certain vivacity of imagination which may mislead him. This cannot but impair, at times, some of the many good stories of brilliant repartees with which he fills every page. Not forcing his heresies upon you or his independent judgments of character, he sometimes condemns with a verdict of guilty without prefacing his verdict with the evidence, as in the case of John Brown, on the ground of facts which have come to the critic's knowledge without his feeling called upon to state what they are (i., 302).

Mr. Conway's combination of literary or at least journalistic gifts is too well known to need endorsement. He has wonderful readiness both in bringing together information and in combining it; unbounded zeal in the one and apt gifts in the other. He may not be always impartial and may be frequently sensational, but he is always truthful, from his own point of view; never withholds recognition of a high aim of his own or needs to apologize for discrediting it in another. He is absolutely without malice and hypocrisy. Peculiar interest attaches to his later writings from the fact that he takes no pains to conform them to his earlier ones, and frankly calls attention to many points in which he stands alone even among reformers. He is an ardent American, and yet believes that two houses of Congress are one too many. He is more than half an Englishman while on English soil, and, though a heretic, believes to all intents and purposes in an Established Church; finding English dissenters, on the whole, as he declares, almost invariably narrower and less tolerant of heresies than those who adhere to the old dynasty (ii., 322). He has held almost a pioneer's position with respect to the higher education of English women, but is, after all, rather opposed to trusting them with the ballot (ii., 294). As a youth he has been hand in glove with a greater variety of radicals than any one of his

time; yet at the end of the book we see one who would merge almost all strife in the proclamation of universal peace. But this very combination helps him, after all, as an honest autobiographer. Grant a varied range of opinions and add the frankest disposition to communicate them to others, and we have one singularly fitted to fill the position of a reformatory Boswell. Yet his retractions sometimes strike rather painfully on the ear, as where he says (ii., 2) of his book entitled 'Testimonies concerning Slavery,' "So far as the war is concerned, the book by no means represents the conclusions reached by studying facts afterwards revealed."

It seems strange that the pursuits of a journalist should tend to make a man inaccurate in details, but the result is almost inevitable, as the profession now stands, from the speed with which men of that vocation have to work and the indifference of the public to yesterday's misinformation. A professed journalist's book, while crowded with bright thoughts and telling facts, is for the same reason quite apt to yield inaccuracies, often resulting, no doubt, from the very fact of their being written at a distance, or from the necessary absence of personal proof-reading. We note a few of these. Prof. Andrews Norton, father of the present professor, was not a clergyman, and would never allow himself to be called Reverend or Doctor (i., 159). It was not a student who invented a fable of the leading Unitarians entering heaven in a group, but Theodore Parker (i., 160). No doubt such errors of small detail may be accounted for by occasional absences of mind or person, and we mention them, not as being of great importance, but as the kind of drawback accompanying Mr. Conway's ever active and observing temperament. The only difficulty is that when such accidents occur in regard to the companions of a man's youth, the possibility that they may impair the personal testimony given in old age is enhanced. On the other hand, they are never here found committed or tolerated with unfair purpose, and in everything which implies that test Mr. Conway may always be found well acquitted.

The utter frankness of Mr. Conway's temperament leads to the bringing out of some especially interesting facts which have long awaited responsible evidence. It has often been said that the best literary secret ever kept in America was entirely in the hands of a woman, namely, the authorship of the books appearing with the name of Saxe Holm on the title-page. The secret was all the better maintained from the fact that its success suggested to several persons to claim this authorship to an extent that was naturally inconvenient. As a result, it is not uncommon to see the titles of these books in library catalogues marked even now with a query, in spite of the gradual convergence of public opinion as to the actual authorship upon the name of Mrs. Helen Jackson, then Mrs. Helen Hunt. Two persons, Mrs. Celia Burleigh and Mrs. Katharine Gray, even wrote and published letters claiming the authorship for personal friends of theirs. Mr. Conway now prints for the first time a letter from Mrs. Hunt distinctly avowing her authorship, and saying frankly, "I intend to deny it till I die. *Then* I wish it to be known" (ii., 429). She also mentions a male friend and companion author who read the first three or four of the Saxe Holm stories as they were written and could swear to the truth of her claim. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Jackson always claimed, as did Sir Walter Scott, that an author had the right to conceal the authorship of his own work by fibbing if he wished, and that it was at least worth while to give one conclusive proof that a woman could keep a secret.

Mr. Conway reprints a striking passage, either not previously printed or not generally known, in which Carlyle, after his very first interview with Emerson, sets down his estimate of him in these terms:

"Very *exotic;* of smaller dimensions, too, and differed much from me as a gymnosophist sitting idle on a flowery bank may do from a wearied worker and wrestler passing that way, with many of his bones broken. Good of him I could get none, except from his friendly looks and elevated, exotic, polite ways; and he would not let me sit silent for a minute. Solitary on that side, too, then? Be it so, if so it must be" (ii., 113).

Widely different from all this, as we now know, is the opinion expressed on Emerson by Carlyle in the later years of his life; and Mr. Conway, with his usual absolute impartiality, brings out both points of view. In all matters relating to his English life especially, his good nature can be compared only to Walter Savage Landor's impartiality in an opposite direction, when he gave it as his highest desideratum in London life to have "the privilege of hanging a Tory on every lamp-arm to the right and a Whig on every one to the left, the whole extent of Piccadilly."

AUBREY DE VERE.

Aubrey de Vere: A Memoir, Based on his Unpublished Diaries and Correspondence. By Wilfrid Ward, author of 'W. G. Ward and the Oxford Movement,' etc. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

Mr. Ward's biographies of his father and Cardinal Wiseman proved him a master workman, and, though his present subject is less positive and striking than either of the others, it is a very interesting one, and is treated with appropriate delicacy and intelligence. The book is not, we are assured, in the fullest sense a biography, The time prescribed for its publication made that impossible. The letters are mainly those selected by Mr. de Vere himself with a view to publication. They have two faults: they are inordinately long, and they have a plentiful lack of humor. If Cowper's were quite as long, they were much more humorous, and they wound in and out among light, pleasant matters, as Mr. de Vere's do but infrequently. A more serious deduction from Mr. Ward's book as a biography than those confessed is, that it is far less a memoir of Aubrey de Vere the poet than a memoir of Aubrey de Vere the Roman Catholic pietist. Of his poetry the mention is hardly more than incidental, and of critical estimate of it there is next to none. The poems quoted are generally so familiar that one is obliged to feel that De Vere's appeal to popular sympathies was within a narrow range. At the same time the twice-quoted judgment of his dear friend, Sara Coleridge, is one that is borne out at every turn: "I have lived among poets a great deal, and have known greater poets than he is, but a more entire poet, one more a poet in his whole mind and temperament, I never knew or met with." We get a similar impression of the validity of Mr. Ward's conclusion that De Vere was "a personality which for spiritual beauty, both of mind and character, and for the completeness in it of the poetic temperament, must be allowed to be one of very great interest."

The interest is obviously enhanced by the fact that Mr. de Vere's literary and religious thought and feeling attracted him to many leading minds. His intercourse with these contributes some of the most justifying pages of the book. We might weary of him were he not so often met in the company of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Sir Henry Taylor, Browning, Newman or some other of a score of men of whom we cannot read too much. His letters to and from them, his conversations with and impressions of them, are among the best things in this kind. And while Mr. Ward's interest in him is principally on account of his idealistic Roman Catholic apologetics, many who remain cold to these will glow with kindly warmth over the pages of literary correspondence, criticism, and reminiscence. His literary affiliations so made for breadth and sympathy that to the last he was a Broad Churchman in the inclusiveness of his friendships and appreciations. Even within the narrower ecclesiastical limits he could but hold his creed in a spirit of genial tolerance for those with whom he had some time walked in cordial fellowship. As Newmanite or Romanist, he must still think tenderly of Maurice and of Maurice's master, Coleridge. For him, as for Renan, the bells of the sunken city of Is made a sweet music.

There may be little in a name, but Mr. de Vere's baptismal name, Aubrey Thomas Hunt, has certainly a less poetical connotation than that for which it was changed on his father's accession to a baronetcy in 1831. The son was then seventeen years old. His mind matured rapidly, and his letters at this time would do credit to a trained intelligence. An early enthusiasm for Byron soon passed to a deeper for Wordsworth, of whose school he came to be a foremost representative, yet from the start rejecting Wordsworth's theory of poetic subject and diction, and never making himself liable to Walter Bagehot's characterization of Keble as "Wordsworth and water." His religious history was largely determined in its course by his reverence for great and good men, representing widely different schools of thought." "Persisting from the first in reverent worship of the greatest thoughts in each, he was untouched by their difference and even by their mutual opposition." His father destined him for the priesthood, and his own assent was cordial, but something held him back, and he never could make up his mind to take the fatal step. However, he went to Cambridge and Oxford and to Rome, as if he would prove all things and hold fast to the best. These protracted visits made impressions that were never wholly overworn.

It was Rome that triumphed in the end, but not till he had held out for some years against Newman's attraction to his new faith; not until after Manning's conversion, and not, apparently, much influenced by that. R. H. Hutton always complained that De Vere's Roman Church was not the actual

institution, but a creation of his own imagination; and the complaint impresses us as just. One gets from this story a fresh conviction of the plasticity of religious systems to the stress of individual needs, men finding in one system or another that which they import, the echo of their private wish or whim. Mr. De Vere's religious mind was much the same through all his course. He did not use his intellect for the discovery of truth, but for the ingenious recommendation of those things which had for him a poetical attraction. His outward life afforded an agreeable symbol of the continuity of his spiritual experience. It was associated with beautiful surroundings and a pleasant home. Death found him in the room which he had occupied when a boy.

Mr. Ward regrets that De Vere's acquaintance with Wordsworth, which began in 1841, adds so little to our important knowledge of the elder poet, whose foibles are more emphasized than his exhibitions of genius. "He talks in a manner very peculiar. As for duration, it is from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same." It took him fifteen years to discover his daughter's affection for Mr. Quillinan, and several more for him to adjust his mind to the discovery and consent to the marriage. He was very glad to meet any one "so capable of appreciating his poetry" as De Vere. He called Sydney Smith "a miserable old man." After praising his wife's many virtues, he went on gravely and emphatically, "And it was, perhaps, her greatest quality that she never molested me in my affection for other women." De Vere could not repress his smile, and Wordsworth went on combatively, "If she *had*, Mr. de Vere, let me tell you, it would have been in the highest degree offensive to me." In a less "personal talk" he said, "New thoughts, however deep, are not the staple of poetry, but old thoughts presented with immortal freshness and a kind of inspired felicity of diction." Wordsworth's worst line, in De Vere's opinion, "is that in which he calls our great Mahometan Poet, 'Holiest of Men.'" By "our great Mahometan Poet" Milton is intended. Milton has a peculiarly irritating effect on the High Churchman and the Romanist. Avignon was a poisoned place for Faber because of a visit that Milton made there in 1638.

In London, where he made occasional visits, De Vere met Whewell, Hallam, Macaulay, Milman, Tennyson, Taylor, and many other celebrities. Of Macaulay we read:

> "His mind is evidently a very *robust* one; it has also ardor enough to fuse together into new combinations the mass of strange and disorderly knowledge with which his great memory litters him. But I could perceive in it no trace of originality, depth, breadth, elevation, subtlety, comprehensiveness, spirituality—in one word, none of the attributes of greatness."

Carlyle interested him, but very painfully: "It seems to me as if he had begun by believing what he now only repeats by heart, and once loved the virtues of which he continues to hate the opposite vices." Of Mrs. Browning he says: "I wish she had less ambition, or rather more of a nobler sort, that of writing like a woman of genius—as she is—not like a man." Browning judged very kindly his "bowing down in the house of Rimmon," saying, "I am never tired of sunrises." "Moonrises" would have been more apt. Sir James Stephen was less complacent, and struck out from the shoulder in his characteristic fashion. De Vere's friendship with Sir Henry Taylor was of the closest kind, and their correspondence abounds in admirable criticism and in valuable comment upon persons and affairs. Of Tennyson there are many glimpses, some of them uncommonly significant. One of them is through a cloud of tobacco smoke in the small hours of the night, the poet "crooning his magnificent elegies." This one goes much deeper:

> "Tennyson, when he showed me his 'In Memoriam' in MS., used to mark with his fingers some three or four stanzas apart from the rest, and say, 'There! do you not see the substance of the poem is in these stanzas? The rest only dilute it and spoil *its shape*.' Accordingly, he would cancel them though just as beautiful as those he left."

De Vere's temper was more social than recluse. Least of all had he any sympathy with "ascetic detachment" from one's family and friends. Young Herbert Vaughan, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, had arrived at this altitude when De Vere burst out indignantly, "I really believe that if some one told you that your father, mother, and brothers had been burned to death in the next room, you would simply ring for the servant to clear away the ashes." Not only was he social and domestic, but he had much public spirit and humanity. He threw himself with great ardor and efficiency into the sea of troubles caused by the Irish famine. He followed up his philanthropic efforts with a book on 'English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds,' which was both "much admired and severely handled." Characteristic answers are given from Mill and Carlyle. Mill would rely less on emigration, more on improved land-tenures. Carlyle would have it understood that "the millions of our multitudinous populations are, and must remain, *slaves*, whom it is the cruellest injustice to call or treat by any other name." Our civil war found De Vere perfectly comprehending, with Mill and Bright, that "those who fought against secession fought against slavery," and he poured out his sympathy to Charles Eliot Norton, for more than thirty years a valued correspondent. His doubts of Fenian methods did not prevent his recognition of the wrongs at which the Fenians blindly struck, and he urged on Gladstone the disestablishment of the Irish Church, but would have had its funds used for religious purposes, to the advantage of both Catholics and Protestants. Here Gladstone disappointed him, and more as time went on and De Vere's sympathies gravitated very naturally to the landlord class, of which he was a lifelong pensioner. He could see nothing but "Jacobinism" in the politics of Parnell and his friends. In a letter of July 27, 1882 (p. 346), we have an elaborate estimate of Gladstone which is the more interesting because it contrasts so sharply with Lord Acton's famous estimate in one of his letters to Mrs. Drew. But Lord Acton's Catholicism was as different from De Vere's as his feelings about Gladstone.

As De Vere grew older, seventy, eighty, eighty-eight, he became more and more "subdued to settled quiet." He had long since given up the hope of poetic fame, a hope that had been very dear to him. "I wonder how people feel," he wrote to Sir Henry Taylor, "who write with hope." He smilingly averred that his poems "could never be forgotten, because they had never been remembered." But, though never popular, they made many friends, and such as might well comfort a man's heart. Mr. Ward takes over from Mr. Edmund Gosse a delightful account of De Vere's appearance in 1897, when he was eighty-three years old: "He had an ecclesiastical air, like that of some highly cultivated, imaginative old *abbé*. He possessed a sort of distinguished innocence, a maidenly vivacious brightness, very charming and surprising." Mr. Ellis Yarnall's 'Wordsworth and the Coleridges' was one of the last books that appealed to him. He died January 21, 1902, having been in good health on his eighty-eighth birthday, eleven days before.

THE ATTIC CULT OF DIONYSUS.

Le Culte de Dionysos en Attique. Par M. Paul Foucart. Paris: C. Klincksieck. 1904.

In this essay M. Paul Foucart introduces order and light into a very obscure and complicated subject. Dionysus appears in Greek myth in a strange and, on the whole, exotic character. He is generally represented as coming from the East; he is a deity who is born and dies; according to some legends he was torn in pieces by the Titans and his remains were collected and buried by Apollo. His tomb was shown at Delphi with the inscription, "Here lies Dionysus, son of Semele." Five different deities bore his name, originating at different periods in Crete, in Egypt, in Thrace, and in Thebes respectively. In the "Bacchæ" of Euripides he advances from Asia Minor, and makes conquests of the opponents of his ritual; but he is a native Greek product, born in Thebes, and destined to regain honor in his own country by his miracles and his judgment on the unbelieving Pentheus.

Amidst this confusion of myth and character, to search for a clue by the aid of the poets or the artists leads to nothing certain, for each of these treats the myths according to his own convenience or the exigencies of his art, and is guided by no system or theology. There is, in fact, no theology, and the poet serenely mingles and confounds the most diverse legends without feeling called to offer any reconciliation. In these fluctuations the only safe anchor to tie to is that of ritual. Ritual is fixed by tradition and stereotyped formulæ, repeated year after year; it is intended to embody the experiences and adventures of the deity. The portrayal of these will place the worshipper *en rapport* with the deity, will enable him to imitate and repeat the experience and to place himself under his control and inspiration, to appeal for his favor and protection. This is the object, for example, of the Thracian orgies on the mountain-tops, pictured so beautifully in the "Bacchæ." In these the mænad tries to attain that state of trance or ecstasy, that possession by the deity, which is the aim of the fakirs and howling dervishes of the Orient. The mænad, when possessed by the deity, borrows his power and works his miracles; in like manner, the shouting de-

votee of the camp meeting expects miracles of divine grace to descend upon him.

Now the permanence of ceremonial rites, the fixity of their forms, possessed a certain magic efficacy, which was imperilled by the slightest deviation. They were retained, therefore, unaltered, century after century, even when their original signification became forgotten or misunderstood. To analyze them, to trace out obscure hints, to disengage their various threads and sources, is the process from which a fruitful and solid result may be expected; and in pursuing this process M. Foucart has not hestitated to avail himself of recent discoveries in Egypt and Crete. The close relations between Egypt and the Ægean coasts and islands can no longer be denied; they extended even to Mycenæ and Eleusis. In the tombs of these regions have been found repeated specimens of statues, pottery, and scarabæi, bearing cartouches of the 12th, the 13th, and the 18th dynasties. Were these objects simply bric-à-brac and curiosities, collected by the buried chieftains? The supposition is absurd. Doubtless they were considered (as they were in Egypt) as amulets possessing a protective force. A statuette of Isis was found in one of the earliest tombs of the necropolis of Eleusis; and this fact points to the chief thesis of M. Foucart's essay, viz., that the Dionysus worshipped at Eleusis, and associated with Demeter, formed with that goddess a pair identical originally with Isis and Osiris, and that their cult was introduced into Attica from Egypt about the 15th century B. C. So felicitous is his reasoning, so fortified by the various strands of history, of tradition, and of archæology, that it gives something of the pleasure that is afforded by a very neat and clear mathematical demonstration. It causes a solid little island to emerge out of the vague and watery waste of mythological speculation and interpretation. For this reason a brief sketch of his arguments and method as applied to a single case may be interesting, in spite of some technicalities.

The Attic festival of the Anthesteria was a singular combination of our Mardi Gras and "All Saints' Day." The celebration of the most important day (the 12th) was accompanied by some extraordinary and mysterious observances, and these took place in the ancient temple of "Dionysus of the Marshes." On this day alone was the temple opened, which during the rest of the year remained absolutely closed, enshrining the body of the deceased Dionysus. The ceremonies were performed by the wife of the Archon Basileus, aided by fourteen ladies (called *gerairai*) and by a priestly delegate from Eleusis. These fourteen officials made sacrifice to Dionysus at fourteen altars, each depositing on her own altar a relic of the deity, and repeating certain formulæ at the dictation of the functionary from Eleusis. These relics were next conveyed to the Queen-Archon, whose duty it was to readjust them and to restore to life again the body thus collected. This final function she discharged in the *cella*, whither none might follow her, by a ritual in which no one participated. The deity restored to life and arrayed in festal garb is next conveyed to the "Boucolion," where the ceremony of a "Sacred Marriage" is transacted with the Queen-Archon. The wedding night ended, the statue of the deity is once more conveyed to the "Temple of the Marshes," where it is dismembered, the fragments replaced in the respective coffers, to repose in the temple, which remains closed till Anthesterion 12th of the next year. In this ritual, the Queen-Archon personifies and plays the rôle of Demeter herself, who, according to the legend, collected and restored to life the fragments of Dionysus after his mutilation by the Titans.

Now the whole aspect of this tradition and ritual is, as we have said, exotic. The conception of a deity subject to death is foreign to the Greek mind; with Homer the deities are "the immortals." Whence, too, arise the twice seven altars, and the bizarre legend of mutilation and resuscitation? On Greek soil, these offer a riddle which has no solution. The key to this riddle is offered satisfactorily and in detail by the Egyptian observances of the month Choiak. Plutarch records that the body of Osiris was concealed by Isis, but was found by Typhon and cut into fourteen pieces, which he scattered and hid in various places throughout Egypt. These precious relics were found by Isis, after long search, adjusted together, and restored to life by magic incantations. Such a miracle was quite in accord with Egyptian sentiment and belief, and the story of the miracle is enacted and represented in the ritual of Tentyris for the great festival of Osiris in the month Choiak. The Egyptian list enumerates the fourteen divine members, the reunion of which constitutes the body of the deity. Each of these relics was enshrined in a special sanctuary and guarded by a special amulet from the attacks of enemies. The union of these members, the restoration of the deity to life (the resuscitation of the deity), and his marriage to Isis constitute the chief features of the great festival of the month Choiak. Here we find the prototype and the explanation of the fourteen altars at the Temple of the Marshes, with their fourteen acolytes, and of the ceremony of the sacred marriage. The figures which are meaningless in the Greek story are accounted for in Egypt; the union of Isis-Demeter to Dionysus is a type and commemoration of the institution of marriage for mankind. The ceremony on the 12th of Anthesterion is a duplicate in miniature of the great feast of Osiris in the month Choiak. The general functions and sphere of each deity are the same in each country; the details are somewhat modified or accentuated in Greece.

A coincidence so complete and striking between the indications afforded by early tradition, as reported by Apollodorus, Herodotus, Diodorus, and Plutarch, by the details of ritual, and by the most recent developments of archæology, amounts almost to demonstration. So far as proof is possible in such matters, we have it here; and we may conclude that the Eleusinian cult of Dionysus and Demeter was introduced into Attica either directly by Egyptian colonists, or indirectly by way of Crete.

There are many minute points which corroborate M. Foucart's conclusion as to the Dionysus who was worshipped in Eleusis and at the ancient Shrine of the Marshes. When, however, Dionysus is mentioned as an Attic deity in the classic period, it is the god of tragedy that naturally comes to mind, the patron deity of the Attic theatre who had his temple close by the great Dionysiac theatre and was called Dionysus of Eleutheræ. In the palmy days of Athens his prestige vastly exceeded that of the venerable Shrine in the Marshes. He became in Athens a rival of Apollo, and the ancients ascribed to him the invention of the dramatic art. But in fact the obscure deity of the little deme of Eleutheræ was at first a colorless personage, without history or marked attributes. His introduction to the city by Pisistratus, and his association with the dramatic representations, were the beginning of his fame and his vogue. His fortune was made by the great tragedians and comedians of the Attic stage: his lustre was borrowed from the splendor of their poetry; he was, in a way, their creation. His birth, so to speak, dates from the institution by Pisistratus of the city "Dionysia" and from the representations which reacted on his prestige. From that date he begins to appropriate to himself the companionship of the Muses and the honor of Apollo. The guilds of actors and the poets adopt him as their patron saint, and he eclipses almost totally the venerable name and shrine of "Dionysus in the Marshes."

The Correspondence of William Cowper. Arranged in chronological order, with annotations. By Thomas Wright. 4 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

The mantle of the late Alexander Grosart, that exuberant and indefatigable editor, seems in the way to fall upon the more slender shoulders of Mr. Thomas Wright. Mr. Wright is already known as the author of 'Go; or, How to Succeed in Life'; of the memoirs of several literary characters, toward whom he has been drawn by the perilous attraction of their intellectual unlikeness to himself, and of other spacious works. In the four handsome volumes of his edition of 'The Correspondence of Cowper,' however, he shows himself an antiquarian and editor of real ability. He does, indeed, occasionally give way to his bent for pregnant phrase, as where he tersely speaks of "the beautiful, cultured, idealizing, vivacious, and papilionaceous Lady Austen." Sometimes he is extravagant in his judgments, as where he says of Newton that, "a poet, a wit, and a man of warm heart, he was precisely the companion for the poetical, witty, and affectionate Cowper," and that "Newton and his wife were a second Pliny and Calpurnia." The morbid influence of Newton upon the author of "The Task" has doubtless been exaggerated; yet there are few readers to-day, we imagine, who can be brought to share so amiable a view of his overwarm personality, or agree that he was "precisely the companion" for so sensitive and refined a spirit as Cowper. Yet, despite such faults, and there are many of them, Mr. Wright has succeeded in producing the best edition of Cowper's letters that we have.

Of the incontestable merits of his edition, Mr. Wright, who is quite competent and *très content de lui*, may be allowed to speak in person:

"Of entirely new letters, then, many will be found in these pages, including the three earliest known and a fine series to Mrs. Throckmorton. Seventy-two letters of Cowper to Teedon are referred to in Teedon's *Diary*, and I have the satisfaction of

being able to say that not a single item of this series has escaped my net.

"My annotations should be helpful."

The first paragraph of this promise is entirely made good. Of the 1,041 letters in the collection, 105, and those among the best, were wholly unpublished. The chronological order, now for the first time introduced into the mass of Cowper's correspondence, is seen to be productive, both of biographical illumination and of the reader's pleasure. There are also copious chronological tables of the chief events in the poet's life; and there is an elaborate table in six columns, giving the date of each letter, the name of the person to whom it was addressed, the first words of it, the *locus* of its first publication, and its place in the present edition. In short, for a serious reader, already well informed about Cowper and capable of forming his own judgments, Mr. Wright's edition is nearly all that could be desired.

Unfortunately, his annotation is scarcely contrived to be so helpful as he anticipates. He knows his Olney thoroughly, and his local antiquarianism is never at fault, but his instinct for the significant and helpful fact is dull. To take but a single example: with the first letter of the important new series to Mrs. Throckmorton we have this note depending from the heading: "Wife of Mr. John Throckmorton, who, on the death of Sir Robert Throckmorton in 1791, succeeded to the baronetcy." How much more helpful Mr. Wright would have been to the average reader had he vouchsafed the information that the Throckmortons were Catholics, and in many points of culture and temperament significant friends for Cowper (against the fervid exhortations of Newton) to win. In the elucidation of the literary allusions which Cowper sometimes employs, Mr. Wright is all to seek.

It is perhaps ungracious to carp at minor defects in a work so full of excellent entertainment and instruction, but in an edition of a writer so perfectly classic as Cowper such slight blemishes are particularly annoying; and it may be said of carping as Cowper himself writes quite soberly to Bull of "scratching," that "it is a good exercise, promotes the circulation, and elicits the humors."

How agreeable the new letters are may be seen from this to Lady Throckmorton:

THE LODGE, Feb. 19, 1791.

DEAR MRS. FROG:

I will be very good to you and will send you a letter, though you delay so long to answer my last, and to tell me who was the author of the fine verses I sent you lately, and how much you admire them.

I was in hope that by this time you would have won your ten guineas at commerce, and have flown upon the wings of good fortune back to Weston; methinks you are a long time about it, but if you have not won so much, I hope at least that you have taken care not to lose it; as for me I grow rich, and have at this three guineas before me which my poetry, such is its power of attraction, has drawn into my desk from the distance of three miles and a half. I question if Orpheus ever performed such a feat in his life. It is Mr. Wrighte's subscription money to my Homer, which he sent me the other day by the hands of Joe Rye, by whom he told me also that he should have paid me much sooner had he not feared to offend my delicacy. Now I wish him to know that my delicacy is never offended by the receipt of money: on the contrary, I esteem the want of money, commonly called Poverty, the most indelicate thing in the world; and so did the ancient Romans, who therefore always annex to the word *paupertas* an epithet expressing their abhorrence of it, such, for instance, as *squalida*, or *sordida*, or some such reproachful appellation.

But it was not with an intention to say this or any part of this at present, [*sic* in Wright] I meant only to relate to you a pretty little story of Tom, for I know it will do your heart good to hear it. You will remember, perhaps, if you have not forgotten in the hurry of other matters, that you lately sent a gown to be made at Weston. Nannie Morley carried it to the nursery, and being seated there, said—"Tom," or "Master Gifford," rather, "this is your aunt's gown." Which he no sooner heard, than walking up to it and taking a fold of it, he kissed it. I made the doctor swear that he would not tell this anecdote, because I resolved to have the pleasure of telling it to you myself.

Give my best love to Mr. Frog, and my compliment to Messrs. Cruisé and Pitcairne when you see them, and believe me sincerely, yours, WM. COWPER.

Tom and Tit are both in good health. Mrs. W. sends her best respects. Remember me to William.

It must be said that, as we look through this complete chronologically arranged collection of Cowper's correspondence, we doubt a little the validity of what Mr. Wright takes to be the universal acknowledgment that Cowper is "the greatest of English letter-writers." For easy grace, perfect lack of self-consciousness, and lightness of wit he is certainly unsurpassed. Yet in point and finish, in virile broadness and intellectual variety, he must yield to Gray, just as his letters miss the tang of eccentric individuality that delights us in FitzGerald's, and make the gentle poet of Olney seem a little pale beside the Laird of Littlegrange. If Cowper *be* the greatest of English letter-writers, it is because he was the most sympathetic of correspondents. In none other is the mutuality of letter-writing so strong, and there is no other body of letters in English so little egoistical, so fulfilled of the personalities of the persons addressed.

The League of the Ho-De-No-Sau-Nee or Iroquois. By Lewis H. Morgan. A new edition, with additional matter, edited and annotated by Herbert M. Lloyd. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904. With two maps, two full-page colored illustrations, many others, and a portrait of the author.

When, in 1846, Lewis H. Morgan read before the New York Historical Society his paper on the "Constitutional Government of the Six Nations," he little thought how far this first glance at the social life and organization of an Indian community would lead him. The results of practical study of tribes that were virtually his neighbors, however, opened a perspective to his inquisitive mind which became so fascinating that the very next year an amplification of his essay appeared under the title of 'Letters on the Iroquois, by Skenandoah,' which in turn became, four years later, enlarged to the important book, 'The League of the Ho-do-no-sau-nee or Iroquois,' that will stand for ever as a model of ethnographic description of peoples only a part of whose life has come under actual observation. It is gratifying to record that the value of the model has been fully recognized, on this side of the Atlantic at least; the many studies of Indian customs and Indian life, past as well as present, since the 'League of the Iroquois' appeared, having followed the lines traced in so masterly a fashion by Mr. Morgan.

He was the first to show the value of close personal inspection of Indian life by an honest attempt to enter into Indian thought—the only way to raise American ethnology above the level of servile addiction to traditional methods and conceptions borrowed from other continents. He was the first, for instance, to point out the radical differences in social organization that separate American Indian society from the Eastern. He came to this but gradually. In the 'Letters on the Iroquois' he had not yet a clear idea of the Indian clans or *gentes*, calling them "tribes." In the 'League,' the nature of the "gens" is fully portrayed, with its ethnologic bearings upon American topics especially, since it is on this continent that the gentile system maintains its widest spread and can be studied as a system still in vigor. The gentile organization among the Iroquois as presented by Morgan appeared almost an anomaly. His explanation of it, as the result of a system of consanguinity, was looked upon, in Europe and in England, as a species of heresy, or, at best, as innocent hallucination. If, even at present, there is still a certain reluctance, on the other side of the Atlantic, to concede to the American clans their full importance in the life and culture of the tribes they constitute or constituted, it is due mostly to the total absence of practical acquaintance with the Indian, and to a lack of desire to approach him close enough for practical study.

Protracted observation of and penetration into Indian nature led Morgan to the discoveries first fully set forth in the 'League.' But he was not oblivious of his duty to inquire whether he had not, perhaps, had predecessors in the field. This led him to seek for documentary information, and he often acknowledged, orally as well as in his writings, the confirmation met with in Lafitau, Charlevoix, and other Jesuit writers and in early English narratives, among which he had a certain predilection for mentioning the quaint work of James Adair, although he was by no means blind to its uncouth eccentricities. The perusal of these and similar sources induced Morgan to undertake the monumental task of investigating the systems of consanguinity of the human family in general, a task which, supported by the Smithsonian Institution, he carried out as far as his resources permitted at the time. In the results of these labors, displayed in his most compendious work, 'Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family' (1871), he succeeded, to say the least, in proving the prevalence of gentile organization among the aborigines of America.

Morgan was well aware that the feature of clanship was not common to all Indians. He fully recognized its absence among Prairie Indians, in part. His explanation of it leads us to another work of his, of lesser compass though not less important, but comparatively little known. The 'Indian Migrations' appeared more than a year before the 'Systems of Consanguinity,' as a pair of essays in the *North American Review*. They were reprinted in the 'Indian Miscellany' in 1877. In these two essays Morgan, perhaps for the first time, clearly and forcibly illustrates the indispensability of connecting physical geography with eth-

nographic studies. 'Ancient Society' and 'Houses and House Life of the American Aborigines' were his last productions of magnitude. In both of these, the influence of the 'League' is apparent; his exhaustive work on the Iroquois was the starting-point and the basis for all subsequent labors.

The 'League' had a limited issue, and for many years remained unattainable. By republishing it, in a form and dress making of the reprint very nearly a facsimile of the original, Mr. Herbert M. Lloyd has conferred a lasting benefit on earnest students of American ethnology. He has placed within their reach a book of far wider scope than its modest compass seems to indicate, and offering points of comparison with Indian clusters too often artificially isolated from the remainder of the aborigines of America, being fancifully placed at a level so high as to warrant such a separation. The 'League of the Iroquois' remains invaluable for its fund of material for contrasting many features in Indian society, past and present, all over the two Americas, and for their explanation on the basis of practical fact. Mr. Lloyd's expert labors were so much appreciated that the first edition was disposed of as soon as it left the press. The work now becomes procurable by the general bookbuyer.

How to Identify Old China. By Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan.

We have this year to add to the important, and in a sense exhaustive, books on English pottery and porcelain of William Burton and M. L. Solon a small handbook which bears a curiously general title for its very limited subject. Neither title nor preface suggests the fact that it is limited to English ware, nor, on the other hand, reveals the curiously liberal significance which the author gives to the word "china." What do we mean by china? We mean porcelain, assuredly, in every case, except where children and serving-maids speak in the most careless fashion of the dishes and plates which are in the cupboard. This book, however, deals with pottery as well as with porcelain, and includes Wedgwood and various Staffordshire wares which make no pretence at being translucent or delicate in their make, such as the salt-glaze ware of the Astbury pottery and the Elers pottery, which are indeed stoneware, and not very delicately modelled or very minute in finish.

So much it is necessary to say by way of calling attention to the somewhat amateurish tone of the book under consideration; but if the statements and qualifications of the text be compared with the wares in question, the general tone will be found just and appreciative, and the statements trustworthy. As for identification of old pieces, the prospect held out is no more to be taken seriously than similar ones in other titles of the day. The chapter "To Help the Amateur," contains a few obvious hints, but leaves the reader in doubt as to the use of "the microscope" in this pursuit. The illustrations alone may suffice to help in this important matter of identification. There are forty half-tone plates, each one showing from two to seven pieces of the ware; or, if the group of Nantgarw be taken as an example, there are thirteen pieces in the picture, even if we count a cup and saucer as one piece. Plate XIV., indeed, gives the whole interior of a cabinet full of Bristol china with an indefinitely great number of pieces, but that hardly counts, as the illustrations are too small to be useful to the student, and as the plate can only be taken as showing the great variety of forms discoverable in the porcelain of that one factory. It will be seen that the supply of illustrations is abundant for an inexpensive publication, and we are not conscious of making serious objection to the book in remarking that it will not help anybody very much to identify doubtful pieces, for where is the book that can really be of help in this particular? Experience, the experience of one's own mistakes, added to the keen eye and quick judgment of the born collector, are the qualifications to keep one from error in this pursuit.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Altsheler, Joseph A. Guthrie of the Times. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
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Burroughs, John. Far and Near. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. Little Metacomet. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cents net.
Chapman, Sydney J. Work and Wages. Part I. Foreign Competition. Longmans, Green & Co.
Chatterbox for 1904. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.25.
Conway, Moncure Daniel. Autobiography. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $6 net.
Dante's Divine Comedy. The Inferno. A translation and commentary by Marvin R. Vincent. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Deland, Margaret. The Common Way. Harpers. $1.25 net.
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Farnam, Elbert E. Along the Nile with General Grant. Grafton Press. $2.50 net.
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Smith, Adam. The Wealth of Nations. Edited by E. Cannan. 2 vols. Putnams. $6 net.
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Songs of Motherhood. Selected by Elizabeth J. Huckel. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Songs of the Birth of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Scott-Thaw Co. 50 cents net.
Stoddard, Charles Warren. The Island of Tranquil Delights. Boston: H. B. Turner & Co. $1 net.
Storm's In St. Jürgen. Edited by J. H. Beckmann. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Stubbs, Charles William. Cambridge and Its Story. Dutton. $8 net.
Sturgis, Russell. The Appreciation of Sculpture. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50 net.
Talbot, Annie R. Bobby and Bobbinette. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. 75 cents.
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Turner, J. M. W. Liber Studiorum. Imported by Scribners. $4 net.
Valdés's Los Puritanos y Otros Cuentos. Edited by W. T. Faulkner. William R. Jenkins.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1904.

The Week.

Tradition has been broken: an accidental President has won a second term by popular suffrage; and the event is all the more remarkable because Mr Roosevelt was a Vice-President in spite of himself. This is the reward of having a positive character, a qualification usually the last to be considered in making Vice-Presidential nominations. It is also the reward of intervening actively and managerially in the conduct of the campaign, with all the advantages of the ins over the outs. And if this be objected to on the score of taste, it must be admitted to have been condoned by the vast majority of Northern voters, along with the Panama iniquity and all Mr. Roosevelt's defections from his civil-service-reform professions. His complete subserviency to partisanship has knit his party together, to such a degree that whereas he threw his official weight against Mr. Folk in Missouri, he received the electoral vote of that State while Folk apparently was elected; and whereas Mr. Roosevelt has made his bed with the most bigoted protectionists, in Massachusetts he was the popular choice though the Democratic champion of reciprocity revolt was handsomely made Governor. In other words, the two, and only two, cheering local manifestations of independence—of the duty of a State to look after its own concerns and not to be drawn off by a concurrent Federal party contest—add nothing to the laurels of the victorious President.

The multiplicity of issues enormously favored the party and the Administration on trial. The Opposition sought to force the tariff to the front, but it can hardly be said that the Republican defence was anything but languidly concerned with that topic—hardly more than the Democrats with the currency. But, over and above this—above the attack on imperialism and on what (in default of a better term) we may call Mr. Roosevelt's Cæsarism—the predominant issue for the block of Southern States on which Mr. Parker's fortunes depended was Mr. Roosevelt's assumed propaganda against caste and disfranchisement. The result was the most pronounced sectional alignment at the polls since the civil war, and Mr. Parker's entire following after the engagement is seen to be the stronghold of race pride and race injustice. This is, after all, the greatest lesson of Tuesday's election. The North has rebuked—indirectly, it is true, but with sledge-hammer emphasis—the childish attempt to degrade Mr. Roosevelt socially for one of the simplest, most natural, and most commendable acts of his life, at his own table, in his own house. No one can estimate proportionately the influence of the South's behavior in magnifying defeat by reviving the old anti-slavery sentiment of the North, but it was real, and let who will read the moral of it.

Senator Fairbanks solemnly "deplored" in Indiana the "personal charges" which Judge Parker had been making against the managers of the Republican campaign. Such personalities were shocking to the Senator. Then, to illustrate his own scrupulous consideration for the feelings of political opponents, he gently reminded the Democrats that they were bent on disgracing the nation, ruining business, and driving every workingman into the poor-house. But neither he nor any Republican can deny the existence of that "vicious circle" of which Judge Parker has spoken so pungently. "Undue protection that riches may be unfairly acquired; contribution of riches so acquired that undue protection may be continued and extended"—that return of corruption upon itself can no more be doubted or explained away than the circling of the Pleiades. It is the serpent of protection twined about the Republican party with its tail in its mouth. Everybody knows it. There is no concealment. The very Republican newspapers which grew black in the face denouncing the charges made against Mr. Cortelyou, admitted that, "naturally, great industrial enterprises and others which see that an administration of the nation's affairs by the party which formally declares that protection is robbery would force them into bankruptcy, *have contributed to the Republican campaign fund.*" The President himself, in the letter forced from him by Judge Parker, admits that "contributions" have been made to his campaign fund by corporations. Less cautious than Mr. Root, he does not limit the admission carefully to "the managers of corporations." And because no one can produce a written agreement pledging the contributing corporation a lien upon Government privileges, Mr. Roosevelt asserts that there is no impropriety in such gifts of money, and that to imply it is to slander the most high-minded President that ever lived—as if the mere acceptance of money from a Trust is not all the guarantee the Trust needs. The President was absolutely silent about the strongest part of Judge Parker's charge, namely, that the "stand-patters" were pouring money into the Republican campaign fund in order that their tariff favors might be perpetuated and enlarged. That has always been the true gravamen of the accusation.

The President practically confessed that the famous Bureau of Corporations was a humbug. He denied that Mr. Cortelyou had "any knowledge" about corporations "gained while in any official position." And Mr. Root, amplifying the confession in a later speech, declared that "neither the Department nor Mr. Cortelyou nor the President had any information or secret of any corporation" that was not "common to all the world." Indeed! Then what a miserable imposition the Bureau of Corporations has been from the beginning! It was to have been the instrument, in the hands of a determined President, for "crushing" every "bad" Trust. It has been triumphantly adduced again and again as proof of the honest purpose of Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican party to save the people from oppression by the Trusts. By the terms of the law creating the Bureau, enacted as long ago as February 14, 1903, the Commissioner of Corporations was to have "power and authority" to make "diligent investigation" into the organization and conduct of corporations, and to "gather such information and data as will enable the President" to recommend to Congress laws to "regulate" them. A year and nine months pass, and Mr. Root calmly explains that nothing has been done. Why not? Why did not the Commissioner exercise the power conferred upon him by the statute to "subpœna and compel the attendance and testimony of witnesses and the production of documentary evidence"? Plainly, it is now admitted, because nothing of the sort was ever intended; and the Bureau of Corporations was a sham and deception from the first.

Mr. Cleveland's speech at Newark served the excellent purpose of again reminding men whose memories are short that tariff reform is the historic cause for which the Democratic party has fought. Voters who have reached their majority since 1896 may have been misled by President Roosevelt's round assertion in his letter of acceptance that the high-tariff policy should now be "accepted as definitely established." The Democratic platform of 1884 attacked the tariff and promised revision; and in fulfilment of that promise President Cleveland wrote his famous tariff message. In 1888 and again in 1892, when the Democrats carried the day, the tariff was the dominant issue. In 1896 and 1900 the fear of free silver thrust this question for the moment into the background. But while the tariff re-

mains what it is, an unjust burden on the consumer, a bulwark of monopoly, and the most potent cause of political corruption in America, some political party—if not the Democratic, some other—will maintain John Bright's thesis that "the efforts of all honest men should be directed to prevent the beginning of such a mischief, and to destroy it where unhappily it has been permitted to take root." If men should hold their peace about the iniquity of the tariff, the stones would cry out.

One of the meanest Republican performances of the late campaign was a deliberate personal attack upon Mr. Carl Schurz in a widely distributed "appeal to the Germans" with many well-known signatures attached. Most of the men who actually signed it, we prefer to believe, did so as most people sign appeals and petitions—at the solicitation of friends and without stopping to read, and were ashamed to find that they had inadvertently appended their names to the statement that Mr. Schurz has "changed his politics as often as his residence," and that he "only had to pocket the reward held out to him for his temporary fidelity to a cause or a party." We say inadvertently appended, for no men realize better than some of the signers we could name, Mr. Schurz's unswerving devotion to principle, no matter what it costs him in abuse and misrepresentation. We are glad to learn from the *Staats-Zeitung* that a large number of the alleged signers of the appeal deny having put their names to it, that others have written their apologies to Mr. Schurz, and that still others are keenly mortified at the position in which they have been placed by their own carelessness.

There can no longer be any doubt whether President Roosevelt is truly "Labor's Friend." The fact is certified by T. J. Shaffer, president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron Workers. He declared in the *Labor World* that it was "the duty of the working classes to support their friends"; and Codlin was the friend, not Short. Shaffer adds, in order to show how true a friend of labor the President is: "I firmly believe that President Roosevelt intends to knock on the head every illegal combination of capital there is in this country." As proof of the entire disinterestedness of this endorsement, it is merely necessary to remark that Mr. T. J. Shaffer is an applicant for appointment by the President as Commissioner of Labor.

At last we have an official explanation of Gov. Odell's object in becoming State chairman. He said last week that he had "assumed these great responsibilities" solely to put down electoral frauds in New York city. "It was for this reason and no other." But what a splendid chance he had to add that, immediately after the election, he would resign the chairmanship, and, after January 1, retire to private life. Such a statement by him would at once have removed the load under which the Republican party in this State was staggering, and would have been worth many votes for Mr. Higgins. What frightens people is that Odell proposes to remain at the head of the Republican machine, and to manage it with the same tyranny and self-seeking that have made "Odellism" an offence to thousands of Republicans. They dread it more than they do a Democratic victory in this State. This he knows perfectly well. Yet his personal organ, the Newburgh *News*, goes on calling Republicans who dislike the Governor "traitors," and intimates that his hand will be still heavier upon them in the future. The fact that he succeeded in carrying New York though Higgins lagged far behind the national ticket, confirms the threat.

Any one who has deplored the failure of the House of Representatives to assert itself will find pleasant reading in the spirited correspondence which has recently taken place between Attorney-General Moody and Congressman Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts. The trouble arose over the postmastership at Haverhill. The place is in Mr. Gardner's district, and he had made a selection for it, when suddenly he learned that Mr. Moody, who lives in Haverhill, had recommended to the President the retention of the present postmaster. This the Congressman very promptly resented. He had yielded to the Attorney-General early in the summer in the selection of delegates to the National Convention, but insisted on his prerogative now. "It is not a parallel case in Massachusetts," he said, "with those other States where the Senators select the postmasters." Precedent as well as natural right was on his side. "I am also informed," he wrote a little later, "that when the Hingham post-office became vacant some years ago, the necessary recommendation was made by the local Congressman, albeit the Hon. John D. Long, at that time Secretary of the Navy, was a resident of Hingham." Mr. Moody's share in the exchange of letters is just 13 lines out of 250, but it is to be recorded that he got the appointment. Saying nothing of the likelihood that the Federal fabric will come tumbling about our heads, the Congressman's plight is pathetic enough. "Even after I have given out the facts," he says, "I shall suffer a tremendous loss of strength among my friends, as human nature is so constituted that it seldom believes what a politician says." Thus it would appear that skepticism, in Massachusetts, broadens down from Lodge to his son-in-law, irreverently known as "Gussie" Gardner.

The Supreme Court, Mr. Justice White dissenting, has upheld the Wisconsin Anti-Boycott law. The case was an uncommonly clear and satisfactory one, because the conspiracy was purely commercial, no issue of labor and capital being involved. The Milwaukee *Journal* having raised its advertising rates, two rival papers refused to print the notices of advertisers in the *Journal* except at its rates, meanwhile promising a handsome rebate to *Journal* advertisers who should refuse to continue on the new basis. In other words, inducements were offered to make the patrons of a rival newspaper resist its increase of rates. The defence naturally was freedom of contract. It was held that every step in the transaction was lawful. The defendants had a right to charge what they chose for advertising service, and the public, naturally, a right to profit by such competitive rate-cutting. On this matter Mr. Justice Holmes, for the court, held that freedom of contract did not extend to including provisions clearly malicious and injurious, while on the point of the innocence of acts which lead to a wrongful result he read the following very interesting opinion:

> "No conduct has such an absolute privilege as to justify all possible schemes of which it may be a part. The most innocent and constitutionally protected of acts or omissions may be made a step in a criminal plot, and, if it is a step in a plot, neither its innocence nor the Constitution is sufficient to prevent the punishment of the plot by law."

Some of the Alabama hotheads are reported to be trying to induce the Legislature of that State to withdraw its annual appropriation for the maintenance of Tuskegee Institute, on the ground that Mr. Booker T. Washington has been dabbling in politics. So far as we are able to observe, Mr. Washington's political activity has been limited to giving extremely good advice when he was asked for it. If, however, it is meant by the charge that the best-known colored citizen of the South has declined to accept as final the suffrage conditions of his race to-day, we presume he must plead guilty. But, singularly enough, the one allegation which has been made against him by men of his own color has been his failure to be more active on behalf of their political rights. As a matter of fact, Mr. Washington realizes, with the wisdom that has marked his entire career, that he is primarily the head of a great school—one of the greatest in the United States, and that his first duty is to it. Even the leadership of his people, to which his natural abilities call him, is secondary to his duties as principal. For Alabama to deprive his school of

its appropriation, at the behest of its Heflins, would be a grave step backward, which could only injure the State and the entire South by causing a widespread feeling of resentment among all who believe in education as a solvent of the problems of our democracy. Fortunately, the Legislature does not meet again for at least two years, by which time the hotheads should have cooled off.

How this city's expenditures have swollen since consolidation is evident from the new $110,000,000 budget, now officially adopted. In its first year, Greater New York cost $77,559,232. In seven years departmental expenditures have gone up nearly $32,500,000. This increase, however, cannot of itself be set down as proof of extravagance. Our best administrators are frequently more expensive, in actual outlay, than our worst. Thus, Mayor Low's last budget exceeded Van Wyck's last by some $8,000,000. Mayor McClellan, on the other hand, has taken a firm stand for economy. He has increased the budget only $3,880,000—probably just about enough, with the enlarged population, to keep the city going as it is. The increase, it is estimated, will be covered by larger valuations for purposes of taxation, and a substantial growth in the general fund, so that there will be no material change in the tax rate. Probably departmental estimates were never more ruthlessly cut down. Proposals for wholesale salary increases have not been tolerated. Building Superintendent Hopper, who planned to reform his bureau by raising everybody's salary, has received no consideration. Tenement Commissioner Crain, whose department has also been generally criticised, gets precisely what he had this year. Commissioner Woodbury said that he could not properly do his work unless he had $1,113,000 more; he gets $245,000. Commissioner McAdoo, in order to carry out his plans for enlarging the police force, demanded an increase of nearly $2,000,000; he must do the best he can with a quarter of that amount. And so all along the line. Under Mayor McClellan the departments will not undertake much new work. Indeed, the only large increases are in departments where the Board of Estimate has now little discretion. The two main items are nearly $2,000,000 for interest on the city debt, and $1,084,000 for the Board of Education, mainly to equip and man the twenty-six new schools and additions now under way. Here again we see how one Administration influences the financial policy of its successor, for most of these sorely needed schools were authorized under Mayor Low.

Like the fabled sword victim, who, until the pinch of snuff was administered, could not believe his head was off, our New York public has waited for oxygen percentages before it felt it was being half-suffocated in the subway. An examination of the air in many stations shows that, except at City Hall, the percentage of oxygen is so low as to be prejudicial to health. This on the platforms; in the trains the situation is correspondingly worse. In short, science comes to explain the dull feeling in transit and the depression afterwards. Assurances that the trains act like a piston are palpably false. In the London Tube, where the train fits the tunnel within a foot or so, that is the case; in our large four-track gallery a train presenting a "piston" surface of less than a quarter of the section merely stirs the air about. The true figure is not a piston, but a churn, and passing expresses and locals no more draw in fresh air than a dasher, however vigorously worked, draws in additional cream. Forced ventilation should immediately be introduced at all the subway stations.

A report of the British Consul at Panama speaks of "the virtual economic annexation of Panama" by the Americans. He shows how our first interpretation of the treaty took over not only the canal strip, but all of the cities of Panama and Colon except "two small patches wedged in at the two extremities of the American zone." And the rigid and precipitous application of Dingley duties as against foreign countries was calculated not merely to give American exporters a great advantage, but to ruin the trade beyond the border. It is no wonder that the real Panamanians protested against the complete surrender of their rights by their pro-tempore Minister at Washington, the discredited Bunau-Varilla.

Before going to the country, Premier Giolitti broke the long-standing alliance with the Socialists—the *connubio*, as the Italians love to call it ironically; and though he has been reëlected with all his ministers, the sources of his majority in the new Parliament are not yet apparent. The Extreme Left, whose strength has been reduced, by estimate, from some ninety to about seventy seats, will unquestionably be in Opposition, and the Government will have to make up this loss from the relatively conservative groups of the Right. That is, a majority already sufficiently composite must take on still another incongruous element, or fail altogether—a fact which explains the curious spectacle of a Radical Government endorsing in various constituencies now a Socialist, now a Liberal, or even a Conservative or Clerical candidate. By such preliminary manipulation, Giolitti, who is a master of the electoral game, has hoped to bring together to Montecitorio the constituent parts of a new ministerial coalition. Will his overtures to the Right alienate his stanch supporters among the Parliamentary Socialists, or will they by fidelity to him show that they have wholly lost their character as a collectivist party? Will Giolitti's old enemies of the Right welcome either his usurping their ideas or his bid for their votes? Are we to expect reaction in Italy through the return of the Church to politics, or merely a halt in the Liberal and Socialistic movement of the past three years? These are some of the problems that make Italy in transition one of the most interesting nations in the world. And the answer will hardly come even with the complete electoral returns next week. It lies somewhere between Turati, greatest of Parliamentary socialists, and Sonnino, adept in conservative politics, and Giolitti, in spite of the verbal contradiction, finest of Radical opportunists.

We read only after weeks the story of the assault on Port Arthur by which, in the last days of August, Nogi got his foothold below the Liaotie semi-circle. The story of warfare holds no more sensational page. For many days the battle swayed over ground netted with wire and planted with mines. At night the searchlights guided the cannonading. Estimates of the losses are the merest speculation; but one learns of Japanese regiments that brought back only a tenth from the charge, of single unsuccessful attacks that cost fifteen hundred lives, of daily losses of a hundred men in stationary protected positions. Quarter was neither asked nor given on either side; no truce was accorded for the removal of the wounded or the burial of the dead, and pestilence in the beleaguering camp added to these horrors. In the end, after a sacrifice of lives which must be reckoned by thousands, the Japanese were reduced to regular siege operations by parallels; and in six weeks' time they have apparently failed to make the mile that separates them from the western forts, though meanwhile the garrison must have lost substantially in men and supplies. On strictly military grounds, it is hard to justify this slaughter. Oyama's northern armies have been crippled for want of the troops diverted to the Kwantung peninsula. A force of forty thousand men could have invested Port Arthur and reduced it by gradual siege operations. Indeed, the value of that fortress is chiefly naval. The only reason for pressing the siege would be a serious attempt to send the Baltic squadron around. The strategy of Tokio finds its sole justification in the tremendous moral effect that the fall of Port Arthur would have upon the populace of Russia and the chancelleries of the world. That effect Nogi will probably have bought too dearly.

ROOSEVELT AND FOLK.

Wellington complained that he had been, in his public life, "much exposed to authors." President Roosevelt has been exposed to his intimate friends. His kitchen Cabinet has been as grotesque in its way as Jackson's. The confidants whom he has had about him, deep in his secrets and bursting with information about his plans, policies, and preferences, are an extraordinary collection. They embrace complacent little Mugfords of journalism; Boswells with all the toadying and gush but without the skill; divines in search of information and religious convictions; foreigners only half-naturalized and less than half-baked; swashbuckling writers and happy-thought publicists—the list is as long as it is miscellaneous. These nondescript professional "friends of the President" have done him harm, not simply because it is a reflection upon any man to have such parasites and flatterers always at his ear, but because they are forever getting him into trouble and compelling him to repudiate them even while they fawn upon him. For example, take the attitude of President Roosevelt respecting Mr. Folk's candidacy for the Governorship of Missouri.

There was a recent intimation made by *Collier's Weekly* that Mr. Roosevelt, in spite of his professed admiration for Mr. Folk as the most conspicuous and determined enemy of political corruptionists, was allowing it to be known that he hoped for Folk's defeat. A little investigation on our own account has put us in possession of the facts. It appears to be another case in which the President has been "in the hands of his friends," to his own disadvantage, and, we should think, to their mortification. The mischief originated with Mr. William Allen White of Kansas. Discretion not being his forte, he let it be known, in his capacity as mouthpiece of the White House, that Mr. Roosevelt was heartily for Folk and hoped that many Republicans would quietly vote for him. This was but natural, in Mr. White's mind. Was not the President, on his own confession, the most resolute foe of grafters? Had he not inspired at least one magazine article showing how, in the post-office scandals, he had defied the New York Senators and party pressure in order to get his clutches on the rascals? The fact that the New York Senators denied interfering did not discompose Mr. White of Kansas; and knowing how bitter was Mr. Roosevelt's hatred of boodlers, he went up and down asserting that of course the President was for Folk, that he could not but be, since to suppose that he desired the success of the Missouri corruptionists in their efforts to overthrow Mr. Folk was an insult. It was absurd to say that Mr. Roosevelt was not in sympathy with the anti-graft campaign in the West, which has le so many honest men to subscribe to the campaign fund at once of Mr. Deneen in Illinois and Mr. Folk in Missouri.

So much for one friend of the President's. But another promptly arrived upon the scene. He told Mr. Roosevelt that White's splashing around in that way was making Republicans angry. Was the President a party man or was he not? Could he maintain that its monopoly of virtue ended with Presidential candidates, and that a Republican nominee for Governor was not, *ipso facto*, superior to his opponent? This view appealed to the President, and he authorized friend No. 2 to write a letter declaring that friend No. 1 had misrepresented him.

But, alas, friend No. 2 proceeded to do exactly the same thing—so the President asserted later. In excess of zeal he made his letter too strong. He was not content with arguing that it was preposterous to imagine that Mr. Roosevelt would not favor the election of any regularly nominated Republican, however bad, over any Democrat, however good, but asserted in so many words that the President thought Walbridge "a better man than Folk." The letter was extensively "shown" in Missouri, and in an evil hour was shown also to certain independent voters, who indignantly took the matter to the White House. There followed "a scene"—in fact, we understand, several scenes, enough to make a comic opera. Finally, friend No. 2 was ordered to recant. Accordingly, he wrote letter No. 2. His first had been "misunderstood." When he had said that Mr. Roosevelt thought Walbridge a better man than Folk, he had meant "purely in his capacity as a political candidate," etc., etc.

If the whole incident provokes laughter, it is a laughter which teaches certain truths. Government, said Burke, is an affair of go-betweens. Then they ought to be very carefully chosen. Mr. Roosevelt's have not sufficiently observed the difference between going between and "butting in." Yet, after each incident of the kind, the kitchen Cabinet remains as before. Its reorganization would appear to be one of the President's most urgent duties. Another one is a rebuke of Ambassador Choate for having called Mr. Roosevelt "the chief of Independents." Mr. Roosevelt's political independence is solely for consumption between elections. In actual voting he is always for "keeping up the organization," even when, as in the present instance, it would mean filling boodlers with joy at the defeat of their implacable foe, and setting back the cause of reform throughout the whole country.

THE CASE OF MR. BUNN.

Thanks to the activity of the Pennsylvania Civil Service Reform Association, there has been unearthed one of the most genial attempts to assess Federal office-holders in many years. For its unconscious humor, for its frank and unblushing avowal that officials of the United States have no higher duty than to work for the "organization," and for its complete exposure of Philadelphia machine methods, the circular sent out by Jacob G. Bunn, lately finance clerk of the Philadelphia post-office, must long remain a classic in the literature of civil-service reform. Bunn's own head has fallen. An investigation by Civil Service Commissioner Cooley brought out so many violations of the law that his decapitation was a matter of course. But his name will long survive even the memory of his official career. Bunn on Illicit Campaign Contributions should rank hereafter with some of the highest legal authorities on torts.

Bunn himself, with the modesty ever becoming in an author, would share his laurels with others. At the inquisition into his methods he insisted, but in vain, that his name had been signed without his knowledge or his consent to the literary achievement which has brought him sudden fame. The documents for which he was so cruelly deprived of his lucrative Federal office lie before us. They seem to exhibit the same desire to be business-like and thorough in campaign-time which has been so marked a characteristic of Mr. Cortelyou's management. Mr. Bunn and his associates also want to get out the vote and collect all the campaign money in sight. So they sent word to office-holders and others:

> "☞Bring in at next meeting Written List of Office Holders, wanted for Election Day. Use some discretion and do not expect to have excused the entire Police Force, Fire Department, and Clerical and Mechanical Force of the city. Public interests make such a proposition impossible. Election Day is not a holiday, but a working day for the Organization to get busily-forgetful and disinterested citizens to vote. Do not wait until Election Day—see that your particular Division is thoroughly canvassed. Use every means from now to Election Day to arouse and enthuse Republican voters. It is remarkable that it is necessary to remind citizens of their duty to vote for ROOSEVELT AND FAIRBANKS."

In order that no guilty officeholder should escape and no spurious contributor pass himself off as a real, live recipient of a Federal salary, the following "Note" appeared:

> "Please send by return mail a photograph of yourself. If not recent and up-to-date, kindly sit for same immediately and forward a prepared proof, to be used for half-tone work. We want every Councilman, School Director, and Member of Ward Committee."

With this appeal went two elaborate blanks which reflect infinite credit upon the great Mr. Bunn. Upon them were to be entered full details as to the names, addresses, and employments of all Federal and municipal office-holding and non-office-holding voters in the ward. In

the case of the office-holders there are such significant headings as "salary per day" and "salary per year," "date of appointment," and "upon whose recommendation." In the case of the Republicans who do not hold office, there is deep significance in the demand that the names of the "present judge," the majority and minority inspectors and clerks at the polling-place of each voter be appended. Any one familiar with Philadelphia political methods will appreciate the convenience of having this information at hand.

Naturally, Bunn *et al.* were the best men to fix what proportion of his salary each office-holder should dedicate to the machine. They were particularly anxious to be square about it. In their own words:

"In order that some equitable basis may be recognized from those who desire to contribute voluntarily to the support of the Republican Organization in the 28th Ward, the suggestion has been made that all those receiving $1,000 and over contribute one per cent., under $1,000 one-half of one per cent., all per-diem men one day's pay, but no contribution solicited under $2.00. This money is only payable to the member of the Finance Committee from your Division, from whom you will get a regular printed form of receipt, and in addition, to prevent gross injustice being done contributors, a plan has been adopted by which the Financial Secretary, JACOB G. BUNN, who resides at 2418 North 30th St., will verify the amount of every contribution by mail with every individual contributor."

Mr. Bunn also announced that "the members of the finance committee will positively solicit no contribution from police officers"—doubtless because other arrangements had been made. On the other hand, Mr. Bunn knew the value of precise information. Hence he added the following queries to the blanks pertaining to office-holders:

"As an Organization Worker, what use is he? ..... If no use, what hustler in your Division would you recommend for his place? ..... As a voluntary Contributor, are his contributions the amount suggested?..... ..... Does he contribute *appreciatively, begrudgingly, defiantly,* or ignore the Organization altogether? Let us have the facts. ....."

Mr. Bunn explained the necessity for this by pointing out that "particularly those who sought the support of the Republican organization, were successfully recommended, and now are fearful to be known as a Republican, dodge every responsibility under the bugaboo of civil service."

Naturally, Mr. Bunn and his fellow-authors, William J. Binder, president, and Harvey L. Frantz, treasurer, wanted to hear no more of such ingratitude. They were anxious, too, that in creating the North Philadelphia Business Men's League, no "Fakes, Bluffs, or Hot Air Contingents" be proposed for membership. What must be their opinion now of the leader of their own party of moral ideas, when, in the hour of apparent victory, he undid all their hard work, and ruthlessly cut short so promising a literary career as that of Jacob G. Bunn?

TRUSTS AND THEIR PROSECUTORS.

"Our opponents," said Judge Parker at Hartford on Thursday, "have the effrontery to claim that they alone have shown any desire to oppose the Trusts. Their claim is as false as it is flagrant." Mr. Roosevelt himself had helped to circulate the misrepresentation. In his letter of acceptance the President spoke of the action of the Attorney-General in enforcing the anti-Trust laws and interstate commerce laws, as having "for the *first* time opened a chance for the national Government to deal intelligently and adequately with the question arising from the growth of the Trusts." He added that "these laws are *now* being administered with entire efficiency." Admitting that the increase in numbers and power of the Trusts was due largely to official neglect of duty, he made the bald assertion that "such stricture upon the failure of the officials of the national Government to do their duty in this matter is certainly not wholly undeserved as far as the Administration preceding Mr. McKinley's is concerned, but it has no application at all to Republican administrations."

This slur upon the Cleveland Administration cannot be sustained by the facts, and is so obviously capable of refutation as to make it astonishing that the able editors of the President's letter allowed it to stand. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt's language conveys the impression to the average reader that his Administration alone has sallied forth, bent on crushing the "octopuses." The Republican campaign committee freely advertised a misinformed editorial which appeared in the *World* in March last, and which contained, among other errors, the statement that Theodore Roosevelt was the first President and Attorney-General Knox the first attorney-general to enforce and test the anti-Trust law. In giving this editorial their endorsement, the Republicans thus made it appear that President McKinley and his Attorney-General entirely neglected their sworn duty.

The records show that the very first President to attempt to enforce the anti-Trust law was a Republican President, but his name was Harrison, not Roosevelt. His Attorney-General, Mr. W. H. H. Miller, sued the Sugar Trust, but was defeated in both the lower courts. When President Cleveland succeeded Mr. Harrison, the litigation was still pending, and Mr. Richard Olney saw to it that the Republican lawyer, Mr. S. F. Philips, a former solicitor-general of the United States, in charge of the Government's case, argued it before the Supreme Court. This he did, only to meet defeat, largely on the ground that mere concentration of ownership in an agricultural, manufacturing, or mining industry was not under Federal control. The famous Trans-Missouri case was also brought to a hearing in the Circuit Court during the Harrison Administration, but the Government's bill of appeal, prosecuted later by Attorney-General Olney, only met the same fate at the hands of the Circuit Court of Appeals.

It was Mr. Olney's successor, Attorney-General Harmon, who did the most important anti-Trust work, and who obtained a brilliant personal victory in the Trans-Missouri case over a number of distinguished New York and Chicago lawyers. The result was a decision for the United States upon all points, but the judgment was delayed by the Supreme Court until a few days after the inauguration of Mr. McKinley. Not content with this activity, Mr. Harmon directed a similar suit against the Joint Traffic Association, which was also successful after Mr. McKinley came into office. To Mr. Harmon also belongs the great credit of having set in motion the Addyston Pipe Trust case, out of which came the first decision that the anti-Trust law applied to a manufacturing combination. This had seemed highly improbable of achievement after the Sugar Trust case.

As in the two other cases, the decision against the Pipe Trust was handed down under Attorney-General McKenna, who instituted several other unsuccessful proceedings. Under Attorney-General Griggs, affirmances in the Addyston Pipe and Joint Traffic cases was secured, but, so far as we are informed, Mr. Griggs did not institute any new proceedings. What the present Administration has done is simply to follow in the footsteps of its predecessors and apply the decisions to newly discovered facts. These facts are not new. They have been brought out in Congress; and in the press by Mr. Edward B. Whitney, who was a member of the Department of Justice under Mr. Cleveland. But they have been deliberately overlooked, precisely as it has been convenient to ignore the vain attempts of the Cleveland Administration to obtain from a Republican Congress an amendment to the anti-Trust act which would strengthen the Government's hands, with money enough to enforce the law.

THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS.

No very clear issue was settled at the Canadian voting booths on Thursday. Sir Wilfrid Laurier went before the country on his record, which includes chiefly the negotiation of the Grand Trunk extension to the Pacific, a demand for diplomatic autonomy for the Dominion, the application of the preferential duties to South Africa, and a promise, not pressed of late, to revise the tariff. In opposition to these pledges and achievements, the Conservatives demanded a more drastic protective policy, criticised the mixed contract with the Grand Trunk, urging Government

ownership of the line; and made much of charges of corruption and of the Dundonald affair.

The defeat of the Conservatives was expected; actually, they have suffered a rout. A slight reduction in the Liberal majority in Quebec is made up by a clean sweep in Nova Scotia. Manitoba and the Northwest generally—very doubtful provinces politically—have declared strongly for Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Opposition leader, Mr. R. L. Borden, was defeated, meeting the fate of his predecessor, Sir Charles Tupper, four years ago. Sir Wilfrid Laurier returns with an increased majority—probably seventy or so, in a House of 214.

It seems to have been a waste of time for the Opposition to attack as they did the Grand Trunk contract; that agreement, with its various provisions for the advancing of Government credit, leases, refunding, and the like, was simply too complicated to be understood by the average elector, who apparently voted for the immediate good of a transcontinental railway and trusted his Government for the means. Much was made out of the tiff of the Commanding General, Lord Dundonald, with the Minister of Militia. But any effect of the exposure of the latter's partisan interference with the service was nullified by Dundonald's too clearly manifested scorn for his colonial superiors. Imperial reciprocity hardly figured in the contest. In fact, the Liberals were safely and platonically on record in its favor, and could point to the denunciation of the German trade treaty and the British and South African preferentials as their work. Savage demands for higher tariffs rung hollow in view of the great industrial prosperity of the Dominion. Indeed, the Liberals, with their bounties to iron, lead, and fisheries, could hardly be outbid in devotion to the mercantile theory. So, in default of real issues, the Conservatives rested their case on the assertion that they were somehow more patriotic, more imperially minded, than the Liberals. To a shrewd and hustling people more eager for trade advantages than for sounding names, there seemed to be no good reason for turning out an efficient premier, or for engaging in tariff fights in behalf of a mere formula which the mother country may or may not adopt.

This eminently practical turn of the Canadian voter had been illustrated a few days earlier in Premier Bond's extraordinary victory in Newfoundland. Representing a policy of independence for the colony, reciprocity with the United States, and in general the autonomous development of the industries of the island, he carried the constituencies five to one. His opponent advanced chiefly the imperialistic argument of union with the Dominion. In all British America, then, Imperialism as such has been either rebuked or ignored. Thus does a proper self-interest treat Brummagem dreams of an empire leagued against the world for some commercial Armageddon.

For the United States this double victory of the Liberals may be of the highest importance. It means the extension of an opportunity. Premier Bond's name stands with that of Secretaries Blaine and Hay on a reciprocity treaty which would build up an export trade in foodstuffs and agricultural and mining machinery, while lowering the price of fish to the American consumer. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has always been in favor of an equitable readjustment of tariffs between the United States and Canada. It is known that he would be glad to reassemble the Joint High Commission to consider this and other matters outstanding between Ottawa and Washington. The Republicans of Massachusetts and Minnesota agree in demanding the removal of trade obstructions; with thousands of voters for Dingleyism the conviction lurks that it is absurd to pay the price of conquest over-seas and to scour the globe for trade, when we front for three thousand miles what should be our greatest market in the future and our greatest purveyor. We need Canada's timber and minerals and live stock and fish and grain; she needs in a thousand instances our manufactures, both fundamental and secondary. Already New England seeks that outlet for her shoes, cottons, watches, and finer products generally, while she wants on better terms the coal and the nickel of the Dominion. All along the border the case is the same—a trade potentially great and mutually profitable hampered by the most ingeniously harmful restrictions of the Dingley tariff.

Why, it may be asked, should our Northwestern millers be forbidden to grind Canadian wheat except under bond; why should every newspaper pay double toll on its raw material, wood pulp? Why should we eat dearer fish that they may be caught or smuggled by American fishermen? On the other hand, why should the wheat-growers of the Assiniboine at once pay duty on their reapers and be shut out of the nearest market; why should Canada stumblingly and at great cost duplicate those manufactures for which we have unique material advantages and the dearly won experience of years? If a shoemaker and a market gardener live side by side, and the man of cabbages undertook to make shoes for his family, and the cordwainer attempted to grow his own vegetables in window-boxes, the neighbors would call them both fools until a reciprocity treaty was negotiated across the fence. Why, then, do two great nations live on such unneighborly terms?

Because, instead of sensible advisers, they have thousands of interested persons in council: manufacturers who fear that their dole may cease, politicians who abhor the prospect of a party which, granting no unfair favors, can extort no excessive contributions; timid people who will accept any injustice rather than upset trade conditions; ambitious schemers of the Lodge type, with their little groups of tolerated smugglers to oblige, their phrases to maintain. Of such are the enemy. But against them the very situation fights, and the expectancy of Canada and Newfoundland must some day be interpreted, not with the Lodges as a hostile advance upon our markets, but as a fair appeal for a normal understanding on all trade matters—for tariffs drawn, not by politicians for the benefit of a handful of party protégés, but by statesmen for the mutual advantage of two great nations.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, October 19-22, 1904.

The royal decree dissolving the late Parliament and convoking the electoral colleges for November 6, with re-balloting on the 13th, appeared yesterday evening in the *Official Gazette*, prefaced by the ministerial report to his Majesty, in which are stated the reasons that have induced them to advise this immediate appeal to the country, instead of awaiting the legal termination of the Twenty-first Legislature, inaugurated on the 16th of June, 1900. The "report" contains a brief sketch of the measures proposed and carried during the late session, and also unfolds the entire Ministerial programme for the future. This is an unusual course, almost "without precedent," say the malcontents. Unusual it is, both in Italy and in England. Mr. Gladstone used to "enumerate to the Queen the pros and cons for dissolution," and then enter on his "oratorical crusades," addressing meetings outside of as well as within his own constituency; and this custom has been followed almost invariably in Italy. But Signor Giolitti is disinclined to "star the country." It is doubtful whether he will address his own electors, nor will his ex-colleagues visit other colleges save those which they lately represented, or, if uncertain of reëlection, such others as may offer them a second string to their bow.

Up to the 20th of September it was believed that the elections would not take place earlier than next spring, as there were many important measures to be discussed during the winter session; nor for another week did any sign appear that the general strike in Milan, or the partial strikes in other cities, had made any impression on the imperturbable minister—at least any that would influence his conduct. It seemed a safe policy to let the agitation die out of its own accord, allow the reactionaries time in which to calm their terror by the reflection that, if many windows had been smashed, few heads had been broken, that therefore the decision not to call out the military had been wise and humane; give the proletaries leisure to repent their hasty strike, and to take note of the impotence of the demagogues who had promised them the immediate downfall, if not the dismissal, of the "bloodthirsty Min-

istry," and who in reality counted so much less than nothing that they had not even succeeded in the reconvocation of the Chambers. The good-humored, calm, but keen parliamentarian Speaker, Biancheri, in whose hands lay the power to reconvene, coolly told the delegates of the "Extremists" that he saw no reason or motive for summoning members to Rome before the time fixed when Parliament rose (*i. e.*, November 25). But the revolutionary Socialists, both in their private meetings and when united with the Republicans in the plenary assembly of the Extreme Left (radical, republican, socialistic "Popular Union"), insisted on violent measures and the revival of the obstructionist tactics which in 1899 triumphed over Pelloux's coercion bill, prevented the modification of the rules of parliamentary procedure, and finally overthrew the Ministry which had passed the coercion bill, by royal decree. Though the Radicals and evolutionary Socialists rejected this proposal, it was certain that the revolutionists *would* obstruct, and, as John Bright once observed, a costermonger and a donkey can upset an express train by crossing the rails at its approach. Again, the agitation of the railroad employees; the novel "obstruction" of the custom-house servants; the desperate unrest of the populations of the Puglie, who affirm that the renewed Austro-Hungarian commercial treaty confirms their ruin, excluding their wines from the favored-nation clause—made it clear to all that the House could not in November calmly discuss the grand question of the future operation of the railways by the State or by private companies, or the measures that must be taken to redress the grievances of the Puglie.

Hence, as a warning and a necessary precaution, the Government called to the colors the category of 1888—*i. e.*, all the males born in that year who at twenty-four years of age hoped to remain at home save in case of war. They may have received the summons with curses deep and low on the strikes and their instigators, but the timid propertied classes were reassured, and almost forgave the minister for his neutrality in September, receiving the announcement as a sure and certain sign that the general elections were decided on. These were unanimously desired by all but such Deputies as fear for their seats; but the inscrutable premier, who does not always share his counsels with his colleagues, and never with outsiders, kept all on tenterhooks until the eve of the 18th instant, and even then, having the decree and the report printed in the prison printing-house, did not allow a single copy to be issued in Rome until all the prefects in the country had been furnished with the revises. Finally a copy reached the Chamber of Deputies, but their library and reading-rooms are still in such disorder that they called on the famous journalist Deputy Cirmeni to read it aloud to the assembled members present at Montecitorio.

The document in itself is, of course, a replica of ministerial programmes in general, but in some respects it is worthy of note. The quiet sarcasm of the portions that relate to the "abuse of liberty by the greatest agitators for liberty in the absolute," made more than one demagogue wince—nay, writhe; while the mild reminder to "the propertied classes that even they need higher education in the doctrine of liberty, seeing that they have not yet comprehended that, under a liberal régime, they should not and must not await everything from the Government, but must take, as citizens, more vigorous action for the protection of their own legitimate interests," is language so new as to sound in their ears like a foreign tongue. They expected the Premier to cry *Peccavi* for not having called out the troops during the general strike, and to pledge his word that on future occasions he would defend their life and property as in the May days of 1898, when the great cities were all in a stage of siege and the civilians arrested were tried by military tribunals. But the ministerial programme reaffirms the intention of the Government to adhere to liberal ideas, and to act conformably as hitherto to secure liberty within the limits of law and order, which exclude alike reaction and demagogy.

"Faith in liberal policy cannot be shaken by the violence of a small minority which the entire nation has condemned. The late disorders have proved that the revolutionary element fears liberty, which deprives them of their *raison d'être*, of all prestige; hence [during the general strike], they suppressed all liberty, including that of the press. Liberty is necessary for the welfare and progress of the working classes, in both city and country, and it is to be hoped that they will learn to understand where their own interests lie, and find sufficient dignity to refuse to submit to interested tyranny which comes from below. . . . This liberal policy finds its adversaries in the two extreme parties [clerical Conservatives and revolutionary Socialists], but late events must have proved to them that any sudden disturbance of order brings on the scene the criminal classes, the worst elements of society, whose excesses they are powerless to prevent, thus rendering themselves responsible for the crimes committed."

In order to control more efficiently these criminal classes, the Government will demand an increase of the police force (in Italy, we may observe, it is the quality rather than the quantity that is deficient). Hereon follows the announcement that staggered many even of the ministerialists: namely, of the intention of the Government to propose State operation of all the railroads now worked by private companies whose contracts terminate on the 15th of June, 1905. Never till this moment has any friend or foe been able to get a clue to Signor Giolitti's ideas on this burning question, discussed during an entire session in 1876, when the Liberals came to power, and the State won the day; and debated with yet greater heat in 1884, when Depretis, in opposition to the entire Liberal party and many ultra-Conservatives, carried his "private-operation policy," and secured the passage of the "fatal conventions" which led to the worst railway system existing—to the oppression of the railway servants, to their overwork and diminished wages, consequently to constantly increasing disorders and strikes, to the threatened and almost effected general strike of 1901. State-operated railways, say the advocates of this system, will avoid the consequences of the excessive greed of private shareholders, and permit the Government to organize and discipline the railway servants, redress their grievances, and at the same time enact such laws as shall make strikes in their ranks illegal, as in the postal and telegraphic services—this with the universal approbation of the country, whereas at present all severe regulations introduced are dissented from, owing to their apparent favoritism of the interests of one class of the "haves," the shareholders of the railway companies.

The "private-service" champions, on the other hand, fear that State operation will endanger the finances, which are now only just convalescent, subject to relapse at any moment. They say at least the companies risk their own private capital, and all the losses incurred by disasters, disorders, monetary crises, fall on them; they act as a buffer, a defence, to the credit of the State. They point to the vehement and successful opposition of Minister Rouvier, in such a rich and financially solid country as France, to State operation of several large railways, as an example worthy of imitation, and wish that the Government had remained neutral until the whole subject had been fairly thrashed out on the floor of both Chambers. That it is a capital card on which to appeal to the country is certain, as, while experts ponder and weigh the pros and cons, the know-nothing laity desire and applaud State rule, as abolishing the detested "conventions" and not less hated shareholders. Sonnino, whose technical value and financial capacity are admitted on all hands since his restoration of public credit at its last gasp in 1893, and who has always inclined to State operation, refuses the challenge thrown by the ministerial *Tribuna* to give his opinion on this part of the programme, observing, in his admirably edited and widely circulated *Giornale d'Italia*, that for four years he has awaited the discussion of the question; asks in what the operation is to consist, and what are the financial and technical lines on which this improvised determination rests, and reserves his verdict until the debate in the Chambers shall have taken place.

Next follow, in the Government programme, promises and pledges of social, educational, and industrial reforms, reform of the incidence of taxation, of labor contracts, etc.; but as these promises are accompanied by the frank and most absolute affirmation that the army and navy budget cannot be reduced by a farthing, Didymus asks, "Where are the funds to come from?" The conversion of the 5 per cents is as yet a desideratum, nor do prolonged wars and rumors of war facilitate its advent. True, consols are above par, and Italian paper is on a par with gold; but the southern provinces are in an awful plight, the poor Pugliesi exasperated, since fate adds insult to injury precisely in this year when, as they lose their best market, the vintage is so abundant that they have not sufficient casks or receptacles to receive the must. Their pitiful condition necessitates assistance.

The electoral agitation is already great, but the confusion of parties and fractions of parties is Babylonic. The "Popular Party Union" is avowedly dissolved, the elements resolved into their integral parts; and that this would be the case was evident from the second day of the general strike in Milan, and especially after the extreme Left, at the intimation of the "popular dictatorship," held a meeting to propose the resolutions for the plenary meeting to be held in Rome on the 21st of September. It became evident at once not

only that the three parties could never again agree to agree, but that the split between the evolutionary and revolutionary Socialists was on the verge of a rupture. Very insolent were the articles of Ferri in the *Avanti*, albeit not as coarse or violent as those of Labriola, Mocchi, and other of the strike organizers in the *Avanti-guardia*. Claudio Treves, in the *Tempo*, the daily organ of the evolutionists in Milan, gave a Roland for an Oliver, but it was the first number of Turati's *Critica Sociale* that came out after the strikes which gave the death-blow to the already dying alliance. The result on the elections is evident. Whereas ever since their origin as a party they have fought out their battles in private and presented a united front at the civic and political elections, now in each college the revolutionists present their candidate, and likewise the evolutionists. Both fractions, too, have broken up the alliance with Republicans and Radicals, though the former, in their desire to "overthrow existing institutions," incline to the revolutionary Socialists, and with them approved the prolonged strike at Milan and the five days' suspension of every newspaper in the city, including their own. The Radicals, who joined the popular side in order to prevent coercion, "the gag," and military government, have retaken their old position of "his Majesty's Opposition." Comparing the number of the political with that of the civic voters, it results that, despite the veto, clericals vote generally and freely, and this year it is an open secret that, though the Pope will maintain the *non expedit*, he does not object to and instead favors Catholics going to the urn in support of the candidates who adhere to the Church and to religious education in the schools, and are opposed to divorce. In Milan the Catholic League is openly allied with the ultra-Conservatives, who there more than elsewhere are organized and active, and assuredly not ministerialists. The same is true of Venetia, though there parties are less rigorously organized and less vigorous in action.

When we come to what is called the ministerial party, we are at a loss to define it. True it is that Giolitti had an enormous majority when Parliament rose in June, but it was entirely heterogenous. Ultra and moderate Conservatives, portions of the Centres—some in order to avoid a general election, others out of deference to Luzzatti, others because the extreme Left had begun to oppose him—voted in his favor, but will all these remain faithful to him in case he returns to power? He has summoned the prefects one by one to Rome, and they have received their instructions as to the candidates they are to befriend, those they are to oppose; but the general public seem to be in a refractory mood, and it is not at all certain that the electors as a whole will follow the ministerial guidance. All that is clear, therefore, is that, besides such of his late adherents as may remain faithful to him, Giolitti will have the Radicals in block openly on his side, and, measure for measure, the evolutionary Socialists, some of the moderate Conservatives, while the waverers (and they are numerous) will wait to see how the wind blows. On the other hand, he will find the ultra-Conservatives and revolutionary Socialists in fierce and compact opposition. But it is too soon to form the faintest conception of how the elections will go.

J. W. M.

THE LABOR WAR IN AUSTRALIA.

SYDNEY, October 10, 1904.

In less than a decade a complete change has taken place on the face of Australian politics. Mr. Godkin's essay on the Australian democracy is barely seven years old, and it is wonderfully true to the spirit as well as to the facts of Australian public life, but it is already out of date. A new factor has come into unexpected prominence, or rather a somewhat old factor has assumed new proportions and altered all the conditions. In New South Wales the Labor party is ten or twelve years old, and for the greater part of that time it has held the balance of power. For five years it kept a free-trade Ministry in office, and extracted from it a system of taxation conceived to be in the interests of the workingmen. Unable to wring from it other measures it had still more at heart, it turned out the Ministry and placed and kept the protectionists in office for another five years' term. The growth of the Labor party in the other States has been slower, but more striking. In Queensland, eleven years ago, it consisted of a single member; at the general elections held the other day it swelled to thirty-four members in a House of seventy-two. Hardly five years old in West Australia, it has there just defeated the Ministry and taken its place on the Government benches. In South Australia the Ministry and the Opposition have coalesced to keep the Labor party out of office, which they do by just one vote; and in the Commonwealth a hybrid Ministry of free traders and protectionists is maintaining a precarious existence with the same object. In sorely tried Victoria (a standing example of the ruin a protectionist policy may work) a heroic effort of the saner portion of the population was needed to defeat the Labor party and fling out the Ministry it supported. A similar victory has just been won in New South Wales. Over the whole of Australia it is felt that all other political struggles are being reduced to a single conflict—that between labor and the rest of the community. It is everywhere perceived, and two premiers have said, that, alike in the States and the Commonwealth, there is room for only two parties—the Labor party and whatever other party stands for industrial freedom.

Five possible situations may result: (1.) The Labor party may be undifferentiated, as (till the other day) in New Zealand, where a Ministry formed in the ordinary course and without a Labor mandate has been converted by the strong wills of two or three individuals into a Labor Ministry. (2.) The Labor party may support the Ministry, but remain independent of it and out of office, as lately in the Commonwealth and in New South Wales. (3.) It may fuse itself with the Ministry, as now in Queensland, control its policy, and accept office. (4.) It may independently assume office, as now in West Australia and lately in the Commonwealth. (5.) Defeated, it becomes the Parliamentary Opposition, as now in the Commonwealth and in New South Wales, and its leader is officially recognized by the speaker as the titular leader of the Opposition. These are notable advances to have been made in a few years. The fable of the old Roman senator is threatening to prove a literal fact. If Australia is not exactly being governed by its belly (the unskilled laborers), it is being largely governed by its hands and feet (the skilled artisans). What are their claims and what their qualifications for the task they have deliberately assumed?

First, it is contended that the political Labor party is not coextensive with the laboring class. It certainly is not. Of the 423,000 hand-workers in New South Wales only 60,000 are brigaded into unions. Nor do unionist artisans always vote at the crack of the Labor whip. At the recent general elections in New South Wales, thousands of laboring men and women voted against the labor candidates. Almost a year ago the electors of the same State were called on to vote in connection with one of those referendums by which a colonial ministry escapes from its difficulties. The question was, Should the first chamber be reduced in numbers, and, if so, in what proportion? Though a reduction was imperative in the interests of economy (for the more legislators there are, the more public works are constructed), the Labor party strenuously opposed any reduction, and it succeeded in fixing a limit below which no reduction could be voted for. None the less, reduction was carried by an immense majority, and it was manifest from the numbers polling that a large proportion of the laboring class must have voted against the wishes of the labor leaders.

It is, moreover, estimated that the laboring class does not produce more than a quarter of the wealth annually produced in Australia. Of this quarter it may perhaps be said that two-thirds is, in a manner, the production of the captains of industry—the capitalists who personally direct industrial production. Employers continually complain that the men are not worth the wages the unions compel them to pay. They are lazy, handless, and without resource, sometimes dishonest, and often wholly incompetent. Without incessant supervision and a constant infusion of energy on the part of the employers, their labor would be futile.

Lastly, the Labor party owes its ideals, not to itself, but to thinkers and publicists. Edward Bellamy, Laurence Gronlund, and Henry George purveyed the Socialist policy which New Zealand and the Australian States are carrying out. It was initiated in New Zealand by a commercial traveller, who afterwards became a newspaper proprietor. It was continued by the ex-engine-driver who succeeded him in the premiership. An old Highland shepherd devised a scheme of land purchases and land tenures that embodied the nationalization of the land. But by far the most important of the socialistic measures—industrial arbitration—was shaped and carried into law in New Zealand by the son of a newspaper proprietor who was a bit of an Oxonian, and it was developed and expanded in New South Wales by a cultured Oxonian who is one of the few instructed men in Australian public life.

As in all else, the colonies here repeat the history of older countries. Grant Allen remarked that the Radical leaders have usually been men of family and education. So have the Socialist leaders. Lassalle arrogantly claimed that he was "equipped with all the culture of his century" (what did

he know of science?), and Louis Blanc might have made a similar boast. In North Lanarkshire, the other day, the Labor candidate was a well-known publicist who collects old editions of Lucretius and first editions of Fichte. And it is noticeable that as soon as the Australian labor leaders acquire the necessary leisure, they set themselves to remove their deficiencies, read incessantly, and steadily improve as public speakers. Renan, indeed, believed that the interests of culture were safer in the hands of Caliban than in those of Prospero or his degenerate successors, and it can be affirmed as a fact that Government officers in the colonies are both more liberally and more courteously used by uneducated legislators and ministers than by those with a tincture of cultivation. A professor in the University of Melbourne is leaving his position because he cannot get his pay from a retrenching middle-class Government, while a member of the late Labor Ministry in the Commonwealth has just founded a scholarship for poetry in the same university.

The policy of the Labor party throughout Australia is undisguised. It may be summed up in the motto of the Queensland Labor party: "Socialism in our time." The phrase was born of antagonism to the policy of the Fabian Socialists. That highly cultivated body entered on its propaganda with the belief that an organized system of State Socialism could be brought into existence in a few years. A brief contact with the realities of English politics soon punctured the illusion. A longer and closer contact with the realities of Australian politics has rather strengthened the belief in the minds of Australian labor leaders, and with some reason. The very large extent to which the Australasian colonies are socialistic is well known, but two or three recent developments may be mentioned. The Government of New Zealand has just opened a coal mine, the immediate effect of which is stated to have been that one-third of the miners in two adjacent coalfields have been thrown out of employment. The same progressive Government has added a fire-insurance department to its life-insurance department; it had twice or thrice vainly attempted to make fire insurance in the Government department universal and compulsory. And the same Government now owns hotels in tourist districts, and "personally conducts" all railway refreshment rooms. There was thus already a broad basis on which to rear a system of State Socialism. To it the Labor party in Australia proposes to add all natural monopolies. Both in the Commonwealth and in New South Wales it has tried to make the iron manufacture an exclusive privilege of the State. It also claims for the State the monopoly of the tobacco manufacture. The programme of the Labor party in New Zealand, founded only within the last few weeks, is more thoroughgoing. It demands the nationalization of all mineral wealth, and the establishment of woollen and flour mills, clothing and boot factories. Such proposals seem formidable, or would be if there were the least danger of their being carried into effect. But no subversive changes like those which scare the middle classes in the revolutionary Socialism of France or Germany, need be looked for in Australia. The labor leaders in all the States are cool-headed men, who will not be betrayed into any extravagance. Some of them are Irish, but the Celtic fervor has either burnt down in them or is sternly repressed. The Labor leader in the Commonwealth, while admitting that Socialism is the foundation of the Labor platform, intimated that those who expected extreme measures from him would be disappointed, and during his brief term of office he certainly gave no indication of favoring an advanced policy. The Labor Ministry in West Australia is already disappointing its followers by its unexpected moderation.

The stability of the semi-socialist system built up by successive colonial governments depends mainly on two factors—foreign loans and high protective duties. The State purchases of private lands are being effected by means of loans raised in England. The substitution of the State for commercial companies as the holders of land mortgages (and in all the colonies land is mortgaged to the hilt) has been made practicable by the same means. The execution of public works, which are extensive in proportion to the socialistic trend of the Ministry of the day, rests on the same basis. Let the British bondholder grow alarmed at the monstrous indebtedness these colonies are piling up, and the colonial socialistic activity on these lines necessarily comes to an end. This is exactly what is happening. The motherland obstinately refuses to continue lending to her prodigal sons at the antipodes except on usurious terms. The consequences are already visible. In most of the Australian States public works are almost at a standstill, and the repurchase of lands is being very slowly made. In the more prosperous colonies the boom that has been maintained for many years by the copious and continuous influx of foreign gold, shows signs of breaking. Should it break, the mass of colonial Socialism will tumble down like a child's house of cards, which in reality the whole thing is. Among other features of the structure, the extravagant old-age pension system—which New Zealand has just discovered, as Victoria two years ago discovered, and as New South Wales will yet discover, to be a sink of corruption—will prove to be an intolerable burden. State industrial arbitration stands or falls with protective duties. J. C.

Correspondence.

CASTE AND CONSCIENCE AT THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The columns of your paper have furnished with painful frequency accounts of harsh treatment of the negro by Southern whites, and of the friction between the races. I take the liberty of calling your attention to the enclosed clippings from the Charleston *News and Courier* of October 21, and the editorial comments thereon of that day and of the 26th inst., which give another side of the question, and furnish an instance of the respect and high regard in which a negro was held by his white neighbors, on account both of his character and of his personal influence, exerted to bring about and maintain kindly relations between the races. I hope you will reprint the enclosed clippings for the benefit of your readers.

I do not desire to present an argument on this matter, but allow me briefly to say, in passing, that such instances of pronounced cordiality are not common, that they are less frequent now than ever before, that race feeling is more accentuated now than ever before. President Roosevelt, by the course he has pursued in reference to the negro, has thwarted the efforts of those who wished to cultivate and establish between the races relations of justice and kindness, and also to bring about among the whites the recognition of their responsibility, as the superior race, for the education and improvement of the negro. President Roosevelt, by his disregard of the judgment and wishes of those who were in position to understand conditions in the South, and his abandonment of his position while on the Civil Service Commission, that merit should be the test of qualification for office, has made it well-nigh impossible to labor for the improvement of the negro as a citizen, and more difficult for him to secure that fairness of treatment which is desirable both for his own sake and also as a habit of mind and of conduct for the whites.

The solution of the negro question is one that requires patience and wisdom. It cannot be forced by the people of the North—first, because the whites of the South will not submit to dictation on matters affecting them and their rights; and, secondly, because the North does not understand the question, nor do they appreciate what this question means to the whites of the South. The very civilization of the South is involved, and the sooner it is recognized by the North that education and moral character shall rule—which means that the Anglo-Saxon shall rule and predominate in moral, political, and educational government, and will never permit social equality with the negro in any manner—the sooner will the negro receive justice in treatment, and the constantly increasing liberality and generosity in acquiring educational advantages which will elevate his character and make him a better and more useful citizen. If, however, the North follows the lead of Mr. Roosevelt and persists in its determination to give the negro position which in a way places him above the superior race and engenders and intensifies the natural prejudice between the races, the longer will be the delay in securing for the negro those opportunities for improvement and elevation which can only come by slow development and by a gradual evolution.

Very truly, Richard I. Manning.

Sumter, S. C., October 24, 1904.

[Our space does not permit us to reprint the extracts sent us by our correspondent. On October 20, the Circuit Court at Lancaster, S. C., "adjourned out of respect to the memory of Bishop Isom C. Clinton, whose burial takes place here to-morrow." Bishop Clinton was a colored man, born a slave, and, as our correspondent informs us, was "a consistent Republican," though why he had any business to be Republican or Democrat in a disfranchising community passes our understanding. The Court's adjournment we must regard

as "in a manner" an act of social equality; as it could have done no more for a white man; but we have before had occasion to remark that, for social purposes, the only good negro, in the eyes of the vast majority of Southern white people, is a dead negro. To him they are ready to pay tribute for his private virtues and civic usefulness. All the "education and moral character" he might have amassed could, while he was alive, have no recognized share in "ruling" and "predominating" the community. It could not entitle him to the meanest public office, to send his children to a mixed school, or to ride with other decently dressed and behaved persons in a mixed car—a paradox which our Southern brethren might escape if they could comprehend Beaumarchais's apophthegm, "L'amitié [social equality] s'accorde, l'estime s'exige"—that is, you are under compulsion to esteem a fellow-being according to his worth, but neither this nor rendering him exact and equal justice compels you to take him into your set.

Another clipping reports the condemnation of lynching in Judge R. C. Watts's address to the grand jury of Lancaster County. It is one of many signs that the awakening Southern conscience is to make itself felt first effectively through the judiciary. We welcome them all, and notice such as we can.—Ed. Nation.]

THE FUNCTION OF POETRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Reading to-day the letter in this week's *Nation* from Mr. James E. French makes me wish to say two things:

First, that I read, with what I do not exaggerate in calling perfect delight, Professor Goldwin Smith's article in the October *American Historical Review*, from which Mr. French quotes one passage for animadversion. There is, *me judice*, no other living man who could have given us an article on its theme equalling it either in its luminous condensation, the soundness of its many judgments, or especially in the perfection of its English. It reminds one of that wonderful masterpiece by the same hand, 'The United Kingdom.'

Second, it occurs to me that Mr. French's criticism would have been better placed if he had first inquired or told us what Professor Smith meant by his phrase, "pleasure of that sort which it is supposed to be the special function of poetry to give." There are varieties of pleasure given by poetry. How is it that this critic determined that Professor Smith did not have in mind the precise pleasure which his critic evidently regards as the chief function of poetry to give? For my part, I do not suppose, as does Mr. French, that Professor Smith would "dismiss" Lowell's Ode "as a highly figurative work of imagination," which gave him no pleasure. On the contrary, I have no doubt that he would agree heartily with what Lowell writes in Mr. French's quotation. Does Mr. French really think Professor Smith admires the poet described by Lowell in the last four lines quoted by him? Mr. French's phrase—pleasure-purveyor—is to no purpose. It defines nothing. Are not all real poets pleasure-purveyors, Milton and Dante even?

While we are without knowledge of the meaning, except its obvious and natural one, of the particular phrase of Professor Smith's now criticised, I should like to add my small voice in support of his apparent estimate of Browning's poetry. Nothing can be better, as it seems to me, than his farther characterization of Browning, thus: "He is a philosopher in verse with Browning societies to interpret his philosophy"; only, I must add, no interpreter has yet seemed to make philosophy or sense out of much that he has written.

D. H. Chamberlain.

University Station, Charlottesville, Va., November 4, 1904.

UNSCRUPULOUS BOOK AGENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am informed that certain persons have called on my friends and members of various societies to which I have the honor of belonging, and, under the pretence of being my secretary, have solicited subscriptions to books with the editing of which I have been legitimately associated. I have authorized no one—man, woman, or child—to use my name for any such purpose.

In order to gain entrance to houses otherwise inaccessible, unscrupulous book agents have actually sent up my name, audaciously impersonating myself until "the lady of the house" appeared and discovered the trick. In one case that came to my ears the clever, shrewd salesman actually persuaded the wealthy friend on whom he thus forced himself under false pretences to subscribe for one of his books!

The matter has its amusing side, but is nevertheless extremely annoying; for a person is thus put in a false position. A plain statement of these facts seems to be my only defence. Nathan Haskell Dole.

Glen Road, Jamaica Plain, Boston, November 3, 1904.

EMERSON AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the book reviews of your issue of October 27 I find the following statement: "Neither the Emersonians nor the Eddyites will be pleased with Mr. More's finding Emerson responsible for Christian Science and similar vagaries, but it is certain that the Eddyites have often found the Emerson scripture to their purpose."

This needs a little clearing up lest it might give your readers a wrong impression of the attitude of Christian Scientists. They, like most other religionists and philosophers, have a very high regard for the noble works and sayings of Emerson; and while it may be true that Emerson has contributed toward the general progress leading up to the discovery of Christian Science, yet there is nothing in common between his premises and those of Mrs. Eddy.

I am sure you will pardon me for entering a kindly protest against the use of the word "Eddyites." Christian Science is not an ism of Mrs. Eddy's. All Christian Scientists have demonstrated the truth of their faith sufficiently to make it their very own; therefore, the use of that term as a definition is entirely incorrect, and it could have no other use than the epithetical, and I am sure that the good editor of the *Nation* would not be found guilty of calling names.

Yours sincerely, Alfred Farlow.

Boston, November 3, 1904.

A CORRECTION CORRECTED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your reviewer of Mr. Conway's 'Autobiography' makes a note of Mr. Conway's story about the first remarks of certain leading Unitarians on entering another world, and says it was not a student who invented the remarks, but Theodore Parker. It was not Theodore Parker, it was Dr. Frederic Henry Hedge. So he told me at my own table when I attributed them to another person. My wife confirms my recollection. At the same time he told me that his daughter had invented one for him. He had complained a good deal about the fire in the parlor grate, which had a way of going out. "I know," said his daughter, "what *you* will say when you arrive in the next world. It will be, 'I'm glad to be somewhere at last where the fire *doesn't go out.*'" One of the best of the remarks omitted from Mr. Conway's enumeration was that attributed to Dr. Hedge's father-in-law, Dr. Pierce of Brookline, who was very proud of his walking: "Just seventy-five (?) minutes from earth! Walked all the way!" John W. Chadwick.

Brooklyn, November 3, 1904.

Notes.

Dr. Benjamin Rand, author of the 'Life, Letters, and Philosophical Regimen of the Third Earl of Shaftesbury,' will shortly have ready for academic and public use a very comprehensive 'Bibliography of Philosophy.' It will embrace bibliographies of the History of Philosophy, Systematic Philosophy, Logic, Æsthetics, Philosophy of Religion, Ethics, and Psychology. The "History of Philosophy" contains the roll of great names from Thales to Spencer, their works, and the works upon them. The other bibliographies include the general and various special topics comprised in their respective subjects. The work has now been in the Oxford University Press for more than three years, and will appear as the third volume of the 'Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology,' edited by Prof. J. M. Baldwin and other scholars, and also in separate form. We may add that Dr. Rand has sounded several of the larger libraries and universities regarding a pet project of his in a privately printed leaflet entitled 'A Philosophical Library for the American Continent.'

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish immediately 'The Russo-Japanese Conflict: Its Causes and Issues,' by K. Asakawa, Ph.D., a graduate of Dartmouth College, and now a member of its faculty.

'Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story; Her Fifteen Years of English Prison Life,' will be issued in December by Funk & Wagnalls Co. The book has been written wholly by Mrs. Maybrick, except the legal digest and other matter in the appendix.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have nearly

ready 'The Younger American Poets,' by Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

Noticeable already are the outpouring series of small volumes, some Lilliputian like the new Vest-Pocket issue of Messrs. Putnam, which measures 4½x1¾ inches, and gives us, printed lengthwise, FitzGerald's Omar, and bits from Burns, Goldsmith, Browning, Tennyson, etc. Those to whom the size recommends itself will want the catalogue. Not very much thicker, but broader, for the side pocket, are the familiar "Ariel Booklets" of the same firm, now growing into a century of volumes with Miss Edgeworth's 'Castle Rackrent,' Fouqué's 'Undine,' Swift's 'Voyage to Lilliput,' King James's 'Counterblaste,' etc., each in this case a complete whole. The author's portrait is a feature of these reprints. Still larger, yet rightly described as "Handy Volume Classics," are those published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., sometimes mere copies, as in the case of Gowan's whimsical 'The Hundred Best Poems,' sometimes with a little apparatus, as where Prof. Brander Matthews contributes Introductions to Sheridan's Comedies and to Robert Bell's 'Songs from the Dramatists,' with some addenda, and Mr. Mabie introduces Addison's Essays, Mr. Charles Welsh, Chesterfield's Letters, etc.

We noticed at some length last January the elegant limited edition of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim Progress,' with twenty-five illustrations by Cruikshank, mostly engraved for the first time from his drawings. The same text and cuts have now been popularized in a plain form by the Oxford University Press (H. Frowde), and so far as the text is concerned, this is a boon. The rather mediocre designs have suffered somewhat in the less costly printing. Since our former notice we have seen a copy of the rare print (never published) of Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It is much finer as well as larger than its replica here, one of the two or three fairly ambitious designs in the series.

The Rev. H. C. Beeching's careful transcript of Milton's Poetical Works from the earliest printed copies of the several poems is another Oxford reissue of moderate cost and substantial excellence.

Kingsley's 'The Heroes' reappears in a somewhat elegant form with six color-plates and seventy half-tone illustrations by T. H. Robinson (London: Nister; New York: Dutton). We like Mr. Robinson best in some of his chapter vignettes. His idealism is rather naïve and his figure drawing amateurish. His Theseus is anything but heroic, and the consistent half-nude representation of him, while all nymphs are full-clad, leads to strange situations, as in the scene with Medea at p. 270, in color, "printed in Bavaria."

Elliot Stock, London, sends us the eighteenth issue of his 'Book-Prices Current,' still under the careful direction of Mr. J. H. Slater. It records the prices of books sold at auction in London from October, 1903, to July, 1904, to the number of 6,276 items, with the usual index. Exceptional fulness has been given to the titles of a notable batch of economic works such as seldom come under the hammer *en bloc*, and there is a full account of the original MS. of Book I. of 'Paradise Lost,' probably the printer's copy, which was withdrawn from the sale when the bidding fell short of £5,000, and was afterwards disposed of privately to Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The highest prices here recorded were for manuscripts: one, a Latin-Flemish, "with English influence," curiously illuminated, fetched £2,500, or one-sixth of the total net product of the Sneyd collection, "though it could easily be placed on the palm of the hand." The season proved depressing for books of ordinary character. The fresh seven-volume limited edition of FitzGerald's Writings and Letters was thrown back at £2 to £3, in each of several instances. Dickens, Thackeray and Tennyson were in but moderate request. The Walter Pater cult made a modest beginning. A unique copy of 1545, not heretofore known, of Erasmus's Precepts of Cato in English, brought £40. A copy of Vellutello's Petrarch (Venice, Giolito, 1548) went for £1 15s. on December 11, 1903, while one of 1547 brought on July 28, 1904, £12. What is odd is, that the annotation for each is the same, and implies the possibility of a turnover for one and the same work between the sales mentioned—if the printer's date has been erroneously changed. This appears probable from the fact that Giolito published two editions of this commentary in 1547; we can discover no record of another in 1548.

The First Book of Bacon's 'Advancement of Learning' (Ginn & Co.) has received from Prof. Albert S. Cook the scrupulous treatment which this editor commonly bestows on English classics. An intelligent reader may indeed complain that the text is over-annotated, although he may share Professor Cook's none too high estimate of "the average student" when it comes to interpreting even a piece of "compelling and artistic prose." The editor's deliberate valuation of Bacon's style is interesting in comparison with Sainte-Beuve's criticism ("un heureux, abondant et un peu confus écrivain") in 'Portraits Littéraires,' ii. 453; his involved, though brief, comment on Bacon's character should be confronted with Kuno Fischer's more convincing solution of the same enigma. An excerpt from Fischer might well have been included among the introductory "Opinions concerning Bacon." However, the amount of help for the student whom the editor "had in mind" is little short of astonishing; one wonders whether such student will be more free to shift for himself in the Second Book, when it appears. Every one interested in philosophy should welcome the entry of competent English scholarship in a field that professors of English are prone to neglect.

In the year 1566, one William Adlington produced a version of the Golden Ass of Apuleius, dating his preface 'From Universitie Colledge, Oxforde.' Nothing further is known of him, not even that he proceeded to a degree; but his book, for its vigorous Elizabethan English, has long been to the elect "a right pleasant pastime and delectable matter," as he would himself have said. Between 1566 and 1639 it went through six editions, was repeated from the last in the series called the Tudor Translations, and now appears, printed from the first edition, in the noble garb of the Chiswick Press of London (New York: Privately printed for the Scott-Thaw Co.). In this form it is a tall folio, the paper and type alike beautiful, but with a somewhat Brummagem frontispiece. Only two hundred copies are reserved for these United States; whether there be more than two hundred citizens to whom a *custos morum* could conscientiously recommend a perusal, is a question on which he might consult with himself as long as did the translator before he ventured to dedicate his work to the Earl of Sussex. For, truly, the "jesting and sportfull manner of the booke" (to preserve his polite euphemisms) makes it "unfitte to be offred to any man of gravitie and wisedome." And yet he concluded that the effect thereof might tend "to a good and vertuous morall"—in the which pious hope we have given it mention here.

Quite an epidemic of philosophic autobiographies has marked the present year, and it might have been expected that the story of the Aberdonian weaver who rose to be professor of logic and finally Lord Rector in the university of his native city, would not have been the least notable of the series. We have found, however, Alexander Bain's 'Autobiography' (Longmans, Green & Co.) somewhat disappointing, and in no wise comparable in point of interest with Herbert Spencer's. One cannot, indeed, withhold a certain measure of admiration from the strenuous work and iron determination to which Bain owed his success, but beyond this there is little of interest or instruction to be gathered from his narrative. The general reader will hardly be conciliated by the jejune style in which long series of dry details are frigidly set forth, and will scarcely accept the author's contention that the historic value of his copious reminiscences of the minutiæ of teaching and administration in a small Scotch university sixty or seventy years ago deserved such conscientious chronicling. The technical philosopher will not greatly value the bare, precise notes on the composition of Bain's works. And even the psychologist will only record without gratitude the stern self-restraint which has suppressed nearly all items of human and personal interest, and will long for a little more *abandon* and self-revelation carried nearer to the verge of indiscretion. Bain's attitude towards himself is doubtless highly dignified, but what, after all, is the value of autobiography if it hardly differs in tone and content from an official biography? The latter would at least have thrown more light on the many public-spirited things Bain did, and better have reminded philosophers of the debt they owe to one who was the founder, and for many years the sole financial supporter, of *Mind*.

'Presidential Problems,' by Grover Cleveland (The Century Company), is a reprint of two addresses and two magazine articles, thoroughly revised by the author. They may be regarded as mainly a justification of his administration, and as such possess a permanent historical interest apart from the fact that they involve questions of lasting moment, likely to recur in some new form at any time. There is the "Independence of the Executive," the "Relation of the Federal Administration to Labor Disorders" (the Chicago strike of 1894), the "Bond Issues," and the "Venezuela Boundary Controversy"—none of them matters now directly before the public, but all topics presenting legal or constitutional questions of the first importance. They have been so repeatedly canvassed in these columns and the press generally that it is not possible to expect the reprint to arouse much controversy. As a literary per-

formance, they are open to the charge, at times, of ponderosity. "Le style, c'est l'homme," and Mr. Cleveland's style is not light, and is apt to be labored. But this was always so; the value of what he said and did lay in matter, not manner. We are sorry to see that he still thinks so meanly of those who criticised his "vigorous assertion of the Monroe Doctrine," as to be willing to assert that those who most emphatically reprehended it were "the timid ones who feared personal financial loss," or else speculators and those engaged in "living by their wits." This hallucination is what might be called one of the "idols" of the Stump, and raises a smile when it is brought forward in the forum of history.

Just in time for those who wish to prepare themselves for the performance of "Parsifal" in English now beginning at the New York Theatre, the Oliver Ditson Company has issued a 'Guide to Parsifal,' by Richard Aldrich, the judicious and reliable musical critic of the New York *Times*. He does not claim any special originality for his little book—indeed, it would be difficult to say anything new about that much-discussed music drama; but his seventy-page monograph may be found useful by those who have not time enough to peruse Kufferath's exhaustive work on the same subject. After giving some introductory information regarding Wagner's development and his style, Mr. Aldrich discusses the origins of "Parsifal," and then relates the strange story and analyzes the music, with its leading motives. There are also eight full-page illustrations of scenes in the drama. As regards the musical status of Wagner's last work, Mr. Aldrich says: "In thematic invention the 'Ring' dramas and 'Die Meistersinger' may surpass it; in spontaneity it stands below 'Tristan'; but the poetical beauty and subtlety of the 'Parsifal' music, the expressive power with which it interprets all the characters, emotions, sufferings, aspirations, that are embodied in the drama, are surpassed in none other of Wagner's works. In none of them is the key to the understanding of all to be sought so continually in the music." The leading motives are given in musical type, and a list of works treating of "Parsifal" is appended.

Among several additions to the bibliographies put forth continuously by the Library of Congress we may single out Mr. Lee Phillips's Check-List of Large-Scale Maps Published by Foreign Governments (Great Britain excepted) and to be found in our national collection.

Students of Spanish history will welcome an enterprise undertaken by D. Eduardo Ibarra y Rodriguez, professor of history in the University of Saragossa, under the title of "Coleccion de Documentos para el estudio de la historia de Aragon." Of this the first volume has appeared, containing documents illustrating the reign of Ramiro I., from 1034 to 1063 (Saragossa: Cecilio Gasca). There are a hundred and fifty of these, nearly all inedited, throwing much light on the laws and customs of the period, and bearing testimony to the zeal of the editor in gathering them from all sources and accompanying them with elaborate indexes of persons and place-names. Succeeding volumes are promised, containing documents of the eleventh to the fourteenth century, and finally a glossary, which cannot fail to be of great interest. The language of the documents is a transitional Latin, illustrating one stage in the development of the modern speech; and the contrast between it and the Latin of a letter from St. Odilo of Cluny to Paterno, abbot of S. Juan de la Peña (p. 215), indicates how monastic traditions were striving to retain classical forms while popular speech was developing a virtually new tongue.

The early achievements of the United States navy in geographical research are the subject of an interesting address by Rear-Admiral Chester to the recent Geographic Congress, now published in the *National Geographic Magazine* for October. The explorers were Wilkes, Perry, Kane, and many others of less note, and though the New World was the chief field for exploration, yet one expedition, that of Lieut. Lynch, was sent to the Dead Sea. To Commander Maury, however, as Humboldt has placed on record, "the world is indebted for founding a new department of science, that of the Physical Geography of the Sea." In prosecuting the researches which he began, our naval officers have "sounded minutely nearly 300,000 square miles of water, and made deep-sea soundings over little less than a million square miles." But this has not been simply in the interests of pure science, for "hardly a wire lies on the bed of the Atlantic or of the Pacific Oceans that has not been prearranged" by their surveys. Among the other contents of this number are Commander Peary's presidential address, in which he advocated having "some broad national project of geographical investigation, of general interest and coördinated plan, on a continuing basis," and Dr. A. Penck's report on recent progress in the execution of a map of the world on the uniform scale of sixteen miles to the inch. Among the resolutions adopted by the Congress was one proposing to our Government the preparation of such a map of America, similar to those of Asia, China, and Africa now being constructed by the French, German, and British Governments.

The Inventories of the Manuscript Collections of the Italian libraries have reached a twelfth volume, which is occupied, like several of its predecessors, with the MSS. of the Central National Library in Florence.

A hiatus in H. Stein's Manual of General Bibliography has been supplied by Giustino Colaneri of the Casanatensian Library in Rome, who has compiled a 'Bibliographia Araldica e Genealogica d'Italia' containing upwards of 2,000 entries. The arrangement is alphabetical by authors. Count Ferruccio Pasini-Frassoni prefaces the work with an article on Heraldry in Italy.

A central committee for commemorating the hundredth anniversary of Schiller's death, formed by coöperation of the American Institute of Germanics and the Schwabenverein of Chicago, is arranging an extensive Schiller celebration to be held in Chicago in May, 1905, and has established prizes of $75 each, open to competition throughout the United States, for two prologues in verse, to be recited during the days of the festival, one in German, the other in English, neither of which shall require more than seven minutes for expressive recitation. All poems offered in competition for either of these prizes must be in the hands of the corresponding secretary of the committee on the Schiller Commemoration, 617 Foster Street, Evanston, Ill., on or before Wednesday, March 1, 1905. The poems are to be sent under an assumed name and be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the author. The right to publish the accepted prologues must be given to the programme committee for the Schiller Commemoration.

—The letters of Thomas Jefferson to his son-in-law, John W. Eppes, published in the November *Scribner's*, furnish some interesting illustrations of the antagonism between New England and the more Southern States. Mr. Eppes himself was very anxious that his son Francis should be educated wholly within the limits of Virginia, in order to secure "that open, manly character which Virginians possess and in which the most liberal and enlightened of the Eastern people are deplorably deficient." He had never yet known a public man from that section who could march directly to his object; and improper considerations of one kind or another were continually leading them into actions which would tinge the face of a Virginian with shame. Jefferson expressed his entire concurrence with these feelings, and suggested the education of his grandson at Columbia, South Carolina, where Thomas Cooper (an Oxford graduate and a man of great learning and ability) had "more science in his single head than all the colleges of New England, New Jersey, and I may add Virginia, put together." Mr. Jefferson wrote to Dr. Cooper for information, and thereby unearthed a little more of the same spirit. Dr. Maxey, the principal of the Columbia School, was dead, and Dr. Cooper was anxious as to the succession: "If they send for a person from New England, as the fashion is, I shall be strongly inclined to resign. I greatly dislike this combination of character, which promises little better than a mixture of cunning, sciolism, canting and bigotry." In October, 1817, Jefferson writes: "I fear this army and navy fever, and especially the latter, is a disease which must take its course and wear itself out. I doubt the possibility of resisting it." Capt. Mahan draws near the conclusion of his history of the war of 1812, and one naturally finds here and there in his remarks an attitude somewhat different from that of Jefferson as to the navy. If only a powerful navy had been built up in preceding years, England's claim to the right of impressment could have been battered out of existence, and thus safety would have been secured to those seamen who might possibly have been impressed down to the time when peaceful negotiation disposed of the claim forever. It is so much more manly to wash your enemy's claim out of existence in his blood than to let him nurse it unused until it dies a natural death.

—The *Atlantic* has a forcible article on recent attempts to improve the style of the English Bible, from the pen of J. H. Gardiner. Of course Mr. Gardiner offers no objections to such changes as are necessary to correct errors of meaning on the part of King James's translators, or to avoid possible misapprehension growing out of specific alterations in English idiom or in the meaning of English words; but with the craze which has come over a certain class of Bible students to bring the

English of the Bible right down to date, he takes emphatic and well-grounded issue. Arthur Symons discusses adversely the question whether Sir Walter Scott was a poet. The test of popular impression, which was as favorable to Scott in the rôle of poet as in that of novelist, he accepts in the latter case, but rejects in the former. The poems of Scott and Byron sold as only novels have sold before or since, largely because they were so like novels. The skill in story-telling carried the day with the public, rather regardless of the poetic form than because of it, and the author himself proved that the same class of stories could be better done in prose. But, on the whole, "it is well, perhaps, that there should be a poet for boys, and for those grown-up people who are most like boys; for those, that is, to whom poetry appeals by something in it which is not the poetry." Aside from literary articles the contribution of most importance in this number is Mr. Alleyne Ireland's study of the United States in the Philippines. Mr. Ireland, of course, writes as an Imperialist, out of sympathy with those to whom political independence is anything more than a mere matter of expediency under certain conditions; but for that very reason his searching criticism of our own incompetency in managing the Philippines is the more significant.

—As perpetual motion to the over-imaginative mechanician, so is the problem of the habitation of the planets to the imaginative student of the heavenly bodies. Camille Flammarion threshes over the old straw again in the November *Harper's*. The probability of signals from our near neighbors, the Martians, which has kept some of us up watching of clear nights, is ruled out. They are presumably æons in advance of us in mental development; and if signalling to us ever occurred to them, it is more likely to have been before we were here to be signalled to—perhaps in the fresh young days of the dinosaurs and iguanodons. We are brought nearer the surface of our own sphere in a paper by Mr. Howells, "In Folkestone Out of Season," and another by George Hibbard, describing "Winter on the Great Lakes," both thoroughly readable and well illustrated. Prof. John Bassett Moore contributes a paper on "Non-intervention and the Monroe Doctrine," reaching the conclusion (among others) that the term "Monroe Doctrine" has developed gradually into a convenient title by which to denote merely the principle of the limitation of European power and influence in the Western hemisphere. Students of history will remember that the tree as planted by Monroe had a vigorous branch supposed to shelter the infant republics to the south of us against any harmful development of the power and influence of the United States; but this branch has been deemed, alas! too low for the passage of the tall-masted vessels waiting to get through the inter-oceanic canal.

—'Argumentation and Debate,' by Craven Laycock and Robert Leighton Scales (Macmillan), is the title of an original handbook for teachers and students. As the authors say in their preface, it deals with a peculiar art. Argument is usually made one of the divisions of rhetoric; with debate added, we have the presentation of an issue, and must master the art of dealing with it on both sides. For argumentation and its principles, then, the authors draw on formal logic, rhetoric, and the legal rules governing pleading and proof. The book deals first with the principles applicable alike to spoken and to written discussion; secondly, with those peculiar to oral debate. It is full of excellent illustrations drawn from historical sources, and we have been much struck with the freshness which the authors have succeeded by this means in giving to their discussions of the matters involved. The revival of the study of rhetoric in the English-speaking world is an encouraging sign in modern education, and in one respect rhetoric, as now taught, has certain potential advantages which in the ancient world it did not possess. Science has so rationalized everything that whereas the ancients aimed solely at persuasion, often quite independently of truth, we can deal with rhetoric both as a formal art and as a means to rational conviction. The difference will be noticed at once by any one who takes the trouble to examine such a manual as this in the light of what a critic like Boissier has to say about the classical schools of rhetoric, and their utter indifference to fact. With what we know about true methods of inquiry and what the ancients knew about persuasion, the enthusiast may well hope in time for a glorious future for our authors' "peculiar art."

—B. E. Hammond's 'Outlines of Comparative Politics' (London: Rivingtons) is a contribution to the natural history of government. The author declares in his preface that "until about twenty years ago it was impossible for any one to say with certainty whether knowledge of the laws governing political phenomena could be derived from the evidence of history." This doubt was resolved in his mind by the lectures of Professors Seeley and Henry Sidgwick. The task of the one corresponded with that of Cuvier, of the other with that of Darwin. For the last fifteen years Mr. Hammond has been giving instruction in "the classification of states and their governments," and his present volume is a text-book on this subject, founded on two courses of lectures by Sir John Seeley, published in 1896 under the title of an 'Introduction to Political Science.' It does not deal with the evolution of forms of government. The author's system covers all tribes, states, and governments (and even more than this, for we have two or three pages about such distantly connected matters as mediæval fiefs and Tammany Hall), and is perhaps to be properly described as a rather loose one. To comprehend it thoroughly we need another text-book on evolution. We have a suspicion that, at bottom, it is an eclectic system, which is based partly on the names given in practice to particular units (tribe, city, fief, nation), partly on names given to forms of government (oligarchy, tyranny, democracy), and partly on a theory of development not entirely elucidated. The result is that we do not make out clearly that much is added to our knowledge of the subject. Seeley, as a writer on government, was full of suggestion; but was he a Cuvier in this branch of knowledge? If this hand-book is the answer to the question, it is at any rate an incomplete one.

—Regarded merely as a specimen of the art of bookmaking, Prof. A. E. Taylor's 'Elements of Metaphysics' (London: Methuen) marks a great advance on his earlier work, 'The Problem of Conduct,' for the interminable discursiveness of which there are now substituted clear argumentation, orderly divisions into chapters and sections, an adequate syllabus of contents, and an index. In style and tone, also, there is a great improvement, and philosophers of all schools may read his present book with pleasure and without offence. As regards doctrine the case is more complicated. In his first book Professor Taylor had shown himself an enthusiastic disciple of Mr. F. H. Bradley, delighting to run amok among the moral ideals of a more bourgeois "idealism," and Bradleyan he is still at core, even though his more dogmatic temper has never risen to that height of satirical skepticism which forms his master's profoundest suggestion and subtlest fascination. But he is also sensitive (perhaps too much so for consistency) to the new movements which are in the air; and so at times he commits himself, more deeply than he usually seems to realize, to the naturalist and the pragmatist forms of empiricism. His use of the latter is indeed somewhat shamefaced and furtive, but it forms the freshest and most valuable part of his book. Not that as yet he ventures to apply the pragmatic method to metaphysics, but he concedes to it the whole field of science. And once a thinker has realized that all the rules of science are ultimately practical (p. 284), he will not long be able to resist the inference that either the same must hold of metaphysics or that the old notion of metaphysics is impossible. It will be interesting, therefore, to watch Professor Taylor's future developments, especially in view of the battle-royal recently initiated by Mr. Bradley's anathematizing of the new "heresies" in the July *Mind*. Regarded lastly as a textbook, Professor Taylor's work, though not devoid of merit, cannot be praised without reservation. An adequate textbook of metaphysics is indeed almost inconceivable, but it would certainly be more critical and judicial and contain a less scrappy and one-sided bibliography than Professor Taylor's. Many of his chapters, however, form lucid paraphrases which should serve as excellent commentaries on that notable but somewhat wantonly difficult work, Mr. Bradley's 'Appearance and Reality.'

CORBETT'S ENGLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

England in the Mediterranean, 1603-1713. By Julian S. Corbett. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

In this work Mr. Corbett accomplishes two ends. He carries forward the series of volumes on naval history which he began with 'Drake and the Tudor Navy' and continued with 'The Successors of Drake,' while at the same time he drives home lessons of current significance. Not long ago a commander in the British navy observed to us that England could well have afforded to pay Mahan a million sterling for not writing 'The Influence of Sea Power,' so greatly has that book prompted the increase of armaments. Whether Mr. Corbett's belief in the pivotal importance of

the Mediterranean will lead Great Britain to expend more money still on Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus, remains to be seen, but there can be no doubt that here the experience of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is made to bear upon modern policies. The theme is a good one in itself without any thought of political applications. In the author's eyes it is made considerably better by the fact that his story of Stuart times is a lamp "that will light up much that is dark in later ages, that will even touch Nelson with a new radiance, and perhaps reveal more clearly why it is that our Mediterranean fleet stands to-day in the eyes of Europe as the symbol and measure of British power."

In point of form, the text recalls the Ford Lectures which Mr. Corbett has recently delivered at Oxford; and lectures delivered at Greenwich have also been made use of. We call attention to the style because it has the force and directness that are the marks of good public speaking. Professor Maitland, in his striking appreciation of Stubbs, alludes to the Bishop's statutory lectures at Oxford as possessing a little of the diffuseness which is inseparable from such oral utterances. Doubtless there is danger on this side, but Mr. Corbett has been successful in avoiding it. Some of his passages (for example, the account of Ward and the Barbary pirates) are more picturesque than the writing of most naval historians, yet his thought is not thin nor his manner prolix. We imagine that many scholars would find it an excellent discipline to cast the fruits of their researches into the form of lectures before giving them to the world in print. At any rate, more books would be read if the giants of learning would condescend to employ a few elementary tricks of the rhetorician.

With regard to the substance of these volumes, one question immediately arises, and it is sure to remain the leading issue in the reader's mind when he has closed the last chapter: Is Mr. Corbett led by the historical fascination of the Mediterranean to accord it more importance than it possesses under modern conditions, or even than it possessed for England during the days of Cromwell, of William III., and of Marlborough? Miss Alice Gardner calls Rome "the centre of the world"; for Mr. Corbett the Mediterranean still retains much of the vital significance which belonged to it in centuries when, to use his own phrase, it was "the heart of the world." One can define his position most exactly by reference to his scale of relative values. These two volumes are designed to carry forward the main thread of English naval development from the point where he dropped it in closing his 'Successors of Drake,' namely, at the end of the Elizabethan period. In the popular mind, British seamanship during the Stuart period is bound up with wars against Holland, and colonial expansion. Mr. Corbett cuts completely adrift from this traditional view, for, though acknowledging the prominence of both these motives, he is unwilling to agree that either should be made the central one. To their exclusion he selects as the dominating force of naval history in the seventeenth century the rise of a policy which contemplated the firm establishment of English power in the Mediterranean.

It is obvious that such a radical change in perspective involves a large number of readjustments, and no one appreciates the fact more than Mr. Corbett. After exalting England's entry into the Mediterranean above all other lines of naval progress, he continues:

"It is from the standpoint of the struggle with Holland and our colonial expansion that naval historians, and indeed others, have almost universally depicted the time, and it should be no matter of surprise if, viewed from the Mediterranean, it assumes an aspect in some points so startling in its novelty as to arouse a suspicion of mirage. Events which seemed but the most trifling episodes appear as links in a mighty chain, reputations that stood high sink low, and others almost forgotten lift their heads, while judgments that have long passed into commonplace seem on all sides to demand revision."

Considered, then, under its most interesting aspect, this work is less a narrative than an argument. Every one who reads it will either be convinced and put in possession of a new historical faith, or, if unconvinced, must consider that Mr. Corbett has only discovered a paradox when he places the Mediterranean issue in front of Anglo-Dutch rivalry and the part of the British navy in the colonial movement.

At the opening of the seventeenth century, when England first began to look toward the Mediterranean as a field for maritime operations, the galley had already given place to the galleon in the armament of the Atlantic nations. It was indeed this transformation of naval conditions which placed the Mediterranean seaboard at the mercy of any northern invader who, by superior skill, could master the new methods of navigation, and through superior resources could launch a stronger fleet from its own ports. That is to say, the introduction of the galleon destroyed the protection which the Mediterranean races had enjoyed when warships were propelled by rowers and no northern fleet could safely cruise in waters so far removed from home. The brilliant achievements of the Elizabethans had shown that English admirals could carry their flag wherever the wind would fill their sails—a discovery which altered the face of European politics; and in the reign of James I. two of the Mediterranean Powers began to imitate their methods and their organization. When the Barbary corsairs become the pupils of an English adventurer like Ward and a Dutch adventurer like Danzer, when the Duke of Osuna, Admiral of Spain, frankly remodels his fleet on English lines, and when Venice, through her ambassador in London, enlists the services of English ships (1617), revolutionary forces are seen to be affecting the basis of Mediterranean politics. It was soon to be proved that the states of the south were as vulnerable as they had been in the days of Saracen and Norman.

The potential strength of the English navy could not, however, be developed under such rulers as James I. and Charles I. While Mr. Corbett sketches their policy in its bearing on the Mediterranean, he does not discover any sign of genuine national effort until he reaches Cromwell. The new navy of the Commonwealth, built under the influence of the "New Model" army and having colonels for its admirals, gave England for the first time a force at sea which was always in commission. The business instinct of Roundhead leaders could not endure that the nation should be represented at sea by the disjointed and ill-managed fleet which the Stuarts had found sufficient for their purposes. The three "Generals of the Sea," Col. Edward Popham, Col. Richard Deane, and Col. Robert Blake, brought to their new element the same spirit and the same precision which had carried the cause of the Parliament to triumph by land.

"Thus it was," says Mr. Corbett, "that the definite and final appearance of England as a naval Power in the Mediterranean coincided exactly with the final change in her naval system; and thus too it was that, when the nations of Europe were looking askance, but as yet with no great anxiety, at the new military state, they were suddenly awakened to the disturbing fact that it had a navy no less formidable than the army at which every one was gaping."

The four leaders of English policy who stand out in Mr. Corbett's pages are Cromwell, Charles II., William III., and Marlborough. Of these Cromwell was drawn to the Mediterranean by instinct rather than reason, and Charles II. by a touch of the native, inborn cleverness which in his case was so uniformly associated with moral weakness. Each of the others had a conscious plan for the attainment of Mediterranean ascendency, and saw how "the British frontier could be carried unassailably up to the borders of the old Mediterranean states, which had been wont to give the law to Europe."

It is Cromwell who forms the best link between the Elizabethans and William of Orange. Without realizing fully that control of the western Mediterranean would be his best asset in European diplomacy, he adopted a new strategy in fighting Spain. Aiming like the Elizabethans at the destruction of Spanish trade with America, he chose the Mediterranean and not the Atlantic as the field of operations. The Elizabethans had done nothing in the Mediterranean; Cromwell saw its importance, but suffered himself to be drawn into anti-papal schemes which prevented him from establishing English supremacy within the Straits. William III. grasped the situation in its entirety, and never suffered himself to be deflected from a line of action in which control of the Inland Sea was a prime factor. Blake's famous cruise of 1654-55, which forms the central episode in Cromwell's Mediterranean policy, receives from Mr. Corbett full and generous recognition; for if he strips away the legends which have gathered about it, he agrees "that the old mythical view is the true one. Those legendary achievements are but the index of the place which the cruise held in men's minds at the time, the echo of its deep moral effect; and they mark for us more clearly than the most exact chronicle the opening of men's eyes to the true meaning of Mediterranean power to England."

Mr. Corbett says that when once we grasp the meaning of Mediterranean policy, many historical judgments will need revision. The most striking illustration of this statement is furnished by the account, as here given, of Charles II.'s attitude toward Tangier. According to general impression, Tangier was a home of pestilence which could not compare with Dunkirk in strategic importance, and was of little or no value to England. Mr. Corbett, on the contrary, brings the history of this fortress into line with England's other attempts to secure a foothold in the Mediterranean,

and lays much stress upon the importance of the experiment. Something, at any rate, can be said in its favor. Whatever political idealism Charles II. possessed—apart from his desire to restore the supremacy of the crown—centred in his ambition to build up for England a Mediterranean power. "I remember," says Bishop Burnet, "when I knew the court first, it [Tangier] was talked of at a mighty rate as the foundation of a new empire; and he would have been a very hardy man that would have ventured to have spoke lightly of it." Mr. Corbett also recalls the fact that of the four royal advisers who favored the Portuguese alliance and the sale of Dunkirk (Clarendon, Southampton, Sandwich, and Monk), two had been moderate Cavaliers and two moderate Roundheads. "The failure of the policy to secure the immediate and wide results that were pardonably expected from it, soon came to obscure its true intention, and, instead of being regarded as a loyal effort to take up the bow of Cromwell, it has survived as the emblem of the Stuart fatuity."

But if Mr. Corbett defends Cromwell from the charge of having left behind him a legacy of hatred and is willing to credit Charles II. with greatness of conception, his chief praise is reserved for William III. and Marlborough. Prior to 1688 the fleets of the two northern sea Powers, England and Holland, had never been brought together for concerted action in southern waters; and even after this date it took five years of fruitless warfare in the Low Countries to show William that his best chance of defeating Louis XIV. was to control the Mediterranean. During the twenty years from 1693 to the Peace of Utrecht, public opinion in England was rapidly being educated to recognize the necessity of keeping a strong fleet within the Straits, and Rooke's capture of Gibraltar may be said to have stereotyped the convictions of the nation. At the time of the Utrecht negotiations, when every effort was being made by the Dutch to get an even share of Gibraltar and Port Mahon, and Harley was sent over to settle the deadlock, he took with him the following instructions: "That no extremity should make her Majesty depart from insisting to have the Asiento for her own subjects and to keep Gibraltar and Port Mahon." This mood in its ultimate form is traceable to William III., and in its immediate form to Marlborough.

No language in Mr. Corbett's vocabulary is too eulogistic to be heaped upon the man who, as part of one plan, conceived the Blenheim campaign and the capture of Toulon. The movements on the Danube succeeded, whereas, through the fault of allies, the expedition against Toulon failed; but, during the war of the Spanish succession, enough experience was gained by British fleets in the Mediterranean to show that the Duke's strategy was perfectly sound. "We shrink," says Mr. Corbett, "from believing that one human mind can have wrought so much. Yet the truth is no less. To the unsurpassed richness of his military renown we must add the greatest achievement that British naval power can show."

Besides the memoranda of William III., the dispatches of Marlborough, and the instructions of Harley, there is documentary evidence which shows that England entered the eighteenth century with fixed designs on the Mediterranean. Among writings of this kind the earliest and most striking is an anonymous tract of 1706, to be found in the second volume of the Harleian Miscellany. It is entitled, 'An Inquiry into the Causes of Our Naval Miscarriages,' and one of the author's chief aims is to show how France can be crippled by the presence of a superior English fleet in the Mediterranean. His principal point, however, is that England should have a permanent station in the Belearic Islands. By holding Port Mahon, he says, "We might have made it a magazine and station for ships to command the Mediterranean, and protect our straits trade, and should thereby have been in a condition by a naval power (without incurring any danger from standing armies) to hold the balance of Europe in our hands, which, as it is our natural province, is England's greatest security and glory." We cite this passage because the writer's view is identical with the thesis of Mr. Corbett's work.

The advantage of developing a single motive is that thereby one gains a power of impact which is not unlikely to sweep all obstacles before it, and imbed a fresh conviction in the receptive mind. The disadvantage is that, by ignoring the existence of other forces and tendencies besides the one described, a false impression is conveyed of what actually occurred. To develop a single idea or line of policy, giving it clear priority over everything else, is to neglect the presence of mutual reaction and create a false impression of simplicity. Mr. Corbett is highly successful in emphasizing the value of his dogma, and for the purpose of the Ford Lectures his style of treatment is open to no exception. But his tendency is to prove too much, and, considered as a book, his plea would have been better had he taken more account of parallel or conflicting movements. This oversight is particularly noticeable in the case of the colonial movement which, radiating from England in the seventeenth century, has done so much to shift the basis of world politics. For Mr. Corbett, "The Midland Sea remains still, perhaps more than ever, the keyboard of Europe," and in his forecast of the future there seems to be little ground for apprehending any serious change of this condition. It is doubtless true that we are too much inclined to regard the Mediterranean, and its concerns as a dead issue, connected with the Roman Empire and the Middle Ages. Mr. Corbett therefore renders a service by insisting on its strategic importance. But whether this most attractive of all seas has the current value which he assigns to it, is a question of political philosophy that each one must settle for himself.

RECENT FICTION.

Traffics and Discoveries. By Rudyard Kipling. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Masquerader. By Katharine Cecil Thurston. Harper & Bros.

The Common Lot. By Robert Herrick. Macmillan.

It has not been difficult to infer from much of Mr. Kipling's recent writing, both in prose and in verse, that things happened in the course of the South African war which displeased him. His fiery patriotic pride was chilled and his vanity as an author deeply wounded. He had done so well by the British soldier, and the British soldier seized his first great opportunity to make him a shabby return. In that portion of the British Empire where Mr. Kipling's youth was spent, the spectacle of a comparatively small band of Englishmen controlling millions of Asiatics caught his imagination and inspired him with a passionate admiration for the courage and competence and splendid disinterestedness of the men who stood at guard, who in the last resort would be called on to hold India for the Empire. A persistent implication of his Indian tales is that, in a generally imperfect world, the British army made a unit of perfection, badly paid, often badly used by superior powers, but fit for its duty and invincible. Reluctant and even critical readers accepted for the time his enthusiastic view. Then came the South African war. Many millions of British subjects parted with their illusions during its progress, but the better sort bore disappointment decently, mutely. Not so Mr. Kipling. The first blunders excited him. What small amount of discretion and good taste had ever been his forsook him. He never even tried to emulate models of his own creation, men who did not cry out when they were hurt, men who faced life gallantly, not shrieking about spilt milk or weeping over shattered idols. He deserted the colors and began to throw stones at the standard-bearers in the moment of peril. His next step—a step fatal to his power and continued credit as a story-teller—was to take himself for an inspired censor of his country's army and navy and almost every department of administration, including the personnel, from chiefs to office boys.

The censure that found expression in magazine tales reappears in his latest volume, entitled 'Traffics and Discoveries.' Leaving out of consideration the childish scoffs and jeers at some of the objects of his former respectful devotion, the work is very bad; some of it is fortunately incomprehensible. The opening story, "The Captive," is the only readable contribution, and that is coarse in expression and false in characterization, for no "gun-running Yankee" ever had within himself the standard for the sort of criticism put into the mouth of Mr. Zigler. In several tales where the self-imposed censorship is extended to the navy, Mr. Kipling is literally possessed by a person named Pyecroft. Pyecroft is a drunken, blasphemous, licentious petty officer, who talks incessantly in an illiterate jargon. He is, from every point of view, an offensive beast, and the seven seas will have gone dry before Mr. Kipling's literary reputation can recover from his apparently delighted wallowing in such society. The gist of several of the tales dominated by Pyecroft we have not been able to extract. Perhaps there is none. Perhaps it is all Pyecroft for Pyecroft's sake, and Mr. Kipling may hold that Pyecroft is synonymous with Art, and thus stand ready with an elaborate defence.

Sixty-five pages of the volume are occupied with "The Army of a Dream," an effort in constructive criticism. In the eighteenth century, Henry Fielding, an English novelist, magistrate, and gentleman, wrote "An En-

quiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers, etc." His criticism and suggestions formed a basis for legislation which made the streets of London safe resorts for honest people, and the 'Enquiry' has to-day an honorable place in the body of English literature. "The Army of a Dream" is of no use to-day, and will be forgotten to-morrow.

Of the several tales written in moments of detachment from national affairs and the charms of Pyecroft, one is a fable, in which a millwheel, a cat, and a rat exchange reminiscences of the Saxon period, and quote the Doomsday Book. It is an elaborate and strained proclamation of Mr. Kipling's joy in the achievements of applied science. Two of the stories touch profound mysteries and a power that science has not yet been able to use, much less explain. The subject of "Wireless" is suggested by the name. The narrator is waiting in a druggist's shop for the purpose of assisting at some experiments in wireless telegraphy going on in an adjoining room, where an electrician is performing with a long-range installation. The druggist goes out with a young woman named Fanny Brand, leaving the narrator to keep the shop. The druggist is a consumptive who, returning from a walk in the cold rain, has a hemorrhage, then takes a strange drink concocted by the narrator, writes a love letter, and falls asleep. While asleep, he speaks and writes selections from the poetry of Keats, or rather he tries hard and gets so far as a few correct lines from "The Eve of St. Agnes," and presumably a garbled version of two lines in the "Ode to a Nightingale," which for the benefit of possibly bewildered readers it is well to quote correctly:

> "Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

The druggist, it turns out, has never read Keats, and Mr. Kipling's assumption is that like conditions produce like results—that is, that a consumptive associated even remotely with the medical profession and in love with a girl named Fanny Brand (Keats's Fanny was Brown), may, in a state of physical exhaustion, become a vehicle through which the spirit of Keats shall imperfectly recite his own verse. There is nothing in Mr. Kipling's rendering of the phenomenal incident that compels the reader to accept his assumption, and we doubt whether his positive assertion can force many to agree with a judgment pronounced while the druggist is in the throes of composition: "Remember that in all the millions permitted [millions of verses] there are no more than five—five little lines of which one can say: These are the pure magic. These are the clear vision. The rest is only poetry." Three of the lines are from Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," and two those from the "Nightingale" garbled by the druggist.

"They," another excursion beyond the closed gates of death, is the only tale in the volume that appeals agreeably to a literary sensitiveness. The meaning either of the whole incident or of some detail, which has been much discussed, does not seem to us to matter at all. The picture of the beautiful blind women welcoming spirit children to her lovely, lonely home is exquisitely rendered, with the utmost delicacy, tenderness, and grace. From D'Annunzio's 'Virgins of the Rocks,' and from no other story, have we received such an impression of beauty, of perfect harmony of scene, incident, and personality. The impression is strong enough at the end to survive the violent intrusion of Mrs. Madehurst and the superfluous description of the chase for a nurse in a motor car. Mr. Kipling is, we think, wrong in supposing that such incidents could lend reality to a subject that depends for acceptance or rejection on the force of impression made on the imagination. Conviction in such a case is not reached by an array of reasons or external facts.

In the volume under consideration (No. xxii. of Scribner's edition) each tale is preceded by verses, some of which throw light on the tale, while some deepen mystification.

When Stevenson wrote his story of Jekyll and Hyde, he conceived the idea of a man who should repeatedly give way to the baser side of his nature, the lapses from decency becoming more frequent and less regretted till at last the will of Jekyll was completely enslaved to the will of Hyde, his lower self. The torture for the urbane and benevolent Jekyll lay in this, that his intellect remained free, could foresee the fatal end, and must, nevertheless, follow his faithless will—the will of Hyde. Stevenson portrayed the fall of Jekyll symbolically. The author of 'The Masquerader' uses a rather similar idea, but without symbolism. She imagines two persons, one possessing both intellect and will in an unusual degree, the other an intellect keen enough, when it is allowed to work, and a will that has gradually become hopelessly enslaved to the morphia habit. These two men are so alike outwardly that the valet of the more prosperous one is as easily deceived as the charwoman of the other.

When the story opens, John Chilcote, M.P., the victim of morphia, has reached the stage when he can no longer rely on his nerves, even for social occasions, while in the House of Commons, where he has a reputation to maintain, he cannot concentrate his attention through a single sitting. At this crisis he stumbles on his double, John Loder, an ambitious and talented hack-writer, and has little difficulty in inducing him to exchange his solitary chambers and hopeless outlook for his own place in society. All minor complications are foreseen and provided for, and Loder steps into Chilcote's shoes. But he is only to wear them intermittently, and so it happens that on every occasion when he has made a brilliant speech or a social success, or convinced Chilcote's long-estranged wife that her husband has really reformed, a telegram from his double recalls Loder to the insupportable monotony of his other life. Meanwhile, he has fallen in love with Chilcote s wife; and now we are introduced to that well-worn piece of romantic psychology, "redemption by love." Loder confesses the truth to Eve Chilcote, and finds that she knows it already; Chilcote had betrayed himself in a moment of nervous breakdown. Together they go to recall Chilcote to his duty, but they come too late. He is dead of an overdose of morphia, and the two accomplices, as they now become, agree that Loder shall quietly reap the benefits, and succeed to the dead man's house, his wealth, his wife, and everything that is his. This includes the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs in the new Cabinet. The transformation by love has lasted just so long as it takes to drive from Grosvenor Square to the sordid rooms in which Chilcote died. And so the curtain falls.

It ought to rise again in a sequel in which we might see some of the consequences of this fraud, and learn what sort of man Loder really was. To the reader of this rather well-written and highly improbable tale the interesting problem is to account for the attitude of the writer. We all remember how Mr. Anthony Hope's hero and heroine faced a similar situation. Rupert and Flavia refused to set their individual happiness against certain higher claims—the claims of right and justice. That is to say, they behaved like idealists, and Mr. Hope's readers, being idealists themselves, commended their honesty. 'The Masquerader' is written by a woman, and she makes her heroine, whom she represents as a noble and spiritual being, incapable of vulgar aims, appeal to Loder's patriotism (an under-secretary, however, is not usually indispensable to his country) as demanding the fraud they contemplate. That is, if we mistake not, the sophistical use of a purely individualistic philosophy. The author's attitude is quite negative, which is, of course, perfectly good art; she has simply reversed the part usually assigned, even in the modern novel, to the heroine, who, as a rule, still exhorts the hero to self-sacrifice, and sets his duty before him in terms very different from these.

'The Common Lot' is a study of the temptations of a professional man in a commercial society. Jackson Hart is an architect who has received his education at Cornell and his training at the Beaux-Arts. He owes that education and his three years in Paris to the generosity of a rich uncle—a Chicagoan, like himself. He has hardly embarked on his career as a Chicago architect, supported by the conviction that he will be his uncle's heir, when the old millionaire dies, leaving his millions to found an industrial school. Up to this point the architect has set his ideals high of "what a man could do, as Richardson and Atwood had shown the glorious way, toward expressing the character and spirit of a fresh race in brick and stone and steel." But that was when the question of making his own fortune was too remote to interfere. Balked of a ready-made fortune, he promptly discards the ideals and enters the race for wealth without that handicap. Not that he admits, even to himself, that his single and overmastering motive is gain. Hart is a weakling, an Underman, and cheats himself like a weakling. We are not invited to behold the gradual downfall of one who was meant for better things. Mr. Herrick's hero is like Oscar Wilde's—he can resist everything except temptation. His first independent job is a fireproof apartment house, in which, with his knowledge, a fraudulent contractor substitutes wood for steel; the fire-escapes and fireproof partitions are naturally omitted altogether. Meanwhile he has married an idealist, a Chicago girl, to whom he had confided his own artistic ideals before he had to face realities. But her attitude is an essential part of her character, and unfortunately she cannot even see that there is another side, as when she insists that her husband shall revere his uncle for having abandoned the mere individual, his nephew, in order to benefit the industrial community. Plainly, she

has no sense of humor. In the end, when the apartment house has burned down with great loss of life, and even in the business community Hart is permanently disgraced, his wife persuades him to "answer the inarticulate call of the larger world, the call of the multitudes that labor and die without privilege, to share with them the common lot of life." But you cannot make a silk purse out of anything but silk, and though a man of Hart's type may be electrified into a moment of honesty by finding that he is responsible for the death of seventeen persons, his reform will be short-lived. He was a man easily led along the levels; not for long would his wife have dragged him along the heights of her ideals.

The American novelist, unaccustomed to the soot and gloom of an English manufacturing town, always intensifies the grimness of his picture of the business life of Chicago by implying that it is carried on under a perpetual cloud of yellowish smoke. As a matter of fact, its high winds and the bright American sky above and about the city give it an atmosphere relatively brilliant.

BOOKS CONCERNING ART.

Gainsborough and his Place in English Art. By Sir Walter Armstrong. (Popular Edition.) London: William Heinemann; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

Impressionist Painting: Its Genesis and Development. By Wynford Dewhurst. London: George Newnes; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

The Treatment of Drapery in Art. By G. Wooliscroft Rhead. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

The Art of Caricature. By Grant Wright. The Baker Taylor Co. 1904.

Women in the Fine Arts. By Clara Erskine Clement. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

The Old Masters and their Pictures. By Sarah Tytler. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1904.

Classic Myths in Art. By Julia de Wolf Addison. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1904.

Sir Walter Armstrong's book on Gainsborough was reviewed by us on its first appearance, six years ago, and there remains little to say of the present edition save to welcome its appearance in a more popular form. The first issue was a magnificent folio volume with photogravure plates—a book to possess and to glory in, but difficult to read. The eight photogravures, on a smaller scale, with the forty half-tones, still furnish a fair illustration of Gainsborough's art, while the lessened bulk and weight of the volume make it easier to give the text the attention it so thoroughly deserves. Sir Walter Armstrong is worth reading, and it is to be hoped that many will peruse this book who would never have managed it in its former shape. If its success shall lead to a similar reprint of his 'Reynolds' and his 'Turner,' so much the better.

It is surprising that something like Mr. Dewhurst's book on 'Impressionist Painting' has not been sooner attempted. It should be sure of a certain welcome now. Mr. Dewhurst seems to be a painter himself, a convinced Impressionist, who has known many of the artists of whom he writes. One opens his volume, therefore, with anticipations which are doomed to disappointment. He has gathered together a good deal of information (most of it, presumably, accurate enough, though there are awkward slips) on the history of Impressionism and the lives of the painters of the school, but he has no gift of exposition, and altogether fails to make clear the aims and methods of Impressionism or the individual qualities of the Impressionist painters. The reader who did not already know, would be left in absolute ignorance of what the "movement" was all about, or why it was worthy of attention—except for a few quotations in the Appendix from Mauclair, Brownell, MacColl, and others; and even these are not the best that could be chosen. It is well that a critic should know something of the subject on which he writes; this book is another proof that such knowledge is not of itself sufficient. It is necessary, also, that he should know how to write.

There is a certain inconsequence about Mr. Dewhurst's list of illustrations. One may admit some connection between Turner and Constable and the Impressionist movement, but it is hardly illustrated by the examples of these artists included in the present volume, while the only reason one can find for the admission of two plates after Watts is an incidental confession of personal admiration for that painter on the part of the author. On the other hand, the text speaks of sketches by Toulouse-Lautrec "here reproduced," which nowhere appear. The inclusion of works by Whistler, Carrière, Alexander Harrison, and others is, however, due to the author, who counts these diverse talents as Impressionist, though Whistler, at least, protested vigorously against the application of that name to himself. For any intelligible account of Impressionism we shall still have to rely on M. Camille Mauclair's little book, 'The French Impressionists,' but the larger form of the present work marks the promotion of Impressionist art to the "centre-table," while its fuller biographical information will make it convenient for occasional reference.

It was a happy thought to discourse on "the treatment of drapery in art," and Mr. Rhead's little treatise is good as far as it goes, though it might profitably have gone farther. He is quite right in his notion that the subject is greatly neglected in our art schools and has been very insufficiently treated by writers on painting; and even so elementary a work as this cannot fail to supply many useful hints to students. Mr. Rhead is a linear designer by temperament and training, and is very unjust to the painters—he is almost comic in his attack on Tintoretto, whose "St. George and the Dragon" is introduced, apparently, only as a model of what not to do. Yet he quotes with approbation Reynolds's advice that, when the arrangement of a drapery is unsatisfactory, "it is better to take the chance of another casual throw than to alter the position in which it was at first accidentally cast." This may be good advice to beginners, but its inculcation by Reynolds was symptomatic, and sheds light on the haphazard look, happy or the reverse, of his own draperies, which are never designed as one of the great masters of drapery would have designed them. To the true composer, accident is, occasionally, a useful servant, but it should never be allowed to take matters in hand, and Mr. Rhead's adoption and reinforcement of Reynolds's counsel mark his own limitation. In the chapter on "Drapery in Movement" no mention is made of one of the most useful methods of deriving hints for the design of flying draperies—the use of tissue paper, the natural stiffness of which will hold it in positions closely resembling the effect of wind on light stuffs. It is true that the proper use of this device requires considerable acquired knowledge on the part of the artist, but this is almost equally true of any other. Mr. Rhead's original illustrations are well done, and his examples from the masters are, in general, well selected, and his book may be, provisionally, recommended to art students.

As much can hardly be said for a book of similarly practical intention, Mr. Grant Wright's 'Art of Caricature.' It is meant for a practical guide to the would-be newspaper "cartoonist," but a great part of it consists of such elementary instruction in human proportions, artistic anatomy, and perspective as may be found in a hundred other hand-books, while another good part is made up of biographical sketches of comic draughtsmen. There is a chapter on technical methods which may have some serviceableness, but there is really nothing or next to nothing on the *art* of caricature, and the illustrations are mostly such as to make one wish that the art had never been invented.

If one were asked, offhand, to name the women who have attained to notable distinction in painting or sculpture, the chances are that one would find oneself at a loss before one had reached the half-dozen; yet Mrs. Clement has been able to find "the names of more than a thousand women whose attainments in the Fine Arts—in various countries and at different periods of time before the middle of the nineteenth century—entitle them to honorable mention as artists," and, by adding "the army of women artists of the last century," she has made up a book equal in bulk (though the type is larger) to her 'Dictionary of Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers.' How inclusive has been her grasp is shown by the frequent presence of names against which the only entry is: "No reply to circular." Was it worth while to give the names of artists of whom she knew nothing whatever save that they exist? Where there is more information it is often too evident that the "circular" has been answered, and that the artist herself is responsible for what we are told. Of course, the whole book is not of this texture, and perhaps it is better to give too much than too little. As a book of reference, it will have its use in spite of the paucity of dates that was, perhaps, to have been expected.

'The Old Masters and their Pictures' is intended "for the use of schools and learners in art," and is gently condescending in tone and none too accurate as to facts. None but the hungerer after "culture" *à bon marché* need waste time over it, or over another book of a familiar type, Julia de Wolf Addison's 'Classic Myths in Art.'

The United States: A History of Three Centuries, 1607-1904. Population, Politics, War, Industry, Civilization. By William E. Chancellor and Fletcher W. Hewes. In ten parts. Part I. Colonization, 1607-1697. Putnams. 1904. Pp. xxiii., 533.

This latest aspirant for favor in the field of coöperative history has some novel features. Each of the ten volumes is to be divided into four parts, dealing respectively with population and politics, war and conquest, industry and commerce, and civilization. Under the first division fall "the various phases of discovery, settlement, expansion of territory, immigration, race, government, domestic politics, and international relations." The third section, treating especially of agriculture, manufacture, and commerce, is to be particularly emphasized and made a distinctive feature. The topics of the fourth division are "religion and morality, literature and art, education, and social life." Each of the volumes after the first is also to have a chapter on the European history of the period, so far as related to America, in order to give opportunity for comparison between the achievements, in different epochs, of our own and other countries. The illustrations, save for a frontispiece of Capt. John Smith, are in this volume confined to colored "historical perspectives" (or diagrams) and maps, the latter chiefly in black and white. The diagrams prefacing the several sections exhibit the ingenuity of all such devices, and facilitate comparison of events; for the period covered by the first volume, however, we do not find them especially instructive. There are also other "historical perspectives," which consist of chronological summaries only. The larger maps are useful, but the small sectional maps, of which there are a great many, are as a rule either so fragmentary or so crude as to be of little real service. A few pages at the end offer some brief notes on points in the text, together with miscellaneous lists of books, some of them school manuals, cited as authorities.

The publishers' announcement informs us that, in the division of labor between the authors, Mr. Hewes is responsible for the third section—on industry and commerce—the diagrams, most of the maps, and statistical matters in general, while Mr. Chancellor has done the rest. Of Mr. Hewes's portion it may be said that, while its contribution is slight and its style unadorned, the separate treatment of economic subjects emphasizes a wofully neglected side of American history, and makes the chapters easy and not unprofitable reading. The judgment on Mr. Chancellor's performance must be less favorable. Not only is the substance conventional and slight, and the evidence of first-hand (or even good second-hand) knowledge of the subject conspicuously lacking, but the style is pervaded by "fine writing" and flippant jauntiness. The conscientious critic will note, in passing, that the estimate of the aboriginal population of America as numbering from seventeen to thirty millions (p. 72) is the merest guesswork, and utterly without scientific foundation; that the first Massachusetts charter was not annulled by *quo warranto*, but by *scire facias* (p. 237); and that the Maryland charter was not "the model for all later colonial grants" (p. 270) save in a sense which does not appear at all in Mr. Chancellor's account. To criticise Mr. Chancellor's work in detail, however, or to point out wherein he has failed to show essential fitness for his task, would be as profitless as to exhibit at length one's reasons for thinking that the average intelligent schoolboy's composition on Israel Putnam or Abraham Lincoln is not a valuable contribution to historical writing.

One may protest, however, against the intrusion into the text of airy and inept allusions to current controversies, or the cheap comment which does duty with many for historical parallelism. Not to make the list exhaustive, the forced and pointless reference to woman suffrage in connection with Elizabeth and Ralegh (p. 59); to "our years and our districts when famine smites the many to advance the financial interests of the few" (p. 83) as evils from which the "Amerinds" (meaning the American Indians) were free; to the English merry-making as "a periodical debauch of men and women" among "the vulgar English" (p. 227); and to the Spanish Infanta," as the unfortunate girl who happens to be the oldest [*sic*] daughter of the Spanish King is styled in the matrimonial markets of the royal world" (p. 265), have neither dignity nor point. One dreads to think of a ten-volume work drawn out on such a scale. It is to be hoped that the later volumes may show marked improvement in this as in other respects.

Rome. By Walter Taylor Field. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1904.

It is true that the ordinary visitor to Rome, if he care to use a book at all for his direction, may well desire something a little more juicy than the typical guidebook, and much more systematically comprehensive than the learned treatises of specialists. The popularity of Mr. Hare's works is sufficient testimony to the felt need. Professor Field has undertaken to meet it by two little volumes, profusely illustrated from photographs, and charmingly printed and bound. They are written in a chatty style, and are designed to lead the traveller, in successive days' trips, around the city and its immediate environs, and then through some of its more important churches and museums, entertaining him with such cheerful running comments as an amiable and well-instructed guide might furnish orally. The author's style sometimes halts grammatically, and his humor is a bit crude and palling, interposing itself unnecessarily in the attempt to give a breezy effect to the whole. As to accuracy of matter, the book exhibits occasionally a curious combination of knowledge of recent technical literature with error in simple things. It is as if the writer had compiled his information from a few popular books, with some "pointers" from archæological friends, and had not thoroughly assimilated his Rome, either ancient or modern.

He is not always up to date. For example, the Ludovisi sculptures (i. 220) have been resting for some time in the Museo delle Terme; the Church of S. Maria Liberatrice (plan, i. 122) was destroyed sundry years ago (and there is no such space between the Basilica Aemilia and S. Adriano as the plan shows); the Barberini library (ii. 73) has been purchased by the Vatican; we were not aware that the mid-stream arch of the Pons Aemilius had for the last fifteen years or so been connected with the bank by "an uninteresting iron framework," or had served as the ordinary bridge for traffic within that time; and it is news to us that Pasquin (i. 56) now rests in the Vatican Museum. Can this be true? Surely his gossip Marforio (*ibid.*) never reclined in the Subura.

In historical as in archæological matters the author is frequently at fault. The Caecilia Metella of the well-known tomb on the Appian Way (i. 248) was not Sulla's wife; Alba Longa was not built (i. 253) on top of the Alban Mount; the Fountain of Juturna was not the same thing (i. 131) as the Lacus Curtius; the "bases of crumbling pilasters" (*sic*) that "stretch in parallel lines along the surface" of the Basilica Julia (i. 124) are hardly more than thirty years old; the portrait bust that now stands on the sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus in the Vatican Museum (ii. 187) is in no sense a part of the monument; the Arch of Titus does not display (ii. 191) "the best historic relief that Rome produced" (how about Trajan's Arch at Beneventum?); and the "Egyptian" obelisk of S. Trinità dei Monti is so far from deserving the heroics lavished upon it by Mr. Field (ii. 139) that it is not Egyptian at all but a late imperial Roman imitation (*cf. Bull. Com.* 1897, p. 216). Anio Nova (twice), P. Asinara, Atta Navius are bad Latin. These are but varied samples of manifold errors, which make the book, despite its beauty, a treacherous guide.

Facts and Figures. The Basis of Economic Science. By Edward Atkinson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

To the ordinary man it seems a paradox to maintain that there may be little difficulty in taking the tariff question out of partisan politics. Yet such is Mr. Atkinson's belief, and he gives his reasons for it. If the facts can be made plain, he says, "as to the small relative number of those who attempt to secure profits by taxes on imports, compared to the very large number of those who pay taxes that the Government does not receive; and also as compared to the relatively much greater number of the persons directly interested in free exports and therefore in free imports," the difficulty will be overcome.

Certainly, Mr. Atkinson makes the facts plain. He analyzes the census reports and the custom-house returns, and proves beyond all question that the number of persons profiting by our tariff taxes is extremely small. The value of the product of the farms of this country is not far from five billion dollars; but the value of the wool produced is less than one and a quarter per cent. of this total, and most of this wool is from the great flocks of sheep in the far Northwest. The value of all the farm products subject to foreign competition, even including tobacco, does not exceed two hundred million dollars. Persons engaged in professional service are not exposed to the competition of foreigners, nor are those in personal service or in trades and transportation. In manufactures, mechanic arts, and mining, a careful examination shows that about 6,300,000 are "practically free from the possibility of

an import of a product of like kind from any foreign country." There are subject in part to foreign competition not over 400,000, and subject to urgent foreign competition hardly any more. Making all manner of concessions, we must conclude that less than one million persons engaged in productive industry are in a position to be affected injuriously by free trade, whereas twenty-eight millions would be benefited. Moreover, the advantages resulting from cheaper materials and machinery would more than offset the effect of foreign competition in the case of several hundred thousand out of this million. But in the remnant are many men of vast wealth and great political power.

Whether Mr. Atkinson is too sanguine or not, he deserves honor for his courage and for his industry. He has been at pains to ascertain the facts concerning the cost of our experiment in Imperialism, and he has made them public in defiance of the Government. He repeats his story here, and restates his facts; and he glories in being called a traitor for telling the truth about the conduct of our rulers. Such treason as his is the truest patriotism, and he may say with Lowell of his devotion to his country:

"I love her old renown, her ancient fame:
What better proof than that I loathe her shame?"

Incidentally, Mr. Atkinson brings out a fact that is little known—that the proportion of persons employed in great factories is diminishing. "The statistics prove a constant increase in the relative proportion of persons occupied in the lesser arts in small workshops." Even the great department stores cause no lessening of the number of small shops. A study of the industries of the city of Boston is of extreme interest as bearing on this point. The tendency is encouraging, and we may share Mr. Atkinson's hope that the small craftsmen, being of some intelligence and independence, may be induced to attend to the evidence which proves how they are hampered by the present tariff.

The Monroe Doctrine. By T. B. Edgington. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1904.

This is a rather rambling discussion of the Monroe Doctrine and of subjects more or less connected with it, such as the Panama Congress, the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, the French invasion and usurpation in Mexico, and the establishment of the empire of Maximilian; the Venezuelan Boundary; the Canal; the Hague Tribunal, etc. The most valuable part of it, probably, is the discussion (pp.218-266) of what the author chooses to call the "Calvo Doctrine"—an unfair designation, it would seem, if the author himself is correct in saying (p. 221) that this doctrine is constructed on an "innuendo" conveyed by the text of that eminent writer on International Law, rather than on the text itself. Calvo merely says that a nation's public law does not admit of intervention by foreign nations (p. 221), while the "innuendo" is that a nation can deal with foreigners as it pleases. The author, at any rate, in what he has to say about it would have been more forcible if he had simply remarked that some South American States seem to have a doctrine of their own on the subject of foreigners which needs the careful attention of foreign governments.

Briefly stated, the Venezuelan and Salvadorean statutes provide that a resident foreigner who meets with injustice at the hands of the tribunals of the country in which he resides, may be deprived in some way of the right of appeal to his own country. In Salvador, to take the strongest case, it is provided that a foreigner shall not appeal for redress to his own Government against a positive decision, "even though it may be said that the decision is iniquitous or given against express law." Mr. Edgington shows by a very elaborate and full argument, fortified by authority in a variety of ways, that this is a monstrous pretension, because the well-known principle of international law, that a domiciled foreigner is governed by and submits to the laws of his acquired domicile, is always qualified by the rule that the Government of his own country may inquire into any injustice done him, if it is worth while. As a general rule, he is wholly subject to the laws of his adopted country; but the right to appeal to one's own Government, and the right of that Government to interfere in the interest of its own citizens, cannot be done away by statutes passed by a foreign country. Venezuela insists that a foreigner shall stipulate a waiver of the right as a condition of residence; but it is very doubtful how far any such waiver or stipulation would be recognized, for example, by the United States, as precluding an appeal to Washington from an American citizen in Caracas against plain spoliation. Our Government is not bound by any such waiver; and if it may intervene of its own motion, such a waiver will not prevent. But in this case Venezuela does not go to the length of trying to make the waiver debar from appeal in cases of obvious injustice. On the whole, there is evidence of a desire, so far as possible, to oust the resident foreigner of his right of appeal, but it is not of such momentous importance as the author thinks, and it is far outweighed by the growing tendency of the greater nations to interfere more and more on behalf of their citizens domiciled abroad, and of these citizens to appeal to them for redress on every occasion.

The author is seen at his best in this part of his book; he is strongest in a technical legal argument, weakest in the proper field of international law. He is full of suggestions, some of which are more ingenious than weighty, *e. g.*, that in the exercise of our protectorate of South America (he speaks of the "duty," derived from the Monroe Doctrine, which lies upon our Government to devise "means for preventing revolutions, internecine strifes and wars," and defalcations in South American States) we should get a receiver appointed, possibly by the Hague Tribunal, to administer temporarily upon the affairs of any very bad State, and, after a proper liquidation, set it going again with a legitimate government (p. 297). He makes the suggestion also (ch. xiv.) that the coaling-station question might be solved by allowing neutrals to supply coal *ad libitum* to belligerent vessels touching at their ports. So it might; but as long as nations universally insist on the rules as to contraband being enforced even against ordinary trade, the suggestion seems rather visionary. Extravagance of statement is a foible which the author is not at sufficient pains to avoid. To tell us that the Pacific Ocean is "practically an inland sea within the boundaries of the United States" (p. 112) makes us feel that we may be listening to a stump speech rather than to a discourse on international law.

The Cathedrals of England: An Account of Some of their Distinguishing Characteristics; together with Brief Historical and Biographical Sketches of their most Noted Bishops. By M. J. Taber. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1904. Pp. viii., 287.

This little book is the third volume of "The Cathedral Series," and in a curious way it explains the puzzling books we have already reviewed, namely, the 'Cathedrals of Northern France' and of 'Southern France,' by Francis Miltoun. The present volume has a short author's foreword, in which it is explained that the principal aim of the book is to give glimpses of the bishops, rulers, and other noted personages who have had to do with the cathedrals. That is comprehensible; and the purpose of the book is furthered by a final chapter entitled "In Explanation," in which are found a good many interesting statements about cathedrals and bishops and croziers, about old foundations and new foundations. Some are naïve enough in their way—*e. g.*, "The east end of the church is sometimes round and is then called the apse"; "The garth is the green yard around which the cloisters are built. Another use of the garth and cloisters was for informal disputations among the monks."

The reader will easily see the trick of it. It is a glossary intermingled with innocent little expressions of opinion. One of the paragraphs is devoted to the words *bishop* and *évêque* and their common derivation from *episcopus*. A similar gentle humor is to be found in all parts of the book, and is mingled with a readiness to give a simple sort of quotations and anecdotes from all kinds of authors, which make the volume rather a selection of stories for young folks on idle summer days than a treatise on anything in particular. The jokes and stories need an index, it is true, but then every one can make his own. "Queen Caroline inquired if the author were dead. 'No,' replied Bishop Blackburn, 'but he is buried.' The Queen acted on the hint," etc. Mrs. Taber has made herself familiar with the literature concerning Queen Elizabeth, and is always citing her, choosing rather anecdotes which throw discredit upon that certainly much overpraised sovereign.

The illustrations are several degrees better than those of the two volumes devoted to the cathedrals of France. Some three or four of them are really quite satisfactory photographic prints—small and dark, but explanatory.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ainger, Alfred. The Gospel and Human Life. Macmillan Co. $2.
American Interior Decoration. Clifford & Lawton. $2.50 net.
Architects' Directory, 1904-05. William T. Comstock. $2 net.
Atkins, H. G. Johann Wolfgang Goethe. London: Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d.
Avery, Elroy McKendree. A History of the United States and its People. Vol. I. Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.
Baddeley, St. Clair. Recent Discoveries in the Forum, 1898-1904. Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Bagster-Collins, Elijah W. The Teaching of German in Secondary Schools. Macmillan Co.
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Beebe, S. P., and B. H. Buxton. Outlines of Physiological Chemistry. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Betz, Louis P. La Littérature Comparée. 2d ed., enlarged. Strassburg: Trübner. 6 mk.
Bevan, Edwyn. Jerusalem under the High-Priests. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.
Beverages—Salads. Compiled by M. E. Southworth. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.
Bibbins, Ruthella M. Mammy 'mongst the Wild Nations of Europe. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.
Blind, Mathilde. George Eliot. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.
Bonte, Willard. The Mother Goose Puzzle Book. Dutton. $1 net.
Book-Prices Current. 1904. Vol. XVIII. London: Elliot Stock.
Breare, W. H. Vocalism. Putnams. $1.25 net.
Brown, Katharine Holland. Diane. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Brown, Rev. Theron. Nameless Women of the Bible. American Tract Society. 75 cts.
Burrage, Champlin. The Church Covenant Idea. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1 net.
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Channing, Blanche Mary. Lullaby Castle, and Other Poems. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
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Corner in Gold, A. London: P. S. King & Son.
Costello, F. H. Nelson's Yankee Boy. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Cox, Ethel Louise. Poems, Lyric and Dramatic. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Crocker, Joseph Henry. The Supremacy of Jesus. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 80 cents net.
Cyr, Ellen M. Graded Art Readers. Book Two. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Devine, Edward T. The Principles of Relief. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Dinneen, Rev. Patrick S. Irish-English Dictionary. London: David Nutt. 7s. 6d. net.
Dodge, Richard Elwood. Elementary Geography. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Dowling, Geo. Thos. Saturday Night Sermons. Thomas Whitaker. 90 cts. net.
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Haines, Mary Elizabeth. Index to the Proceedings of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Madison: Published by the Society.
Hale, Edward Everett. Memories of a Hundred Years. New ed. Macmillan Co.
Hale, Edward E. Stories of Adventure.—Stories of Discovery. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 each.
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History Syllabus for Secondary Schools. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
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Philippine Islands, The. Edited and annotated by Emma H. Blair and James A. Roberts. Vols. XVII. (1609-1616), XVIII. (1617-1620), XIX. (1620-21). Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
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The Nation.

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The Week.

For the first time since the foundation of the Republican party, a House of Representatives has been elected having a working majority of one hundred for the party also in control of the Senate and the Presidency. In the Fifty-second Congress, 1891-93, the Democrats had a majority of 140 in the House, but Harrison was President and the Senate was Republican. In the Fifty-fourth Congress, 1895-97, the Republicans had a majority of 133 and controlled the Senate, but Cleveland was President. The Fifty-first Congress, which passed the McKinley act, had a working majority of only 7, while in the Fifty-fifth, which passed the Dingley act, the Republican majority over Democrats and Populists was 42. Aside from the weakening of the Opposition—always a regrettable thing in a legislative body—it is particularly unfortunate that the minority in the next Congress should be so largely sectional. Northern States which are represented by 55 Democrats in the present Congress have elected only 29 to the next. There will be at least 20 solidly Republican State delegations, as against 16 at present, and several more with but one Democrat each. New York loses 6 Democrats, New Jersey 2, Pennsylvania 3, Illinois 5, Indiana 2, Ohio 3, and Missouri 5. Such strong men as Cowherd of Missouri and Williams of Illinois are among the fallen. Whether the minority can recover from this blow sufficiently to make next year anything like the effective opposition it did in the last under Mr. John Sharp Williams, is a question in which men of all parties have an interest.

Southern comments on Mr. Roosevelt's victory are in the main good-tempered. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* calls attention to the fact that the President did not carry a single Southern State as though this were a rebuke to him, but it had probably not heard from the border States, Maryland, West Virginia, and Missouri, when it wrote. It earnestly but vainly hopes that Mr. Roosevelt will now adopt the Southern view of the negro. The Norfolk *Landmark* freely admits that, but for the Washington dinner and the Crum incident, five or six Southern States also would probably have gone for Roosevelt. The Columbia *State*, ordinarily of excellent judgment, thinks it necessary to print "just a word of advice to the negroes of South Carolina." It notices some evidence of jubilation among them over the election. To this it has no objection, but it adds significantly that it "would be exceedingly unfortunate if they should conceive the notion that they have captured South Carolina and act accordingly." Further: "It would be well for them to realize that, if trouble is provoked, the negroes will be the chief sufferers, and a dozen Roosevelts cannot help them." Compared with these words of menace, the utterances of the Richmond *News-Leader* are refreshingly frank and sane. "It is possible," this newspaper concedes, "that some outbreaks and barbarities of which Southern communities have been guilty have contributed to the result." Now, more than ever, then, is the time for the Southerners to obey the laws and to be "rigidly just in their dealings with the negro." Not only will any outrages strengthen Mr. Roosevelt, but "we [Southerners] cannot hope for the respect, confidence, and good will of the people of our country unless we deserve them by our own conduct."

Secretary Hay gravely remarks that the "baselessness of the attacks upon the President's Panama policy has now been demonstrated." This shows what a joke it was on the professors of international law when the defenders of the Administration pretended to answer their arguments. That was simply marking time till the election came; and the real way of finding out whether precedent and law and treaty had been violated was to count noses. It was like Pension Commissioner Ware's appeal on a point of law from the lawyers to the blacksmiths. The blacksmiths won by a large majority, and the lawyers naturally felt pretty cheap. So must the professors of international law whom Secretary Hay now puts down with the election returns. Woolsey and Macvane are clearly outweighed, as they are outvoted, by Nokes, Stokes, and Boggs. Of course, Mr. Hay does not mean this seriously. He would privately side with Aristotle in insisting that the only verdict which counts in such matters is that of the judicious. He would not really wish the colleges to burn all their books and decide questions of history and law by holding a caucus in a saloon. And no one knows better than the Secretary that the voters did not on November 8 pass upon the Panama question—or, for that matter, any other question of pure policy. Never was there a campaign in which "argument" went for so little. Roosevelt voters simply looked queer when it was adduced, and said, "Granting all that, we are going to vote for Roosevelt just the same."

Governor-Chairman Odell regards the result in New York State as a personal vindication; and people who are inclined to dispute this view must admit that, at any rate, Odell is now absolute master of the Republican machine. He staked all on the result of the balloting on November 8, and he won. The Governor-Chairman served notice that he would be responsible for this State, and he has conducted the campaign here with little or no interference from Mr. Cortelyou. He has profited by President Roosevelt's general personal popularity; he shares the benefits of a striking victory for which he deserves relatively little credit. His own equity in this estate—if we may use such a term—is indicated more accurately by the vote cast for Mr. Higgins. Had any one told Mr. Odell on November 7 that Higgins would fall 100,000 behind Roosevelt, the State chairman would have confessed that the jig was up with the candidate for Governor. Mr. Odell's feverish activity, his stump speeches, in the last days of the fight are sufficient evidence of his apprehensions. And yet Mr. Higgins has the eminently respectable plurality of 75,000. The State was so strong for Roosevelt that 100,000 votes one way or the other was an inconsiderable trifle. Tag or no tag, Mr. Odell has elected his ticket and a big majority in the Legislature. He may fairly ask, "Can I not do what I will with my own?"

Judge Parker is in no need of a *post mortem*. He is, in fact, a very lively and good-natured corpse. In crushing defeat he bears himself with the same smiling poise and quiet dignity that marked him throughout the campaign. His wholesome and steady personality made friends for him everywhere, and bore out the epigram of the Republican judge who said that, of course, he was going to vote for Parker, but thought he would not be elected because there would not be time before election for the voters who had seen Roosevelt to see the Judge. Aside from this pleasing personal impression, which will go with Mr. Parker into retirement, he will be long remembered as a candidate who stoutly advocated principles, whether men would hear or forbear. He stood for political truths which ought to be popular, if they are not just yet; and when they come to fruition—when the corrupt alliance between the tariff beneficiaries and the Republican party is broken up; when we recover the Declaration of Independence and apply its principles to the Filipinos—Judge Parker will be recalled as one who preached to his countrymen sound doctrine before they were ready to receive it, and will be honored accordingly.

Gorman's defeat in Maryland is a genuine cause for rejoicing. It is not to be believed that even if the Democrats had carried the State his attempt to disfranchise the negroes would have been successful, for it had been denounced by the Democratic Governor and many prominent Democrats. But he is a perpetual mischief-maker, a leader who bodes no good to the cause with which he is allied. An avowed protectionist, he belongs in the Republican ranks. Unscrupulous as Tillman himself, he has been as ready as that demagogue to stir up race hatred. He will, of course, remain in the Senate; but he really ought to be in retirement along with Hill.

We may still hope that Addicks will be kept out of the Senate. He is eight votes short of a majority in the Delaware Legislature. The nine Republicans who are against Addicks assert that they would rather see the State unrepresented than misrepresented by him. A vacancy is certainly better than an ignominy. The nine anti-Addicks Republicans may yet save Sodom. In their present stand, it is to be hoped that they will have the countenance of President Roosevelt. Not to be compelled to receive a man like Addicks officially in the White House should surely be the wish of its occupant. Of course, the arch-corruptionist will move heaven and earth—or hell and earth—to compass his election. His contest in the Legislature will be watched by the whole country, and the hope of all honest men will be that Delaware may be spared the disgrace of Addicks, and that this particular bit of rotten wood may not have been swept along triumphantly on the Roosevelt flood.

Wisconsin was honored by more pre-election speculation, perhaps, than any other State. The riddles propounded since the third ticket was put in the field, however, have received very simple answers. Gov. La Follette has run 80,000 votes behind President Roosevelt, but it is plain that the prominence of the men participating in the bolting movement of Republicans led to a great overestimate of its strength. At the same time, the figures show clearly the indifference of the average Democrat this year to the fate of the national ticket. Every one agrees that a large part of La Follette's following is made up of "fair-minded Democrats," who would naturally be supposed to favor Parker. Yet, apparently, the national ticket interested them so little that they were unwilling to go even to the small trouble of marking a split ballot to help it out. In Milwaukee County the Socialist vote even ran ahead of the Democratic. La Follette plainly has secured the allegiance of a great part of the Wisconsin Democrats. The Stalwart faction did not, of course, vote for its own candidate, and it is probably immaterial as regards the future whether or not it keeps up its separate organization. The adoption of the new primary law, in any case, makes a contesting convention a thing of the past, so far as Wisconsin is concerned.

John A. Johnson, the successful Democratic candidate for Governor in Minnesota, was the son of a Swedish immigrant, and his youth was spent in the most abject poverty. Some ten days before the election, a campaign circular was sent broadcast stating that Johnson's father had died in the poorhouse and that his mother had taken in washing. The press of the State at once investigated the truth of this story. It appeared that the candidate's father had been a town loafer. The son had left school when ten years old to help support the family, and his mother had, it was true, taken in washing, but the father was put, by well-wishers of the family, where he would no longer be an incumbrance to it. The story of the boy's self-reliance and his success under so heavy a handicap not only destroyed the effect of the Republican slurs, but created such a revulsion of feeling in his favor as has never been seen in this country. In a State whose total vote is probably not more than 325,000, Johnson ran something like 140,000 ahead of the Presidential candidate of his party. The unexpected election of Douglas in Massachusetts was brought about by less than 15 per cent. of the voters splitting their tickets. In Minnesota, the incomplete returns indicate that nearly 23 per cent. marked their ballots for Roosevelt and Johnson—an exhibition of independent voting probably without a parallel.

In an election the most encouraging feature of which was its demonstration of the willingness of great bodies of voters to look farther than the party label, some of the faults of the ballot laws now in force also stand out strikingly. Maryland's electoral vote, for instance, will be divided. Why? Not because any voter in the State wanted seven of its votes to be cast for Parker and one for Roosevelt, but because, through ignorance and carelessness in marking ballots, the elector whose name came first on the Republican side ran ahead of the man at the tail of the Democratic column. The "will of the people" was that either Parker or Roosevelt should receive the undivided vote of the State. There are some voters, to be sure, who actually do scrutinize the individual names on the lists and vote against an elector on their own side whom they consider unfit. Thus, a single Cleveland elector was once chosen in Ohio because Republicans "scratched" an unpopular candidate of their own party. But the Maryland split means absolutely nothing. In this case it has no effect on the result, but if the close vote of 1876 should ever be repeated, a similar blunder might swing the casting vote. In this State the defeated candidate for Governor made ballot reform one of the issues of his campaign, and it is a subject which his successful opponent may take up to advantage. Higgins's majority was swollen without doubt, by our law, which puts a premium on straight-ticket voting. The Massachusetts plan removes this drawback, not by making it easy to vote a split ticket, but by making it hard to vote a straight one. Voting machines, which reduce to a minimum the mechanical difficulty of voting any sort or ticket and eliminate the spoiled ballot, were used this year more than ever before, both in our inland cities and in New Jersey, and there seems to have been no serious complaint of their working.

After a campaign remarkable for its thoroughness, it appears that the Constitutional amendment designed to give Chicago a new charter has been adopted in Illinois. That city had so far outgrown the system under which it was governed that the cartoon showing a strapping twenty-year-old girl dressed in a tattered, inadequate pinafore was an accurate description of the state of the municipal wardrobe. But, in order to get a new dress, the city was compelled to appeal to the State and secure the approval of the majority of all the voters who cast ballots for Presidential electors. New Yorkers are familiar with the general indifference of the country electorate towards the affairs considered vital to great cities; in Illinois, the "down-Staters" were appealed to in the course of the campaign by thousands of workers, and an "educational" bureau, backed by every organization of importance in Chicago, sent out millions of circulars. What has been won, by a close margin, is the privilege of submitting to Chicago itself, through a referendum provision, the proposal to consolidate some twelve taxing bodies now holding the levying power into one, to create a uniform system of municipal courts, to raise the debt limit, basing it upon the real value of taxable property instead of upon the appraised, and to wipe out completely the anomalous old township governments that have survived from the time when Chicago was but a small prairie village. It is a significant commentary on the awkwardness of strict State control over municipal government that Chicago has had to wait so long to be rescued from her plight.

Election being over, there is no rea-

son now why the Smoot case should not be pushed to a conclusion on reasonably non-partisan lines. But the abandonment of the trip of the Senate subcommittee to Utah does seem unfortunate, since the Mormon question in politics is still to be investigated. The Smoot proceedings, as a great many people seem never to realize, are not in any sense a repetition of the Roberts case of five years ago. If the Utah Senator is unseated, it must be on grounds which would apply equally to any high officer of his Church. The proof of Brigham Roberts's unfitness, according to American standards, to sit in the national legislature was simple enough: he had more than one wife. Smoot is a monogamist, of excellent personal reputation, and well thought of by his associates. The whole question is, "How far does his Church control him?" If the question is to be answered in a way that will convince the public, an immense amount of testimony, all indirect, must be sifted. It seems to be just the sort of question which ought to be investigated on the spot, and not in a city something like 2,000 miles away. In the matter of expense alone it would seem that inquiry at Salt Lake was almost obligatory.

The New York Presbytery on Monday voted almost unanimously not to unite with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church of the South, and the New Brunswick Presbytery defeated the proposal by a vote of 40 to 2. These decisions are the more remarkable in that they are against the recommendation of the Presbyterian General Assembly last June. It is to the credit of the Church that there are influential men in it who will not consent to a union which would draw the color line, and force negro Presbyterians into separate negro presbyteries. If there is one place where color prejudice is absolutely out of place, it is in churches erected to the glory of Him who hath made of one blood all nations of men. The attitude of some Southern churches in denying entrance to colored people, in refusing to allow them even to be married or buried by white ministers, must ever be a serious shock to those who still believe that all men stand upon one footing in the eyes of the Christian Church.

Reballoting in the Italian general elections has confirmed the Socialist defeat. In many constituencies Conservatives and Clericals united against the Ferri candidates. Most significantly, at Rome members of the Papal party, and even priests, were encouraged to vote against Ferri himself, who conducted a multiple candidacy, winning in Rome only, by a narrow majority. Florence, Genoa, and Milan all repudiated members prominently associated with the recent strike or otherwise connected with the Extreme Left. The general participation of Roman Catholics in the election makes it probable that a formal reconciliation between the Court and the Curia is among the possibilities. Indeed, the Holy See cannot afford to let the *non expedit* lapse by default. The occasion is opportune for a settlement. The Government needs Clerical votes; the Holy See needs the allowance which the Government has regularly put aside. But on the part of the Curia the opportunity may be brief. After Roman Catholics have become identified with the various political groups, or else have formed a solid Opposition, the Government may have lost either the motive or the mood to compose the quarrel. Meanwhile, though Giolitti has technically triumphed, the sources of his new majority are not apparent, nor can they be until the new President of the Chamber is elected.

With due ceremony was celebrated in Paris on October 30 the hundredth year since the adoption of the Code Civil. How vaingloriously Napoleon gave his own name to it, was implied in the discourse at the Sorbonne of the Minister of Justice. M. Vallé traced the growth of the unifying process in the laws and jurisdictions of France back to an early day, and showed how Chancellor after Chancellor and report after report had led up to the work of the Convention. To call it Bonaparte's would be as erroneous as was Mr. Gladstone's description of the American Constitution as wholly a product of the men who wrought over the old material at Philadelphia. The Minister of Justice admitted that Napoleon ordered the jurisconsults about their work as if they were so many corps commanders under him, and that his personal views were stamped upon the articles relating to marriage and to foreigners; but he concluded: "Despite these personal creations of Bonaparte, which have been, moreover, largely effaced by subsequent legislation, the Code of 1804 was declared, and appeared to the world to be, the legal consequence of the French Revolution." The President of the Court of Cassation, in his centenary address, dwelt frankly upon the function of judges in enlarging the Code under the guise of enforcing it. He referred to the "free interpretation" and "complementary decisions" which had changed certain parts of the Code into something to make its original framers stare and gasp. Ingeniously stating the point of view of a judge given the task of finding warrant for new practices in old prescriptions, Presiding Judge Ballot-Beaupré said that the judicial interpreter "ought not obstinately to inquire what was, a hundred years ago, the thought of the authors of the Code, but to ask how they would have drafted a disputed article if they had it to do today, since both justice and reason required that the text ought to be liberally and humanely adapted to the exigencies of modern life."

Another professor has shown that he is not fit for practical statesmanship. This time it is the eminent Austrian economist, Professor Boehm-Bawerk. He has just been forced to retire from the Koerber Cabinet, in which he held the portfolio of Minister of Finance. What was the complaint? That he had been too doctrinaire—had indulged in financial whimsies? No, the infatuated man had made the capital mistake of trying to economize. This was bad enough, and showed that the professor was dwelling among the dust and cobwebs of an exploded theory of government finance; but when we add that he proposed to effect his economies in the expenditures for the army and navy, we need look no further for the cause of his fall. The Admiralty said, of course, that it could not take a crown less, and naturally Boehm-Bawerk had to go back to his lectures. His financial theory is admired throughout the world, but applied finance—especially the application of the obsolete doctrine of economy—was not for the likes of him.

Terms of the new Japanese loan, as announced from London last week, do not suggest progressive impairment of the country's credit. The loan of last April was made specifically a first lien on the Japanese customs revenue. At the time, Japan was criticised for pledging the whole of that revenue when the interest on the loan was less than one-half of it, and it was generally thought that the next loan would have to be guaranteed by some other security. But the new loan, though for a larger sum than that of April, is to be secured merely by a subordinate lien on the same customs revenue. Furthermore, it is to be offered to the public at 90½ in London, as against 93½ asked for the loan of April. When the magnitude of the loan —$60,000,000—is considered, and the fact that its ultimate security is inferior to that enjoyed by its predecessor, it must be said that the price at which the bankers take the loan is pretty good testimany to their faith in the Japanese Government's credit. Even Great Britain, whose consols issue of 1901 was sold at 94½, had to reduce the price to 93½ in the loan of 1902. It is true that the 6 per cent. interest rate and the special lien on revenue have all along made Japan's bid for foreign capital unusually tempting. It has cost her more to borrow, since the war began, than it costs Russia. But it can hardly be said, in the light of the latest announcement, that Japanese credit is declining.

APATHY.

The magnitude of Mr. Roosevelt's majority looms the bigger as rising out of the flat level of the electoral contest. Everybody must have thought the chances in his favor; the more sanguine may have looked for an aggregate of votes in the College closely approximating that which will actually be cast; but the "landslide," to use the favorite journalistic metaphor, has taken the country by surprise—both those who were buried under and those who were a part of it. The perplexing listlessness that characterized the canvass did not prepare the public mind for such a full polling, for such unheard-of majorities.

There was something ominous in the absence of a lively interest, and of those enthusiastic demonstrations which would so well have befitted the Republican chief. Mr. Roosevelt himself must have looked for some boisterous signs of that popularity of which he felt assured. Could it be that his strenuous candidacy would elicit the required support with no more stir and bustle than the peaceful fall of the ballot snowflakes which execute the freeman's will? Can such great things be done in quiet? And, now that the popular will has rolled his way in such a mighty tide, can the President be certain that he drew it after him; or may we conclude, like Tolstoy in his explanation of the Napoleonic flux and reflux from Paris to Moscow, that the great commander counted for nothing in the mysterious impulse of the multitude to rush in a particular direction? We may trust Mr. Roosevelt to take the benefit of the doubt.

Twenty reasons could readily be adduced for the Democratic defeat; two or three suggest themselves for the antecedent apathy. There was, for one thing, no need to get excited over prospective danger to the republic in case of Democratic success. Judge Parker, by one decisive act of courage and abnegation, had removed the currency as a possible source of peril, and also as a bone of contention during the campaign. His own calm and equipose, added to his person being unfamiliar to any but the few thousands who heard him on the stump in a narrow territory, forbade an ardent following calculated to inflame the other side. Moreover, his own party was much divided and grudgingly loyal, was deficient in organization, and pursued no single, consistent, weighty line of attack upon the *status quo*, which has always in itself a strong rallying power. All these considerations lay upon the surface, and were a check on Republican anxiety and over-exertion.

They probably did not, however, enter consciously into the determination of the mass to vote as they did. Their minds were made up, and stood in little need of discussion or spectacular incitement. Their apathy was not mental, precisely, but moral. They had not the least desire to rebuke the Administration for its inherited policy, or for those original acts of national dishonor which have renewed the blush of patriots. Their side-taking was in the gross. They did not say, for example, while Judge Parker's renunciation of a second term was ringing in their ears, that they saw nothing indecent in President Roosevelt's proclaiming his intentions, while his predecessor was hardly cold in his grave, to seek reëlection, and coming to a friendly understanding with Odell that the latter would not go counter to this ambition. They did not forgive this indecency—they probably just forgot, if they ever noticed it. They passed over in the same way his active direction of the late canvass, and his free shuffling of his Cabinet in search of electioneering lieutenants. They in effect approved what we may question their readiness to cast an express ballot for on the ground of propriety, to say nothing of principle—his previous adhesion to Addicks in Delaware, his rigging of a dishonest compromise in the same State on the eve of the election, all with a view to consolidate his hold upon a majority in his own behalf. They accepted Pension Order No. 78, equally designed to propitiate a class of voters while intensifying the evils of the pension system itself.

On the subjects of Imperialism, of an overgrown army and navy, of the mode in which we acquired the Isthmus, the majority of Northern voters have proved not less compliant. They are either indifferent, or they assent in varying degrees, or they condone with a plenary indulgence. They have cast a blanket ballot covering the entire Republican creed in its latest form, the acts of the Administration as a whole, and of Mr. Roosevelt in particular. They have done so tranquilly and emphatically. They have not borne even the testimony of abstinence from the polls. In augmented numbers they have silently marched up to the urn, with more emotion on learning of their enormous victory than they experienced from any contemplation of the principles at stake.

In such a picture there is much discouragement for those whose hearts are set on higher aims. They witness no such revival of tone as attended the two Cleveland successes, but a falling off profoundly significant of moral deterioration. It is small consolation that the Independents did not stand together, and that such of them as mounted with the wave that bore Mr. Roosevelt once more to the White House, may four years hence return to their proper ranks. The verdict just rendered is, all deductions made, a logical prelude to still lower depths of national self-satisfaction and torpidity of conscience—subject to the unexpected, which has, in our American history, more than once seen the hour of triumph of the Worse succeeded swiftly by that of the Better.

IS IT NOT TIME?

The marked increase in the distinctively Socialistic party led by Debs, as evinced on November 8, may portend local rearrangement and disturbance of party lines, with a natural legislative truckling to Socialistic demands. Exactly what took place in Massachusetts is still a matter of debate, though the fortunate Democratic candidate for Governor thought he was conducting the fight for tariff reduction through reciprocity. He appears to have had a large Labor backing, so that the full dinner-pails were guilty of the inconsistency of voting with the one hand for Douglas and lower duties, with the other for Roosevelt and the highest tariff on earth. His opponent, the present incumbent, Governor Bates, had incurred Labor's animosity by vetoing an Overtime bill not to be commended; and it is likely that this act of manly independence accounts more for his defeat at the hands of trade-unionists than any comprehension on their part of tariff iniquity.

Both the Socialistic and the Labor movements, which have a bond of union in the protectionist principle, must be reckoned with, no doubt; but they do not yet bulk sufficiently at the polls. The South offers by far the most interesting problem growing out of the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt. That section has been eaten into on the northern border, till now of the old slave States Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and Missouri are so far detached that they cannot be counted upon to make common cause in national policy with the rest of the once united territory. Mr. Roosevelt could even have dispensed with these accessions, which are likely to multiply with changes in Southern population through industrial growth; and the coherent South is fairly to be regarded henceforth as a negligible quantity. Mr. Roosevelt erased it from his thoughts, for hope or fear, when it turned upon him for controlling his own hospitality, nominating a few black men to Federal office, and standing by those persecuted by the mob. The disfranchisers have virtually become disfranchised in their Federal aspect, and more and more it must be difficult to call out a full vote south of Mason and Dixon's line—south of the Potomac, as we may now say. There is little pleasure in voting with a cooked and inevitable majority, especially when it has no effect on the national show of hands. The composition of President Roosevelt's electoral vote postpones indefinitely the chance of a Southern man—*i. e.*, a native of the South, with Southern princi-

ples—securing a nomination for the Presidency.

The solidity of the Southern remnant in isolated and futile support of Judge Parker points to the opportunity of leaving in its hands the name and style of Democratic party, and of forming a new combination with a few definite purposes, or even with one, under another designation. The position is this: At the South we have a population clinging to a fixed idea, white supremacy and negrophobia, which tinges their view of every public question even remotely bearing on the relations of the two races; which determines their collective action in Congress, and leads them to barter their miscellaneous principles for the withdrawal or defeat of obnoxious measures. At the North we have the Republican party, equally possessed with a fixed idea, Protection, and equally ready to traffic in human rights if need be. The Southern idol is a relic of slavery; the Republican is its legitimate successor as the greatest source of corruption the country has ever known. What is wanted is a third party (for the present) to put forth a clear, unambiguous programme that will not lose itself in the belly of a stump speech disguised as a party platform, and that has nothing to barter. Such a party can begin in the States, and can have for its function to force the issue upon public attention, and breed the politicians who will eventually argue its cause in Congress. To all appearances, Mr. Douglas—whose anti-tariff views spring from local conditions and necessities—might have succeeded in Massachusetts as the head of a party thus circumscribed and concentrated; the regulation platform on which he stood was perhaps worth no more to him than that of the Democrats of Missouri to Mr. Folk, who had made a sufficiently broad plank for himself and his fellow-reformers out of the crusade against graft and boodle.

For our own part we consider Free Trade the most promising and the most essential creed for a new political organization. With it no Imperialist can be in sympathy, and anti-Imperialism is implicitly contained in it. Civil-service reform likewise stands pat with opposition to special privilege. Freedom is what this country has gone on denying itself, till our daily relations have become a struggle for escape from the clutch of forces that would order us where to buy, what to pay, and whom to employ, what to do and what to refrain from doing with our own hands. These forces, whether Trusts or trade-unions, are intrenched in the tariff, or at least in the principle of protection and monopoly; the directest assault upon them is through discussion of that question in season and out of season. Let us start that discussion at the North, as educators, without ulterior aims, forsaking reliance at once upon the South and upon Tammany, abandoning the hope of immediate preferment, and trusting to the capacity of the American people to be regained not only to humanitarian idealism, but to recognition of their demonstrable material interest. Is it not time to drop the name of Democracy, as an effete shibboleth for practical ends, and to favor the disintegration of the party when left to the machine and the South, with the virtue gone out of it? Is there likely to be any more propitious hour than the present, amid the profound humiliation resulting from the latest attempt to restore the old landmarks of human rights, and orderly procedure by law, and international good-faith and brotherhood, through the instrumentality of a heterogeneous and discordant body of voters contending for divers issues, and "wanting wisdom," if not wholly "void of right"?

BEREA COLLEGE AND THE NEGRO.

When Berea College opened its doors this fall, it was forced, for the first time in nearly forty years, to admit only white students. By an act of the Kentucky Legislature, it had been decreed that no person, corporation, or association of persons should maintain or operate any school or institution with persons of both the white and negro races as scholars, under penalty of a fine of $1,000, and also of $100 for every day of operation. White persons attending such a school, or teaching in it, were to be fined $50 for each day. A colored branch of a white school may be maintained, but not nearer than twenty-five miles. In the eyes of the Legislature, twenty-four would mean contamination—a dangerous proximity of races that yet have to work and live side by side.

Although in the form of a general bill, this law was aimed exclusively at Berea—not, however, because of any scandals among its black and white pupils. Its offending may have been that its success in educating whites and blacks side by side was contrary to the doctrine of white superiority, and tended to disprove the theory that equality of scholastic opportunity would mean the degradation of the white race. At all events, Berea's colored pupils are now scattered far and wide. As the *Berea Quarterly* reports, they are now attending colored public schools, or have been sent to Fisk University and other reputable institutions. The arrangement, it is reported, is working as well as could be expected. The sympathy of the friends of the school has been won as never before, and it is needed, for the law amounts to a confiscation of a large part of the institution's resources, since it has had to assume extra expenses for the colored students by paying their railroad fares, part of their higher tuition, etc.

Naturally, this is only a temporary state of affairs. Berea, having brought a formal violation of the law to the attention of the State officials, a friendly suit to test the constitutionality of the act has been begun, both sides agreeing to obtain a decision from the highest courts as speedily as possible. On its face, the law appears wholly unconstitutional. As the *Quarterly* remarks: "It invades the sanctities of personal liberty, and, if allowed to stand, would curtail the inalienable rights and liberties of white and colored alike." The head of the law department in a Southern State school has written a private letter congratulating Berea's trustees upon their stand, denouncing the law as "outrageously unconstitutional," and declaring that their struggle is not for their own liberty, but "one for the liberty of every citizen." Moreover, the action of the Legislature was "ruthless and inconsiderate." Officers of the State circulated gross misrepresentations, and both House and Senate declined to send committees to investigate the college, which is the one important school in Kentucky open to the negroes, and which has done work of inestimable value in spreading knowledge among the pitifully ignorant mountain whites.

Highly significant is the fact that many members of the Legislature told President Frost that they were opposed to the bill, but that "the controlling element had determined to push it through, and that any man who voted in opposition would have the 'nigger question' brought up against him in all his future career." It was the old story of "bulldozing" good citizens by the politicians, who seek to make capital out of race prejudice. This explains why thousands of high-minded Southern white people who are opposed to attacks upon the negro, are silent in the presence of the ignorant, blatant, and violent portion of the community. In the case of Berea, the evidence accumulates that the attack upon it was due to instructions received from politicians further south.

It is possible that the Southern leaders will now deem it worth while to cease harping upon this one string, and that the better elements in their constituencies will see that attacks upon the negro are the greatest menace to the South's political and national influence. Whether the Tillmans, "Jeff" Davises, and John Temple Graveses can be muzzled or not, Berea's white students have no hesitation in expressing their view, independent of politicians or of those who are the victims of unconquerable prejudice. We take from their resolutions of sympathy just voted the following passages, which we commend particularly to the good but timid members of the Kentucky Legislature:

"Friends and Fellow-students: As we

meet for the first time under new conditions to enjoy the great privileges of Berea College, we think at once of you who are now deprived of these privileges. Our sense of justice shows us that others have the same rights as ourselves, and the teachings of Christ lead us to 'remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.'

"We realize that you are excluded from the class-rooms of Berea College, which we so highly prize, by no fault of your own, and that this hardship is a part of a long line of deprivations under which you live. Because you were born in a race long oppressed and largely untaught and undeveloped, heartless people feel more free to do you wrong, and thoughtless people meet your attempts at self-improvement with indifference or scorn. Even good people sometimes fear to recognize your worth, or take your part in a neighborly way, because of the violence of the prejudices around us.

"We are glad that we have known you, or known about you, and that we know you are rising above all discouragements, and showing a capacity and a character that give promise for your people. . . . And you will always have our friendship, and the friendship of the best people throughout the world. We hope never to be afraid or ashamed to show our approval of any colored person who has the character and worth of most of the colored students of Berea. We are glad that the college is providing funds to assist you in continuing your education, and we are sure the institution will find ways in which to do its full duty by the colored race."

THE HOPE OF PEACE.

Lord Lansdowne's speech at the Guildhall on November 9 covered much of the ground of Mr. Balfour's recent Southampton address, but with a notable difference of tone. Mr. Balfour, while advocating a judicial settlement of the controversy with Russia, took almost a belligerent attitude towards her and treated her admiral's story with cavalier scorn. Lord Lansdowne, on the other hand, pleaded for universal arbitration. Upon the terrible spectacle of the death struggle in the Far East, and upon the responsibility of those who lightly plunge a nation into war, he dwelt with real eloquence. "We can," he said, "conceive no more terrible punishment than the remorse of any minister or body of ministers who, from loss of temper or desire of popularity, bring upon a country the scourge and calamity of needless war." Do not these words express the very temper of the conscience that brought Mr. Balfour, and with him the British Empire, safely out of the most perilous imbroglio diplomacy has recently known? To prove the point that arbitration is now *à la mode*, Lord Lansdowne reminded his audience that he had signed no less than five treaties of this sort. He might have added that M. Delcassé, from the Quai d'Orsay, was pressing the British record hard, and that Mr. Hay is likely to be a formidable rival in the future.

Lord Lansdowne uttered a pious hope that Japan and Russia may seek an umpire of their quarrel. If we could put national passions and hurt pride aside, every argument of common sense as well as humanity would dictate a reference of the whole ensanguined controversy to arbitration. Something of the kind will finally be necessary, in any event. Not if either Russia or Japan should prove completely triumphant, could the Powers leave the victor to make terms of peace alone. The motives which led to the revision of the treaty of San Stefano by the Congress of Berlin, and to the denial to Japan of the fruits of victory in her war with China, would be of redoubled weight in preventing a one-sided adjustment in the Far East. The interests involved are too vast. There is the whole question of the future of China. Is it to be broken up territorially? Is it to be put under military tutelage, and made to equip a huge army at once to crush still lower its swarming millions and to add another threat to the world's peace? Or is China to be neutralized like Belgium and Switzerland, and to be left to run its own course of development without fear of aggression, or of having its territory still further nibbled away piecemeal?

These high problems of world-statesmanship would, in any case, have to come before either the Hague Tribunal or a congress of the Powers. To take them up now, instead of waiting for the war to drag on into new miseries, would be the aim of mediation. That the United States should be so generally indicated as the most eligible mediator, is due to the fact that this country occupies the most disinterested position. It is known that we have no territorial ambitions in China. We are prepared to go far for equal opportunities of trade in the Orient, and for all necessary guarantees of religious freedom, but would not stir a step to gain a foot of soil there. Standing thus for no privileges in which all would not share, the United States is peculiarly fitted to take the lead in proposing a cessation of bloodshed in the East, and in inviting the nations to sit down in friendly counsel for the peaceful settlement of the complicated and enormously important questions affecting the fate of Eastern Asia. It is a magnificent opportunity for President Roosevelt. King Edward has been called "the lightning conductor of Europe," on account of his labors for peace; but if Mr. Roosevelt could safely discharge the war clouds in the East of their death-dealing electricity, it would be in order for some orator to apply to him Mirabeau's praise of Franklin. A mediating offer by America would be certain to have the cordial support of both France and England. M. Delcassé's utterances and activity, with Lord Lansdowne's speech, remove all doubt on that point.

If the war goes on in spite of all, it will be a melancholy reflection upon the impotence of civilization. It will be as if humanity stood by, wringing its hands helplessly, while thousands of men went to cruel and needless deaths. The Japanese Minister in London states but the general conviction when he says that neither of the nations at war has any prospect of conquering the other. In these circumstances, for the terrible destruction of life to go blindly forward, would be to invite a repetition of Fox's burst of savage satire upon the rejection of Napoleon's peace overtures in 1799. It was said that more time was necessary —a "pause," in order to see if France would be "reasonable." Fox pictured a spectator at a needless battle, and the explanation of it that would be made to him:

> "You are quite wrong, sir. You deceive yourself—they are not fighting. Do not disturb them—they are merely pausing. This man is not expiring with agony, that man is not dead—he is only pausing. Lord help you, sir, they are not angry with one another—they have now no cause of quarrel; but their country thinks there should be a pause. All that you see, sir, is nothing like fighting—there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it whatever—it is nothing more than a political pause—it is merely to try an experiment—to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better than heretofore."

Every humane man must pray that no such wanton prolongation of a fruitless war may now occur.

STERNE IN THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

NEW HAVEN, November 1, 1904.

On receiving a copy of the 'Errata' supplement to the Dictionary of National Biography the other day, it occurred to me that it might be worth while to test the work in various places as it now stands with the errors corrected. Among the articles chosen was that on Laurence Sterne, the author of 'Tristram Shandy.' In the errata to this article we are told to read—in their appropriate places—Riston for Ritson, Charters for MSS., and Tollerton for Totteston. This is all. The sketch of Sterne was written by the editor-in-chief, Mr. Sidney Lee, and was based to some extent upon unpublished Sterne MSS. in the British Museum and elsewhere. Copies of some of these MSS. have recently passed through my hands on their way to a publishing house that is about to bring out a new edition of Sterne. Hence, I am able to follow the author of the article in question rather closely. Some of the results of the pursuit may be of interest. The double numerals placed in parenthesis after quotations refer to page and column in the fifty-fourth volume of the Dictionary of National Biography.

"A large second edition of 'Tristram' was published in April [1760] . . . In the same month there appeared fifteen 'Sermons of Mr. Yorick' " (207, 2). The 'Sermons' appeared on May 22 (*London Chronicle*, May 22-24).

"He [Sterne] preached in the cathedral on the 18th [May, 1760] . . . At the same date he had the good fortune to receive from his old friend Lord Fauconberg an offer of the perpetual curacy of Coxwold" (208, 2). This statement, to say the least, is loose, for the Coxwold living was offered to Sterne in the middle of the preceding March. See the seventh letter to Miss Fourmantelle (Bickers Edition of Sterne), and the letter of John Croft to Caleb Whitefoord (Whitefoord Papers). The present-

ment to the curacy was formally announced among the ecclesiastical preferments in the *London Magazine* for April.

"The three volumes [the last volume of 'Tristram Shandy' and two new volumes of sermons] appeared in January, 1767" (211, 1-2). The date is correct for 'Shandy,' but this instalment of the sermons was published one year earlier, on January 18, 1766 (*Lloyd's Evening Post*, January 17-19). The volumes themselves bear the date of 1766, to say nothing of Sterne's referring late in 1765 to the forthcoming publication.

It is said that at the end of August, 1767, Sterne's wife and "dear girl" arrived at Coxwold from France (213, 1). They were expected on that date, but they did not reach York till September 30, or October 1. They planned to set out from York for Coxwold on October 2. (Letter to Panchaud, dated York, October 1, 1767.)

It is stated that Sterne first met Mrs. Draper, the famous Eliza, at the Jameses,' in Gerrard Street, Soho, London, "late in December, 1766" (211, 2). At that time Sterne was still in the North. He wrote from Coxwold, on December 20, to a Mr. W. in London that he was going to York to recruit himself before setting out for London. It is not probable that he reached London until some time in January. The acquaintance with the Jameses, at least with Mrs. Draper, thus seems to date from the middle of that month.

"In June, 1775, the widowed Madame de Medalle arrived in London, and published, as a substitute for a biography, her father's letters" (215, 1). The dedication bears the date of June, but publication was delayed until October 25 (*London Chronicle*, Oct. 24-26).

"Her [Mrs. Draper's] pride in her relations with Sterne revived, and in 1775—the year in which Sterne's daughter published some of his correspondence without making any reference to her—she authorized the publication, under the title of 'Letters of Yorick to Eliza,' of ten letters that Sterne had addressed to her between December, 1766, and April, 1767" (215, 2). It is implied here that Mrs. Draper's volume appeared after the publication of the general correspondence under the editorship of Sterne's daughter. Indeed, this is the order given in the Sterne bibliography (219, 2). The contrary is the fact. The 'Letters from Yorick to Eliza'—not 'Letters of Yorick to Eliza'—were published in February (*Lloyd's Evening Post*, February 20-22). The date given by Mr. Lee for the first letter from Sterne to Mrs. Draper has already been shown impossible, for Sterne was not to meet her for a month or so yet. The letter evidently belongs to the last week in January, 1767, just after the appearance of the last volume of 'Shandy.'

Of the three series of letters that appeared under Sterne's name in 1775, the volume entitled 'Twelve Letters to his Friends on Various Occasions' is placed third in order of publication (219. 2). It should come second. It was published on July 12 (*London Chronicle*, July 11-12). This would seem a small matter, did not Mr. Lee make critical use of the order in which Sterne's letters appeared.

We are informed that in the 'Seven Letters Written by Sterne and his Friends,' edited in 1844 by W. Durant Cooper, "one only is by Sterne" (219.2). The collection contains two letters by Sterne.

"The unpublished Journal to Eliza was for many years in the possession of Mr. Thomas Washbourne Gibbs of Bath, who lent it to Thackeray in 1851, when he was lecturing on Sterne. Thackeray made no use of it" (220.2). The Journal was lent to Thackeray before he gave his lecture on Sterne and Goldsmith. Thackeray thanked Mr. Gibbs on May 31 for the offer to send him the MSS. It is to be presumed that the MSS. arrived the following week. The lecture on Sterne and Goldsmith was first read at Willis's Rooms on July 3 (*Times* for July 4). On September 12 Thackeray wrote Mr. Gibbs a letter of some length, giving his impressions of the Journal. Thackeray "made no use" of the Journal only in the sense that it was not mentioned in the lecture. In "Notes of a Week's Holiday," a "Roundabout" that appeared in *Cornhill* for November, 1860, Thackeray made the Journal the basis for a terrific attack on Sterne. (Thackeray's letters to Mr. Gibbs are in the British Museum with the Sterne MSS.)

It is said that to the MSS. of the Journal to Eliza are attached "draft letters from Sterne to Daniel Draper and to the Jameses" (220.2). The letters to the Jameses—dated respectively August 10 and December 28, 1767—are not drafts that were afterward elaborated. They are the very letters that were sent to the Jameses. One of them is franked by Lord Fauconberg, Sterne's patron in the North, and the other has passed through the mails. The corresponding letters in the printed collections, which Mr. Lee regards as the finished forms, are nothing but mutilations of these originals attached to the Journal.

"The earliest biographical notice of Sterne is that by his friend Hall-Stevenson prefixed to the spurious continuation of the Sentimental Journey" (221.1). The first biographical notice of Sterne came from the pen of Dr. John Hill, a literary hack and quack doctor, widely known in his time for various herb tinctures, "excellent beyond parallel." It appeared in various London newspapers during the first week in May, 1760, while Sterne was in London enjoying his fresh fame. Sterne himself refers to it in a letter from London to Stephen Croft, dated May, 1760.

In this list of mistakes I do not profess to be exhaustive. Indeed I have passed over minor slips of the kind that are corrected in the 'Errata.' For example, the date given for Hédouin's translation of the 'Sentimental Journey' into French should be 1875 instead of 1895 (220.1). See the 'Catalogue de la Librairie Française' (1866-75). Likewise, the *Magazine of Indian Art* (220.2) must be intended for the *Journal of Indian Art*. At any rate I can discover no *Magazine of Indian Art*.

WILBUR L. CROSS.

BARON HUEBNER'S SOUVENIRS.—II.

PARIS, October 23, 1904.

It was Hübner's fixed idea that the Imperial régime had its strongest support in the army. When a decree of Napoleon concerning the reorganization of the French troops divided them into five great commands, each confided to a Marshal of France, and having their headquarters at Paris, Nancy, Lyons, Toulouse, and Tours, he says:

"The army is more and more considered at the Tuileries as the only and true basis of the Imperial régime. To assure himself of the army by its chiefs, and of the chiefs by means which are at the disposal of the sovereign, is evidently the inner thought of the Emperor Napoleon. After all, it is in conformity with the situation. France is the *Bas-Empire* in its beginnings; as for the future, *qui vivra verra*."

Hübner did not attach much importance to the opposition of the salons, and did not think they would have any influence on the course of events.

"They nourish themselves with memories more than with hopes, sometimes with epigrams; but politically, in reality, they do not count. They are not wanting in brains, nor in elevated sentiments, still less in grand manners, which are nowhere better preserved than in this noble *milieu;* but it is their enforced detachment from the affairs of the country for two generations which weighs heavily on the greater part of the French aristocracy."

Hübner used to spend much of his time in these salons; he found their feelings more in harmony with his own. This was not unknown at the Tuileries, and there was a sort of armed neutrality between him and the official world. Hübner was well aware of the divisions among the ministers. One day, Fould, the Minister of Finance, tells him:

"I am not Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it is not my place to talk to you of outside matters. However, for my part, I cannot conceal from you that I detest the cabinet and the policy of Cavour. He is a little Mazzinian, who, if necessary, would be our enemy as decidedly as Mazzini. The Emperor does not understand him yet, he is still a little liberal; but such is my conviction, and I do not conceal it from him."

There were constant rivalries in the entourage of the Emperor, and the ministers seemed to take Hübner as a confidant. Drouyn de l'Huys does not hesitate to tell him, on leaving the Foreign Office, that he absolutely condemns the foreign policy of his master. "What a flow of words," says Hübner in speaking of him; "what cataracts of thoughts, often original, sometimes deep, always calling for reflection, if only sufficient time were given to reflect! But how would it be possible to follow them? Such is his wealth of ideas that he often finds with the greatest facility arguments for the most opposite views. After all, he persuades more than he convinces." Many such portraits are drawn by Hübner; they denote great power of observation as well as talent for writing. He often shows exceptional capacity for irony; for instance, when speaking of the trial of Orsini, he says: "All the great ladies, Russian and Polish, who thronged the benches of the court, are in love with him; they admire his beauty, his courage, his resignation. The Empress also lost her head for this assassin, who wears straw-colored gloves." Orsini makes a political speech in favor of Italy and against Austria. His lawyer, Jules Favre, read a letter which Orsini had written to the Emperor (who, says Hübner, ought not to have authorized the reading of it), in which was this phrase: "Your Majesty must remember that as long as Italy is not independent, the tranquillity of Italy and of your Majesty will be a mere chimera." "Is that clear enough?" asks Hübner. Yes, it was clear, and the Italian question became the question of the day. Its development, the intrigues connected with it, the vicissitudes of the negotiations, the waverings of the Emperor, the divisions

among his advisers and ministers, are, as it were, a preface to the greatest events of the Second Empire.

Hübner often got his best information from his diplomatic colleagues. Lord Cowley, the English Ambassador, once gave him an account of a conversation with Napoleon:

"The Emperor regrets to have been obliged to consent to the execution of Orsini, for he greatly admires the calm and coolness with which this bandit died. The Ambassador combated these sympathies. . . . Lord Cowley thinks, as I myself do, that the influences of the national Italian party, in which the Emperor reckons many personal friends, have agitated his Majesty, temporarily turned his attention towards Italian affairs, and renewed his ill humor towards Austria, because he feels that it is impossible for him to realize the hopes of the national Italian party so long as Austria keeps the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and that it is equally impossible for him to turn us out of it."

In speaking of the affairs of Rome, the Emperor said to Lord Cowley:

"You have no idea how difficult it is to treat with the Pope. Before bringing him back from Gaeta to Rome, we wished to make some conditions. He answered us: 'Leave me on this rock, expose me on a desert island, I will always remain Pope.' In the end, we found ourselves obliged to beg him to return to Rome, under the protection of our soldiers, but without any conditions."

The Emperor seemed to regret being obliged to leave troops in the States of the Church: "It is a bad policy, but the Pope needs some support in Rome, and if not myself, it would be Austria." At a dinner at the Duke Decazes's, Hübner meets the Duchess de Dino, "still preserving, at the age of seventy-seven, traces of her beauty." (The publication of the letters of the Duchess de Dino in the Letters and Correspondence of Barante shows her to have been a very able person.) He meets at the same dinner Count Kisseleff, the Russian Ambassador, and Drouyn de l'Huys, who again gives him his opinion of Napoleon:

"He has immense desires and limited faculties. He wants to do extraordinary things and does only extravagant things. He plays with England and Austria, and treats them as he did the Parliamentarians before the *Coup d'État*. He asked Austria to change the circumscriptions of Italy; on your refusal, he turned towards Russia and asked for impracticable things; then came the turn of England. As he gets negative answers everywhere, he is tempted to go somewhere else, and meanwhile he is coquetting with Cavour."

Hübner was not yet quite aware that Napoleon had his own secret diplomacy; he understood this better afterwards, and wrote:

"The man least initiated in the views of his master was generally his Minister of Foreign Affairs. Nobody ever was so little so as Count Walewski. I will cite only one example. One day, the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne presented himself at Cavour's, in order to have him read, by the injunction of his chief, a dispatch, approved by the Emperor, which contained rather strong complaints of the conduct of the Sardinian minister. 'My dear Prince,' said Cavour, with a smile, 'don't take the trouble to read me this dispatch. The Emperor has written to me. His letter is in this drawer. I know what to think about it all.'"

Cavour had an interview with Napoleon at Plombières. A profound mystery long surrounded the conversation, which took place in that little watering-place in the Vosges. The Italian war was there resolved on, as is clearly shown by a letter of Cavour to Victor Emanuel, written from Baden on the 24th of July, 1858, and published in the second edition of the 'Lettere di Camillo Cavour' (Turin, 1884). All possible eventualities were foreseen. The Emperor admitted that the Austrians were to be turned out of Italy. The valley of the Po, the Romagnas and the Legations were to constitute the Kingdom of Northern Italy under the House of Savoy. The Pope should keep Rome, with the surrounding territory. Tuscany, with some of the Papal States, was to form a Kingdom of Central Italy. As for the sovereigns who were to be placed in Florence and in Naples, the question was left in suspense. "However, the Emperor did not conceal the fact that it would give him pleasure to see Murat reascend the throne of Naples." The Emperor, having decided the future state of Italy, asked Cavour what would be the gain for France; would Victor Emanuel make a cession of Savoy and of Nice? Cavour said his King was ready to make this sacrifice, though he would abandon with reluctance a country which was the birthplace of his family and had given it so many proofs of affection and devotion. Everything was foreseen—the number of the troops which were to enter Italy, the financial question. At the end of the conversation, the Emperor asked what were the intentions of Victor Emanuel with regard to the marriage of Prince Napoleon with Princess Clotilde. Cavour could give only an evasive answer, but he advised his King to accept this family alliance, though it was not made a *sine qua non* of the political alliance.

We now come to the famous reception at the Tuileries which was, in one sense, the first signal of the Italian war. On the 1st of January, 1859, the Emperor received as usual the diplomatic body. He first spoke, according to an old rule, to the Papal Nuncio, and said to him: "I hope that this new year will only cement our alliance for the happiness of the peoples and for the peace of Europe"; then, arriving before Count Hübner, he said, with an air of *bonhomie*. "I regret that our relations should not be as good as I could desire, but I beg you to write to Vienna that my personal sentiments for the Emperor are always the same." These words were like a thunderbolt from a blue sky, and were immediately repeated all over Paris. The ambassadors themselves were reticent, and tried to explain the imperial words in a favorable sense; their secretaries were less prudent. In the evening, Paris was in a sort of panic, and the next day the Bourse was thrown into the wildest confusion.

Hübner met Thiers in the Champs-Élysées and had a walk with him. "He told me that he had just left M. and Madame Walewski, and that he had tried to make them understand that it would be insane to separate from Austria and to reform the Holy Alliance. "I have," he said, "given them reasons for the maintenance of peace —reasons which I cannot give to you, a foreigner." After a confused period of hopes and fears, of proposals and counterproposals, war was decided on. At the beginning of March, Hübner received orders to leave France and to ask for his passports.

Correspondence.

MONEY IN THE CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Though in the late election we stood on opposite sides, you ought to be as glad as myself at the phenomenal majority given to Mr. Roosevelt in the thirty-four States outside of the Southern Confederacy —altogether over nineteeen hundred thousand; his carrying Maryland and Missouri, and thus breaking up the solid South, while in Kentucky he loses by only ten thousand, and even thus only by reason of two acts which you approve as much as I do—the lunch with Booker Washington and the stand he took as to the Indianola postoffice.

These overwhelming figures are proof of one thing: the victory was not bought, either with the money of the Trusts or with any other money. There was one election in which money laid out in bribing voters played an important part, namely, that of Garfield and Arthur in 1880. The efforts of the Republicans were centred on the Indiana October contest; the aim was to overcome the majority of between six and seven thousand given to the Democratic State ticket in October, 1876, and this end was attained, but not without filling the whole country with an outcry about "blocks of five" and about new, crisp two-dollar bills. If anything of the kind had been done this year the country would have known it. Or, again, we had in 1896 an exhibition of what the British call the legitimate influence of wealth—that is, the managers of all the railroads and great industries, particularly the iron industries, told their workingmen very emphatically: "Boys, under the secret-ballot law, we can never find out whether you vote for Bryan or not; but we can tell you, if Bryan is elected, we are bankrupt and we shall have to shut down." This course of the great captains of industry had its effect; but in this year there was nothing of the kind seen or heard of in any State of the Union.

Coming back now to the returns of this year's election, Roosevelt runs ahead of the Republican candidate for Governor everywhere—by 150,000 votes (counting both ways) in Massachusetts, 16,000 in Rhode Island, 100,000 in New York, 50,000 in Michigan, more than 100,000 in Minnesota, 40,000 in Missouri, 20,000 in Colorado; also in Michigan and in Washington, but the exact figures in these States are not yet at hand. Bribed voters do not scratch; they put straight tickets into the box. It could not be bribery of any sort which led to these wide preferences within the party for the Electoral over the State ticket.

Again, if the campaign committee had been furnished with millions for buying voters, directly or indirectly, why would it put its money into States like Maryland and Missouri, which were not needed; or like Iowa, Minnesota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, which would have chosen Republican electors without the outlay of a single dollar? There is no doubt that the colossal majorities, which in every State that was carried ran far beyond those for McKinley in 1900, were as much of a surprise to every man on the Republican campaign committee as they were to the country at large.

The voters may have been mistaken in

their approval of Mr. Roosevelt's policy, but they certainly were not bought, and it is very unfortunate that such a proposition was ever injected into the campaign which has just come to an end.

Respectfully, L. N. D.

LOUISVILLE, KY., November 10, 1904.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While in sympathy with President Roosevelt's indignation at Judge Parker's charge concerning the funds of the Republican National Campaign Committee, we must bear in mind that the Judge was doing what he could to discredit the Republican Committee, while the President, although in part defending himself against accusations, was doing what he could to discredit the Democratic Committee. Neither was making a judicial inquiry nor acting in a judicial frame of mind.

It is not a question whether any pledge or promise or understanding has been entered into as to future benefits to be conferred in consequence of contributions from "Trusts, corporations, associations, combinations, partnerships," etc. The real question is, Why do these business concerns make these contributions, why do they make them sometimes to the committees of both parties, and why do they keep them secret?

Of course, such contributions are not purely gratuitous. People do not engage in business and make contributions to political committees "for their health." They are engaged in business to make money, and they pay money to political committees because they expect to get back more than they pay out. They expect to do this through legislation that will favor their particular business interests. There is no need of any understanding, implicit or explicit. The thing takes care of itself, for the successful political party, whichever it may be, knows that these contributions will cease unless the parties making them get what they want, at least approximately.

All payments thus made for the purpose of procuring the election of men who will secure legislation that will favor such business interests, are wrong and should be stopped. The first step towards stopping them is *publicity*.

The sources of supply of both our great political parties are now carefully kept secret, and this is in itself evidence that both those making the contributions and those receiving them are doing wrong, and know they are doing wrong. Of course there are legitimate campaign expenses, such as printing, postage, hall and office rents, clerks, stenographers, typewriters, stationery, telegraphing, translating, travelling expenses, expenses of speakers, etc., etc., but there is no reason for keeping them secret. There are also legitimate contributions, and there is likewise no reason for keeping them secret. It may be accepted as a general rule that all receipts and all expenditures of political committees that are kept secret, are illegitimate and should be prohibited by law. The remedy lies in legislation requiring all committees of political parties to make sworn statements showing their receipts and disbursements in detail, and they should be required to be verified by competent auditors of recognized ability and high character of the opposite party.

That this suggestion is not utopian is proved by the fact that one political campaign committee has done these things, and this without any law compelling them. At the end of the campaign of 1884, the National Committee of Republicans and Independents published their treasurer's report, showing their receipts and their expenditures, which report was certified to be correct and true, after examination of the subscription-list, account-books, and vouchers by competent auditors; and the subscription-list was kept open to all subscribers. No national campaign committee, either Democratic or Republican, has ever followed this example, and it is safe to say none will follow it until compelled by law. Too many secrets would come to light that have no right to be secrets. The very fact that no campaign committee challenges its opponent to do this, first publishing its own treasurer's report, is convincing evidence that both are engaged in doing what is wrong to do, and therefore does not want to have known.

This issue was not met by either President Roosevelt or Judge Parker.

Yours truly, A. M. E.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., November 11, 1904.

ONE ELEMENT IN THE MASSACHUSETTS VOTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the contributing causes to the election of the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts has not been sufficiently emphasized. Mr. Douglas received the support not only of many Independents who supported Mr. Roosevelt, but also of straight-out Republicans who took this means of showing their disgust for Senator Lodge and the Republican machine. The Republicans are growing more and more restive under his boss-ship, and if it had been possible to vote directly for or against him last Tuesday, he would have been repudiated by a larger majority than that which buried Gov. Bates. Massachusetts did indeed repudiate Lodge's anti-reciprocity policy; and Lodge, like the coon, promptly came down. We may henceforth expect him to pose as the "original" champion of reciprocity.

That he and his machine understand the meaning of Tuesday's vote is evident from the fact that there is already talk of shelving Lieut.-Gov. Guild (whom the machine had slated for Governor after Bates's third term), and of putting forward ex-Gov. John D. Long, who, but for the intrigues of Lodge, would long ago have represented Massachusetts in the United States Senate. Lodge sent Mr. Long to the rear and had himself elected Senator; that in his present plight he should even hint of appealing to Mr. Long to redeem Massachusetts—and, incidentally, to repair Lodge's machine—shows how quickly our Republican boss has learned the lesson of the election.

SPECTATOR.

BOSTON, November 13, 1904.

CANDIDATE AND VOTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What Prof. H. Morse Stephens, discussing the French Constitution of 1791, rather aptly calls the "mania for election" is beautifully illustrated in a certain county containing a large city not a thousand miles from the head of Lake Michigan. In order that the citizens of this beloved county may be allowed to enjoy the manifold blessings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, they are called upon this November to fill some one hundred and six offices, legislative, executive, and judicial. The population of the county is about two million souls. There are seven tickets in the field, which should give the voters a choice of some seven hundred candidates. These are the facts; let us now consider the theory.

Theoretically, these seven hundred candidates are the best qualified persons for the various positions in the Government. Practically, we know that these seven hundred (or whatever the correct number may be) are most of them men who have succeeded by hook or crook, rather than by special fitness, in getting themselves nominated. Theoretically, these nominees are the spontaneous choice of the people. Theoretically, too, the voters know personally all the available candidates for each office, except perhaps local representatives; and, theoretically, the voters have selected from the fulness of such knowledge of the mental and moral qualifications the men best suited to govern the county and city. Practically, the average voter knows not one-tenth of the candidates he is called upon to decide between. Practically, the average voter, even if he were personally acquainted with the seven hundred nominees, is absolutely unfit to pass judgment on the candidates' qualifications for the office in question.

It is one of the commonplaces of human experience that, in order to select a fit man for a given position, the person who selects must know thoroughly both the duties and responsibilities of the office and the personal qualifications of the person applying for the position. No mercantile or manufacturing business could possibly be successfully conducted on any other basis. Yet it is inconceivable that any sane man, however much he may admire representative institutions, would for a moment maintain that the average voter has such knowledge of the duties of auditor of public accounts, recorder of deeds, clerk of the various courts, or county surveyor. It is conceivable that a small fraction of the voters may have become acquainted, by sight at least, with the various nominees for the Superior Court, but it is hardly probable that such persons have sufficient knowledge of law to decide as to the mental and moral equipment of such nominees, while the mass of voters know absolutely nothing about the office or the candidates.

As an example of our "mania for election," the student of political science is invited to chew the cud of reflection while studying the selection of a county surveyor by an electorate, the vast majority of whom could not at sight tell a theodolite from a cream separator. Of the seven candidates for this position, two occupy "clerical" positions in "mercantile establishments," and one is a negro teamster. Among other curiosities are the nominations of a machinist and a janitor for recorder of deeds; a machinist and a capmaker for Circuit Court clerk; a cigarmaker for the Superior Court clerk; a newspaper peddler for coroner; a knife-grinder for the Board of Review; a cigarmaker, a collector of a butcher, and "a student who has read law" for Superior Court

judge. "A sailor who has travelled in many parts of the world" is a nominee for president of the County Board, while tinsmiths, house painters, bricklayers, and plain laborers are other nominees for county commissioners. These nominees, it should be observed, are not poor boys starting life under adverse conditions, like Lincoln for instance, but are mostly mature men who have presumably now reached the station of life for which their natural ability fits them. Without impeaching their personal honesty, it is patent to most judges of human nature that they are no more suited to the offices they aspire to than they would be as captain of a war vessel, director of an astronomical observatory, or principal of a young ladies' seminary.

The present mania for election is undoubtedly a heritage from not very remote frontier conditions, when each man knew his neighbor, when life was simpler, and when there was no submerged tenth of city population. The significant feature of the present situation is the total lack of serious understanding on the part of a minority of the electors regarding the duties and responsibilities of public office and the necessity of special aptitude in candidates. Somebody has evidently been putting too literal an interpretation on the glittering generalities of the Declaration of Independence.

E. L. C. M.

HENRY GEORGE NO SOCIALIST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your Sydney correspondent, in your issue of November 10, does an injustice in saying: "Edward Bellamy, Laurence Gronlund, and Henry George purveyed the Socialist policy which New Zealand and the Australian States are carrying out."

What this policy is, your correspondent makes plain, and I admit that it is Socialistic; but no part of it has ever been taught by Henry George. I have heard him speak and have read his books. He condemns the very things your correspondent mentions as the policy of the Labor party in Australia. It would have been repugnant to him to have the Government purchase land, operate mines, and control tobacco factories. He would have the Government keep its hands off from private industry. He was such a radical free-trader that he advocated the abolition of custom-houses. His theories are opposed to arbitration laws, factory-inspection laws, and Government regulation of wages. He wanted all taxes to fall upon land values, because he believed that such values belong to all the people. He could see no way out of our troubles with the railroad corporations other than to have the Government own and operate the roads. There are many of his disciples who believe that it would be sufficient for the Government to own the tracks and highways and permit competition in carrying goods and passengers over them.

That is the extent of Henry George's Socialism. He was a great stickler for the rights of property, after a true ethical line had been drawn between mine and thine. His "single tax" rests upon what he considered a true theory of private and public property. He should be classed as an individualist rather than as a Socialist, for he believed that his plan of taxation would give a freer field for individual liberty and initiative than we now enjoy.

H. M. Holmes.

Detroit, November 11, 1904.

THE PLEASURE OF POETRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An article on "The Primary Function of Poetry," printed in the *Nation* for November 3, presents a view so attractive that one is vexed to find one's self unable to unite assent with sympathy. I have often been plagued by the use of the word "pleasure" in the place in which Mr. French so warmly reprobates its presence; I can feel no joy in defining the end of poetry by a term which might be used with equal fitness to designate the end of bonbons, dominoes, and parlor magic. A term which two people out of three are sure to misconceive is infelicitous even when it is exact, and poetry may suffer, in the minds of those whose sympathy is valuable, from the unmerited odium annexed to this unlucky substantive.

The term itself, if rightly grasped, is innocent enough. When we reflect that every instinct, high or low, can both enjoy and suffer, it is plain that the range of pleasure and the range of feeling are conterminous, and that poetry is free to minister pleasure to our instincts of worship, aspiration, heroism, and self-forgetfulness. The highest in us can be pleased as well as the lowest, and the arts which subserve pleasure as they run down to meet the grossness of human nature at one end, run up to meet its sanctities at the other.

It is alleged that it is the function of poetry to reveal, to teach, to exalt. But this cannot constitute the whole definition of the function of poetry; in that case, sermons and homilies, if sincere, would be poetical. Nor can it even constitute a factor in the definition; in that case the "Ode to Psyche," which is voluptuous, would have far less claim to the title of poem than the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," which is thoughtful and didactic. Yet who can hesitate over the "Ode to Psyche"? Who can hesitate over the Sapphic and Anacreontic lyrics, the odes of Horace, the songs of the Elizabethans, the work of Herrick and Carew, and countless other poems which would find it no easy task to demonstrate their edifying quality?

The source of the confusion seems to lie in the effort to make the distinction between the higher and lower forms of poetry identical with the distinction between poetry and other things. Let us grant, for the sake of argument at least, that the highest poetry lifts and teaches—nay even that it aims to lift and teach (see Matthew Arnold in relation to truth and seriousness as the groundwork of the *best* poetry—'Essays in Criticism'; vol. ii.; 'The Study of Poetry,' pp. 21, 22); still, even here we have a differentia, not of poetry itself, but only of the highest poetry. It is obvious that a definition which must be common to all the individuals of a class, cannot be based on the peculiarities of its better specimens. Love, insight, magnanimity are the weighty and the priceless things in human nature, the things which make it worth one's while to be a man; yet neither magnanimity, insight, nor love can find a place in the definition of humanity. We cannot turn our diameter into a circumference; we cannot circumscribe a genus by a line which merely separates its parts. All poems please, and the greatest edify; but for purposes of definition the superior characteristic must give way to the universal.

When we assert that the end of poetry is pleasure, we concede that the poet may have other ends. These ends may be higher than pleasure, may be dearer to the poet himself; but they do not stamp the work as poetry. A man may write a history or an essay with more zeal to amuse than to instruct his audience; but, nevertheless, it is his wish to instruct that entitles him to the name of an essayist or historian. Half, and the best half, of the world's humorists from Aristophanes down to Mr. Dooley have sought to instruct and reform mankind by ridicule; yet all this does not gainsay the plain fact that the end of humor as such is to excite laughter, and that the addition of other and better ends may raise its rank, but cannot fix its nature. The means to one end is liable to become at any moment the instrument of some other and higher purpose, but this has no effect on definitions. I present an opera-glass to a friend as a proof of my affection, but the function of an opera-glass is not benevolence, but observation.

May we not, then, affirm that the end and mark of all poetry is pleasure, but that the highest and most lasting poetry is distinguished by the inclusion of other functions—functions which have nothing to do with its poetical essence, but which have everything to do with its poetical supremacy? Even here we must bear in mind that delight and welfare approximate as they ascend—that the best poetry circulates in an air in which pleasure is benefit no less assuredly than benefit is pleasure. End and means coalesce, and prophet and poet are blended in the common *vates*.

O. W. Firkins.

Minneapolis, Minn., November 8, 1904.

GADDESDEN'S TREATMENT OF SMALLPOX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The late Prof. Niels R. Finsen of Copenhagen, in an article on "The Influence of Light on the Skin," published in a medical journal in 1893, asserted that smallpox could be cured by putting red curtains at the windows of the sick-room; and this method of treatment was successfully used in the following year during the epidemic in Copenhagen. It is interesting to recall the fact that this method, like many others, was not an absolutely new thing, but was rather a re-discovery. John of Gaddesden, the illustrious fourteenth-century physician, who probably furnished the original of Chaucer's Physician, treated a son of Edward I., doubtless Thomas of Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk and Marshal of England, for smallpox, by wrapping him in scarlet cloth and putting him in a bed and room with scarlet hangings. The result was entirely satisfactory: in Gaddesden's own words, "Est bona cura et curavi eum in sequenti sine vestigio variolarum" (*Rosa Medicinæ*, ed. Venice, 1516, p. 41a). That Gaddesden could give a rational explanation of the phenomenon may be doubted; yet let us not dogmatize too far.

Dr. Norman Moore gives further interesting details of Gaddesden in the Dictionary of National Biography; see also Prof. E. E. Morris's interesting contribution to the Furnivall volume, 'An English Miscellany.' That this does not diminish the glory which rightly belongs to Finsen will be evident to any layman who reads Dr. Foster's article on smallpox in the latest edition of the 'Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences,' vol. vii. (1904), in which no direct mention of Finsen's work or theory is made.—Yours truly,

CLARK S. NORTHUP.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y.,
November 8, 1904.

Notes.

Methuen & Co., London, publish directly 'The Monk of Llanthony [Father Ignatius],' by the Baroness de Bertouch; 'Anecdotes of Soldiers,' by J. H. Settle; and 'Palio and Ponte: A Book of Tuscan Games,' by Dr. W. Heywood, with many illustrations.

A new and magnificent edition of the German classics is to be published by the Inselverlag of Weimar, and to be called the "Wilhelm-Ernst Ausgabe," in honor of the young Duke of Saxe-Weimar. A wealthy lover of art has set aside the sum of 10,000 marks for the publication of each volume, with the proviso that a certain portion of the income shall be devoted to the needs of the new Museum in Weimar. The beginning is to be made with Goethe and Schiller, and then to be followed by Kleist, Grillparzer, Hebbel, and others.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's 'Memories of a Hundred Years' (Macmillan) has been reissued in a single volume, with three additional chapters, the first entitled "Eighty Years," so that the professed centennial period of reminiscence is better justified by two years. This chapter goes back to childish recollections and early days in the ministry, and contains as suggestive a sentiment as any to be found in the entire work (p. 317). "Speaking to a large audience of young men the other day, I told them that I wished some of them would undertake the serious study of the moral and spiritual effect which what are called mechanical or physical inventions have produced upon the world in the last hundred years. . . . Religion is on a higher plane because of physical invention and discovery." Another chapter relates the history of magazines with which the Everetts and Hales were connected. The last is a diffuse but not worthless comparison of the modes of public conveyance sixty years ago and to-day, as revealed by Dr. Hale's diary. It is a striking picture, not only of the consolidation of capital and industry, but of the enormous gain to the general welfare consequent upon the substitution of continuous for constantly interrupted travel, and (in accordance with the principle just cited) to the moral and spiritual elevation of the community.

General Grant is hardly more than an excuse for the inflated guide-book entitled 'Along the Nile with General Grant,' by Elbert E. Farman, LL.D., formerly United States Consul-General at Cairo (New York: The Grafton Press). Nearly all the references to him in the index are stations of the Nile journey. The most characteristic trait exhibited—that of taking all of a good thing that was offered him—appears in his decision to accept the Khedive's hospitality, "a palace, special trains on the railroad, and a steamer in which to make the voyage up the Nile." He first asked advice of the Consul-General, who reported the general opinion of the American colony in Cairo to be that he should accept, but that "Admiral Steadman, who was then on a visit to Egypt," thought otherwise. The sum of the ex-President's conversations as reported by Judge Farman is of the slightest value, except the revelation on page 270 of Grant's alternate plans against Lee on assuming command of the Army of the Potomac; and even this is fragmentary. There are numerous half-tone illustrations.

Another unconventional guide-book is 'Three Weeks in Europe: The Vacation of a Busy Man,' by John V. Higinbotham (Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.). Its everyday experiences are what one might expect, related without literary skill, but doubtless profitable to somebody. The views are unhackneyed.

From Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons we receive a new volume in the "Our European Neighbors" series, viz., 'Swedish Life in Town and Country,' by O. G. von Heidenstam. A rapid geographical and historical sketch is followed by chapters on government, the capital, Stockholm, education, literature, art, industrial life, etc., treated in a competent way within the narrow limits of less than 300 pages. A chapter on "Beneficent Foundations" is given over, almost wholly, to an account of the late Alfred Nobel's foundation of annual prizes "for the reward of scientific discovery, of literary merit, and humanitarian endeavor." For the benefit of English readers, some of the space might perhaps have been better devoted to other matters of interest. By a slip, the country is made to extend over six and a half degrees of latitude, instead of thirteen and a half (about 55.20 to 69 N. latitude), and Venern (Wener) is said to be the largest lake in Europe. Lakes Ladoga and Onega in Russia are both larger, Venern coming third. We have noted a few other inaccuracies which, however, detract but little from the value of a work designed to acquaint the reader having little time to spare with a small nation which once played a considerable part in the history of Europe.

'The Garden of Asia: Impressions from Japan,' by Reginald J. Farrer (London. Methuen & Co.), is a guide-book in "colored words," as the author tells us frankly in his preface. During an eight months' stay, he gave himself to the attempt "to translate into hopelessly inadequate words some aspects of the extraordinary charm which Japan offers to the observant." His foil is "the three weeks' sojourner in Yokohama," and his audience in vision is a very English public. In the main, accurate as to his facts, historical, geographical, and sociological, though with some curious slips, he gives us a feast of rhetoric, but adds little to our knowledge of people or country. He visited most of the show places, and his repetitious exuberance of description takes the place of insight. He saw only the *geisha* and the *oiran*, but nothing of Japan's womanhood, yet he discusses forcibly and clearly "The Sphinx in Japan," largely from his knowledge of Mitford and Chamberlain. His sympathetic appreciation of the native religions shows that he can press beyond the symbol to the reality. He had a run into the Korea of seaports and capital, coming back to the Land of Beauty and Mystery with keener susceptibilities.

In reprinting in separate form as a book of some 550 pages his 'Life of William Shakspere' (Boston: Dana Estes & Co.), originally written to accompany the New Century edition of Shakspere's Works, Dr. William J. Rolfe has been well advised, for he thus makes more accessible a work of considerable merit, which may stand as a monument in an honorable career of labor devoted largely to Shaksperian studies. Dr. Rolfe's biography of the great dramatist impresses us as older-fashioned in many ways than the recent ones by Sidney Lee and George Brandes, less inclined to new conjecture and hypothesis-framing, but perhaps none the less meritorious on that account. We wish that of the eight pictorial illustrations the two which are mere fancy sketches had been omitted.

To a different class, namely, that of books of "Illustrations" of Shakspere, like that of Hunter, belongs 'William Shakespeare: His Family and Friends,' by the late C. I. Elton (E. P. Dutton & Co.). This is a work of miscellaneous, minute, and curious Shaksperian learning by an accomplished but retiring and unambitious English gentleman, scholar, lawyer, member of Parliament, antiquary, and bibliographer. The manuscript was not completed, and conveys the impression of full notes rather than a finished book; but the material collected was worth preserving. Considerable portions are but repetition of often-stated facts, but there is some new material, and tradition and evidence are sifted with lawyer-like sagacity. The facts bearing upon Shakspere's family and property relations are especially well grasped and analyzed. Other things treated by way of illustrations are Howell's Letters, Ward's Diary, and (*da capo*) the whole question of the date and circumstances of the production of "The Tempest." In both substance and style it is a rich and thoroughly attractive volume.

The scholar who has long labored in the paths of soberness and method cannot but feel drawn now and then to ease his mind in the lighter ways of popularization and the essay style. Professor Schelling has won a name for himself as a serious student of Elizabethan literature. 'The Queen's Progress, and Other Elizabethan Sketches' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is an attempt to present in brief, readable, and unemphatic essays the twice-matured fruits of some of the writer's favorite studies. There are papers, neatly turned, on such subjects as the child-actors of the great age of our drama, on the Elizabethan song-lyric, and a half-dozen like themes. We must query the phrasing of at least one passage: "Edmund Spenser, the gentlest of poets and of men, *helped put to the sword*, save for a few officers, a band of surrendered Spanish invaders, at Smerwick in Ireland." It is a pretty book, and the publishers have given it a pleasing format, with paper, type, and a half-dozen excellent illustrations to match.

'The Courtesies,' by Eleanor B. Clapp, in "The Woman's Home Library" of Messrs. Barnes & Co., is a practical and on the whole trustworthy guide, designed for those who, not being to the manner born,

might commit the blunder, less pardonable than crime, of beginning with the wrong fork at a dinner or using ruled notepaper, or addressing a letter "Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Family." The etiquette of visiting-cards, of serving afternoon tea, of balls and calls and weddings, is here given in detail. The "divorced woman's visiting card" *(O mores!)* has a section all to itself. Miss Clapp is on the whole a guide who may be followed blindly by the unsophisticated. We have noted, however, at least one serious mistake. It is not true that in English society the newcomer "calls first on the residents of the place" (p. 25). If the path of the parvenu were thus made easy, what English county family would be safe? On page 51 Miss Clapp gives what she considers the correct form for that bugbear of the illiterate, a letter in the third person. Her model composition runs smoothly as far as the second sentence, and then comes the familiar lapse: "Enclosed find check for the amount." This is fortunately directed to a member of society to whom the check will seem more essential than good grammar.

Another volume of the same series, 'House and Home,' by Mary Elizabeth Carter, is addressed to that great class which in England would rank as "middle," and in France as the *bourgeoisie*. It deals with the routine of the home from the moment when you choose it or build it, to the moment when it burns down; and here we may observe that this very sensible writer, who has grasped the great truth that the home centres in the plumbing, the cellar, and the heating apparatus, wholly ignores the possibility of fire, and the precautions that should be taken by every careful householder. For the rest, we can only say that a household that should be run on the lines laid down in Miss Carter's little book would realize even the ideal of the Chicago millionaire who dreamed of home life without friction, and decided that to eliminate this would be worth, to him at any rate, a million dollars.

The publishing house of Clifford & Lawton, at No. 19 Union Square in this city, sends us a small portfolio "containing fifty-five views of the best contemporary American interiors, correctly classified by periods." One sheet at once bears the title, 'American Interior Decoration,' and the list of illustrations; and on the back a brief publisher's note, giving credit to the furniture dealers, decorators, and business houses which deal in matter of decoration, for somewhat less than half of the fifty-five pictures. The reader who will imagine a collection made up from the newly opened Hotel St. Regis and the only less renowned Hotel Astor, three or four stage settings, half a score of exhibits at St. Louis, several saloons made up in the shops of prominent furniture dealers, and "a Minneapolis decorator's version of Japanese," will be able to form a fair notion of the sort of book that we have here. Obviously, no one of the designs can be of any considerable artistic interest. Of course, in every such collection, there are hints of costly and carefully made-up interiors; and sometimes, as if by accident, a really interesting effect may be produced, as where, in the New York Building at St. Louis, a double colonnade of very florid design divides a large hall in a really effective fashion.

Longmans, Green & Co. publish 'An Attempt towards a Chemical Conception of the Ether,' by D. Mendeléeff, translated from the Russian by George Kamensky. There is nothing new in the idea that the ether may be a chemical body. Mendeléeff's turn of mind would naturally lead him to favor this view; but it cannot be denied that a review of the history of scientific hypotheses will show that it has been conceptions of this character—the realistic character—in favor of which experiment has usually decided. It is an interesting fact, too, that a man of Mendeléeff's surpassing sagacity should be so decided as he appears to be that, if the ether is a chemical body, it is an unmixed element of the helium-argon group. It has long been as good as known that coronium, whose spectrum was so magnificent in the eclipse of August 7, 1869, is a chemical element, considerably lighter than hydrogen. Mendeléeff says its atomic weight "will be not greater than 0.4, and probably less." This would make its density one-fifth that of hydrogen or one-seventieth of the air's. He makes it similar to neon, which, with little reason, he separates slightly from helium, argon, krypton, and xenon—that is, he separates it as much as sodium is separated from lithium, potassium, rubidium, and cæsium.

J. Clark Murray's 'Introduction to Psychology' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) is simply our old favorite, the same author's well-known and approved 'Handbook,' in a new dress. The author thinks that so many parts have been so completely rewritten that "it would have been misleading to describe it as a new edition of the old work." Many will hold quite the reverse opinion. We do not remark much retraction, and the enlargements amount, we should judge, to some 6 per cent. of the contents; certainly not to the double of that. The changes appear to be everywhere judicious, and in half a dozen cases, at most, important; but the original dress of the book was far more graceful and more likely to prove engaging to young persons. The new 'Introduction' is, however, welcome.

Prof. Florian Cajori's 'Introduction to the Modern Theory of Equations' (Macmillan) demands mention as the only small treatise in the language embracing the whole subject and showing how best to treat higher algebraic equations. The account of the Galvis theory is avowedly taken from Weber's algebra, but is for the first time brought within the comprehension of every student of middling capacity, by numerous examples. If the student goes through these and makes sure of perfectly familiarizing himself with every aspect of one point before going on to the next, and not fatiguing himself, we see no reason for his finding this doctrine, so useful as it often is, and so sure of enlarging the mind, at all beyond his grasp. We regret that the limits of the roots have not been more liberally treated.

The geographical section connected with the French African army has published a large chart in seventeen sheets covering the larger portion of French Africa. But as this is still defective, giving only the itineraries, it has been decided to prepare a large chart on the scale of 1:500,000, to consist of at least sixty parts. Special investigations are now being made for this purpose in the lower Senegal districts, in the peninsula of Cape Verde, Dakar, and elsewhere. It will take many years to complete the work. The next region to be undertaken is the neighborhood of Saint Louis, and an expedition is being prepared for the Ivory Coast.

Liberia is in an extremely primitive condition, judging from the account by our minister, Mr. Ernest Lyon, of a recent journey into the interior published in the Consular Reports. There are no roads, and the means of communication between the villages "in the dense forests or upon the tops of steep hills" are paths made crooked and labyrinthine to render access difficult. This is due mainly to the ceaseless tribal wars which are devastating the State—wars of which "women are invariably the cause." The land has great natural resources. The forests abound in rich and valuable timber. Mineral wealth is abundant. Cotton is indigenous, and the soil is peculiarly adapted to the growth of coffee. But these sources of prosperity and wealth are largely undeveloped, and in some instances, like that of coffee culture, the amount and value of the crop are diminishing. The whole foreign trade in 1902 was only about half a million dollars ($535,974), or one hundred thousand less than in 1899 ($646,646). It is a significant fact, mentioned in another report, which in some measure accounts for the lamentable decadence, that "almost every Liberian [meaning an American negro or his descendant] is a Government official."

—Little, Brown & Co., Boston, publish a new (fourth) edition of John Norton Pomeroy's 'Code Remedies,' by Prof. Thomas A. Bogle. The editor has added a multitude of cases (some ten thousand citations are given), and to obtain room has done much in the way of omission and condensation. Nearly a third of the book is new. Mr. Pomeroy was one of the last of the legal writers of what may be called the old American school—men whose aim was nothing more spectacular or novel than the plain exposition of the law as they found it. The system of code remedies was fortunate, in the days when the Code itself was still a novelty, in finding in him an expounder of the first order of ability, unprejudiced and lucid in a most difficult and technical field. On the first appearance of the book thirty years ago it was found to explain the newly introduced system so clearly and forcibly (Mr. Pomeroy's style was admirably adapted to his work) that it was at once welcomed by the bench and the profession, and accepted as an authoritative treatise, and it has held its own. Professor Bogle's conscientious and thorough revision probably guarantees it a prolonged life. He is, we believe, an acknowledged authority on the reformed Procedure, and his hand is to be seen on almost every page. Such a revision, if successful, redounds almost equally to the credit of author and editor.

—Another law-book, published by the same house, which deserves more than ordinary notice, is a work in one volume by Alfred G. Reeves on 'Real Property.' The author calls it a "treatise on special subjects of the law of Real Property," but this is too modest a title, for it contains an outline of all real-property law; together with more detailed treatment of those special subjects, such as fixtures, easements, tenures, uses, trusts, powers, mortgages and perpetuities, which occasion most controversy and litigation. Unless we are mistaken, the student and practitioner will find here in a single volume what it is dif-

ficult to get elsewhere in any number of volumes—a rationale of real-property law, with enough of history to make its development intelligible, combined with an exposition of its application to every-day questions of the knottiest kind. This often involves conflicting theories, and we have been struck in looking, for instance, at what the author says about mortgages, to see how clearly he manages to bring us through the confusion of the cases. Real-property law has at its base a rounded, logical system, but it is at the same time a branch of law developed historically, and much changed in the process of evolution. What is needed for its comprehension is just such treatment as Mr. Reeves's, but few writers have the skill, the time or patience for it. We can well believe that the treatise, which is sure to make its mark, is the result of years devoted to the instruction of classes in the subject.

—Philosophers as a body have always shown a strange indifference or covert hostility towards questions concerning the future life, and accordingly have contributed little to our reflections, and nothing to our knowledge, on the subject. With the glorious exception of Plato, few indeed among them could, at least until quite recently, lay claim to any serious interest or considerable achievement in this direction. It is therefore the more noteworthy that the richly endowed and versatile nature of Fechner made him one of the very few thinkers of the first rank who have found time for thought on such topics, and the translation of his 'Little Book of Life after Death' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) should undoubtedly be welcomed. Written so long ago as 1835, under the pseudonym of "Dr. Mises," by which Fechner emancipated his more humanly interesting writings from the restrictions of academic etiquette, it has now been agreeably translated by Mary C. Wadsworth. Prof. William James has helped the reader with ten charming pages of introduction to a kindred soul, calling Fechner "a Herbert Spencer, no less encyclopædic, and more subtle, . . . who mingled humor and lightness with his heavier ratiocinations." In point of content, nevertheless, it is hard to see how Fechner's notion of the future life rises beyond that of an "immortality of influence," save in respect of the poetic eloquence and prettily mythological form in which he enfolds it. The reader frequently encounters richly suggestive phrases, but in the end he has to ask himself whether he (as perhaps Fechner before him) has not fallen a victim to the seductions of a metaphor. It is, finally, worth recording that, later in life, Fechner, either because he was himself dissatisfied with his earlier line of reasoning, or because his "panpsychist" conception of the universe was elastic enough to admit the evidence, interested himself with Zöllner in spiritistic phenomena, and braved more than the usual measure of obloquy by testifying to what he saw or thought he saw.

—Dr. Carl Peters, the African explorer, has just published in 'England und die Engländer' (Lemcke & Buechner), the results of observations made during a ten years' residence in England. What he has to say is interesting and entertaining, and to his countrymen should be instructive. He makes frequent comparisons between Germany and England, not always favorable to the former. While he agrees that in the matter of army organization and of education the English are far behind the Germans, he considers that in many other fields Germany has much to learn from England. A good deal of statistical information of recent date he intersperses with many details concerning the daily life and the social customs of various classes of English society, referring always to corresponding conditions in his own country. In the main, his views show him to be a man of unusual intelligence and experience; but his career as a German colonizing pioneer apparently gives him a strong bias in favor of British imperialism, and leads him to express the opinion that Mr. Chamberlain's policy is bound to prevail as the only means of maintaining the supremacy of England. His forecast of the future seems to be a customs union of England and her colonies, with which he even believes the United States would be willing to join, and in opposition to which Continental Europe will be compelled to organize a central Zollverein of its own.

WADDINGTON'S SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

La Guerre de Sept Ans: Histoire Diplomatique et Militaire. Tomes II., III. Par Richard Waddington. Paris: Firmin-Didot & Cie. 1904.

With the publication of these two volumes M. Waddington carries his history of the Seven Years' War past its central point. The opening section of his work found its last great incident in the battle of Leuthen. Resuming his narrative with the retreat of the French from Hanover during the early part of 1758, he reaches at the close of his third volume the spring of 1760—that is to say, the moment when the first serious attempts to stop the war ended in failure. Within the limits of this period lie such celebrated battles as Crefeld, Zorndorf, Hochkirch, Minden, and Kunersdorf, besides the operations at Louisbourg and Quebec, the attempts of Lally to regain lost ground in India, and Hawke's defeat of Conflans. M. Waddington's aim is to depict this intricate and widespread contest in the light of its diplomacy. The whole action radiates from courts—unless the British House of Commons be called a distinct factor; and without following the flux of policies which depended upon court intrigue, the course of hostilities can be but imperfectly understood. Of course, the result of the last campaign was always a vital fact in the situation, but the progress of international negotiations furnishes the only safe clue through a labyrinth where five great Powers and several small ones are enmeshed, the issues being the maintenance or loss of French prestige, the defeat of Hohenzollern or Hapsburg, and the fate of two colonial empires. Diplomacy as affected by war, but still diplomacy, is M. Waddington's main subject, and the most valuable portion of his task has been done in European archives. We should, however, state that his study of the war itself has taken him to the battlefields of Germany, to the scenes of the chief naval engagements, to the valley of the St. Lawrence, and to the plains of India.

Considered from another standpoint, the main element in this book is furnished by the politics of France, while the leading personality is that of Frederick. It could hardly be otherwise, since Frederick has no rival among generals in the field, and M. Waddington, despite his ideal of impartiality, is bound to find his highest interest in the fortunes of his own country. If we were to offer a general criticism regarding the relative degree of prominence which is accorded each of the different Powers, we should say that the domestic politics of England might to advantage be given more attention than they receive. In view of the consequences, Pitt's difficulties with his opponents and colleagues assume an importance which is not altogether dwarfed by the relations of Madame de Pompadour to Bernis and Choiseul. On the other hand, the part of Austria, both military and diplomatic, receives its full due. For example, there are few more telling passages in the whole book than the account of the feeling which prevailed at Vienna on the close of hostilities in 1758, when the Austrians had been left victors in name, but vanquished in fact. The acknowledgment of Daun's virtues, the still keener recognition of his defects, and the absolute impossibility of discovering any one who could be dreamt of as a substitute—all these states of mind are graphically described. M. Waddington has hit upon few more entertaining sources of information than the correspondence of Montazet.

The course of French policy during 1758-1759 underwent no profound modification, but in point of detail it offers the historian several interesting features. Chief among these are the steadfastness of Louis XV. to his treaty undertakings, the fall of Bernis, and the stand taken by Choiseul at the time of the first proposals of peace. The King, though easygoing, was vain and petulant. He entered the war without any proper apprehension of what his promise to the Empress might cost France in blood and treasure. Yet, once engaged, he feared nothing so much as a representation from Austria that he was failing to contribute his share towards the common cause. The position of Bernis was far different. On the one hand, he owed everything to Madame de Pompadour, and was committed to the war by his part in bringing Austria and France together; on the other, he came to appreciate clearly the extent of the sacrifices which his country must make in a struggle not her own, and of which any possible advantages would not be reaped by the Court of Versailles. Thus placed under a cross-fire between his dependence on Court favor and the promptings of his better judgment, the French Cardinal succeeded no better than Cardinal Wolsey had done under similar circumstances. But there is this difference between the two cases, that Wolsey recognized the weakness of his position, while Bernis thought himself competent to direct an independent policy and outmanœuvre, if not actually flout, the Pompadour. According to the general opinion of Europe, he was sacrificed to the rancor of the war party at Versailles. M. Waddington, however, is unwilling to let this benevolent judgment become accepted without some modification. Bernis deserved his fall for the part which he had taken in cementing the bond between Austria and France, even though at a later stage he

would have saved his country from the abyss. In itself his disgrace was justified; one finds its sole flaw in the fact that it was inflicted by his accomplices.

As for Choiseul, M. Waddington acquits him of special guilt in the matter of the Cardinal's downfall. He owed much to Bernis, and had frequently expressed his sense of devotion in the strongest terms; but since he had no real means of averting disaster, he accepted the inevitable. His own policy as Minister was to extricate France from her chief dilemma by distinguishing between the two wars and effecting a separate peace with England. But in working towards this end he had, besides the opposition of Maria Theresa, to contend with the colonial ambition of Pitt and the suspicions of Frederick. For his address during the peace negotiations of 1760, M. Waddington has the warmest praise. He showed remarkable tact in his dealings with the Empress, and made proposals to the enemy in good faith. Finally, when all his overtures had been rejected, he took up the war once more, with energy and the determination to force a peace if France could secure any success in the forthcoming campaign.

In his first volume M. Waddington displayed Frederick triumphing among the glories of Rossbach and Leuthen. It now becomes his duty to describe the catastrophe of Kunersdorf and the King's suicidal despair:

"Our loss," wrote Frederick to Finck, "is very great. Out of an army of 48,000 men, I have but 3,000. As I write, the rout is complete, and I am no longer master of my own troops. It is a cruel reverse. I shall not survive it. The consequences will be worse than the affair itself. I have no further resources, and, to conceal nothing, I believe all to be lost. I shall not survive the ruin of my country. Adieu forever."

Such was his tone on August 13, 1759. Two days later he is planning to profit by the delays of the allies and save his dominions from the triumphant forces of Soltikoff and Daun. For the failure of the allies to profit by Kunersdorf, M. Waddington seems more inclined to blame the Russian than the Austrian commander. Although Daun by instinct remained faithful to his defensive tactics, the damage inflicted on the Prussians would have been immeasurably greater but for the ridiculous idea of the Russian staff that it was now the turn of the Austrians to do something. One sharp and well-directed advance after Kunersdorf would have placed Frederick, Silesia, Brandenburg, and Prussia at the mercy of the Empress. It was the inherent weakness of a coalition, seconded by the mutual distrust of two mediocre generals, which cost the imperialists all that had been gained by the indomitable valor of the Russian troops.

M. Waddington's account of the war in India is remarkable chiefly for a sharp criticism of Lally, but we must content ourselves with quoting his general comment upon that unfortunate commander:

"Le choix du Ministère et du conseil de la Compagnie tomba sur le lieutenant-général de Lally-Tollendal; il ne fut pas heureux. Le nouveau commissaire-général n'avait aucune expérience du milieu où allait s'exercer son autorité. Brave soldat, actif, plein de zèle pour le service, mais impatient, irascible jusqu'à perdre tout contrôle de lui-même, dépourvu de jugement, avec cela fantasque, méfiant, hors des gonds quand il aurait fallu du sang-froid, plaisantant sans ménagement et hors de saison, Lally n'avait pas les qualités voulues pour le poste difficile auquel il était appelé."

To the American campaigns of 1758-1759 considerable space is allotted, and here, as elsewhere, M. Waddington writes from first-hand materials. His capital omission is a neglect to have procured Mr. Doughty's work on the siege of Quebec, which contains documents essential to an understanding of important details in the duel between Montcalm and Wolfe. Among single passages in this portion of the book, the following is perhaps the most energetic:

"Que dire des acteurs secondaires du drame? À l'exception du brave Lévis, qui se révéla homme d'énergie et de caractère, tous furent piteusement au dessous de leur tâche: Vaudreuil, Ramezai, la plupart des officiers supérieurs s'abandonnèrent à un découragement qui dégénéra en pusillanimité morale frisant la lâcheté; chez eux, à peine une lueur de bon sens bien vite effacée par l'exagération du danger qu'engendre l'hésitation; pas une conception virile, aucun sentiment du devoir de tout sacrifier à la défense du dépôt que la France leur avait confié."

In the course of the four volumes which he has already published on the war and its preliminaries, M. Waddington clears up or illustrates many thorny points. One more remains, namely, the diplomacy attending the Peace. The skill and learning which he has abundantly shown entitle us to expect from him a masterly exposition of this intricate and difficult subject.

The Teaching of Sir Henry Maine: An Inaugural Lecture. By Dr. Paul Vinogradoff. Henry Frowde. 1904.

In recent years few academic appointments have awakened so much interest as the nomination of Professor Vinogradoff to the Corpus chair of jurisprudence at Oxford. The advent of a Russian who has made himself more learned than the English in important departments of English legal and economic history, is a notable event; and the presence of a foreigner in the chair of jurisprudence recalls the distant fame of Magister Vacarius. Recognizing, perhaps, the unusual character of his position, Professor Vinogradoff has used the opportunity presented by his inaugural lecture to make a certain profession of faith in matters relating to his function. A disciple of Sir Henry Maine, he finds himself filling the place which Maine used to occupy, and it is through an interpretation of his predecessor's doctrine that he explains his own attitude towards the problems of jurisprudence.

The reaction against a man's fame which invariably sets in as soon as he is dead, has not left untouched the intellectual reputation of Maine. To the tribe of detractors Professor Vinogradoff makes clever rejoinder when he says, by way of general reference:

"It is not unusual nowadays to talk in a rather supercilious manner of the lack of erudition and accuracy, of the allusiveness and vagueness of Maine's writings. Those who indulge in such cheap criticism should rather try to realize what accounts for his having been a force in European thought, a potentate in a realm where parochial patronage and a mere aptitude for vulgarization are not recognized as titles to eminence."

That Maine could not examine with the minute care of the specialist all the subjects which his suggestive and creative thought presented to the world is matter of course, and we shall miss the point if we look for the defects of his qualities in his treatment of detail. Common sense, which was his sovereign characteristic, prevented him from cramping his data to fit his system, and of no one could it be said with less justice that his idea of a tragedy was a deduction killed by a fact. He projected a few great ideas and left the outlines to be filled in by his disciples, but how far he was from being a dilettante those know best who have followed him on his own ground. Professor Vinogradoff gives a just idea of his sanity and earnestness when he says:

"Maine was certainly not one of those builders of systems as they are to be found among German scholars, who sometimes, in exaggeration of their unrivalled learning, seem to move away from reality and to dwell in a fantastic region of their own, where they accumulate and dispose their materials according to requirements of speculation, without much regard for the facts of life. Nor was he subject to the spread of formalism which represents the natural exaggeration of the lucidity and order so characteristic of the French school: he never sacrificed the complexity of organic evolution to unity of conception and clearness of exposition. Whatever his failings, he undoubtedly possessed the merits of an Englishman in his search for the meaning of life as it really is."

Leaving aside all account of Maine's personality, and confining attention strictly to his thought, Professor Vinogradoff discovers a single end toward which the master's purpose was directed. "To connect the earliest notions of mankind as to law with the results of modern thought" was the aim of those three illuminating books, 'Ancient Law,' 'Early Law and Custom,' and 'Village Communities.' At the middle of the last century, legal examination of origins was still hampered by what Maine himself terms "*à-priori* theories based on the hypothesis of a law and a state of nature." His reaction against the philosophy of natural rights is strongly accentuated in every one of his works, and connected with it was that violent antipathy towards Rousseau which, taking the form of a prejudice, may be seen from beginning to end of 'Popular Government.' Less strong, but still marked, was his opposition to the analytical jurisprudence of Bentham and Austin. The cleverness of these men he readily admits, and is even willing to concede the value of their efforts; but between them and himself he feels that a gulf is fixed, since their abstractions are framed with reference to a type of man who does not exist. For example, his attitude towards the utilitarian dogmas of Austin is tersely summed up in his criticism of a view "which seems to imply that the authors and expositors of civilized systems of law are constrained, by a sort of external compulsion, to think in a particular way on legal principles and on the modes of arriving at juridical results."

In sketching the positive elements of Maine's thought, Professor Vinogradoff emphasizes the affinity between him and such defenders of organic development as Burke and Sir James Stephen. A profound distrust of revolutionary ideals and methods alienated him from contemporary French jurists, at the same time that a study of

Savigny, Eichhorn, and Puchta placed him in debt to the historical jurisprudence of Germany. Hence may be traced to a considerable extent his belief that the progress made by a given generation is very slight when compared with its dependence upon inherited institutions. In the passage where he criticises Montesquieu for underrating the stability of human nature, he concludes:

"The truth is, that the stable part of our mental, moral and physical constitution is the largest part of it, and the resistance it opposes to change is such that, though the variations of human society in a portion of the world are plain enough, they are neither so rapid nor so extensive that their amount, character, and general direction cannot be ascertained."

This is the utterance upon which Professor Vinogradoff lays most stress when seeking to trace the development of Maine's ideas, and to mark him off from German Conservatives like Savigny in law and Hegel in philosophy. The appeal of Savigny is to history alone, and in general the demand for scientific interpretation of social changes opened up fresh issues. Maine, with all his conservatism, was able to see that social forces are subject to constant modification through intercourse, and that these modifications must be taken account of. Distinguishing clearly in his own thought between the majority and the remnant, he admits the possibility of progress through the efforts of the latter. The methods of science appealed to him, and he was impressed by the phenomenon of change. It follows that law presented itself to his mind under the form of an historical evolution rather than as a body of immutable and divinely appointed rules.

How Maine treated the questions of testament, contract, feudalism, family ties, and the ownership of land, is known to all students of modern thought, and we shall not attempt to discuss here his view of the relations originally existing between the individual and the community. More important for present purposes are the propositions which Professor Vinogradoff finds to be essential in his teaching, and which the lecturer states in set form not because of their novelty, but because he is ready to subscribe them. They are four in number, and deserve to be quoted as the central feature of this lecture:

"(1.) The study of law is not merely a preparation for professional duties and an introduction to the art of handling professional problems. It may also be treated as a scientific subject.

"(2.) Two methods of scientific investigation may be applied to the study of law: the method of deductive analysis on the basis of abstractions from the present state of legal ideas and rules, and the method of inductive generalization on the basis of historical and ethnographical observations.

"(3.) In the domain of inductive jurisprudence, law appears as one of the expressions of history, and history is taken in the wide sense of all knowledge as to the social evolution of mankind.

"(4) Insomuch as every science ought to be directed to the discovery of laws—that is, general principles governing particular cases—the historical method of jurisprudence is necessarily a comparative one."

The keenness of Professor Vinogradoff's criticism is admirably illustrated by the form and arrangement of these propositions. The spirit in which he undertakes his duties at Oxford is revealed with equal clearness by his concluding words:

"It has always been understood in this country that tradition, combined with definite aims, is one of the greatest forces of civilization: it lifts the efforts of man from the restrictions of individual insignificance to mighty collective power. Appealing to a noble tradition, which has to be kept up with reverence and zeal, I will ask you, in conclusion, to admit me to your celebrated university as one who wishes, so far as it rests with him, to follow in the footsteps of your great teacher and thinker."

Russian Affairs. By Geoffrey Drage. E. P. Dutton. 1904.

Russia: Her Strength and her Weakness. By Wolf von Schierbrand. Harpers. 1904.

Of the many books about Russia that have appeared in recent years Mr. Drage's 'Russian Affairs' is one of the best; in fact, to get anything as good of its kind in English we should have to turn to the translation of M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's 'L'Empire des Tsars' or to Mr. Wallace's 'Russia.' Without being the equal of either of them, this new work is none the less really valuable, and bears the stamp of painstaking labor as well as of intelligent and sober thought. It is crammed full of pertinent facts, well digested and well handled. Throughout, the author remains master of his subject, which he treats concisely and effectively, even if not always with sufficient system.

After a short historical introduction, Mr. Drage in his first chapter takes up the subject of Russian ambitions. He does this by setting before us the views and characters of the Slavophiles, of Mr. Pobiedonostseff, Count Tolstoy, Prince Uktomsky, and others. In a few pages we thus get an impression not only of certain interesting personalities, but also of a number of widely different views, all of which have their partisans and their influence. Chapter II. is about Agriculture, and unfolds once more the sombre picture drawn by most recent writers of its present condition in the most fertile parts of the empire. Chapter III. is devoted to Industry. Here the writer states briefly the facts of the recent development and the existing crisis, but he rather avoids drawing general conclusions. This is perhaps wise, as the subject is very complicated, and the disturbance produced by the Japanese war may prevent posterity from ever being able to form a final judgment of what would have been the fate of Russian industry if peace had been maintained. Chapter IV. takes up Commerce; under Chapter V., Finance, Mr. Drage discusses the system of M. de Witte, and though he evidently admires the ability shown by the latter in his ten years of office, he is inclined to accept the criticisms of that statesman's system and to regard it as having broken down. Still, he does not express himself very positively on the subject, and, in the much debated question of the spirit monopoly, goes so far only as to say that his "impression is unfavorable." Chapter VI. is given up to Poland, Finland, and the Baltic Provinces; Chapter VII. to dependencies (*i. e.*, Northern and Central Asia); and there is a Conclusion, which is "not a summary of the book," but a number of miscellaneous observations. At the end we have appendices consisting of statistics, reprints of treaties, etc.

Everywhere Mr. Drage has striven, and usually with success, to maintain a tone of studious moderation. His intention has obviously been to write a work that should be judicial as well as interesting and instructive. In this, on the whole, he has succeeded. He has not, however, escaped certain faults. To begin with, careful as he is, he has not always avoided the danger which appears so peculiarly to beset writers about Russia—that of making very sweeping statements on insufficient evidence. Without exactly denying many of his dicta, we should like a good deal more proof before we accept them. In the second place, the authors that he freely cites are of unequal value—indeed, they are not infrequently inferior to himself, so that at times we are less convinced by his quotations than if he had put forward his own assertion. In his judgment of international affairs, too, he cannot be acquitted of partiality. While not violent or grossly unfair, like so many Russophobe declaimers, he still writes as an Englishman chiefly interested in "Russian encroachments" from the point of view of "British interests." This is a pity, for it prevents him from being an unprejudiced critic in the part of his book which deals with foreign politics. Perhaps this would be too much to ask under the circumstances; none the less, a partisan tone is a blunder in a work of this kind.

It must also be remembered that several of the facts quoted are capable of different interpretation, and here and there we notice a positive error in detail. For instance, it is far from true that (p. 462) "the retrocession of the Liaotung peninsula, on the mediation of Russia, France, and Germany, led ultimately to the loss of all the advantages which Japan had gained by the war." Besides acquiring a totally new position in the world and receiving a considerable war indemnity, which she has expended on fresh armaments, Japan also obtained the valuable island of Formosa and the small but strategically important Pescadores. Again, the railway from Chemulpo to Seul was not "built by a Japanese company" (p. 463), but by an American and sold to the Japanese. However, we have no wish to pick flaws of this kind, but prefer to congratulate Mr. Drage on having furnished the public with a decidedly useful book.

We regret that we cannot pay the same compliment to Mr. Wolf von Schierbrand. His title, 'Russia: Her Strength and her Weakness,' and the first sentence of his preface, seem to indicate a desire to be impartial, but this is not realized. Drawing his information from such works as Bruggen's 'Das heutige Russland,' which, at times, he paraphrases or translates almost literally (without acknowledgment), he has filled up some three hundred pages with diatribe as monotonous as it is unprofitable. We do not wish to deny a certain proportion of truth to his remarks even if they tell us nothing that is new; but empty tirades of this sort are seldom of the slightest value.

Songs of Motherhood. Selected by Elizabeth Johnson Huckel. New York: Macmillan. 1904.

This well-meant but heterogeneous collection ranges from Tennyson's famous passage in "The Princess," "The woman's cause is man's," to rhymes of the nursery; quotes from the Gospels, the Psalms, and the Proverbs, and takes a prose passage from Phillips Brooks. The metrical selections are divided equally between male and

female writers, and such poetic distinction as there is in them is certainly not preeminently on the side of the latter. A fairly discriminating florilegium, indeed, from the sum of English metrics would show that parentage has evoked a higher order of thought as well as of expression from the poets than parentage through maternity has from the poetesses. In other words, in a field of experience peculiarly their own, women do not seem to have been carried by emotion, introspection, or imagination to heights of poetic utterance unattainable by the other sex. This is at least curious.

Mrs. Elaine Goodale Eastman sings in her "Madonna" (p. 7):

"And yet to no eye save the mother's
Life's difficult secret is plain;
She has sounded the deeps of creation,
She has passed through the furnace of pain."

But has she made this secret plain to the other half of creation? Mary Felton (p. 86) kisses tenderly her baby's feet

"With thoughts which none but mothers understand"

—possibly; but some fathers' thoughts on a like provocation have been much more valuable, intrinsically and poetically. There is nothing within these covers to compare with that stirring "Christmas Carol" of Coleridge's, of which the third stanza reads:

"She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she prest;
And while she cried, The Babe is mine!
The milk rushed faster to her breast:
Joy rose within her like a summer's morn;
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born."

One may compare this directly with the treatment of the same theme in Mary D. Brine's "The New-Born King" (p. 30).

Again to quote Coleridge, let us ask if the following extract from his Ode to the Duchess of Devonshire suggests his own sex, or is not as purely feminine as any woman could have made the same train of thought:

"You were a mother! That most holy name,
Which Heaven and Nature bless,
I may not vilely prostitute to those
Whose infants owe them less
Than the poor caterpillar owes
Its gaudy parent fly.
You were a mother! at your bosom fed
The babes that loved you. You, with laughing eye,
Each twilight thought, each nascent feeling read,
Which you yourself created. O! delight!
A second time to be a mother,
Without the mother's bitter groans.
Another thought, and yet another,
By touch or taste, by looks or tones,
O'er growing sense to roll,
The mother of your infant's soul."

The juxtaposition of the fly and the Duchess reminds us that science, or the perception of fact, is surmised to be at the bottom of what is called the present break in high poetical production. We may be sure it will not extirpate poetizing, and equally sure that the poets will find a *modus vivendi* with it, as Tennyson foreshadowed in his "By an Evolutionist." When that concord arrives, what will have become of the religious view of the child as a divine gift, or even of the formula, "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away"?

A Dictionary of the Drama. By W. Davenport Adams. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

This is the first of two volumes of which the purpose and general scope are tersely set forth in the preface—"to provide the student with a handy means of ready reference to the leading facts of the history of the theatre in the United Kingdom and the United States." In the list of subjects are playhouses and their designers, plays and play-writers, actors, critics, scenic and musical illustrators, theatrical terms and stage literature. In other words, the work professes to give, in alphabetical epitome, a digest of everything of importance contained in the vast extant body of British and American theatrical publications, whether inventive, biographical, or descriptive, together with special information not to be had elsewhere. This, plainly, is a large undertaking, even though the author expressly disclaims any attempt at an impossible completeness; and the comparative fulness, the compactness, and general accuracy with which it has been accomplished furnish conclusive proof of the most laborious and careful compilation. Beyond question the book will be an immense convenience, not only to contemporary writers about the stage, but to all earnest students of the literary theatre, who will find in it abundant clues to special and curious knowledge, especially concerning the characters and plays of the older drama, once famous, but long forgotten, except by the very few. Whether the book is likely to be in active demand by the public at large is another question. Certainly no theatrical library can afford to be without it.

A tolerably careful cross-examination of the six hundred pages of which this volume is composed, including alphabetical matter from A to G inclusive, indicates that the record of the British stage is remarkably full and correct and well up to date. Nothing of real importance seems to have been omitted, while a mass of matter of no imaginable consequence has been preserved. The main defect of the work, indeed, is due to the absence of judicious editing. There is no pretence, of course, of supplying an index to every actor, dead or living, or to every piece that has ever been played or entered at Stationers' Hall. Some principle of selection must have been applied, but the nature of it defies conjecture. Names of some of the most ephemeral farces, the silliest burlesques, and most worthless plays, as well as of actors of no repute or significance, occupy space which might easily have been used to better purpose. In the allotment of space to actors of the second, third, or fourth rate the same lack of proportion is manifest. The failure to make any mention of Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, or Duse, or other foreign players, is doubtless deliberate—in one sense they do not belong to the British stage; but surely the fact of their long and brilliant connection with it was worth a brief note. Other omissions are more strange. Charles Frohman is referred to as the manager of the Duke of York's Theatre, but there is not a word concerning his control of the Syndicate, which is one of the most portentous influences for the British theatrical future. Perhaps this may come later under "Syndicate." A curious slip is the description of Asia Booth Clarke, wife of John S. Clarke, as the daughter of Edwin Booth, who was her younger brother. The quoted dates ought to have revealed this error.

As a condensed record of American stage history, especially during the last twenty-five years, the Dictionary is less satisfactory. In all matters relating to the later part of the eighteenth and the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century it is well informed, but many of the theatrical books published during the last decade seem to have escaped observation. Here again the principle of selection is most arbitrary and puzzling. Some players of very recent date and very shadowy repute are carefully noted, while many long-established favorites are excluded. Thus, there is no mention of Nat Goodwin, or Henrietta Crosman, or William Faversham, Ethel Barrymore, Georgia Cayvan, or Viola Allen. Among favorite players of an older date whose names do not appear are George Boniface, William Floyd, Edward Eddy, Mrs. F. B. Conway, Effie Germon, Susan Denning, Ben de Bar, and Harry Edwards. Some of these, it should be noted, were known in London as well as here. A paragraph devoted to Kate Claxton does not refer to "The Two Orphans," one of the most successful plays of modern times, with which she was identified for thirty years. For an account of the Boston theatres the searcher is referred to W. W. Clapp's work, published in 1852. Among American dramatists there is no mention of T. B. Aldrich, although his masterly little "Mercedes" has been performed in London; of W. C. De Mille, Horace Fry, or Leonard Grover. The name of A. R. Cazauran appears, but without allusion to the inestimable work he did for the Union Square Theatre.

Other omissions could doubtless be discovered, but the book is, nevertheless, a very good one, and the investigator, in looking for slips, is constantly surprised by finding instead new evidence of thoroughness.

Modern Musical Drift. By W. J. Henderson. Longmans, Green & Co.

"Where doth dear music go?" asks Mr. Henderson in a prefatory poem addressed to Mr. James Huneker. "To the dogs," is the answer given by his book. Mr. Henderson has suffered many winters of discontent in the concert halls and opera houses of New York, and has now, apparently, reached a point where every entertainment seems to him a public nuisance, every player or singer an enemy of the republic. In the dim and distant past, when he wrote his Life of Wagner (1901), he still found much to admire, even in the despicable "Parsifal." The readers of that work were told concerning it that "its moving power lies in its grasp on the secret life of every man and woman who goes to witness its performance"; that "its musical plan is one of peculiar power, and its outward aspects are of great beauty"; that the second act is "rich in luscious melody, spontaneous, dance-like in form and color"; that in the whole work "the combination of the musical ideas is so subtle, the building of the large mood-pictures of which they are the elements so masterly, the effect of the general result so potent with the hearer, that," etc. In 'Modern Musical Drift,' on the contrary, we are told that "Parsifal" is "the child of Wagner's artistic decrepitude," "a most imposing pageant set to unimposing music"; that its poem is "almost utterly devoid of those great basic elements which make human life dramatic for men and women"; that the Klingsor scene is "cheap and paltry claptrap"; that the flower-maiden music is " 'Tannhäuser' and water, and very poor water at that"; that the last act is "a desert of tedium, with oases of musical verdure," and so on.

Which of these two Hendersons is the

bewildered reader to follow as a guide? And what is he to think of Wagner as a poet? For years Mr. Henderson has done good service by urging opera-goers to pay more attention to the Wagner poems if they would fully comprehend the music. In the biography he says (in the chapter on "Tristan"): "As is invariably the case, his treatment of the story draws together all the beauties of the original material and moulds them into a compact, consistent whole, instinct with dramatic force and poetic beauty." In the new volume he apologizes for his enthusiasm, and declares that Wagner was "just a dramatist, and nothing more." However, he kindly admits that he was a genius, after all, and proceeds to analyze the Nibelung poems in a quite friendly and sympathetic spirit, calculated to soothe the feelings of Wagnerites ruffled by his remarks on "Parsifal"—remarks, by the way, that are strangely similar to those made by Mr. Huneker a year ago and by the late Dr. Hanslick twenty-two years ago. There is nothing new under the sun (or in the *Sun*), and, in connection with this whole affair, it is interesting to recall the words of Saint-Saëns regarding one of Wagner's music dramas: "A thousand critics writing each a thousand lines a day for ten years would injure this work about as much as a child's breath would go toward overthrowing the pyramids of Egypt"; and the remark of the historian, Dr. Riemann, that "criticisms like those of Moritz Hauptmann on Wagner's early operas up to 'Tannhäuser,' or those of Hanslick on the later ones, may be left safely to their fate; they will provoke the pitying smiles of future generations."

The chapter on "Isolde's Serving-Woman" is excellent, and does much to break the force of Mr. Henderson's "confession." In the following section of eighty pages he parts company with Mr. Huneker; he does not particularly admire Richard Strauss. Why, then, give so much space to him? Why not devote chapters to the real men of genius of our time—to Grieg, Saint-Saëns, MacDowell, and others? Alas! our author would hardly rank them as men of genius. In this very volume he pokes fun at Saint-Saëns, and concerning even Liszt he says: "The abbé was something of a mystic, too, but he knew he was not a genius." Now, this is most reprehensible. Mr. Henderson has no right to mislead his readers on this point. Liszt's letters show, *passim*, that he believed in his own genius; one of his favorite expressions was: "I can wait." Richard Strauss, a mere imitator of Liszt and Berlioz, is now receiving the honors and the attention withheld from those men during their lifetime. This Mr. Henderson should have made clear in his lengthy and suggestive historic discourse on Strauss and his musical ancestry.

His final chapter, "Aux Italiens," is concerned with Italian opera of to-day and of the time when "Lucia" was created, which opera the author happily calls "the classic of the musically unprogressive."

An Irishman's Story. By Justin McCarthy. Macmillan Co. 1904.

This is intended as a personal rather than a political narrative, the author having kept it out of the current of the political business of his life as far as might be, endeavoring to make his account a simple autobiography. Nevertheless, he was, throughout his life, so steeped in politics that in the end we get a picture of a politician, or rather devotee of a political cause. Of the author as a novelist, as an historian, as a traveller, as a lecturer and as a journalist, we hear a great deal, but we cannot help feeling throughout that, pleasant reading as this part of the book is, the portion of the author's career on which it is based was all secondary to the great object of his life, the establishment of freedom in Ireland. Mr. McCarthy tells us that he has been dependent upon his pen, and he has worked hard with it; but he cannot be said to have played an important part in literature. His simple and direct style is admirably adapted to narrative, and if we were asked to pick out the piece of work by which he is likely to be longest remembered, we should guess that it would be the 'History of Our Own Times.' In the present volume, after all is said, we have found more interest in the chapters which relate to the Parnell Commission, the events which took place in Committee Room Fifteen, and our author's temporary headship of the anti-Parnell wing of the Irish party, than in anything else, except, perhaps, the reminiscences of his early youth in Ireland.

Mr. McCarthy's life—there is no boasting or egotism in these simple pages—has been unquestionably that of a patriot in the proper sense. Honor he has obtained, but no profit; and toward the close he had to go back to Ireland to be hooted and abused for daring to lend his efforts to keep his party to a sane course. Through his connection with the Irish Exhibition he became involved in pecuniary losses, with which, but for his altruism, he would probably never have been burdened; it was a case of *sic vos non vobis*, as we may say, "with a vengeance"; and one cannot but regret that the liability could not have been once for all lifted from his shoulders by those for whom he had labored so unselfishly. Throughout his life he had been distracted by that nightmare of generous spirits—the constant necessity of working at a career of drudgery in order to be able to devote himself to his beloved cause. A physical breakdown of some sort was to have been foreseen. The reader is relieved in the end to find that Literature has made an amends with a pension for the damage done by politics.

For many years, almost the working lifetime of an ordinary man, Mr. McCarthy sat in the House of Commons for Longford. He differed from many other representatives of Irish seats in being more cosmopolitan. He knew America, he knew England, he had some acquaintance with Europe; he was a citizen of the republic of letters. Parnell himself, great leader as he was, was provincial in being bitter, and it is curious to see how badly, when the great crisis of his life came, he gauged public opinion. Here Mr. McCarthy's mildness stood him in good stead.

This quality of mildness gives to the book a flavor of a rather odd sort. Where we might have expected violent opinions to emerge, we find ourselves in an atmosphere of complete serenity. Mr. McCarthy loves his country, but he does not hate England or the House of Commons. He has closed his career there with the good wishes of all parties, and his autobiography is a pleasant message of good will from one finally withdrawn from active life.

Heroes of the Storm. By William D. O'Connor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1904.

This selected collection of records of wrecks on the coasts and lakes of the United States appeared in the first instance in various annual reports of our Life-Saving Service. The late Mr. O'Connor, an official of the Bureau, compiled them from memoranda of subordinates. In their present form he is designated as their author. The fact of these records having already been printed by the Government as official documents in no wise detracts from their interest. The worthy work of the Life-Saving Service on our coasts and lakes cannot secure too wide publicity. Under the above taking title, it is to be hoped these papers will meet with popular favor. The title, in many instances, applies with as much force to those who are rescued as to their rescuers. In a howling winter gale, with ice making with every break of a wave and encasing hull and rigging of a stranded ship, there is no more dogged heroism than is displayed by the benumbed or frost-bitten sailorman in hauling in the line shot across his ship by life-savers on the beach, and in setting up the hawser for the employment of the breeches buoy. Or what is more trying to the nerves or requires greater fortitude in the shipwrecked, in the same winter gale, than to be lashed aloft in the rigging of a ship, slowly freezing to death in full view of blazing fires on the shore, two hundred yards to leeward, while the life-saving crews stand helpless, unable to launch a boat on account of the raging surf, or to shoot a line into the rigging with any hope of the chilled castaways being able to secure it? Under precisely these conditions five men who had taken refuge in the rigging of a schooner stranded in a fierce winter gale on the south shore of Long Island a few years ago, dropped one by one, frozen stiff, into the boiling sea.

For the harvesting of wrecks our coast is a hospitable one. From Cape Cod to Monomoy Point, from two miles more or less west of Montauk Point on the Long Island shore, thence along the New Jersey and southern littorals to the coral reefs of Florida, our beaches are of sand, with an outer bar of the same material running parallel with them two hundred yards more or less distant. Yet on no rocky coast are so many vessels stranded or totally lost as on our great stretches of treacherous shoals; and nowhere is a Life-Saving Service more necessary or more effectively employed. Of details connected with the rescue of shipwrecked mariners and ocean travellers 'Heroes of the Storm' offers a copious supply.

The Voyages of Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, 1595-1606. Translated and Edited by Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S. London: The Hakluyt Society. Two volumes.

This fresh contribution to the notable list of the Hakluyt Society, the translating and editing being its president's, relates to the Spanish attempts at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century to discover the great southern con-

tinent then supposed to exist at the antipodes of Africa and shown on many maps. Alvaro de Mendaña had discovered the Solomon Islands in 1565, and in 1595 made a second trip for the exploration of the archipelago of which they were thought to be a part, if not also of the continental land which it was generally assumed by cartographers must exist in the southern seas, to "balance," as it were, the land and water account of the universe. Quiros was his chief pilot on this second expedition, which resulted in nothing more than the discovery of a number of unimportant islands south of the equator, and in an ill-advised attempt at settlement on the island of Santa Cruz, east of New Guinea.

Quiros spent eight years in efforts which were finally rewarded by his being dispatched from Peru in 1604 for the discovery of the "Southern Continent," having worn out the Court of Spain by his importunities and having been aided by the authority of the Pope, eager for the redemption of the thousands, if not millions, of souls confidently presumed to inhabit the yet undiscovered realms. Quiros, had he kept on his course as originally mapped out, would have discovered New Zealand, and possibly the continent of Australia (which has taken its name, at any rate, from the grandiloquent title of "Australia of the Holy Spirit" that Quiros conferred upon his whilom settlement on the largest island of the New Hebrides group of Capt. Cook's later discoveries). By turning again toward the equator, he lost his great opportunity, and Australia was left to be discovered by another race in another century. Disaffection on shipboard had something to do with the failure, as it did with the tame ending of Quiros's voyages (for in the eight succeeding years he frittered away his life endeavoring to get another commission in the southern seas); but his discoveries were notable, nevertheless, and the journey of his second in command, with the two vessels from which Quiros became separated, resulted in the discovery of Torres Strait (named after this commander) and the exploration of the south and west coasts of New Guinea.

The documents presented in these two volumes dovetail, to some extent, into early Spanish history in the Philippines; for Torres steered from New Guinea and the Moluccas to Manila, as Quiros himself had in 1595 taken the mutinous and disease-ridden company on board the vessels of Mendaña (who died in Santa Cruz) to Manila through Guam. Quiros's account of this voyage, in particular, contains some few interesting data regarding the Philippines of the time. His own reports of the two voyages (published at Madrid in 1876) form the principal part of this work. They were probably written by Belmonte Bermudez, a young poet, his companion; and their descriptions of new fruits and animals, of the encounters with strange peoples, nearly always disastrous for the latter, and of the high-sounding formalities of taking possession of new lands, not to mention the human strifes and jealousies aboard, make reading for which one may well lay aside the modern "historical novel."

The volumes and the accompanying maps are put forth in the solid, but tasteful, manner one expects from the Hakluyt Society. The editing has been excellently done; the translation, it would seem, not quite so well.

Japanese Life in Town and Country. By George William Knox. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

For the American school of writers on Japan, it has been the congenial task to seek to understand and make known the workings of the Japanese mind. Others have dealt more with externals, these with psychology. True to the tendency of his fellow-countrymen, Dr. Knox has sought to know the inner, rather than the outer man of Nippon, and his charming pages are concerned with mind rather than matter. Keenly as the student will enjoy this rather scholastic work, rich in academic refinements of theme and style, the general reader will be disappointed in seeking a picture of life in its daily course and average routine. Both where dwellings mass and paddy-fields spread over the landscape, the author has dwelt long, but one would hardly guess this from his text, which smells too much of the lamp, and suggests pigeonhole accumulations emptied at the publisher's call. Perspective overpowers foreground. We have history rather than description. Nevertheless, text, illustrations, map and index make a delightful book, all the more welcome because the ablest scholar in Japanese Confucianism that America has yet produced, has here given us impressions of man and nature in the Archipelago.

Five chapters, in rapid, vivid picturing, tell of the point of view, the tradition, Asiatic civilization, the feudal wars and the awakening. A little more knowledge of economics and the forces of nature would have much enhanced the value of these clear, condensed and illuminating sketches. Yet they are such as only a scholar and a philosopher could write. In the four chapters on Buddhism, the religion of the common people; Confucianism, the religion of educated men; philosophy for the people; and the way of the "Samurai"—we have a master hand leading us into the world of Japanese thought. Few, indeed, of the many dwellers in Japan have examined the creeds, the evolution of thought, and the mental environment of the natives of Nippon with more penetrating discernment.

In two late chapers on the common folks, but hardly with the success of Hamerton, who brought France into our own homes, Dr. Knox portrays and philosophizes. In the three chapters devoted to the "Samurai" he describes the evolution, the status in old and the career in new Japan of these virtual creators and leaders of the militant nation. No pictures of Tosa, home of Itagaki and Kataoka, leaders of political progress and liberalism, out of whose mountains the ancient oracle declared freedom was to flow, can be found in literature like those given in choicest diction in this book. In this part of the work, including Arai Hakuseki's wonderful revelation in autobiography of eighteenth-century Japan, the author is at his very best. The charm of it all is that Dr. Knox writes from first-hand acquaintance with original documents. In telling us, for example, of language, literature and education, he is no echo, but a searcher. In balancing opposite opinions, while his judgments are clear, his sympathies are manifest and frankly confessed as being necessary to true interpretation.

Experimental Psychology and its Bearing upon Culture. By George Malcolm Stratton. The Macmillan Co. 8vo, pp. 331.

This book, scientifically of no great importance, is charmingly written, and is as thoroughly sound as it is popular. We are here introduced to the science of experimental psychology nearly as it appears to the researcher himself. We remark in the new science the failure of the extravagant hopes of forty years ago, without at all acknowledging that its present state bids us despair of greater things yet to come with profounder methods of reasoning, and without depreciating the few truths of real importance that have been ascertained. Perhaps Professor Stratton makes his subject appear less scientific than it really is by being a bit too fond of discussions. We will not say that he sets up absolute men of straw in order to afford his readers the instructive exercise of knocking them down; but it does seem to us that he has now and then withheld decisive silencers of sundry flimsy arguments for the sake of considering them from several points of view. For example, the question whether mental phenomena are susceptible of measurement, to which a whole chapter is devoted, could have been settled at once by the remark that the logico-mathematicians have demonstrated (as a moment's attention to Clifford's 'Analytical Metrics' would show) that number never can signify anything but relative order of succession.

Suppose there were no solid bodies in the world, but everything was liquid: that would not involve any alteration of the properties of pure space. Or suppose that the law of the displacement of bodies we called "rigid" were so different from what it is that while all parts of them that lay along straight lines should always remain in straight lines, yet the lengths, breadths, and thicknesses should be different according to their positions in space. To suppose that is not to suppose that pure space would be anywise different from the space of actual fact; the bodies in it would alone have different properties from those they actually have; and our present designations of lengths would have whatever truth to pure space they now have. But we should then, no doubt, make all our measurements with such "rigid" standards as we could then procure; and such measurement (so long as it was self-consistent) would be just as true to pure space as ours is. The truth is, that the relation of more and less is one thing, and a system of quantity quite another, and that quantity does not belong to space in itself, or to any continuum in itself, but belongs to one continuum (say our yard-stick) in its changing relations to another. Measurement has all the truth that it belongs to its nature to have if it represents the order of succession of parts, the "connectivity," as mathematicians say.

For example, when Ptolemy marked six grades of brightness among stars and numbered them successively, it was a mathematical necessity that those numbers and the fractional divisions of their intervals should be capable of being employed in useful computations (by least squares, for

instance), since they, at all events, expressed the *betweennesses* of the different amounts of light received from the stars, and Ptolemy's values necessarily must be some mathematical function of the amount of light. Those star-magnitudes had come to be traditional among astronomers, who had inserted intermediate "tenths of magnitudes" when photometry was first successfully applied to the light of the stars by Seidel. It then turned out that not only was there in fact such a law of connection between the values of the star-magnitudes and the quantities of light (as there necessarily must be), but, furthermore, that this law was no other than Fechner's psychophysical law. Ptolemy had made the differences between successive magnitudes such as appeared to him equal (though these differences were so large that he subdivided them, ultimately); and that mode of estimating the quantity of light-sensation was in sufficient accord with the principle that a given *ratio* of physical brightness between two stars gives the same *difference* of psychological brightness whether on a very clear night, when the stars shine bright, or on a night when they are not nearly as bright. The "photometric magnitudes" of the stars now universally employed by astronomers do not essentially differ from the magnitudes of Ptolemy, except for a small modification made for the sake of facility of computation.

Since we are always able, subject to more or less uncertainty, to arrange feelings in orders of succession, it follows that they are capable of being measured, with probable errors smaller or greater, such as belong to all measurements.

In like manner, the question of the nature of "subconscious" thought, which occupies two chapters, and concerning which much inconsequential talk is retailed, could at once have been put upon a scientific footing by first establishing certain incontrovertible logical principles resting on mathematics, which show exactly what ought to be our attitude in view of the given facts—an attitude substantially the very same that Professor Stratton adopts, but which his discursive treatment may lead readers to deem less scientific than it really is.

The author naturally makes those parts of his science the most interesting in which he has himself made important advances; as, for example, in regard to the enjoyment of sensations. The contrast between the graceful form of a Grecian vase and the horrid crooked path of the eye as it contemplates that form is curious indeed. But to a catalogue of the volume's interesting points there would scarce be an end.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Arthur Vaughan. The Electrical Transmission of Energy. D. Van Nostrand Co. $5 net.
Abbott, Mary Winchester. Browning and Meredith. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Angus, D. C. Japan. Cassell & Co. $1.
Arnold, Robert Brandon. Scientific Fact and Metaphysical Reality. Macmillan Co. $3.25.
Artist's Love Story, An. Edited by Oswald G. Knapp. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.
Bacon, Benjamin Wisner. The Story of St. Paul. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Baker, Emile Kip. Out of the Northland. Macmillan Co.
Benn, R. Davis. Style in Furniture. Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.
Brackett, Edward A. My House. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Brandt, Charles E. The Key to the Kingdom. Chicago: Winona Publishing Co. 50 cents net.
Briggs, Le Baron Russell. Routine and Ideals. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Brown, Arthur Judson. New Forces in Old China. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
Brown, Katherine Holland. Diane. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. Sonnets from the Portuguese. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Castaigne, André. Fata Morgana. Century Co. $1.50.
Chapman, Edward Mortimer. The Dynamic of Christianity. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Chater, Melville. Little Love Stories of Manhattan. Grafton Press. $1.25.
Coe, George Albert. Education in Religion and Morals. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.35 net.
Collodi, C. The Adventures of Pinocchio. Translated from the Italian by W. S. Cramp. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Connor, Ralph. Gwen. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cents net.
Cope, Henry F. The Bonanza Bible Class. Chicago: Winona Publishing Co. $1 net.
Corbett, F. St. John. A History of British Poetry. Imported by Scribners. $6 net.
Crocker, Francis B. Electric Engineering. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.
Cubberley, Elwood P. Syllabus of Lectures on the History of Education. Macmillan Co.
Cumming, David. Handbook of Lithography. Macmillan Co. $2.
Danby, Frank. Baccarat. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Davidson, Thomas. The Education of the Wage-Earners. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Day, Lewis F. Ornament and its Application. Imported by Scribners. $3.25 net.
Dexter, Orrando Perry. Dexter Genealogy. 1642-1904. American News Co. $10 net.
Dodds, R. Clarence. Elisha, the Man of God. Chicago: Winona Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
Dyer, Henry. Dai Nippon. Imported by Scribners. $3.50 net.
Erskine, Mrs. Stewart. London as an Art City. Imported by Scribners. $1 net.
Euripidis Fabulæ. Edited by Gilbert Murray. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Everett, William. The Italian Poets since Dante. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Eyre, Archibald. The Custodian. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Flint, Robert. Philosophy as Scientia Scientiarum, and a History of Classifications of the Sciences. Imported by Scribners. $4.50 net.
Fossey, Charles. Manuel d'Assyriologie. Tome I. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Ganz, Hugo. The Land of Riddles. Harpers. $2 net.
Garis, Howard R. Isle of Black Fire. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Gocher, W. H. Wadsworth, or, The Charter Oak. Published by the Author. $2.
Goldenberg, Samuel L. Lace; Its Origin and History. Brentano.
Gray, James M. How to Master the English Bible. Chicago: Winona Publishing Co. 40 cents net.
Greene, Sarah P. McL. Cape Cod Folks. Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co. $1.50 net.
Harper, William R. Religion and the Higher Life. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Holbein, Hans, Drawings of. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.
Holdsworth, Annie. A New Paolo and Francesca. John Lane. $1.50.
Holland, Clive. A Japanese Romance. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Hopkins, John W., and P. H. Underwood. A First Book of Algebra. Macmillan Co. 50 cents.
Hyne, C. J. Cutcliffe. Atoms of Empire. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Jacobs, W. W. Dialstone Lane. Scribners. $1.50.
James, Henry. The Golden Bowl. 2 vols. Scribners. $2.60.
Jastrow, jr., Morris. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. Part VII. Giessen: J. Ricker'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.
Jerome, Jerome K. American Wives, and Others. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Johnston, Howard A. Scientific Faith. Chicago: Winona Publishing Co. $1.50 net.
Keary, A. and E. The Heroes of Asgard. Macmillan Co.
Kellor, Frances. Out of Work. Putnams. $1.25 net.
Knapp, Adeline. Upland Pastures. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $3 net.
Knight, William. Retrospect. Imported by Scribners. $2.25 net.
Lee, Frank T. Bible Study Popularized. Chicago: Winona Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
Lee, Sidney. Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century. Scribners. $1.75 net.
Lewis, Arthur. The Life and Work of the Rev. E. J. Peck among the Eskimos. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.75.
London, Jack. The Sea Wolf. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Mabie, Hamilton W. Parables of Life. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Mabie, Hamilton W. William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man. Macmillan Co.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1904.

The Week.

Secretary Shaw's call for $25,000,000 of Government funds deposited in the banks was expected, and is necessary. It is the readiest way of covering the current deficit in the Treasury. One can imagine, however, the sinister comments that would have been made had Judge Parker been elected and such a call followed so promptly. "There," people would have said, "you already see what havoc a Democratic Administration is going to work with the business of the country." And there would have been dire talk of an increasing Treasury shortage, shrinkage in commerce, and prospective panic. Such pessimistic words would not have been justified then any more than they are now; but it is remarkable that what, under Democratic auspices, would have excited grave concern, now passes without causing a ripple. At the same time, the problem of making both ends meet in national housekeeping remains the same; and this Treasury call is the first reaping of the harvest of unskilful Republican financiering during the past few years.

Nothing has been more astonishing than the number and variety of "vindications" given to political leaders at the last election. With Odell and Littauer vindicated in New York, and Grosvenor's book-operations approved in Ohio, we have had approvals of "stand-patters," tariff reformers, and men who stood for still higher duties. Congressman McCall, in the Eighth Congressional District of Massachusetts, has received, however, a remarkable vote of unmistakable confidence. Mr. McCall has been licensed for some time to run amuck among Republican doctrines precisely as he saw fit. His campaign review of the Republican party in the *Atlantic Monthly* read, as one newspaper remarked, like a most earnest plea for the success of Judge Parker in its advocacy of Philippine independence and tariff reform. Yet 21,551 of his constituents voted for him, while only 18,626 cast their ballots for Roosevelt. Recognizing the inevitable, the Democrats did not take the trouble to put up a candidate. The Socialists did, however, but their man received just 2,623 votes. If it is a rare occurrence that a Congressman should run ahead of the President's vote, Mr. McCall's success is all the more striking since many Democrats plainly took pleasure in aiding a representative of great ability and usefulness, who despises the party lash and is entirely indifferent to the wishes of the party boss in Massachusetts.

The official statement of election expenses filed by Mr. W. L. Douglas in Massachusetts shows that the successful candidate for Governor spent about $35,000 on his canvass. As he is elected for a term of one year at a salary of $8,000, the figure is somewhat startling. But it is most creditable to Mr. Douglas that he regards the spirit as well as the letter of the law for publicity of campaign expenditures. Rich men nominated for office have a perfect right, if they choose, to contribute liberally to the committees in charge of their campaigns. Yet, from fear of misconstruction or other motive, they often prefer to help out the campaign fund indirectly. An obliging brother or confidential friend may become a liberal contributor. It is very rarely indeed that a sum so large as that spent by Mr. Douglas appears in the official statement of a candidate's expenses. The returns of Govs. Morton and Flower in this State, for instance, showed that only very modest sums were contributed by those rich men to aid their canvass.

The old guard of Dingleyism, the Boston Home Market Club, may die, but it will never surrender. In its defence of the beleaguered citadel of protection it occupies a strategic position where the enemy's forces are already massed and walls have begun to crack. Such men as Sereno E. Payne and Nelson W. Aldrich publicly express the view that while the election was a magnificent victory for a stand-pat policy, the tariff may nevertheless be revised, and this is trying for the men who assert, in so many words, that the specific schedules of the present law are sacred. Only a stern sense of duty compels an organization professedly devoted to the upbuilding of Massachusetts industry to rebuke the president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce for advocating tariff revision. Yet the secretary's report interpreting the election results brought out some criticism of the Club for non-progressiveness. "I think," said ex-Congressman Walker, "that, instead of saying that no change in the protective tariff should be agitated, and that all changes should be resisted, we ought to take exactly the opposite position—namely, that if any one can point out any change that can be made in the protective tariff that will be of advantage to this country, we will gladly welcome it." That, of course, is sense—and therefore repugnant to the Home Market Club. But even if it should see fit to alter the tone of its public expressions, the real feeling of the ultra-protectionist will still be that of the man "open to conviction," but who expressed great curiosity to meet the logician who could convince him.

Less than a week after Pennsylvania had rolled up its unexampled Republican majority, good citizens in Philadelphia were preparing for an organized movement against election frauds. This is to be modelled after the efficient Voters' League of Chicago, but is to be independent of the old Philadelphia Municipal League. The two demands to be pressed upon the State Legislature are for a law requiring personal registration for voting, and one permitting the grand jury to investigate abuses without waiting for the initiative of a district attorney or court. As things now go in Pennsylvania, a Republican victory at the polls is just about as certain as a Democratic victory in Texas. It is an axiom everywhere else that when the election is purely a formality, the total vote falls off. Yet the Pennsylvania returns indicate on their face as much interest as most States display over a hard-fought election. The Philadelphia *Ledger* publishes some figures which help to explain. The six wards of the old city of Philadelphia, owing to the movement to the suburbs, had long been known to be decreasing in population. The census of 1890 gave them 104,154, that of 1900 showed 95,734 population. The vote, too, fell from 20,622 in 1890 to 19,666 in 1900. Yet this year it jumped to 27,828, an increase of 41 per cent. The census of 1900 indicated that there were only 33 475 males over twenty-one years old, including aliens, yet the registration of 1904 was 4 402 more than this, or 37,877. In the Seventh Ward there were 1,310 more names registered than there were men of voting age four years ago, and in the Tenth Ward 1 846 more. These things might be explained by blaming the census enumerators or assuming a return of residents of the suburbs; but the Philadelphians themselves have a simpler if less flattering explanation.

The tendency of city and country to divide on party lines appeared in the late election mainly in the almost complete submergence of rural Democrats in the Northern States. In the present Congress there are seventeen Democrats who represent constituencies in Northern States outside of the great cities. In the next Congress there will be only five such. The Legislature of New York shows almost exactly the same drift on a smaller scale. In the State Senate this winter there will not be a single Democrat from outside this city. In the Assembly there will be six Democrats from up the State, four of them

from counties containing large cities—Erie, Albany, and Rensselaer. Last year there were three Democratic Senators and nine Assemblymen elected outside this city.

Ex-Gov. Frank S. Black seems to be the storm centre of New York State politics. Mr. Depew wants to be reëlected to the United States Senate and Senator Platt is seconding the wish. Governor-Chairman Odell, though professing high regard for Mr. Depew's transcendent abilities, is disturbed by misgivings over Mr. Depew's "lack of assertiveness." Presumably, Mr. Odell would prefer as Senator a man who exhibits this divine quality, with which, it may be added, he himself is so richly endowed. Should he hesitate about taking the place for which he is thus eminently fitted, he would very naturally turn to Mr. Black. The latter has been accused of lacking various things, including a delicate moral sense; but assertiveness is not in the catalogue of his deficiencies. For this and other cogent reasons Gov. Odell is supposed to favor the movement for Black. Some genius in the gentle art of reconciling irreconcilables suggests that President Roosevelt remove the cause of difference between Odell and Platt by taking Black into the Cabinet as Attorney-General. This would be a happy way out, but for the possibility that both Roosevelt and Black may object to the plan. Then, too, the withdrawal of Black from the contest would simply be dipping a drop from the ocean of pretexts for a quarrel that rolls between Platt and Odell. The root of the trouble is not Frank S. Black, but the fact that both Odell and Platt want to run the Republican machine in this State, and only one can do so. It is the old problem of two bodies occupying the same space at the same time.

Every day brings out a new touch of *bouffe* in the Panama Republic. A year ago we were recognizing it and lauding it, and promising to protect this new "sister among the nations." To-day, it appears mainly as a joke among the nations. The larger part of the army has "resigned," and the police are vigilantly guarding the remnant. The latter is very much in the position of the Irish patriots who would have risen and swept the English tyrants into the sea, but for the fact that the police wouldn't let them. It is now clear that the Panama revolutionists of 1903 could not, we will not say maintain themselves against Colombia in 1904, but could not be prevented from flying at each other's throats were not our military forces on the spot to make them behave. The truth is, that we have christened a lot of chronic conspirators and betrayers of conspiracy a "republic," and must now take the consequences. The ridiculous antics of the men whom we were but a few months ago acclaiming as heroes and patriots, are indeed a laughing matter; but the laugh is distinctly at our expense.

No one of England's unofficial ambassadors to this country has come with better credentials than John Morley; and the warmth of his reception at the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce last week was characteristic of the welcome he has received everywhere among us. He stands peculiarly as the inheritor and upholder of that great Liberal tradition—the tradition of Cobden, and Mill, and Bright—which has closest knit the aspirations of the United States with those of his own country. In his speech, Mr. Morley ingeniously threw himself on the mercy of his audience as a hardened free-trader, obstinately unconverted even by the common argument of bidding foreigners just look upon this great Babylon which protection has builded. Moreover, he had the audacity to say, right on the heels of an election which was supposed to prove that all we are and have and hope for depends upon a protective tariff, that we should have been just as great and strong without it. And this heresy was cheered to the echo by the representatives of American commerce! In the deep note which he struck when on the theme of Anglo-American relations, Mr. Morley passed instantly beyond the cheap talk, common to such occasions, about the two fleets side by side and a united front to the common foe, and spoke in a high strain of the union of the two nations in the diplomatic pursuit of the noble end of spreading freedom and peace and a humaner spirit wherever our influence may carry them.

The monstrous battleship of to-day had a hard time of it between the attacks of Mr. George W. Dickie, the manager of the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, and Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, at Thursday's meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers. The former spoke his mind very freely, describing the eight-million-dollar battleships as "complicated combinations of compromises so involved in structure and function as to be quite incomprehensible even to the experts themselves." To keep these leviathans of the deep in good condition is a task, Mr. Dickie thinks, "beyond the ability of the officers and men in charge of this modern puzzle." There was, of course, prompt objection to this view, but the essential facts upon which Mr. Dickie based his statements are unchallenged. The battleship is crammed full of the most elaborate mechanical devices, not merely for offensive purposes, but in order to make life on board a possibility. There are thousands of intricate devices, and the auxiliary machines run into the hundreds. And, as Mr. Stokes pointed out, contact with a mine in one portion of the vessel, if not directly fatal, is likely to produce a dangerous change of trim by flooding a single compartment. The length and shape of these ships make them dangerous to their friends, and their heaviest guns do not permit of their getting near enough for effective work if a harbor is protected, as is Port Arthur, by mine fields and strong fortifications. It will be a subject for thankfulness if, as these speakers predict, the modern battleship give way to cheaper and simpler vessels, or to floating batteries when it comes to coast defence.

At the end of last week the Japanese mined and blew up Sungshu Hill fort, in the centre of the main perimeter of Port Arthur's defence, and one of the Urlung forts near the eastern end of the semi-circle. Whether these positions were occupied or not, the dispatches do not state; in any case, the breach has been made, and the capture of these points commanding the other fortifications from behind is now only a question of the number of lives Gen. Nogi is willing to sacrifice. Suggestive in this connection is the report that a thousand fresh troops a day are landing at Dalny. Everything points to an assault in the next few days, for the pressure of the Baltic fleet, though still several weeks away, is already felt at the seat of war. While the news from the besieged city is scattered and indefinite, it appears that Stoessel has had a crippling blow in the loss of his powder reserve. His guns also are reduced by a quarter in number, if the report of a correspondent who saw more than a hundred captured, at Dalny, may be credited.

The sailing of Admiral Rozhestvensky's ships from Dakar, Cape Verde, and the news that the second division of seven cruisers and five destroyers which sailed from Libau on November 16 is to go through the Suez Canal, reveal the plans of the fleet pretty clearly. This second division, which is composed of faster vessels than the first, is evidently to meet the more ponderous first division in the Indian Ocean, perhaps near Ceylon, and the combined armada will then proceed towards Port Arthur. Despite the delay, owing to the North Sea incident, Rozhestvensky's ships have made fair progress. If, as has been reported, they will coal so far as possible only in French settlements, their next port should be the rocky harbor of Loango, in the French Congo country. Should their coal capacity permit so long a run, their next port should be Madagascar, at which island colliers are known to have been waiting for some time. If unable to keep the sea for this distance, their only refuge

will be an English harbor with a very frigid welcome. It is not surprising that a state council has already been held at Tokio, with the Mikado presiding, to determine the best way of opposing the Russians. Off Formosa would be the natural meeting-ground, if the Japanese fleet is foot-loose by that time; if not, it would have to await an attack in its home waters. Obviously the Japanese longing to hear of Port Arthur's fall will wax in intensity from day to day as the Baltic flotilla approaches.

Russia's refusal to join in the proposed Hague Conference is precisely what was expected. Neither the Czar nor the Mikado, in all probability, would be represented if the Congress were to be held at once. Hence the assembling of the delegates is likely to be deferred for some time to come—until the close of the war. This fact is another strong argument for ending the fruitless hostilities in Mantchuria as soon as possible. The situation there grows worse and worse, it even being admitted in the dispatches that were an attack of one side or the other to succeed, it would have no other result than to expel the defeated force from the miserable holes in which they seek protection from the cold and the enemy's cannonade. It bids fair, indeed, to parallel in some respects the winter in the Crimea, which was so fatal for the allied forces. Meanwhile, the desire of the other nations to take further steps in the direction of international comity is indefinitely balked. For consolation it is well to note that hardly a week passes without the signing of a new arbitration treaty. Even Switzerland is to have such agreements with all the leading nations and join in the latest and best international "fashion."

Prince Mirsky has conjured a greater spirit than he imagined. The delegates of the popular local assemblies have declined to restrict their debate to matters of minor policy; these representatives of the Russian people have begged protection against a tyrannical bureaucracy, and against imprisonment by extra-legal process, demanding freedom of speech and of the press, extension of suffrage for the zemstvos, confirmation of their original powers, and, finally, a national legislative body. In other words, they ask to-day what Alexander II. was about to give them freely when an assassin cut short his reign. The challenge to the bureaucracy personified in the fanatical Minister Plehve could not be more complete. No wonder, then, that Prince Mirsky lost courage, and that the presidents of the zemstvos, who had been officially invited to the City Hall, were smuggled off to private quarters, their deliberations characterized as private, and kept out of the newspapers. But as such an assemblage is well-nigh unprecedented in all the history of the Empire, its programme, once published, becomes a bill of rights, and its voice that of a States-General. And history will record this of the zemstvos presidents, whatever the immediate fortune of their plan.

The Prussian Government's latest plan for a Rhine-Hanover canal and for the canalization of the Lippe River has passed the first reading in the canal committee of the Prussian House of Representatives, and may thus be looked upon as certain of adoption, after a hard fight lasting several years. A compromise was arrived at as soon as the Government promised the Centre and certain members of the Conservative party that it would make a Government monopoly of the canal-towing business. This proposal had the warm support of the Agrarians and the National Liberals, as well as of the Conservatives, and is thus another step towards the national ownership of industries. The defeat of the Government's attempt to secure the Hibernia coal mine has in no way checked this strong tendency in Prussia. That so conservative and centralized a Government should actually lead the way in the direction so earnestly advocated by Socialists and Communists, is remarkable. Why should not the next move be ownership of all shipyards, on the ground that they are necessary to a proper system of national defence? There seems to be no good reason why this and other steps should not be taken if it is the Government's duty to purchase the improvement of its waterways by such means or to fight the Trusts by creating *cartels* of its own.

General André's resignation of the office of Minister of War was inevitable. It had been fully shown that he conducted against his own officers a threefold espionage, filing in the War Office reports from the Masonic Lodges, from tale-bearing subalterns, and from anonymous accusers, and treating all these rumors as cause for retarding the promotion of officers in any way connected with the Church. General André has defended this system: by these covert methods he found it necessary to oppose a clerical conspiracy. Yet of this assertion not the slightest proof has been produced. To realize the enormity of the system, one has only to remember that the blacklisted officers were, in most cases, proscribed simply for allowing their wives and children to attend the Roman Catholic Church. From these army revelations may be inferred whither M. Combes's anti-clericalism really tends. In the name of liberty, the devout are to be attacked as such. Already one hears from General André's lips the sinister phrase that his army is full of "enemies of the republic." A little common sense would shatter that bogey of conspiracy, but, in the present anti-clerical fervor, the lesson of General André's dismissal may be lost.

With the student riots at Innsbruck, the Italian-German dispute assumes a more serious aspect, and the experiment of establishing an Italian faculty in a wholly German town is thoroughly discredited. Three years ago the attempt was made to give law lectures in Italian at Innsbruck. It failed, because of the threatening attitude of the German students, and the Government weakly discontinued the courses. Various proposals were made to set up the Italian university in provinces largely peopled by Latins, as the Trentino or Istria. Indeed, Trent and Trieste are cities in either of which such an institution would have been welcomed. But the Austrian Government let itself be deterred by the dread of Irredentism, and last October, finding that more than a hundred Italian students at the Innsbruck law school must be provided for, it resumed the Italian lectures without warning of any kind. The natural result was that the Italian students were attacked at their first *Kommers* by their German associates, defended themselves with revolvers, and finally were roughly handled by the police under the Pan-German burgomaster, Herr Greil. The whole incident illustrates the vacillation and hesitation of Austria towards her ally. It would have been hard to make a worse mess than this race-rioting provoked by what was intended as a conciliatory measure. It seems time for the Austrian Government to transfer the school to an Italian-speaking community. Such a settlement would be made easier by the praiseworthy moderation of the Italian press.

The abortive mutinies at Verona and Genoa prove how serious the propaganda of the extreme Socialists has become. Just as our own unionists have striven to cripple the militia, the Italian "reds" find their most formidable enemy in the army. No one can deny that their sentiment is well founded. The army is their foe, not only because troops under arms have repressed Socialistic riots, but also by reason of the existence of an invisible army of reservists, who are subject to call to the colors. Nearly two years ago the Government thwarted the great railroad strike by mobilizing that class of the reserve, and, after the recent general strike in Northern Italy, Giolitti's reprimand took the form of a call to the reservists of the disorderly territory. Naturally, the Socialists would be glad to nullify so ready a means of repression. Their failure on Friday, in what was apparently to have been a general military strike, is reassuring to friends of Italy, though the attempt itself is ominous of difficulties to the present Government.

TARIFF REVISION.

Tariff reform is thundering all around the Republican horizon. Even the *Tribune*—which it is a pleasure to find again clothed and in its right mind—is in favor of "readjustment" of the Dingley tariff; "and the quicker it comes with the least political debate the better." It declares that the latest tariff act was "faulty from the beginning"; that "the iron and steel schedules have certainly been outgrown and need revision"; that there was a strange "miscalculation" about the leather duties, which were "intended to protect cattle-raisers," but have simply hampered our export trade and made leather goods "unnecessarily dear at home." We must be excused for rubbing our eyes as we read. Yet all this is only a strict fulfilment of the prophecy made by John Sharp Williams last winter, that if the Democrats did not take up and push the tariff-reform issue, the Republicans would.

Ex-Gov. Washburn of Minnesota asserts that "nine-tenths of the thinking Republicans in this country, particularly in the Western portion of it, demand a business-like and just revision of the present tariff schedules. . . . The party cannot stand sponsor for the creation of gigantic Trusts or the building up of great home monopolies." This is the kind of sentiment which President Roosevelt's "feelers" are encountering or evoking almost everywhere. Republican Senators and Representatives who visit the White House in these halcyon post-election days, congratulate the President on his smashing defeat of the Democratic party, only to find him bent on carrying out one of the leading Democratic principles—reduction of the tariff. When even Senator Aldrich admits that tariff revision is not impossible, we may infer with all certainty that Mr. Roosevelt regards it as not only possible, but highly desirable.

We are told, however, with fine scorn, that the thing is wildly chimerical. Indignant letters reach us: "Don't you *know* that the Republican party is as incapable of revising the tariff as a manacled prisoner is of escaping from a platoon of police." Our answer is, That depends. It all turns on the question of wise handling—more narrowly, on the question of wise naming. In politics, everything is in a name. We have a fine illustration from a contemporary political movement in England. The Conservative party, after having shuddered at Irish Home Rule and fought it as next door to treason, is preparing to accede to it in principle, and to grant a large measure of it in practice. But the gross mistake is not made of calling it Home Rule. No; the Conservative augurs look gravely at each other, and say, without a wink, that what they are aiming at in Ireland is a "devolution of imperial powers." Convey the wise it call. And, similarly, it is quite possible that the Republican party may knock out the keystone of the protective arch and call it "strengthening the principle of protection."

Senator Cullom does not appear to be quite awake to what is going on. Some recent remarks of his imply that he is not aware that the election is over. His words read like a warmed-up hash of one of his campaign speeches. He starts and shies like a skittish old horse at the thought of a Republican Congress revising the tariff. It might "endanger the established prosperity of the country." It might cause "widespread nervousness." In short, the Illinois Senator recoils in theatric horror at the thought of any "sweeping cut in the tariff," just as if he were still witching audiences from the stump. But the process will not be at all what he imagines it. Properly presented, the matter would be only one proof more of the high governmental capacity of the Republican party. The Democrats had fumbled and blundered at the tariff knot, and now the Republicans would show them how to unloose it familiar as their garter. Party pride would thus be enlisted; and thereafter a careful selection of names to make tariff reduction smell sweet would help all to go smoothly. Slicing off the steel duties could be called making protection "more symmetrical." Abolishing the duties on coal and iron ore and hides could be declared "intensified protection," or "enlarging the sphere of the giant manufactures which are the sole creation of the tariff." Lowering the rates on textiles could be described as "the great compensating law of protection," while making books and works of art free might be pictured as a sagacious "broadening" of the definitely established principle of the high tariff. And as for the people being made nervous, or business thrown into qualms, by any project of Republican tariff revision, that could all be met by quietly assuming that nothing Republicans may do can possibly disturb anybody—unless it be Democrats who see their issue coolly appropriated.

A conservative party is, historically, the one to do radical things. The radical party talks about them, frightens the country by its violence of language, entrenches its opponents in power; and then the latter proceed to dish the Whigs by stealing their clothes. This is one way in which political progress is made. The Opposition cannot win office, but forces its ideas upon those who can. The Government is in office, very often, while it is the Opposition that is truly in power. This may be thought hard, politically, upon the radical party. It would doubtless prefer "the fruitful task of administration to the spent candor of criticism." But it may find consolation in the reflection that, after all, it is ideas alone which count and live in politics; and that to have got a political idea made militant and put in practice is the great thing, no matter what the party or the personal instrument in the work may happen to be.

It will be awkward for Mr. Chamberlain if the Republican party, under the President's lead, actually puts through a measure of tariff reform in this country. In England, "tariff reform" means just the opposite of what it does with us. There the reform contemplated is a higher tariff; and in urging the establishment of protective duties, Mr. Chamberlain has continually harped on the example of the United States. It is not merely that he accepts all the tales about protection having made our soil rich and our laborers skilful; he has continually pointed to our high tariff as a menace to England. To strike back at us has been one of his professed aims. So, too, Premier Balfour has defended his own policy of retaliation as one that the protective system in America has forced upon him—so far has he wandered from the maxim of Sir Robert Peel, that the way to meet our protective tariffs is by making your own trade still more free. But if English statesmen now perceive that the business sense of the United States is insisting upon reforming our tariff down (since we cannot take Hamlet's advice and reform it altogether), they will be less disposed to set about reforming their tariff up. That would be a good thing for them and for us.

THE VOICE OF DISCONTENT.

The Socialist vote in the national election was large enough to excite general comment. The exact figures cannot yet be given, but the estimates put the total at 600,000 in round numbers. This is about six times the vote of four years ago. The rapid growth of the party is shown by a table prepared by Jack London, himself a Socialist, who speaks, so far as any one can, with authority:

1888	2,068
1892	21,512
1894	30,120
1895	34,869
1896	36,275
1897	55,550
1898	82,204
1900	98,424
1902	225,903
1904 (estimated)	600,000

This last figure, impressive in itself, is doubly significant when it is compared with what precedes.

Where did these votes come from? For a detailed analysis this is neither the time nor place. The results in a few States, however, are worth considering more fully. California gave the Socialists 7,572 in 1900, and 35,000 in 1904; Iowa, 2,778 in 1900, 6,421 in 1903, and 11,236 in 1904; Illinois, 10,350 in 1900, and 150,000 in 1904; New York, 25,491 and 48,000; Rhode Island, 1,423

and 1,909; Massachusetts, 10,510 in 1900, 29,812 in 1903, and 15,494 in 1904. In explanation of these figures it should be said that the totals for 1900 and 1903 generally lump the vote divided between the two small socialistic parties, and those for this year are estimates. The statements are accurate enough to afford a basis for some general observations.

The first is that in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, where the Socialist vote has been jealously watched for several years by the other parties, and where the Socialists have been openly spoken of as the gravest menace to the old alignment, the movement shows singular weakness: only a slight gain in Rhode Island and a heavy loss in Massachusetts. Many people had expected that these large manufacturing communities would remain the strongholds of Socialism; but, through their candidates for Governor, the Democrats made a successful assault upon the so-called labor vote, from which the New England Socialists draw their main support. Gov. Garvin has always had the labor vote of Rhode Island, and he had it this year, for, though he was defeated by a plurality of a few hundred, he ran thousands ahead of his ticket. Mr. Douglas also attracted the labor vote. Ever since the election the Massachusetts papers have been trying to explain why; and, moreover, why these same wage-earners also voted for Roosevelt. The mixed motives that sway large masses can never be satisfactorily analyzed. Yet this much is true: Mr. Douglas is a large employer, popular with his men; Gov. Bates had offended the wage-earners by one or two vetoes; and President Roosevelt exercises the same potent influence in New England as in the rest of the country. When Douglas and Garvin broke up the straight Socialistic ticket, the remaining fragments were swept into the Republican whirlpool.

Notwithstanding losses in New England, the Socialists are justified in venting their exultation; for the first time they have succeeded in making a perceptible impression upon the American electorate. Their spokesmen now recall a remark attributed to the late Senator Hanna, "The next great issue this country will have to meet will be Socialism"; and they assert that this issue is now confronting us. They recite the history of the development of the Republican party from the Free Soil party, and prophesy like successes for their cause. Prediction is a hazardous business. The Socialists may be right; but, again, they may be snuffed out like the Populists, who a decade ago seemed even more formidable, but who succeeded only in teaching the country that it is easier to be weary of the Government we have than to mend ourselves by a change. We venture to doubt whether the Socialists ever secure a majority for their present rather nebulous programme.

Nebulous, we say; for though many Socialists are out for definite things, such as Government ownership of all public utilities—say, railways, lighting plants, and waterworks—the party is as yet a confused babel of voices, in which the most strident note is the cry of the discontented. There is the mild Socialist, who would begin with the railways and telegraphs, and thus slowly and peacefully pass from victory to victory, till he ushers in a millennium in which the capitalistic lion and the oppressed lamb lie down together. There is the extremist, who scorns compromising and temporizing; with the watchword, "Death to capital!" he would offer no quarter, but would go to the limit, and go at once. His banner, he shouts to us, "is blood red [symbolizing the blood of man], and it preaches the passionate gospel of the brotherhood of man." The plan "is to confiscate, with or without remuneration, all the possessions of the capitalist class which are used in the production and distribution of the necessaries and luxuries of life"—that is, practically everything. As to ways and means he is somewhat hazy.

He does not grapple with the question much more definitely than that valiant Republican, William Allen White of Kansas. Mr. White, on the morning after election, assured us that "the problems facing Theodore Roosevelt are the problems concerning the distribution of wealth." Mr. White is convinced that the poor man does not get his share of the good things, while "the promoter, the capitalist, and the captain of industry reap rich rewards." Mr. White presses upon "Theodore Roosevelt, the man for the hour," the following brief sketch of a reform movement:

> "Laws to regulate and control Trusts; laws to regulate and control railroad rates and service; laws to regulate and control public utilities—street railroads, telephones, public heating plants, telegraph companies, water companies, lighting companies, and all corporations which serve the people with necessaries and comforts of life."

Mr. White also assures us that "laws to regulate and control the man who unbridles his greed behind corporate organization to oppress the people or to swindle them, must be made in the next generation if the country is to maintain its integrity as a liberty-cherishing people." With all this accomplished, many moderate Socialists would rest fairly satisfied. If the Western Republicans can carry with them in such a crusade the capitalists of the Eastern wing of the party, they will cut the ground from under the feet of the Socialists. Furthermore, a Democratic alliance which may also modify the demands of the extremists is within the range of possibility. But a forecast is futile; for these things lie in the lap of the gods.

BURDENS OF A BOSS.

As the young American passes through the several stages of boyhood, his ambitions expand. The lad of five thinks that to be a policeman is the height of earthly glory; at eight he prefers the career of a bareback circus-rider; at ten, that of a soldier; and at fifteen, that of the President of the United States. But when he becomes a voter and begins to comprehend the richness and fulness of the perfect life, he aspires to be a political boss. Far be it from us to discourage these lofty aims: our purpose is merely to point out that, in present conditions, the boss does not find it all beer and skittles. Hercules had many things to keep him busy. Atlas is the commonly accepted type of a man with his hands full. St. Paul, after referring to his journeyings and perils, his weariness, pain, and watching, complained to the Corinthians that he had also "the care of all the churches." But, as those who read the remarks of Gov. Odell reported in Thursday's morning papers must admit, your modern political boss may without boasting assert that he has laid upon him at once the labors of Hercules, the burden of Atlas, and the cares of St. Paul.

To enumerate the duties of a boss in the brief space of a single issue of this journal would be impossible; we mention merely a few of the more conspicuous. First, he must teach all his subordinates, from the President of the United States down to the humblest ward-worker, to know their places. The workers are comparatively easy to handle. Like the dog, they lick the hand that feeds them, whether it strikes or not. A few crumbs at reasonable intervals, accompanied by appropriate kicks and cuffs, will keep the rank and file of minor henchmen quiet as kittens and bursting with gratitude. Ordinary legislators and Congressmen are also fairly manageable. Like the horse, they demand more kindness than the dog, and they occasionally kick over the traces. But if they are kept well fed and held with a firm hand, they make little or no trouble. For years Senator Platt drove the New York Congressmen, the State Senators, and the Assemblymen exactly as he pleased; single or double harness, tandem, hitched to racing sulkies, broughams, drays, ploughs, or garbage carts—they never balked. The secret of his success was plenty of oats. Gov. Odell, we regret to note, though firmer than Platt, frequently mixes sawdust with the bran.

Governors and Presidents offer a difficult problem. They often get puffed up with notions of their own importance; are, in short, swayed by delusions of greatness. They talk so much about their duties to the people that they begin actually to imagine they are no longer responsible to the boss. They like to

pose as independent executives; they develop a canine appetite for popularity that makes them hesitate to perform the simple and obvious duty of licking a boss's boots in public. Platt found Roosevelt as Governor too often intractable, and to render him harmless forced him into the Vice-Presidency. Odell was worse yet, for he choked the old boss black in the face and seized the place and perquisites for himself. He is now experiencing the vicissitudes of fortune, for he has had to listen with a forced smile while Higgins declares himself "no man's man," and he is making little or no headway with the President. A few days ago he tried to take down the President's pride by telling reporters that the result in this State was not wholly due to Roosevelt's popularity, but the effort was such a ghastly failure that Odell is now visibly perturbed.

Besides treading his subordinates under foot, the boss must fill a thousand offices, and win the undying hatred of the ten thousand hungry seekers who are crowded out. Throwing such chicken-feed as clerkships to the small fry becomes a daily pastime, but the election of a United States Senator demands time and skill. Generally, you cannot settle the matter between courses at luncheon. Gov. Odell fully realizes the magnitude of the task, and he approaches it with proper humility. He does not commit himself to Black, and he will not speak harshly of poor old Depew, for whom he evidently feels sincere pity. He has, however, said frankly to Senator Platt, "The matter must be left in my hands to be worked out." "Work" is the very word. Some men have time for meals; a few multi-millionaires and manual laborers can afford an eight hour day; but the toils of a boss are never ended. When Sunday comes round, and J. P. Morgan and Edward W. Bok can rest with a light heart and an easy conscience, the jaded boss must turn out of bed bright and early for Sunday-school at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Well may he envy the galley-slave his ease and freedom.

Worse than all, the boss must rule single-handed; he can "bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne." Brother Odell near the throne was the undoing of Thomas C. Platt; and that experience has not been forgotten, for even the blessed "Tapewormers," Littauer and Ward, are not allowed within ten feet of the dais. The Kaiser knows that all his steps are divinely guided. The President has Cabinet advisers, and he is checked by the legislative and the judicial departments. A Governor's power is also bounded by law and precedent. But the boss is an absolute sovereign. He is responsible to no one but himself in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. His rights transcend those of legislature, court, and executive, which are the mere instruments of his pleasure.

This is a hard ordeal for a man of delicate conscience. He is bound by an unwritten but inflexible code to secure all the plunder he can for the machine and for himself. And yet if he takes everything in sight, the voters, who are singularly stupid about mastering the rules of the game, are likely to turn his heelers out of office. The dilemma is painful. If he complies with the exacting demands of boss honor and lives up to his rights, he suffers at the polls; if he makes a show of dividing even with the people, he might as well not be boss. Pleasant enough it is to be able to say with Governor-Chairman Odell: "In my opinion a majority of the Legislature of New York will do what I may advise in party matters"; but what shall the advice be? Is it safe to carry away everything that is not nailed down? How soon will an affront to public sentiment be forgotten? How bad a man is it possible to nominate and still win? How far must one go in pandering to the decent element? These are the perplexing questions that a boss must answer, and answer alone, conscious that, if he guesses wrong, the jackals are waiting to glut themselves on his wretched carcass.

MUNICIPAL EXTRAVAGANCE IN ENGLAND.

While Englishmen are pondering the formidable increase of national expenditure, they receive, from time to time, uncomfortable reminders that the cost of local government is advancing at a portentous rate. The latest shock is administered by Mr. R. J. Thompson, who has made for the Royal Statistical Society a very comprehensive study of local finance in England and Wales. The results of his investigation may well give food for serious reflection; they demonstrate, indeed, that there are certain "parochial" questions which demand the attention even of men who are "imperially minded" and scorn the affairs of little England. They also suggest to the American reader the unpleasant query whether a similar study of conditions in this country would not disclose a state of affairs too much akin to that in Great Britain.

The chaotic condition of English local government a generation ago made it impossible to collect complete data concerning financial affairs, and to-day comprehensive returns are available only for the seventeen years extending from 1885 to 1902. During this period the aggregate local expenditures defrayed out of other revenues than loans increased from £44,054,000 to £87,377,000, or about 98 per cent.; while the outstanding debt of the local governments advanced from £173,208,000 to £343,417,000, the percentage of increase again standing at 98. Meanwhile the population of England and Wales has advanced not more than 20 per cent., so that both the ordinary expenditures of the local governments and their outstanding debts have increased about five times as fast as population. If Commissioner Wright and some other American statisticians could only have been set to work upon the problem, they would have proved, doubtless, that, although expenditures had outrun population, the wealth of England and Wales had advanced even more rapidly; and would have shown that the figures indicated nothing more than that John Bull had been living up to his larger income. Unfortunately, however, "prosperity statistics" are an undeveloped art in England, so that our unsophisticated cousins know perfectly well that their wealth has not kept pace with the growth of local outlay. Therefore, deprived of that consolation, they are unable to contemplate the situation with unmixed satisfaction.

At this point our friends, the champions of municipal ownership, will ask, Is it not true that the increased outlay has been due to the growth of municipal trading; and is it not counterbalanced, therefore, by the revenue derived from waterworks, gas plants, and tramways? Undoubtedly, some allowance must be made for this factor; but when this is done the result is not materially affected. Exclusive of "reproductive undertakings," so dear to the heart of the Fabians, local expenditures have risen from £38,924,000 in 1885 to £74,045,000 in 1902, or something more than 90 per cent.; so that, with municipal trading left out of the account, the outlay has increased four and one-half times as fast as population. And in the case of local indebtedness the situation is the same; debts contracted for other purposes have increased quite as rapidly as those incurred for municipal trading. Therefore, examine the figures as you will, a startling growth of expenditures is too clear to be mistaken.

When we inquire how the bills have been paid, the results are of equal interest. Of the total outlay for the seventeen years, no less than £170,209,000, representing the increase of local indebtedness, has been left for future generations to settle; and of this, less than one-half is represented by investments in municipal industries. Then, of the £43,323,000 of additional annual outlay, not defrayed by loans, only £13,648,000 is covered by increased receipts from "reproductive enterprises" and miscellaneous incomes; leaving £29,675,000 to be met by heavier taxation. In 1902 the imperial exchequer was charged with £8,900,000 of this additional weight of taxes, and local rates had to bear the remaining £20,680,000. From 1885 to 1902, grants from the Imperial treasury increased 240 per cent.,

while local rates advanced 80 per cent.; so that neither the national nor the local taxpayer has escaped the growing pressure caused by heavier expenditures.

The situation is made worse by the further fact that the increase of local debt and expenditure was more rapid in the later years under examination than in the earlier. From 1885 to 1890 ordinary expenditures advanced 9 per cent., and local indebtedness by 15 per cent.; from 1890 to 1895 expenditures increased 24 per cent. and indebtedness 18 per cent.; while from 1895 to 1900 the figures were, respectively, 27 and 25 per cent. And from 1900 to 1902 the returns indicate no tendency toward a slackening of the pace, so that the increase is not only continuous, but progressive. It is, moreover, confined to no one or two classes of local outlay, but is common to all. Some satisfaction may be found in the facts that expenditures for poor relief showed the smallest rate of increase between 1885 and 1902, and that the greatest advance was in the outlay for education; yet the first item can boast of an increase of 50 per cent., so that there is no reason for excessive enthusiasm even here.

The rise of local expenditures has been rapid, progressive, all-pervasive, and it is time for the subject to receive careful attention both within and without Parliament. It may be highly important to tax the laborer's bread, or to place a protective duty upon screws and other products of Birmingham industries, while the eternal salvation of South Africa may depend upon the introduction of coolie labor. But it is desirable also to pay some heed to those little-Englanders who have to bear the pressure of local rates; and some consideration should be given to coming generations that are to inherit the consequences of present-day extravagance. Some increase of local expenditures was, doubtless, inevitable, and for much of the money that has been spent both the present and the coming generation will have something to show. But the outlay cannot continue to grow five times as fast as population without producing the most serious results; and, through action of Parliament or in some other way, the local authorities must be taught to aim at the golden mean between parsimony and extravagance.

THE ITALIAN DIALECTS.

ALASSIO, October 15, 1904.

The Italian language, for all its accredited position as the language of the nation, has never been able to supersede the dialects. The traveller in Italy must be a long time in the country before he appreciates how firmly established these dialects are in the common usage. Everybody with whom he has to do speaks to him the best Italian at his command; he does not at once perceive that when his interlocutor—be he coachman, waiter, innkeeper, shopman, lawyer, or even professor or man of the world—turns to those of his own kith and kin, he talks in quite a different language, probably incomprehensible to the foreigner. There are indeed cities, like Bologna, where the language of the street is not admitted into the *salotto;* but, outside of these and that favored region in the centre of Italy where the common speech excites the admiration and the envy of men born in less fortunate regions, those who among their intimates speak Italian are exceptions—I cannot say to what extent they are rare. What is more, many cities have one or two newspapers—generally satirical and often very clever—wherein the local sentiments find expression in the popular tongue. The dialect theatres are sometimes of a high order; who that ever saw him can forget the inimitable Ferravilla of Milan, or who that has heard "Le Disgrassie de Monsü Travett" will deny that some of the best comedies of the modern répertoire are written in Piedmontese? And the Venetian plays of Goldoni, if not those of more recent writers, are famous throughout the world. But there is also noble dialect poetry, though I doubt if its fame outside of Italy is equal to its deserts. How many Americans know even by name the Milanese Carlo Porta, or the Roman sonneteer G. G. Belli, notwithstanding that he has been celebrated in these very columns, or the Tuscan sonnets of the author of the "Veglie di Neri"? It is only the student of the *Risorgimento* who has heard of the patriotic songs of the Turinese Brofferio, and of the part they played in the awakening of the modern Italy; and even among those who love the by-ways of XVIIIth-century letters there can be but few who have felt the charm of the anacreontic and pastoral poetry of the Palermitan Giovanni Meli, "so ingenuous and suave that there is perhaps nothing to equal it in the literature of the nation."

These writers mostly belong to times when they were Venetian, Roman, Lombard, or Sicilian first, and Italian only in a lesser degree. To-day, when the national feeling overtops that of the region, dialect literature is but a wider expression of the family feeling, and as such it is as flourishing as ever, or rather seems everywhere on the increase, and reveals that enduring attachment to the scenes, the habits, the tongue in which he was brought up, which is so beautiful a trait in the character of the Italian. It was but this morning that I was reading a comedy of Fogazzaro, written in the variety of the Venetian dialect that is spoken at Vicenza. And along with the play of Fogazzaro, there lies before me an example of a kindred variety in the 'Canzoniere Veronese' of Berto Barbarani, whose gentle muse charms by simplicity, tenderness, and melody. Both poems and comedy are samples of the dialects of the Venetian country *(il Veneto)* without being Venetian *(Veneziano)*. The dialects are more flexible and multiform than the national speech, which is itself, in the matter of fixity of form, at the opposite pole from the French. The dialect has been less dominated by its literature, has been beneath the attention of academies, and so, left to the processes of nature, has remained as fluid as the air that enters into every cranny and envelops and adapts itself to the myriad accidents of the earth's surface. Thus it is that, in the little community where I live, an Alassian can, blindfolded, tell from the speech alone whether persons brought to him belong to the east or the west end, or to the centre, of the town—to La Costa, that is, to Borgo Barusso, or to the Piazza.

It needs, however, one who is native and to the manner born to recognize the variations obtaining between places even more widely separated. No stranger, not even an Italian, I believe, could distinguish by the speech a Mantuan from a Veronese, though the difference would be immediately apparent to an inhabitant of either city. The same thing may be true of the towns of the Emilia, though the variations are so considerable that a play written in the Modenese dialect has to be translated in order to adapt it to the stage of Bologna. The popular speech undergoes modifications from town to town, until at Piacenza it is a mere cadence that, to the ordinary ear, links it with that of Bologna, though the dialects of the two cities are still of the same group. Thus, step by step, all over Italy, each city, each village, each hamlet possesses, with its peculiar physiognomy, certain ways, observances, traditions that are all its own, and, moreover, its own language. And how deeply rooted the local characteristics are, we understand when we see how much more difficult it is to permanently transplant the Italian than the native of other countries. Hard necessity may drive him from his home, but the moment he feels that he has collected enough to live, however simply, in the place of his birth, his return thither is determined.

To the foreigner there is a great difference between these dialects as regards the ease of reading them. Not only are some much further removed from ordinary Italian than others, but also the orthography adopted by a given writer may be either a help or a hindrance in the way of understanding. The Roman dialect, for instance —which bears somewhat the same relation to Italian that *eau rougie* does to pure water—presents perhaps as few difficulties as any to the Anglo-Saxon reader, and yet the spelling of Belli gives it at the outset a false air of ruggedness, wanting in the writings of some more modern poets. The Venetian of Goldoni presents a barrier soon surmounted, as is also that of Fogazzaro in "El Garofalo," while the Veronese of Barbarani renders a vocabulary occasionally useful even to an Italian. Indeed, of several of the dialects a dictionary exists: that of the Milanese, for one, fills a volume respectable both in size and in appearance. Without it one would scarcely make much headway with the poetry of Porta, and a similar volume would be equally useful if you would properly understand the comedies of the Piedmontese Bersezio—and you would need another for the pleasantries of "Ehi! ch'al Scusa" of Bologna. As for the Genoese, which might well puzzle the Evil One himself as Basque is said to do, its asperities hide no treasure of literature that the world is the poorer for wanting. It is a boast among Ligurians that they possess a language which, as it is spoken among themselves, is incomprehensible to other Italians; and, so far as I know, no vocabulary of it exists. It is, indeed, a sort of pariah among the dialects, so that there need be little shame in confessing that, after nearly a quarter of a

century of practice, I should shrink from being left alone for long with one who can speak nothing else. It is true that nowadays these are in the minority, and are confined to the generation that is passing away.

So, on the other hand, it is fortunate that the ever-delightful sarcasm of Belli is embodied in language that presents no serious obstacles to the foreign reader. And, as I have said, even such as exist are diminished, thanks to a simpler system of spelling, in the case of two poets of to-day whose acquaintance many Americans may be happy to make. In fact, I think I may introduce here a little fable, untranslatable in all that makes it charming, that is so nearly Italian that I scarce need to notify any one that *er=il, vojo=voglio, fa'=fare, mette'=mettere, annammene=andarmene, agnede=andò, pijà'=pigliare, so'=sono.* I beg pardon of any to whom the explanation appears too utterly superfluous.

ER PORCO.

Un vecchio Porco disse a certe Vacche:
—La vojo fa' finita
Di fa' 'sta porca vita.
Me vojo mette' er fracche,
Le scarpe co' lo scrocchio,
Un fiore, un vetro all' occhio,
E annammene in città,
Indove c'è la gente più pulita
Che bazzica la bona società.——

Fu un detto e un fatto, e quella sera istessa
Agnede a pijà' er tè da 'na contessa,
S'intrufolò framezzo a le signore,
Disse quarche parola de francese,
Sonò, cantò, ballò, fece l'amore.
Ma doppo du' o tre giorni
Er vecchio Porco ritornò ar paese.
—Che?—fecero le Vacche—già ritorni?
Dunque la società poco te piace. . . .
—No—disse er Porco—so' minchionerie!
Io ce starebbe bene, me dispiace
Che ce se fanno troppe porcherie. . . .

A few of the "Favole Romanesche" are old acquaintances made once in Æsop or La Fontaine, but modernized in dress and still more in spirit. If ever they teach the old lessons, it is in a whimsical, topsy-turvy way; in general, they laugh them to scorn. Of the modern fables it cannot be pretended that all are equal to the sample given above, but all are gay, and ease and the grace of naturalness are not wanting, while on occasion the acuteness and the neatness of the sarcasm are stimulating as good champagne.

The 'Favole' as well as two other slender volumes are by Trilussa, whose *nom de guerre* is but a simple anagram of his real name, Salustri. All three of them, indeed, may be called pamphlets rather than volumes, and all of them have met with an unusual degree of favor from the public, though I cannot but think them of unequal value. Perhaps it is that the contents rather are unequal among themselves in the 'Favole' and also in the volume 'Caffè Concerto,' which consists of about seventy-five sonnets, some of them, indeed, charming, while a few are simply trivial, and there are many that seem more or less good according to the mood in which one reads them. All, however, have the undoubted merit of being full of life. Like those of Belli, they are the artless talk of the uneducated poor, or of the small *borghesi*, given with such truth that one seems to see as well as hear the speaker. Of the third volume there can scarcely be two opinions. 'Er Serrajo' is the story of the strike of the beasts in a menagerie, and is brimful of drollery and sharp, though light-hearted, sarcasm from beginning to end. Indeed, it is the peculiarity of the sarcasm of Trilussa that, keen as are its shafts and certain in their aim, they seem directed in the purest spirit of playfulness. There is no bitterness in the laugh of the satirist, though occasionally his gayety, like that of Beaumarchais, deals a heavy blow. Occasionally, too, he indulges in a touch of pathos, though this is very rare. The 'Favole' were, one by one as they were written, the entertainment of certain Roman *salotti*, and were introduced to the general cultured public in journals, and perhaps chiefly in a triumphal series of readings in various cities.

The readings, by the way, have lately been frequent, and other poets have by their means become known even to the many who never buy a book. It was easy to understand, in the case of Trilussa, with whom the form is so light and the laugh comes so readily, that even the unlettered should be taken by his charm. The recognition accorded to another Roman poet, Cesare Pascarella, does honor to the quickness and delicacy of perception of his audiences. Some of his sonnets, it is true, concerned perhaps with the reflections of a bootblack or a newsboy, are to be distinguished from those of Trilussa only, if at all, by a certain superior closeness of fibre. His humor is apt to be grim, and his muse is altogether a more serious personage than that of his brother poet. It is not so easy to give an example of his manner as of that of Trilussa. I can find no single sonnet so completely representative of him as the fable I have cited is of the other. I, however, take at random one entitled "Li Principii," being the view of a man of the people as to freedom of opinion; it seems to me to demand no explanation.

Diceva bene Checco a l'osteria:
"Ogni omo deve avécce er suo pensiero."
Pensi bianco? Si un antro pensa nero
Rispetteje er pensiero e cusì sia.

Vor dì', si te ce trovi in compagnia,
Je pôi dì':— Tu te sbaji . . . Nun è vero . . .—
Ma sempre semo lì, vacce leggero,
Perchè ar monno ce vo' filosofia.

E scrivetelo drento a la ragione,
Che fra l'omo e er principio cambia aspetto.
Io defatti, si in quarche discussione

Trovo che dì' co' quarche giovenotto,
Quello che sia principio lo rispetto,
Ma quello che sia omo lo scazzotto.

But Pascarella, if all his sonnets were of this order, would be little more than a continuation of Belli. This is, to be sure, high praise for him, as it would be for any poet of to-day, only he deserves much more. In the little series of five sonnets entitled "Er Fattaccio," the satire is of a seriousness which shows him capable of taking a line that is all his own, while in "Er Morto de Campagna" and "La Serenata," as Mantovani has well said, "you are conscious of something tragic and grandiose, a breath of the higher poetry, that causes the style to shudder and flash, even while it is still marked by the most perfect naturalness." But Pascarella has attained to a still greater height in "Villa Gloria," the story of the ill-fated expedition against Rome in which the youthful brothers Cairoli were engaged. I cannot resist the temptation to give authority to my judgment by borrowing a few sentences from the eloquent tribute of Carducci:

"Everything here is true; it is not the poet who speaks; it is a *trasteverino* who saw and took part; therefore, the *epos* comes into being in dialect form naturally, and not by convention. The *trasteverino*, I repeat, is one of the seventy; . . . and, at the distance of eighteen years, the ardor of his generous youth, pondered over and animating him anew, illumines his account with the splendors of a chastened fancy; and in that account, . . . by the impulse of the firm and muscular language, the epic line is lifted and spreads itself monumental through the five and twenty sonnets. Never did poetry in an Italian dialect rise to this height. The art and the power of Porta and of Belli are very great, but in a poetry that denies, mocks, destroys; classic if you will the art of Meli, but outside of life in an upper Arcadia. To give shape to the heroic ideal of the Italians who die for their country, with the emotion of a great heart of the people, with the sincerity of a man of action, in dialect poetry—no one had thought of that; no one had dreamed that it could be done."

The little volume that contains all the published sonnets of Pascarella closes with a series of fifty, in which a humble narrator gives the story of the discovery of America. Here the poet descends from the epic height to the level of common life, but to my mind he has written nothing more delightful in its way. The first sonnet of the series contains perhaps the nearest approach he has made to the lightness and pure sportiveness of Trilussa. Here it is, that you may judge for yourself:

Ma che dichi? Ma leva mano, leva!
Ma prima assai che lui l'avesse trovo,
Ma sai da quanto tempo lo sapeva,
Che ar monno c'era pure er monno novo!

E siccome la gente ce rideva
Lui sai che fece un giorno? Prese un ovo,
E lì in presenza a chi nun ci credeva,
Je fece, dice:—Adesso ve lo provo.

E lì, davanti a tutti, zitto zitto,
Prese quell'ovo e, senza complimenti,
Pàffete!, je lo fece aregge' dritto.

Eh! ner vede' quell' ovo dritto in piede,
Pure lì più contrarî più scontenti,
Eh, sammarco! ce cominciorno a crede.

And the comic vein runs through the whole narrative, though the fun is not always so broad as in this first sonnet. The naturalness is unerringly such that one is continually recognizing the speaker as an old acquaintance, and is perhaps surprised that one should have found him so much less entertaining in real life.

And just because in general the language of literature is Italian, and even those who habitually talk in dialect seek to express themselves in the purest Tuscan at their command the moment that they put pen to paper, in print the dialect seems properly to belong exclusively to the people. The masters of Romanesque poetry have consistently recognized this. So that, when one finds a series of poems like that in the *Nuova Antologia* for August 1 of this year, entitled "A Fiumicino," delicate pictures of nature in the Roman Campagna, one feels that, charming as they all undoubtedly are, there is no special reason why they should have been written in dialect. The same remark has been made about the eighteenth-century poetry of the Sicilian Meli, as well as of that of the Venetians Buratti and Lamberti. The criticism is perhaps not justified, but in any case it is certain that the plebeians who talk in the sonnets of Belli, of Trilussa, of Pascarella, give them a dramatic or comic vigor that carries us along with it, and impresses itself indelibly upon the memory.

S. K.

Correspondence.

WHERE WE STAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The difficulty I find in the political situation, as I now see it, is radical. The tariff seems to me to be at the bottom of the trouble, and the protective system runs naturally into the labor question. The result, as I see it, is that the political forces of the country are, unconsciously but rapidly, arraying themselves on the two sides of Plutocracy and Populism—which last is merely a phase of Socialism; the struggle being for the possession of the machinery of the Government, and what that implies.

In the elements composing the Democratic party, or the Opposition, I see no principle of intelligent cohesion. The Opposition is made up of odds-and-ends, presenting nothing but rubble to build on. The old cries of economy, individualism, freedom of trade, elicit no response. The crystallization is on wholly new lines; and they all lead up to some form of Governmental interference, whether for protection of favored articles of manufacture or bodies of organized workpeople. There is no recurrence to sound political philosophy or principle. The enunciation of anything of the sort falls on deaf ears.

The money interest, or what I have called the plutocracy, has, naturally, secured complete control of the Republican party and the United States Senate. For the Populist, or Socialistic, element to dislodge it therefrom is, in my judgment, practically impossible; nor do I sympathize with that element—its political action and tendency seem to me inherently selfish and unsound. On the other hand, the plutocratic power is perfectly willing to feed out pap to the Populist elements in the form of class and labor legislation, pensions, etc., etc. Pursuing this system of bribery, it has, therefore, under ordinary conditions, nothing to fear.

This being so, and taking into consideration the enormous mass of our community, any future change in the Administration of our Government will be merely skin deep. It cannot go to the essence of things. In my view of the matter, therefore, we have entered on an entirely new stage in the history of the United States. We have grown rich too fast, and must accept the consequences; the old theories and ideals have lost their hold. The simple issue, now and hereafter, will, as I have said, be for the control of the machinery of the Government, and the consequent distribution of its favors and patronage through class legislation. A change will, and can, work no radical benefit, inasmuch as there is no earnestness or grasp of principle in the attacking elements. The protective principle cannot be disestablished. As Mr. Roosevelt says, it is a cardinal article of public policy.

If I am correct in this diagnosis, there is absolutely no place for me in the politics of the future. I abominate the whole protective system, "Trust" or "Union." The principles and theories of the Protectionists and the Populists are, to my mind, equally objectionable. Under these circumstances, I have reached the conclusion that, for me, "the jig is up." This last election puts the seal of finality on the changes wrought through the Spanish war, and the new influences thereby introduced. They are part of the system of the future; but I belong to the generation the work of which was done between the year 1850 and the close of the century. I am neither part nor parcel of the present or the future. Its problems and conflicts concern the next generation, and not those to which I pertained. We have entered on a new order of things.

Burnham Wood.

November 12, 1904.

THE SOUTH AND THE VERDICT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial note on the causes of the excessive Democratic overthrow embodies the essence of a letter I was about sending to you, and which may therefore seem needless. But as my views were elaborated at greater length, and are those of a Mugwump for three decades who would have preferred (though he knew it impossible) Parker's success on a balance of reasons, it may not be without profit to your Southern readers to know that others take the same view of the avalanche, and why even a non-partisan Northerner, deeply opposed to the Republican "machine," finds the result rational, and on one side making for progress.

More than to any other one cause, this great surge of anti-Democratic feeling is due to the Southern question, aggressively forced to the front by the leading classes of that section for several years—a trinity which may be conveniently summed up under the heads, lynching, disfranchisement, and Booker Washington—the last trivial in itself, but all the more significant and mischievous in its implications and reactions. All these have stirred up through the North a fast-growing spirit of wrathful opposition, and the third a bristling scorn therewith, which altogether have many resemblances to the Northern state of mind just after the civil war, that took shape in the Reconstruction legislation. Of course, the present conditions make an exact recurrence of such Northern action impossible; but our Southern friends will make a great mistake, nevertheless, if they think the feeling can or will have no effect and do them no harm. It will be felt in many ways, some plain on the surface and some not, which they will not like; and will strengthen the hands of the dominant party for some very ugly administrative and possibly legislative acts, if they do not profit by this advance lesson. It is not any one of these items which has built up the new sentiment that the South is the same old South and must be taught a new lesson, but the cumulative effect of all.

First must be placed the steadily increasing horror and disgust at the lickerish delight in slaughter and torture which has spread over so much of the South, not surpassed—and in respect of the slow, Indian-like tortures, not equalled—by the Roman crowds in the amphitheatres. This has long since left all the stock excuses for it hopelessly out of sight, mere pretexts for a gloating, craving thirst for the infliction of torments which are almost ludicrous in their irrelevance: protection of women—when not a fifth of them have any relation to sexual outrage, and some of them are of women themselves (do women ravish women in the South?); law's delay—when nowhere in the South is there ever any delay in putting a negro to death, and many of the atrocities consist in taking the victim out of the hands of the legal officers on their way to the gallows with him, or out of the prison where he is waiting almost immediate execution, in order to put him to death illegally and give the crowd a fête. Hideous murders of negroes for petty larceny, or even for being "disrespectful"—in one case a girl was savagely murdered for refusing to tell a mob the whereabouts of her brother, whom they were going to butcher for a trivial theft; in another the excuse was that the negro was "saucy"—do the Southerners think this is going on for ever and yet the rest of the country put power in the hands of a party of which they form the controlling element? They have been deceived by finding some Northern apologists and much Northern perplexity what to do; they share the frequent fallacy that people will endure in growing volume for all time what they endure for a while in hope that it will right itself.

Even more rankling, because felt as snatching from us the fruits of lavish blood and sacrifice still passionately cherished in memory, is the wholesale abolition of the civil rights of the negroes as negroes, without regard to intellect, conduct, property, or any other token of fitness; making them a permanent caste of aliens with no motive or prize for good citizenship. This has been done with open and exultant boasts (swelling of late into a noisy chorus which has incensed Northern classes whose friendship the South cannot afford to lose) that it has virtually abolished the Fifteenth Amendment and half the Fourteenth; and the demand has been openly made that the former be legally rescinded. Decoration Day is somewhat faded, but it is not so dead as that yet. This is the answer of the North and West to that demand. The Amendment will not be repealed; and the sooner the intelligence of the South stops playing with fire, stops looking back on and striving to repossess the fleshpots of reaction and obscurantism, the better for the section. This election shows that the Old Guard is doomed; there is no national footing for either a varnished slavocracy or a rebaptized Doughface element striking hands with it. The opposition factors are growing much faster in proportion. I do not say that the South may not maintain its disfranchisement laws to the full; but it will do so only by the utter sacrifice of any hope of sharing in the political control of the nation, of having its policy and its wishes again a part of the national programme; and its payments will not end with that. If it wants to be a partner with a voice, it must modify the laws and practice to allow the negroes to *earn* full citizenship if they will.

The capstone has been put to this structure by the Booker Washington incident; as to which it is enough to say that probably no Northerner, by any effort of intellectual sympathy, can put himself on the plane of even understanding what the hysterics are about. That the decencies of human intercourse to a great colored genius—Washington, Dumas, or Toussaint—involve opening your receptions to negro bootblacks and

plasterers, and approving the marrying of your children with the rabble of Darktown, seems to him as insane a piece of silliness as that the same courtesies to Li Hung Chang would presuppose a like extension to Chinese laundrymen or keepers of opium joints. The fact also that a guestship which would have been considered quite natural and proper by Queen Victoria, Lord Salisbury, President Loubet, or the Czar is felt as a burning disgrace by every Southern "cracker," and that the gentlemen join hands with the crackers, merely convinces him that it is the skin of a dead snake, and that the gentlemen ought to be ashamed of themselves and throw off crackerdom in mind as fast as possible, instead of nursing and cherishing it and making it a badge of superiority and a matter of pride. Mr. Washington is doing a far greater service to the Southern whites than even to the blacks; for as Southern society in its relations as part of human civilization must always be predominantly a white society, the man who is enabling it or helping it to have its energies free for its best work, instead of spending them in keeping down an upsurging tide of brutishness, who is helping to produce for their material basis a peaceful, instructed, thrifty, moral laboring and shopkeeping class instead of a herd of animals, is enriching the life of the upper ranks relatively more than those of the lower, because their pleasures and achievements are higher. It is hard to say whether the folly or the ingratitude of the wretched white beings who hound and libel him is the greater; both reach almost the highest attainable level. They ought to go on their knees to him, and compete for the honor of his presence at their dinners, instead of making themselves a spectacle to Europe and the rational part of America by fabricating national danger and dishonor out of having the ablest and most useful man in the South, and the greatest natural genius it ever produced, do his work in the usual human fashion of intercourse with his fellow-gentlemen.

Whatever exceptions may be taken to the truth of my views on the Southern side do not matter in this case; all I wish to do is to present, the more crudely and sharply the better, the truth that these are the views which are strongly held by the un-Southern sections, and, it would seem from the results, even in the more progressive parts of the South itself; it is these which have borne a large part in whelming the Democracy and its superior programme of Constitutional and foreign and tariff and Trust policies in such tremendous ruin for the time. I am sorry for the latter, and would have preferred to take chances on the negro question and put the others in the foreground; but I cannot say that I am much surprised at the mass of people doing otherwise. N. E.

November 13, 1904.

DISSENT AND ASSENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In gladly renewing my subscription to the *Nation*, I venture a few words, as an old subscriber and constant reader, representing a class of your subscribers—I do not know how many such there are—whose voice is rarely heard in your columns. I mean the "straight" Republicans of the older sort, who have not been and are not in sympathy with your political views. I have never been able to agree with you on candidates and platforms, much as I enjoy reading your vigorous editorials and robust attacks on candidates and principles. I have voted for every Republican candidate for President from Grant to Roosevelt, even for Blaine against Cleveland, and have the temerity to say that I have never regretted my vote. I believe most thoroughly in Theodore Roosevelt, and, although I am no idol-worshipper, I recognize in him a strong, pure, just, honest, brilliant figure in our American political life. Several million Americans agree with me that his character is humane and noble, and that he is intensely *genuine*, with a record of having made as few errors in the troublous times of the past three years as we may expect from any mortal, however gifted and exalted. His voice may be occasionally strident, and possibly he may be a little too dramatic at times; but he means right, and the people instinctively trust him.

But, notwithstanding our divergence in the equation of candidates and certain public policies, I wish to thank you for your undeviating, firm, and magnificent defence of liberty and human rights. No paper that I read has rendered better service against the rising tide of racial prejudice, against unjust suffrage laws, and the insanities of mob violence than you have; as well as against the insolent treatment of inferior races—even if they are what Kipling calls them, "half devil and half child"—by the so-called Christian nations. Your paper has ever been true as the needle to the pole for our common humanity and the rights of man. Here is one high plane on which you and your Republican readers can meet. Keep on in the noble work of opposing the recrudescence of ancient prejudice which our modern life ought to have outgrown. There is no room in America for a dominant and a servile race, or for inequalities, except so far as natural conditions create them. Every one admits the difficulties of the negro problem in our Southern States. But slowly the best sentiment of the Southern people, naturally chivalrous, noble, generous, will assert itself, and a consciousness of human brotherhood will emerge from the base hatreds of our day, largely engendered by crafty politicians. Industrial forces, economic principles, and evolutionary tendencies will gradually work the problem out, allied with the sense of justice natural to the human heart. Meanwhile, papers like the *Nation* must do the work of clarifying public sentiment and keeping the Northern conscience from being befogged. Questions of tariff and the extension of our territory are transitory and incidental; but the question of human equality will always be with us. It is not the politicians of the South—who have everything to gain by appealing to a perverted public sentiment—but its thinkers, moralists, and, above all, its business interests, that will gradually emancipate the public mind of that great and important section of our country from a misinterpretation of the basic principles of Republican government.

Your paper has also always stood for civic righteousness, for economy and purity in government. You have fought a great fight against that monstrosity in our modern political life, the boss. You have often touched with a needle the source of infinite corruption in American politics—the power of the boss in manipulating great masses of voters, under some absurd party label, in the interest of the schemes of some sleek, fat, corporate power seeking to loot a municipal treasury, often by an alliance with the basest elements which abuse the right of suffrage. Never do I read your paper with more interest than when you strike a sledge-hammer blow against political corruption, no matter under what party banner it masquerades.

But, after all, it is the literary side of your paper which is most attractive to me. What range of appreciation and criticism you furnish to us in your reviews of contemporaneous literature! Let me specially mention one article in a recent number which seems to me to strike a high mark—the review of the life and literary work of Walter Pater, an author whom some of us dearly love, but who is strangely ignored by many Americans who are fond of fine literature. I do not know, of course, who is the author of that most excellent article, which seems to enter into the deeper meanings and finer spirit of Pater's life and the intellectual charm with which his writings are redolent. Such a lucid interpretation of an author whose delicacy and æsthetic aloofness limited the number of his readers, is as rare as it is admirable. The function of literary criticism is not gone when a reviewer remains who can do such delightful work in interpreting so elusive an author as the gifted man who wrote 'Marius' and 'The Child in the House.'

Truly yours, Milton Reed.

Fall River, Mass., November 14, 1904.

THE RURAL LANDSLIDE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I had occasion to spend some weeks in rural regions, and from my observations I am persuaded that to the political activity of the rural free-delivery carriers is to be credited a large share of the Roosevelt vote.

Yours truly, Robt. Williamson.

Baltimore, November 14, 1904.

THE LEPERS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Not the least interesting of the problems presented for solution in the Philippines is that which concerns the separation and isolation of lepers from contact with other natives. The authorities are in possession of the names of nearly four thousand lepers, and there are probably many more scattered about in the native villages. The proportion of lepers to the whole population is not more than one-fifth that which prevails in the Hawaiian Islands. Some of the lepers are cared for by charity, but the greater part live with their own people, there being not above six hundred in the leper hospitals maintained by several provinces.

While leprosy is contagious, it is no more so than consumption. It is quite as possible for leprous parents to bring into the world healthy offspring as it is for consumptive parents to do so, and the children of the one have quite as good a chance to escape disease as the children of the other. It is contemplated that where both parents are

lepers they may not be separated during their brief and miserable existence, but that generally the males shall be kept entirely apart from females and intermarriage prevented.

For the best results in handling this problem the Insular Government has bought up the land on the island of Cullion, including the entire village of that name, and the former inhabitants have removed to other islands. The island of Cullion is mountainous, with an abundance of spring water and a fine climate. A pipe line has been laid to the old village, which is being rebuilt for the use of the women, and a new village for the men will be established about two miles inland, where there is good agricultural land. It is expected that the physically able among the men will perform agricultural labor to aid in providing food for the colony. It is intended that everything shall be put in order and the houses made ready for patients before any lepers are sent to the island. This is to prevent the workmen employed in putting the island in order from abandoning the place through the fear which might be generated by the arrival of lepers.

The island of Cullion is situated to the north of Paragua and to the west of the main group of the Visayan Islands. It is practically in the China Sea, and is therefore most favorably situated, for the waters of that locality teem with food fishes of the finest kinds. The native diet consists in great part of fish, and the ease with which it can be supplied at Cullion adds greatly to the chances of making the unfortunates contented during the period of their living death.

At one time, under the old régime, lepers were allowed to solicit alms on Saturdays, in common with the beggars who have the freedom of all towns on those days. It was finally recognized that the giving of coins to the unfortunate lepers was introducing a serious element of danger to the community. Generally speaking, there is not a large number of beggars in the islands. One seldom sees any native soliciting food or alms unless afflicted with blindness or some malformation. A very large proportion of blind natives show evidence of this condition having arisen from smallpox, which has prevailed more or less throughout the islands.

It is not unlikely that when the natives realize that the Government has made wise and liberal provision for the people afflicted with leprosy, many cases, heretofore concealed, will be made known. It is anticipated that the number to be provided for will not reach 6,000, which is not a large number out of a population of nearly 8,000,000, the greater part of whom live with but little regard for sanitation or health regulations.

C.

Manila, September 30, 1904.

A BILINGUAL DOG.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having read the article "Dogs and Languages" in *Littell's Living Age*, taken from the *Spectator*, I venture to offer you my experience with a Dane that was born and raised in Strassburg, Elsass, where he heard French and German. Certain commands he understood only in French, as, *Donne la patte;* others only in German, as, *Such,'* or *Leg' dich hin.* I brought him home with me, but he was poisoned after a year, when he had learned only the English word *go. Sick 'em* he did not understand. He would give his paw only upon the French command, never in response to *Die Pfote* or *Give your paw.* He would never find or lie down except upon the German command. On these points he was often tested by incredulous strangers.

Now this was stupid of him. I feel sure that dogs and horses understand only single words, or, better, sound-groups. A whole sentence is unnecessary. When my fox terrier, fast asleep under the table, hears the word *mouse* or *squirrel* used in sentences not at all addressed to him, he is upon his feet. *Mouse* may be English or German. *Eichhörnchen* would make no impression upon him. As Faust says:

"Ich finde nicht die Spur
Von einem Geist, und alles ist Dressur."

H. C. G. Brandt.

Clinton, N. Y., November 17, 1904.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your recent notice of Mr. A. A. Jack's 'Shelley' you say: "The hundred-odd pages of his essay are compact of that sincere, reposeful scholarship of which Oxford seems to keep the secret still."

Why drag in Oxford? Mr. Jack is a Cambridge man, and his college was Peterhouse.—Yours very truly,

R. C. Lehmann.

Fieldhead, Bourne End, Bucks, November 7.

Notes.

Looking forward to the spring, Macmillan Co. announce 'Southern Writers: Selections in Prose and Verse,' from the earliest times, by Prof. William P. Trent.

An Oxford edition of Shelley's poems is nearly ready for publication, and will contain material hitherto unprinted; the early poems first published in Professor Dowden's Life of Shelley, but omitted from his edition of the poetical works, and all other poems which have appeared in any previous edition; and the important fragments recovered by Mr. C. D. Locock from the Bodleian MSS. The volume will consist of about 1,000 pages, with three collotype illustrations, one the Bodleian portrait of Shelley, the other two facsimiles of his handwriting. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, editor of the Oxford Wordsworth, has seen the new Shelley through the press, and has supplied footnotes where the variant readings are important, in addition to a few longer notes and a general preface.

Some one hundred and fifty letters of Mme. de Staël addressed to Benjamin Constant have been collected and will soon be published. It is, however, known, especially from citations made in German translation by the deceased littérateur Adolf Strodtmann, in his 'Dichterprofile,' that this by no means exhausts the series, a number of which were formerly in the possession of the Baron von Marenholtz of Hanover. An appeal has been published by the Baroness Nolde, a daughter of Baron von Marenholtz, in Florence, for information as to the letters used by Strodtmann, as all traces of his literary remains seem to have been lost. These and other letters of the period will possess exceptional value for the forthcoming edition of the correspondence.

Dr. Griffis's standard work on 'Corea, the Hermit Nation' (Scribners) now reaches a seventh edition, enlarged by four additional chapters in which the origins of the present struggle in the Far East are displayed, and the map of Corea has likewise been brought up to date. The latter-day chronicle will be found handy for reference.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Francis Newton Thorpe's 'Constitutional History of the American People' and 'Constitutional History of the United States' will find in his latest volume, 'A Short Constitutional History of the United States' (Little, Brown & Co.), many reminders of the earlier works. Indeed, the book now published may be regarded as a condensation of the author's more elaborate treatises. There is the same reliance upon documentary sources, particularly statutes, Congressional debates, and decisions of the Supreme Court, and the same attention to the much neglected field of Constitutional development within the several States. The criticism passed upon Mr. Thorpe's earlier works, namely, that Constitutional history seems to be to him largely the record of the formation and application of a certain class of documents, must be repeated here. Of the economic or political influences which, in all periods of our history, have markedly affected Constitutional progress and moulded Constitutional opinion, there is here little exposition. It is but fair to say, however, that in a brief work like the present this limitation seems to us less of a defect than it is in works cast in more elaborate form, and that the task which Mr. Thorpe has set for himself was worth performing. We fear that the manual is too advanced for students below the college grade; but for those who can devote themselves to Constitutional history in its strict sense, or who desire a compendious review of American Constitutional development down to the present time, it should prove decidedly useful. Mr. Thorpe works hard and painstakingly for his readers, and his writing shows marked gain in simplicity and ease.

In getting up her 'Portraits of the Seventeenth Century, Historic and Literary, by C. A. Sainte-Beuve' (Putnams), the translator, Miss Katharine P. Wormeley, has made selections from the 'Causeries du Lundi,' the 'Portraits des Femmes,' and the 'Portraits Littéraires.' Some passages have been omitted; "these relate chiefly to editions that have long since passed away, or to discussions on style that cannot be made clear in English." In some cases, also, two or more essays have been put together to avoid repetition. The result is a gallery of portraits belonging to a single period—the *grand siècle*—originally scattered through Sainte-Beuve's works, and made more effective and interesting by being brought together. The translator was very wise in reinforcing them with illustrations, most, if not all, of them very good; the English or American reader of French literature is often worried by not having before his mind an image of the living subject. Miss Wormeley's version, where we have compared it with the original, seems very satisfactory. Her author, in one sense, lends himself to translation, for his style is both simple and clear; he may be subtle in what

he says, but is never involved or fantastic, or eccentric in the way he says it. There is, of course, a French quality in everything he writes which is untranslatable into another language, but everything else Miss Wormeley gives us. Here and there we have noticed a phrase or a word which we might have translated differently, but the instances are not of sufficient moment to cite.

The Frederick A. Stokes Co. publishes a volume of Mr. Henry Haynie's reminiscences under the title of 'The Captains and the Kings.' It is a curious medley of odds and ends jumbled together in a slovenly, journalistic style. Mr. Haynie, however, takes himself very seriously. He says: "The importance of the mission that is confined [? confided] to writers of every class is very great"; and he follows up this delphic remark with the following gem: "The most glorious of all the discoveries on which Genius has ever laid his hand is the invention of printing." Having thus cleared the ground, as it were, and duly impressed those of his readers who are not writers, he proceeds with some three hundred pages of gossip, from which it would be difficult to extract anything of value. Some readers may be interested to learn that when Daudet received a visitor he gave him "a hearty handshake, pointed to an open box of cigars, and said: 'Asseyez-vous, comment ça va' "; but three hundred pages of this sort of thing is a little too much for the most indulgent of readers.

The Macmillan Co. present a new volume of the "American Sportsman's Library," containing Mr. J. Parmly Paret's views on the past, present, and future of lawn tennis, together with a chapter on Lacrosse, by William Harvey Maddren. In his preface Mr. Paret complains of the insufficient supply of lawn-tennis literature, and offers ten pages of bibliography in proof of the alleged insufficiency. This may be the natural view of one who has already contributed several volumes to the collection, and who may have others *in petto;* but while we admit the value of a good handbook to the beginner in this or any other sport, we think the field has been pretty thoroughly covered in recent years, and we fail to find a *raison d'être* in the book before us. Mr. Paret differs from the Dohertys and other authorities on some minor points, but we cannot discover that he has anything new or interesting to suggest. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

In 'Old Love Stories Retold' (The Baker & Taylor Co.), Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has collected eight short sketches first published in the magazines. Nothing can take from the dignity of Dante's love for Beatrice, not even Mr. Le Gallienne's lapses of taste. It is one of the gravest faults of a self-made man of letters that he cannot for long keep up the language suitable to his theme. Mr. Le Gallienne, for instance, will write a few paragraphs in a style really exalted, and then, as it were, come down rather suddenly to breathe. After telling us that Beatrice was hardly more aware of the existence of Dante's love "than a new star has care of, or is aware of, its discoverer," he adds that she preferred "the attentions of the society young fellows of her set." However, we prefer Mr. Le Gallienne's low-ranging style to such a flight as "He loved her—yes!—and yet! Yes!" (p. 96). Though the woman still lives who was the cause of Lassalle's untimely death, Mr. Le Gallienne thinks the story old enough to be included with the classic tales of unhappy love, and he may be right; but we see no excuse for the allusion on page 122 to the more recent tragedy that closed the career of Parnell. It is obvious that if poets did not, as a rule, lack a sense of humor, we should have to do without a great deal of bad poetry and some very good. We have lately read Wordsworth's testimonial to his wife that she did her duty in ignoring "my affection for other women." Mr. Le Gallienne, too, considers that a poet's wife should be content to see her husband "subject to passing emotional possessions," and, while his fancy roves to others, should glory in being his "own heart's home." Perhaps she should. It may even depend on how good is the poetry that the other beauties inspire. But it is impossible to read without a smile the serious statement of the duties of a poet's wife on page 84. The illustrations that crowd the volume are a curious medley, partly reproductions of Rossetti, portraits, pictures of houses, and, running throughout, very poor, sentimental marginal vignettes.

'The Expert Maid-servant,' by Christine Terhune Herrick (Harpers), is addressed to the great army of American housekeepers who begin their married life with only one servant, and, in the natural course of events, double and treble their anxieties in the kitchen to keep pace with the nursery and the exchequer. These are they for whom the servant problem is most acute, and they will find Mrs. Herrick a useful guide. She wisely lays some stress on our duties to our domestics, not to be slighted if we demand that their duties to us shall be their first consideration. The housekeeper's reach should always exceed her grasp, and Mrs. Herrick's expert maid-servant is naturally one to dream of and not to see. The mere recapitulation of the duties of a maid-of-all-work during one single day, and the perfection implied, will kindle the ambition of many a young housekeeper. To the disinterested reader those seven pages beginning, "Rise at six o'clock and have clothing in readiness so as to be down stairs by six-thirty," and ending, "Finish putting the kitchen in order for the night," seem to furnish all a domestic needs to ask from what the old hymn calls "the daily round," and especially "room to deny herself." Some people prefer factories, and so should we, but the ideal servant of Mrs. Herrick's visions will no doubt delight in the artistic finish that has been lavished on every instant of her waking hours.

The Loan Collection of Historical Portraits which was exhibited at Oxford last spring has left as its permanent record a beautiful illustrated catalogue (Frowde). Since no one who died after 1625 was represented, the collection confined itself almost wholly to the Tudor period. Out of the hundred and thirty-seven portraits which were brought together, only eight precede the accession of Henry VII., while at the other end no one figures who was not born in the reign of Elizabeth. Although we have spoken of this collection before, the beauty of the catalogue brings us back to the subject. Of the forty portraits here reproduced the finest is Holbein's Archbishop Warham; but Holbein, though the most important of the Tudor portrait painters, is not the overshadowing personality of the present volume. The selection is very representative, including many unknown artists as well as unknown subjects. Next to Holbein, the artists who had highest place in the Oxford collection were Sir Anthony Mor and Federigo Zuccaro. Mr. Lionel Cust supplies an interesting preface, wherein among other things he discusses the methods of Tudor artists. Indeed, the whole collection should be studied with the following fact in view: "During the whole of this period, from Holbein downwards," says Mr. Cust, "the painter's practice was to make a drawing, probably at one sitting only, from the subject, with notes of the costume and accessories. The portrait was then completed on panel in the painter's studio, and when once completed was capable of being repeated many times, or even varied by the painter or his assistants." In all respects this catalogue is worthy of the Clarendon Press.

The elegant dress and seductive title of the late Charles Warren Stoddard's final contribution to the literature of the "Summer Isles of Eden," namely, 'The Island of Tranquil Delights' (Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.), together with his reputation for idyllic writing in the past, lead one to open it with high anticipations. Alas, that they remain unsatisfied! He might have given us tales of hot blood and tropic nights, of vengeance, love, or the mysteries of the *kahunas*. The elemental passions and ambitions of the most democratic of autocracies offer a rare field for the psychologist of the Henry James order. Musings, as of one lying on the sands, looking up at the blazing constellations, while the surf beats on the reef and the wild dove murmurs in the shrubbery—these, too, would have been in keeping with the theme. Perhaps these last are what the author planned; if so, his plan encountered shipwreck in the launching. One does not muse hopping on one leg; and there is a sensation of hopping, or at least of breathlessness, in all these chapters. The sentiment does not ring true, the execution is mechanical, there is no spontaneity. The elasticity of youth passes, mentally as well as physically; a vein of experience may be worked out; the vividness of early impressions may be blunted by much reiteration. We know not which of these misfortunes, if either, had overtaken our author, but the lack of reality, or even of verisimilitude, in the present collection is too evident to be ignored.

The admonition *De mortuis* may fittingly be applied in noting the appearance of the late Mr. Laurence Hutton's 'Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities' (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It is of the same type as its predecessors, a readable little book with a thread of history and a great deal of gossip, personal and otherwise. Mr. Hutton's vein of humor, essentially American in spite of his ancestry, hardly interprets the more complicated if less easy and polished Scottish mind. There are forty-two good illustrations from photographs and old prints.

That a presumably orthodox and historically conservative theological seminary like that of Bangor heard with pleasure the lectures making up Dr. John P. Peters's 'Early Hebrew Story' (Putnams) and urged their publication, marks a very significant change

within a few years. In this book Dr. Peters deals with Genesis, its myths, folklore, poetry, historical residuum, and moral and religious value. His treatment is trenchant, but it is very sympathetic, and has a certain soundness of literary and æsthetic appreciation which is too often lacking. These tales of the childhood of the world are human for him, and nothing human is alien. They are also abidingly significant. So, in the end, he swings round to giving them place and meaning not only as history, but as a continuously constructive influence. "To the child," he says, "Genesis is the most charming book in the Bible." That is true for many others besides children. But he adds: "To the child, also, Genesis is full of spiritual instruction." True again if, in the last phrase, the instruction is thought of as like the forces of nature—the sun and the rain working unsummoned—and is not packed in lessons. However it may be, in the tales of the Hebrews there lie a moral energy and a wealth of spiritual suggestion that elsewhere are rare. It is the great merit of such a book as this to bring that home very directly and without weariness of sermonizing.

Mr. St. Clair Baddeley has written for travellers an account of 'Recent Discoveries in the Forum, 1898-1904,' which is issued in convenient small shape, with attractive print and illustrations (Macmillan), and is considerably better in substance than the similar English book, of almost identical title, noticed in these columns a few months ago. It would be more agreeable yet if the author had allowed us to take him a little more for granted; but otherwise the book is a pleasant piece of writing by an intelligent and enthusiastic observer of the excavations, and will doubtless prove a useful pocket-companion to those who know the Roman Forum as it was before 1898, and do not care for more scientific accounts of the later work, like those of Hülsen and Vaglieri. The theories and identifications advanced are mainly, though not entirely, those of Boni (who is reverently cited as The Excavator); but Mr. Baddeley is evidently acquainted with other views.

Among the many ephemeral sketches of life in India a place of honor should be allotted to Herbert Compton's 'Indian Life in Town and Country' (Putnams), apparently the initial volume of a series designed to exhibit "Our Asiatic Neighbors." India as it is, from the point of view of a man who has lived long in the country and wields a facile pen, is here presented in a series of lively and graphic essays describing Indian native life on the one hand and Anglo-Indian life on the other. Without erudition and with some old-fashioned errors (such as the statement that women were not secluded in India till after the Mohammedan conquest), this little book yet gives a true as well as a vivid picture of Indian life as it is to-day. A future edition should modify the statement that music-halls and horse-races are "quite outside the genius of the people" (p. 92), in so far as to admit that the genuine Aryan Hindus celebrated horse-racing and built music-halls some thousands of years ago. To insist (pp. 31 and 94) on the spelling *chloradyne* is an oddity in an old campaigner, who probably was never without a bottle at hand.

Mr. G. E. Ward, whose Englished version of the Hindustani 'Bride's Mirror' was noticed in these columns last January, comes before the public again, in his laudable desire to arouse interest in modern Hindu literature, with the transcribed text and translation of 'The Quatrains of Hâli' (Henry Frowde). Hâli's real name is Saiyid Altâf Husain Ansâri. The Rubâiyât of this poet of the nineteenth century lacks the power of the more familiar Persian singer, but these *obiter dicta* are not without a charm of their own. Many of the stanzas are modern versions of old Sanskrit verses, such as that in regard to fate and free-will: "Cowards have always yielded to fate; those who have courage have exercised free will."

'Dirr's Colloquial Egyptian Arabic Grammar,' translated by Mr. W. H. Lyall (Henry Frowde), is a really excellent little introduction with very full and carefully arranged exercises. Marked "for the use of tourists," it may be doubted whether tourists will have patience to plough their way through it. Its level is higher, and lies between the generally useless phrase-book and the grammar in the grand style. The translating and the proof-reading seem both to be carefully done.

The 'American Jewish Year Book' (Philadelphia) continues its useful course. Prominent in the new issue is a series of biographies of Jews eminent in professions, etc., and a very full account, with extracts from state papers, of the negotiations with regard to Jews visiting Russia on American passports. In the story of the year many will be surprised to read of the appearance of anti-Semitism in Great Britain, up till now most tolerant, socially and economically. An outbreak at Limerick in Ireland is chronicled, evidently due to Jewish clothes-dealers demanding their pound of flesh, and another at Dowlais in Wales. Zionism, also, has some space, and the lamented death of Dr. Herzl. In this strange cross of an ideal and of economic necessities the temper of the Jewish race finds keen expression.

Mr. Herbert Putnam alluded, in his presidential address before the American Library Association, to the death, a year ago, of "the patient formulator of rules," Charles A. Cutter. It is, indeed, as the author of the 'Rules for a Dictionary Catalogue' that Mr. Cutter will be best and longest remembered. The book has been a recognized authority ever since its first appearance, in 1876, as part ii. of the Special Report on Public Libraries. The fourth edition, which the author was preparing for the press at the time of his death, has just been issued under the editorial care of his nephew and successor at the Forbes Library. It has been largely rewritten, to conform, as far as practicable, with the rules which have been under consideration for some years by a committee of the American Library Association of which Mr. Cutter was a member. The rules formulated by that committee will presumably be followed by a large number of libraries, especially by such as are using the printed cards of the Library of Congress. They are, however, very largely the result of a compromise and not always consistent; it will therefore be an advantage to the cataloguer to have at his elbow a consistent code of rules, made with a single purpose. This, more than anything else, will give 'Cutter's Rules' their permanent value.

While the preparation of the combined catalogue (*Gesammtkatalog*) of the libraries of Prussia is progressing favorably, an interesting innovation has been established in Berlin, at No. 5 Dorotheenstrasse, the headquarters for general information concerning the libraries of the Kingdom. Information as to where a book can be found is furnished for the sum of 10 pfennigs in stamps.

In *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number nine, Dr. Karl Sapper gives an account of a journey in Guatemala and Salvador, the scientific results of which are to be found on two accompanying maps. The region affected by the earthquakes of 1902 showed few signs of recovery. A west-coast port had been rendered almost inaccessible, and a railway connecting it with the interior had ceased to be operated. The building of another projected railway had been given up. Quezaltenango, the second town in the republic and once the centre of a rich coffee-growing district, is being deserted by its inhabitants and its trade diverted to the capital. The industrial conditions of western Salvador, so far as growth and progress are concerned, are similar. Dr. S. Passarge describes Kanem, which lies to the northeast of Lake Tchad and is the oldest of the Mohammedan states of the Sudan. Its superficial features of steppe and valley he believes to be largely due to the fact that it was the resort in ancient times of vast droves of antelopes, zebras, and other animals. The editor, Dr. Supan, gives in a series of maps the geographical results of the Antarctic expeditions, and Prof. Bogdanovitch concludes his geologic sketch of Kamtchatka.

—Mr. Goldwin Smith's informal review of Morley's Life of Gladstone has been published in a small volume, with the statesman's portrait, by Unwin in London ('My Memory of Gladstone'). To Americans the most interesting revelation of personal intercourse occurs in the section dealing with Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards our civil war. "Gladstone's actuating motives, certainly," we read on page 43, "were his regard for the bread of the British artisan, and his sympathy with all who were struggling to be free. With a view, probably, to the satisfaction of mortified friends of the North in England, he wrote to me suggesting that, if the North thought fit to let the South go, it might in time be indemnified by the union of Canada with the Northern States. As the letter, on consideration, seemed unlikely to have the desired effect, and not unlikely at some future time to prove embarrassing to the writer, no use was made of it, and it was destroyed." As for the reviewer himself, the most significant expression of a changed or relaxing opinion pertains to Home Rule, in the contingency of political enmity to England in Ireland surviving "the equitable settlement of the agrarian question and the reduction of the population to the number which the island can maintain," when "there may be a sufficient reason for letting Ireland go. It would be folly to keep her as a mere thorn in the side of Great Britain. It would be more than folly to attempt to hold her in bondage." She might come back of her own accord; but "two parliaments, two nations" (p. 68).

—Gladstone's fiscal scheme is questioned;

and, in the particular of its resting so much upon the consumption of a few important articles—"Suppose tobacco, for instance, were to go out of fashion, as some sanitary authorities say it ought, there would be a serious gap in the Budget" (p. 25). Gladstone put questions to vote in his Cabinet, contrary to Peel's practice, and "allowed a member of the Cabinet to set forth on a political adventure of his own and proclaim a policy independent of that of his chief and his colleagues, as the same politician [Chamberlain] is now again doing." This ushered in a change by which the unwieldy Cabinet is directed by "an inner conclave, something like that which, in the reign of Charles II., was called the Cabal" (p. 46). In regard to Gladstone's theology, we read of his apparent yielding to the reasoning in Newman's 'Grammar of Assent'—"a sort of *vade mecum* of self-illusion" (p. 84). Though he had partially put off his Establishmentarianism, "his orthodoxy and belief in the inspiration of the Bible remained unimpaired. This deprives his theological writings of serious value" (p. 81). "He has left among his writings nothing of importance in the way of political science" (p. 38). As for his classical excursuses, "Readers of *Homeric Studies* and *Juventus Mundi* must wonder how such things can have been written and given to the press by so great a man" (p. 79). His diffuse style proceeded from his habit of extemporaneous speaking, "and no man can speak literature *ex tempore*." The final strain, however, is one of eulogy for Gladstone's character, and the review makes one hope that Mr. Smith may have other appreciations of his contemporaries in store for us.

—If the "Extra Volume" to the Hastings 'Dictionary of the Bible' (Scribners), contained nothing but its two hundred pages of indices, its existence would be amply justified. That of subjects (nearly 150 pages) makes the whole contents of the work accessible to a degree no other encyclopædia can boast. Not only is it of subjects, but the author of each article or paragraph indexed is briefly mentioned, and it is possible to tell at a glance what authorities have dealt with each problem or element in a problem. When, as happens very often, different and differing authorities have treated in different places, and often out of place, the same problem, we come to bless their discursiveness controlled thus by that blessedest of all inventions, the subject-index. On Deuteronomy, for example, we see that we can have the views of Ryle, Woods, Driver and Kautzsch, with Strong specially on its ethics, Margoliouth on its language and style, and Baudissin on its idea of the priesthood. On Decalogue, again, we can have Harford-Battersby, Driver, Kautzsch and Barnes. Such conspectuses and the care with which the weightier rubrics are analyzed go far to make it certain that somewhere, on every subject, matter worth reading will be found, and thus to annul, as far as may be, the weakness of certain contributions. The index of Scripture passages is also equipped with such author references, but only to a partial extent, those of Hebrew and Greek terms unfortunately not at all; yet it is certain that in these last is hidden much lexocographical material.

—As for the articles composing the text of the volume, they are throughout of a more uniformly high value than those in the Dictionary proper. Some very few are simply and unintelligibly inadequate, *e. g.*, Concordances. Some are in evident supplementation of articles in the preceding volumes, recognized as inadequate, too late; *e. g.*, Ships and Boats, Wages, Samaritan Pentateuch. But the great majority are carefully worked out treatises on subjects which enter properly into the view of a student of the Bible, but which yet are hard to place in a dictionary of the Bible. Many of these subjects have assumed a new importance within the last few years and even since this Dictionary was planned. So especially with the Apocrypha; with the apocryphal Gospels, especially that according to the Hebrews; with the Diatessaron; with the Sibylline Oracles. The textual criticism of the New Testament is moving now from year to year, and a supplemental article was needed even to the excellent one in volume iv., by Nestle. In this same connection there is a good, if short, article on the Agrapha of Jesus, and a long and most excellent one on a subject as yet little worked in English, the Greek patristic commentaries on the Pauline Epistles. Again, such a discovery as the Code of Hammurabi of necessity claimed attention, and meets it here very adequately from C. H. W. Johns. The ethnic religions, also, in contact or kin with that of Israel have risen now much higher above the horizon than they were only a few years ago, and must be reckoned with by the most conservative. Here the reckoning is surprisingly satisfactory. Professor Jastrow has over fifty pages on the religions of Babylonia and Assyria, Wiedemann has over twenty on that of Egypt, and W. M. Ramsay and L. R. Farnell have nearly fifty on that of Greece and Asia Minor. Curiously enough, it is left to this volume to offer an article on the religion of Israel. It is done and done well by Kautzsch in 122 pages. Similarly belated treatments are those of the Diaspora by Schürer, and of Roads and Travel in the Old Testament and the New by Buhl and Ramsay. On the rest of the thirty-seven articles details are unnecessary. All are timely and are of a uniform scholarliness. The volume, as a whole, if it does not show the sensational novelties of "Cheyne," is solidly useful, and with it the 'Hastings Dictionary' closes much better than it began. It is now for Dr. Cheyne to furnish a similar index, if not similar supplements, to his undertaking. The multifarious variety of the views of his contributors and their irrepressible vivacity of statement render some such balancing-pole of a key a simple necessity. As it is, 'Hastings' with this addition has fairly drawn ahead.

—'The French Noblesse of the XVIII. Century' (Dutton) is a series of translations made by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant from the work styled 'Les Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy.' The seven volumes of memoirs originally published in 1834 under this title are to be classed among the suspected or apocryphal memoirs with which the literature of France abounds. It is not only that the Marquise de Créquy makes herself out to be one thing in the alleged autobiography while she was another in fact, but that the narrative of her career, edited a good many years after her death by the Comte de Courchamps, bears manifest traces of embellishment by a masculine hand. At the time of its appearance, Croker attacked the book vigorously in the *Quarterly Review*, and one may doubt whether a line of it was written by the Marquise de Créquy. However, it has enjoyed much popularity in France as a picture of life under the Old Régime, and may be accorded some value quite apart from its authenticity. Mrs. Grant is under no illusions concerning the historical merits of these memoirs from which her chapters are drawn. By compressing seven volumes into one she does away with a great deal that is pure padding; and if much remains which is egotistical and shallow, there may be enough of local color to repay abridgment and translation. The author evidently tried to catch the style of the eighteenth-century memoir writers, and had some knowledge of court life. If the text were more authentic, it would deserve a fuller criticism than we shall give it. Gossip and scandal form the *pièce de résistance*, as in most court journals. In this case a thin veneer of fine phrases about loyalty to King and Church is made to cover a vast deal of spitefulness about one's neighbors. Whether or not the particular anecdotes are true, this kind of writing is fairly faithful to the spirit of aristocratic society in France during the eighteenth century. The privileged classes, as a rule, were not well educated, and their members spent almost as much time in repeating as in making scandal. Illustrious exceptions will at once suggest themselves, but the average intelligence of the *noblesse* was probably not much higher than from the Marquise de Créquy we should suppose it to have been. The pride of the great families and their contempt for upstart people like the Neckers is one of the most notable ingredients in this book. Mrs. Grant's selections seem to have been made with judgment, but a heavy restriction is laid upon any translator by the fact that sharp sayings read more racily in French than in English.

—In 'A Mediæval Princess' (Putnams) Miss Ruth Putnam takes for her heroine Jacqueline, Countess of Holland, Zealand, and Hainaut, who, after a stormy, melodramatic career, lost her possessions to Philip of Burgundy. This book is not a romance, but, as the title-page assures us, "a true record." Miss Putnam, by her translation of Blok's 'Geschiedenis,' and by her own 'William the Silent,' has shown a deep interest in the Netherlands, and her familiarity with their annals is obvious at many points in the present volume. Toward Jacqueline herself the ordinary attitude of historians has been that taken by Martin, when he calls her "belle et passionnée, altière et violente, sans frein dans ses amours et dans ses haines." Personally, the main interest of her career may be held to centre in her four marriages and the troubles in which she was involved by the second and third of them. Politically, the loss of her possessions is but an episode in the rise of ducal Burgundy. Her first husband was John, Duke of Touraine, at the time of his death the Dauphin; her second, John of Brabant; her third, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the brother of Henry V.; her

fourth, a plain nobleman, named Van Borselen. The chroniclers differ hopelessly about Jacqueline's personality. She may have been beautiful and persecuted, or a dissolute vixen. From her second husband, at least, she received wretched treatment, and was forced to leave his court, finding refuge in her own Hainaut. After this she took steps to secure a divorce, but before Pope Martin V. had given her one she prepared a way for great troubles by marrying Humphrey of Gloucester. In the fifteenth century it was the natural destiny of an orphaned heiress to be intrigued for in the most shameful manner. Jacqueline's marriage with John of Brabant represents one intrigue to prevent her lands from passing outside the Burgundian zone. Her marriage with Gloucester was an unfortunate circumstance for the English, inasmuch as it alienated Philip of Burgundy from their ranks. The fear that an important section of the Low Countries would fall to the English line rather than to his own, cooled the desire to avenge his father's murder, and made him think of an alliance with France. On the most moderate calculation, his dispute with the Duke of Gloucester cost the Duke of Bedford three years' delay, and is thus more or less connected with the famous siege of Orléans and Jacqueline's contemporary, Joan of Arc. But Miss Putnam is not concerned to write a chapter in the history of the Hundred Years' War; and if the Dukes of Burgundy and Gloucester figure largely in her pages, it is because they have much to do with the life of the central character. Miss Putnam has mastered her sources, and writes of Jacqueline sympathetically, yet without exaggeration.

MORE NOVELS.

The Son of Royal Langbrith. By William Dean Howells. Harper & Brothers.

The Divine Fire. By May Sinclair. Henry Holt & Co.

Dr. Tom. By J. W. Streeter. The Macmillan Co.

Blazed-Trail Stories. By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Farm of the Dagger. By Eden Philpotts. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Red-Cap Tales. By S. R. Crockett. The Macmillan Co.

The Reaper. By Edith Rickert. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Ragged Messenger. By W. B. Maxwell. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A delicate moral question involved in the suppression of an important truth is discussed at length in Mr. Howells's latest novel. Jim Langbrith, "the Son of Royal Langbrith," had been allowed to grow up with false notions of his dead father's character and conduct, and the moment inevitably arrives when several persons find themselves embarrassed by the boy's innocent ancestor-worship. The family physician, Dr. Anther, after twenty years of friendly visiting, feels that he would like to marry Mrs. Langbrith, and she withholds consent because she fears her son, knowing that he would take high ground about insult to his immaculate, incomparable father implied by her contracting a second marriage. Anther cannot persuade her to cut the knot by divulging the truth, nor to let him do so.

The situation remains quite stagnant until Jim conceives the happy idea of presenting a brazen image of his parent to the public library (one of Royal's numerous gifts to the town of Saxmills), with a grand unveiling ceremony at which Royal shall be celebrated in oratory and his virtues recited to a new generation for the perpetuation of his sainted memory. Dr. Anther sees that the perpetration of such a monstrous folly should be prevented; but instead of facing Jim with the facts, he runs about seeking aid and counsel. Only two persons besides himself and Mrs. Langbrith know the infamous truth about Royal, one of whom, Hiram Hawberk, has found surcease of sorrow in the opium habit, while the other, John Langbrith, is too busy managing the mills left by his brother in a flourishing condition to bother about old scandals. Appeal to Mrs. Langbrith is vain. She has always been too feeble even to take a hand in making the bed in which she must lie; she can only remain prone and helpless in any sort of a bed that circumstance has made for her. Anther in desperation seeks advice from a judge and a clergyman. The judge points out luminously the wisdom of letting sleeping dogs lie, and the clergyman is of opinion that the question of concealment or disclosure is still, as it has always been, strictly the affair of God, who must not be forced, and who, if revelation is part of his scheme, will reveal at a fitting moment. The violent manner in which the revelation is finally made does not support the clergyman's confidence that mundane matters are best left to the management of a just and merciful God.

The interest of the tale is not meant to lie in action and incidents, but in characterization and discussion of the question at issue; and as the principal characters fail in energy of any sort, while the situation suffused by the question is exceptional, almost improbable, interest never rises to the point of agitation. Mr. Howells may have begun with Jim Langbrith in mind for the central figure, but as the story goes on Jim is side-tracked in favor of Dr. Anther; and his love affair with Hope Hawberk is plainly not the one that the author cares about. He is well aware that elderly lovers are poor stuff for fiction, and he associates Anther's hesitation and vacillation with his age; but it is difficult to imagine a man at any age wanting Mrs. Langbrith enough to force the pace. Decidedly, middle-aged lovers should be excluded from stories unless one of the pair has had in youth fire that lasts—inextinguishable fire. Moreover, the pair under consideration is afflicted with that general incompetence for dealing with life which naturally relegates people to an obscurity that should be respected.

So far as truth of representation goes, nothing could be more exasperatingly true than Mrs. Langbrith, but a real Dr. Anther would probably have shown more decision. A successful country doctor gets used to cases moral and sentimental, and the prompt treatment of such cases has much to do with his success. Jim Langbrith is not developed with the author's usual precision. The pretentious, rather unpleasant youth of the first chapters does not gradually, before our eyes, grow into the man who in the last passages accepts disillusionment in the finest possible way. Perhaps we are meant to infer that Jim inherited his father's nerve. Throughout the book we miss an assurance of Mr. Howells's mastery of his whole subject, and are obliged to be content with occasional inimitable scenes and sketches of minor characters. Jim Langbrith's ironical mentor, the German-American Falk, is vividly suggested, and John Langbrith makes a conspicuous addition to the author's gallery of typical Americans, one not flattering to national vanity. There is no one like Mr. Howells for ruthless fidelity in his national touch.

A common trick, not only of rubbish writers, but also of very good novelists, is to choose for representation a person endowed by nature with some rare gift. A star always draws, and if an author announces firmly and frequently that he is exhibiting a star, only a few discriminating readers stop to question whether he has made his assertion good. Most people take him at his word, and, as they follow the wonder's career, have a pleasant sense of being in exalted company. To secure popular favor for a novel, an irresistible beauty is almost a necessity, and a great singer, dancer, financier, statesman, criminal has always a chance of making a hit. A great poet is a more doubtful lure, partly because the public does not take much stock in great poets, and partly because the poorest as the best of novelists must have a respect for and even a fear of great poets, and therefore modestly shrink from appearing to identify themselves with such an infrequent and dazzling apparition.

The author of 'The Divine Fire' (an author hitherto unknown to us), relying on the conscious possession of at least a spark, boldly offers a great poet as the principal figure of a long novel of modern London life—a novel which describes many human activities not intimately associated with the production of great poetry. Her postulate is that the poet is born; that his genius is independent of conditions actual or precedent, which can do no more than temporarily develop or hamper it, and that though poetic greatness implies in its possessor the possibility of a comparable greatness of character, it does not assure perfect goodness, and may be regarded as inimical to conventional respectability. One can say without hesitation that the author makes good her assumption that the Divine Fire descended and dwelt in Savage Keith Rickman, the son of a second-hand bookseller; a youth who, though perfectly at home with the Greek dramatists, had but an insecure hold of the letter H and could not drink tea gracefully in the presence of a lady. Though Rickman's head is in the stars, his feet do not escape the mire; his passions are strong, his emotions fervid, his intuitions sensitive and subtle; his dreams have a compelling power on action, and his expression an imaginative quality that distinguishes even his common talk from that of common men. As a man he is extremely interesting, and one may feel glad not to have a certainty that he was a great poet disturbed by having to read his tragedies and sonnets.

There is nothing sensational in his story. His sorrows and joys, trials and triumphs, are all in the natural way of life for one essentially remote from the condition in which he was born, and yet superficially

closely bound up with it. These superficial relations are described with a vivacity and fulness of fact that denote first-hand observation. The writer appears to have worked in a book-shop, to have lodged and fed in Mrs. Downey's boarding-house, and to have most intimately associated with Miss Flossie Walker. The improper Poppy Grace could be drawn without acquaintance; but Dick Pilkington, the broker, Jewdwine, Rankine, and Maddox, gentlemen practising the profession of letters, are all very real and stick in the memory. Jewdwine is an elaborate study of a well-born, very civilized Englishman, full of high conceptions of public and private decency and honor, who nevertheless has his price and can never resist the just opportune temptation. Miss Lucia Harden is the vaguest figure in the book—perhaps properly so, because she is a vision of perfection seen through the poet's sensibilities; she is the dream that Rickman found indivisible from reality, feeling both to be divine—the dream that inspired alike his best poetry and his best behavior. The plan of 'The Divine Fire' is rather large and is handled with noticeable ease, while the drama is properly developed through the nature of men and women without recourse to accident or artifice.

Since Miss Murfree captured the Tennessee Mountains for use in fiction, many adventurers have climbed her lonely trails and faced the peril of death from the swift bullet of the hostile native or from the sodden corn-cake and whiskey of the hospitable. Miss Murfree had a romantic vision which cast a glamour over the mountains, a constructive imagination, and a keen eye for the significant. By selecting for emphasis certain common aspects of character, habits of life, and methods of speech, without misrepresentation, she created mountaineers so amazing and amusing that nobody cared whether they actually existed or not. Some of her successors have concocted readable tales of adventure, relying both for tragedy and humor on the local assumptions that whiskey is man's natural drink and that killing is no murder; but none has possessed her talent for bringing such primitive stuff well within the scope of human sympathy and converting it into literature.

The author of 'Dr. Tom' has looked upon the serious side of local traditions, and represented his hero as an active reformer. He is a perfect hero, beautiful, brave, and strong, skilled in arts, and ready at any moment to lay down his life for a friend or a cause. He is also wealthy and without relations save the Thompsons of Thompson's Cove, who, overlooking his civilization for the sake of the blood tie, permit him to share their corncake and whiskey and feud of thirty years' standing with the McCalls and McCandlesses and all their Scotch-Irish kin by blood, marriage, or adoption. Dr. Tom, while willing to participate in forced casual warfare, sets himself resolutely to harmonize and to preach the advantages of cleanliness, work, and thrift—advantages that cannot be enjoyed by persons who never drop a gun except to take up a whiskey-dipper or a snuff-stick. The situation is well taken, giving opportunity for exciting escapades and contrasting points of view.

Unfortunately, the author's method is very poor; he seems, indeed, helpless before the task of constructing a coherent and effective tale. He begins with a direct presentation, then takes refuge in letters (stilted, unnatural letters), constantly narrates what he should show in action or conversation, and handicaps his principal people by accounts of their comprehensive perfection. The best sketch is that of Sis Thompson, an explosive mountain maiden. In Cal Clay, sheriff of Brett, with the physique of a giant and simplicity of a babe, we recognize the traditional frontier sheriff, one who reduces his countrymen to order by calling them "galoots" and "shore skunks," who takes the highest view of official duty with plentiful assurance that he "don't care a damn." The tragic fate of Dr. Tom is unexpected, and appears to have been brought about for the sake of a death-bed marriage and prolonged affectionate farewells. It gives Major Brett a chance for florid rhetoric and a unique suggestion for a testimonial. He puts to the stricken multitude a resolution: "That as a fitting though trifling tribute to Dr. Tom Hendricks, we declare in convention here and now that the said Dr. Tom Hendricks is now and forever shall be coroner of Brett, and that succeeding deputy coroners, for all time, shall sign him such on all official papers." Brett County had always preferred a dead coroner to a living one, and the enthusiasm with which the resolution was carried may have been as much an expression of relief as of regret.

None of the 'Blazed Trail Stories' has the fine imaginative quality that raised Mr. White's novel, 'The Silent Places,' so far above the average tale of wilderness adventure. Separate incidents illustrate the life of a logger, a scout, or a cowboy, but the illustration is limited to the outward and physical aspects of such life. They probably give a truthful impression of the mass of men engaged in occupations for which a strong body is more useful than an interesting soul, and fidelity to the average could make no demand on the author's higher faculties. All are good of their kind—a kind long familiar to us, acceptable enough at intervals in magazines, but without the rarity either of episode or character that helps short tales to bear the strain of the collected form. "The Prospector" seems to us the best of the lot. The figure of a man not born for worldly success pursuing it from youth to age, always falling short at a critical moment, and never knowing why, is not new in fiction, yet it has a pathos that survives much manipulation. A human instinct for fair play goes out warmly to the victim of apparently preordained bad luck.

The tale of "The Farm of the Dagger" is full of gloom. John Newcombe and Roger Honeywell, neighbors and tenants of ancient Dartmoor farms in the early years of the nineteenth century, disliked each other naturally, and the dislike, fostered by trivial irritations, grew to hatred, until each lived but to fulfil a horrid dream of vengeance upon the other. The evil tempers of the elderly men affect the fortunes of their children, for Eve Newcombe and Quinton Honeywell inevitably fall in love with each other and remain steadfast, in spite of parental cruelties, long separation, and misrepresentations of a wonderfully ingenious sort. No situation appeals less to modern sympathy. We can still get angry, but we are not revengeful—we have no time. A long account of a mean vengeance, conceived and wrought out by two sordid men, does not shock us, does not interest us; only bores us. Mr. Philpotts's farmers are intolerable bores, and his peasants and "mechanicals" only less tiresome because they show occasional gleams of humor. The love story is pretty, only a little too consciously so. Eve is an idyllic figure, but she is not spontaneous; the lines are too carefully pruned and polished. Daniel Coffin of the United States frigate *Chesapeake*, taken by the *Shannon* and carried across sea to Dartmoor prison, is involved in the unhappy situation at Dagger Farm. He is a resourceful person, and speaks to perfection the American language as it conveys itself to the ears of English novelists.

Critics and other persons who contend that grown-ups no longer read Sir Walter Scott's novels will not be surprised to hear from Mr. Crockett that even children nowadays reject them unless they are specially prepared and dished up in modern fashion. Mr. Crockett has no sympathy with those who believe that Scott's influence on children is pernicious—on the contrary, he was most anxious that his children should make the acquaintance of their country's great romance-writer at first hand; but, finding them resolute in opposition, he adopted a device to lead them on to compliance—a device, which, according to his own account, made almost what the French call a *succès fou*. He undressed the novels, stripped them of the trappings of romance and chivalry, of all that is characteristically Scott, and presented the skeleton, the bare plot and action, to enraptured listeners. We are bound to believe in the rapture, but not to feel sure that it will be shared by children who get the 'Red Cap Tales' printed in a book. Children are not overfond of reading newspaper accounts of events, however exciting, and Mr. Crockett seems to us to have dealt with the Waverley Novels in a style similar to that of a conscientious, not a lurid, journalist reporting a fire or a murder.

The life of a fishing community in the northern seas of Europe, whether it be on the west coast of Ireland or on the islands that lie to the north of Scotland, or on the coasts of Scotland herself, is always the life of crofter-fishermen. Men must practise two trades—must go out with the boats in the herring and mackerel season, and, for the rest, cultivate the holding or the croft, sowing the thin, barren soil for their strips of oats and potatoes, and painfully saving, when they can, three harvests (turf for fuel, and hay and oats), besides the no less uncertain harvest of the sea. But the sea is the great fact of life for them all, the great danger and the great reward. From the sea, death may come to any one of them—"the gentlest death that may be," as Homer said; and on the edge of it they cluster, turning their backs on the unfruitful treeless land.

In 'The Reaper' Miss Rickert has described the life of such a community in one of the Shetland Isles. Here the blood of Norsemen has mingled with the Celtic strain, and many of the names are purely Scandinavian. Terval Saemundson, the crofter whose life is the main thread of the book, has inherited from a Celtic mother the tendency to dream and desire what he has not the will to obtain. He has a passion for study,

especially for Norse mythology, and has visions of what he might do in the great world beyond the islands. But there is always some good reason why he should stay and work the croft, and not even take part in the fishing to which he was born and for which he sighs.

"The peace of the home fields, the Manse with its scrub willows and honeysuckle, the double row of little boats on the sandy beach, the turf dykes, the peat-stacks, the patches of garden, the slow upward spirals of smoke that now and again drifted across and half hid the black-tarred kitchens—all the dear familiar things filled him with strong impatience for the land and its life. . . . He found the answers to some questions in the broad silence of the moorlands, to others in the splash and suck of the waters about gigantic broken cliffs."

The story of Terval, however, or of the lives that were bound up with his, is not the essential interest of the book. That lies rather in Miss Rickert's power to give a sympathetic picture of life as a whole on Snarravoe. She has succeeded in impressing on her reader the charm that clings to all the humble or pathetic circumstances of life as it is lived in these remote places, untouched by the excitements and vulgarities of modern civilization. To express sincerely the atmosphere of an existence like that, where "Only the mightier movement sounds and passes," is a proof of great poetic insight, rarely so exercised in these days when commerce and sexual attraction divide the honors in fiction.

The influence of Mr. Hall Caine has colored the style as well as the plot of 'The Ragged Messenger.' The hero is a clergyman, the Rev. John Morton, who, like John Storm in 'The Christian,' devotes a remarkable oratorical gift to the service of the London poor, preaching everywhere except in churches, and startling the West End by his demand that the rich shall give up their possessions to the poor—an idea which is quoted to prove his originality. The story has hardly opened when Morton inherits a fortune of ten millions sterling, and proceeds to practise what he preaches. He marries a woman whom he has rescued from the streets, ignoring the devotion of a charming aristocrat, and refuses to be disillusioned or to blame any one but himself when his wife elopes with his secretary whom he had saved from starvation. At the end, the woman comes back penitent and at the point of death. He has given away all his money, and, feeling that his work is done, shoots himself at the deathbed of his wife. The story is full of melodramatic situations, without being in the true sense dramatic.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Everything that can contribute to a child's æsthetic sense and furnish him with a high standard of comeliness in books, is contained in Messrs. Scribner's holiday edition of the late Eugene Field's 'Poems of Childhood.' The manufacture is generous, with broad margins, large type, and clear, black impression. The pictorial decoration has been intrusted to Mr. Maxfield Parrish; and his vivid color-plates, while repeating his mannerisms, infallibly hit the mark of faery fancy and grace of line and composition. There is but one, "Seein' Things," which, for its spookiness, parents might hesitate to place before some infant temperaments; just as there is one poem, "Bambino," a bandit mother's bloody exhortation to her young hopeful, which does not seem precisely in place in a collection like this. There is, further, more than a sufficiency of lament for lost darlings; and, undeniable as was Mr. Field's gift as a children's poet—a gift of sympathy before all—he mixed high and low in style, touching the sentimental, pathetic, or humorous stop with resort to elevated diction, dialect, or a queer archaic lingo *ad libitum*. Some of the poems are not for children at all.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's negro folklore verse has a parallel distinction with his prose, and is perhaps as well calculated to make a vivid impression on the childish imagination. Its metres are sympathetic to the subject and the race, in the "Camp-Meeting Song" as in the "Corn-Shucking Song," or, again, in the delightful lilting "Wishing Song." The reprinted collection, 'The Tar-Baby, and Other Rhymes of Uncle Remus' (Appletons), is handsomely got up, and Messrs. Frost & Kemble have worked harmoniously together in the illustrations and borders. The cover design, too, is felicitous.

'A Quintette of Greycoats' (Baker & Taylor Co.) is another interesting book, by Effie Bignell, about her woodland friends. Incidentally she gives the information that, though the selling or owning of caged gray squirrels is forbidden by law, a certain New York dealer is authorized to sell them to "naturalists, heads of schools, and others of like standing, who wish to make a friendly, helpful study of the little creatures." Mrs. Bignell's object, in this case, was the introduction of a colony of gray squirrels among the friendly red squirrels that live about her home and accept the hospitality of her study and "window-sill restaurant." Of the results of her experiment and the happenings on the way she tells a charming story.

Myrtle Reed's 'Book of Clever Beasts' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is an amusing take-off on the observations and conclusions of certain popular writers on natural history. Readers who are familiar with the many comparatively recent animal stories will easily recall the originals of Miss Reed's Clever Beasts, and recognize the scientific themes on which she plays her whimsical variations; and while believers smile, doubters will chuckle to see by what adroit changes "natural" history is here made to become "unnatural."

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller is to be congratulated on the success of her hazard of new fortunes in 'Kristy's Queer Christmas' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). After establishing her reputation as a writer of bird books, she has now produced a collection of pleasant, readable children's stories. The fourteen which make up the volume purport to have been told for the amusement of a sick child, and of them nine bear upon Christmas, to suit the occasion of their telling; yet there is very little monotony of subject, and considerable liveliness of style. The best story, as we might expect, is one dealing with birds, for whom a Tree is prepared by some children. But the stories are all good of their kind, and the book would be very suitable to give as a Christmas present, or to read aloud at a children's sewing circle.

Perhaps it is unfair to criticise Georgiana Goddard King's 'Comedies and Legends for Marionettes' (Macmillan) without some experience of its effects. The writer assumes that "a clever boy or girl can easily make the puppets," work the wires, paint the scenes, and speak the lines, though to the uninitiated this all seems difficult enough. Possibly, then, he or she may be so supremely "clever" as to make the plot of "Columbine's Marriage" comprehensible, and to eliminate all sense of incongruity, not to say irreverence, from the spectacle of St. Francis and Brother Bernard pirouetting on strings, and singing the Canticle of the Creatures in Punch and Judy fashion. On the whole, most spectators would probably prefer to see the two pantomimes of "Snowflake" and "Mother Hubbard," of which the story is well known and secular, and in which we are spared the mixture of Shaksperean English with modern slang. The print and the illustrations by Anna R. Giles are admirable.

'The Staying Guest,' by Carolyn Wells (Century Co.), is also a well got-up book, and would be entitled to more consideration if it were not a poor likeness of Kate Douglas Wiggin's 'Rebecca.' Here again we find two maiden aunts and a mischievous niece, but the plot is as much less satisfactory as it is more ambitious, while the evident determination to enlist our sympathies on the side of the child, however naughty, makes us wonder whether the authoress belongs to the school which believes that

"The only one thing that the old can know best
Is this, that the young must know better."

Another story of about the same order of merit is 'Irma and Nap,' by Helen Leah Reed (Little, Brown & Co.). Though the writer has at last parted from "Brenda," she still moves in a feminine world, where the boys merely afford occasions for the virtues or failings of the girls. The book as a whole leaves no very salient impression, for though Miss Reed points many a moral, she can hardly be said to adorn a tale. Irma is a little girl, and Nap is her little dog. Except for one visit of laborious instructiveness to Lexington and Concord, their life seems scarcely eventful enough to justify biography, especially in view of the short time schoolgirls have for reading and the many classics they might and can enjoy.

'The Basket Woman,' by Mary Austin (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), bears the misleading sub-title of "a book of fanciful tales for children." The stories are not conspicuous for imagination, and though the writer tells us that "they all occurred in that strip of country which lies east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and south of Yosemite," there is disappointingly little local color. One-half of the fourteen tales are fair. Of the rest, the five Parables from Nature are poor, and "Mahala Joe" and "The Merry-Go-Round" of the buzzards distinctly good. But when we read of "knee-long hair," a "finger-long troutling," and "the fume of the storm," or are told that the "wild bees began to whine," we must admit that if the plots are commonplace, the language at least is "fanciful."

'The River's Children,' by Ruth McEnery Stuart (Century Co.), is hardly a child's book at all. If the old negro woman's rhapsodies about the Mississippi strike even adult readers as absurd, we

may feel sure that children will simply skip them to get on with the story, slight as it is. The book impresses one as having failed of its aim. We ought to be thrilled by the silent stateliness of the Father of Waters; we are as a fact jarred upon by the tall talk to which he gives rise. The dialect of the Creoles and negroes adds to the sense of artificiality, and, without irrefragable proof, we shall hesitate to believe in ballet dances on supper tables, executed by or in the presence of respectable heads of French families. These blemishes are all the greater pity in a writer of such real and proved talent.

Turning to fairy stories, we have 'The Little Giant,' by Thomas Dunn English (McClurg & Co.). This writer is best known as the author of "Ben Bolt," but in the course of his long life (1819 to 1902) he wrote many children's stories, of which this volume contains four specimens. Three are reprints from magazines; one, "The Adventures of Wydawayk," has never been published before, and has a pathetic interest as the last story written by the old man for his grandsons. Under the circumstances, criticism seems churlish; yet it is safe to predict that this work will not be *ære perennius*. The language is too pedantic and polysyllabic for children; the plots are all of the conventional type; and the incidents might be described as a medley of the Arabian Nights, Indian legends, Grimm's Tales, 'Alice in Wonderland,' and George Macdonald. The only original touch is where the Little Giant teaches the Hyperboreans how to light their land with natural gas, and even this cannot be considered as a very brilliant flight. The illustrations, by Lucy Fitch Perkins, are the cleverest part of the book.

It is a comfort to take up a real classic of fairy literature, where the reader's only distress in welcoming another volume of a delightful series is the fear that it may be the last. 'The Brown Fairy-Book,' edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans, Green & Co.), fully sustains the reputation of its predecessors, while Mr. H. J. Ford's illustrations are more decorative than ever, especially where the new color-process is introduced. As usual, "the stories," so the preface tells us, "come from all quarters of the world." The North American Indians give us seven, of which it is interesting to note that five deal with animals and even, by a strange error in bird geography, with a "little robin redbreast." Lapland and Iceland each furnish five, with a large predominance of the magic element so dear to Northern Europe. Asia Minor gives us two, Brazil two, and India two, one of which, "Wali Dâd the Simple-hearted," is the most amusing in the book, though the single Persian tale is the most important. The story of "Father Grumbler," ascribed in the footnote to "Contes Populaires," bears no national stamp, but closely resembles "The Jackal, the Barber and the Brahman" in Miss Frere's 'Old Deccan Days.' Finally, we have one tale apiece from Australia, Basutoland, Japan, Germany, Ancient Egypt, New Caledonia, and Spain. The two last call for a special notice, the former as showing unmistakably the humorous cynicism of the editor himself, the latter as coming from the pen of a modern novelist, Fernan Caballero (1796-1877).

The appearance of a new edition of 'Granny's Wonderful Chair,' by Frances Browne (McClure, Phillips & Co.), less than four years after its reproduction by Dutton & Co., serves to show the great popularity of this old-fashioned story-book. This time, instead of Marie Seymour Lucas's pretty work, we have illustrations of doubtful merit by Edith Truman; instead of clear facts and dates about the curious disappearance of the volume from the market for over thirty years, we have an ecstatic eulogy by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who loved the stories so well as to try to rewrite them from memory. To the unprejudiced reader the praise may seem extravagant, and the volume a little tedious. Still, either from its intrinsic merit, or from the "boom" given to it by Mrs. Burnett, this book has claimed and received public attention twice within four years, and in face of such a recognition criticism is superfluous.

Gass's Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. By Sergeant Patrick Gass, one of the persons employed in the Expedition. Reprinted from the edition of 1811, with facsimiles of the original title-page, and the five original illustrations, a reproduction of a rare portrait of Gass, and a map of the Lewis and Clark route. With an analytical Index and an Introduction by James Kendall Hosmer, LL.D. Pp. liii.+298. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1904.

Never before had an American book achieved such celebrity, swift as well as far and wide, as did the Journal of Gass scrawled when ink froze in the pen, or in a boat too unsteady for the captains to write. Printed at Pittsburgh in 1807, on the extremest of Western presses, it was within a year reprinted in London in a format never surpassed till the present sumptuous edition. The next year, 1809, it was chosen as the subject of one of the long articles in the first volume of the *Quarterly*, when it began to lock horns with the *Edinburgh*, hitherto the critical autocrat. In 1810, a French translation came out in Paris; and one in German, which Humboldt had been impatient for, was printed at Weimar in 1814. Four editions at home in five years and three beyond sea before two years more had expired—this was something unique. It bespeaks a popularity beyond the dreams of Dr. Thwaites concerning the acme edition or *opus magnum* of seven royal octavos and an atlas on the great discovery which he has now in press.

As the protevangelium, the first light shining in the utter and outer darkness of Trans-Missouri—and that seven years earlier than any other dawned—Gass must remain a centre of interest, no matter how many another original chronicle has been or shall be brought to light. Yet if his jottings shot up like a blazing rocket, they fell down as suddenly and as dead. No second foreign edition has come to our knowledge, and none at home within the last sixty years is known to the present publisher. The reason of this collapse we hope to make plain.

Dr. Hosmer's share in this work is no more than a tenth of its pages, but will secure nine-tenths of the interest. Writing of Gass and more than a score of his subordinates or equals, he has gleaned and grouped more particulars of their antecedents before their argonautic adventure and after it was over than have ever been published together. Several picturesque details he mentions, which had eluded the argus eyes of Coues through a lifetime of waiting and watching. Whatever he learned he sets forth with an "order which gives each thing view," and a vivacity which keeps our attention expectant and appetite growing by what it feeds on, to his last syllable in regard to Patrick Gass as a "typical wheelhorse man." The likeness and signature of Patrick from an ambrotype are unique among memorials of the first pathfinders to our farthest West. Still, from end to end of Dr. Hosmer's Introduction we find nothing we can in any way connect or interlock with the career of any individual of the score and more described by him as co-workers with Gass in the struggle up the Missouri, down the Columbia, and back again; not a word as to how any adventurer's character stood the supreme test. We may be told that it was enough to bring us to the words of Gass, and they would suffice if our brains were not in fault. We might be content if among the words of Gass we could detect even as much as the names of the men whom Dr. Hosmer deals with as his companions, while in truth not one of them has there a name to live or lives in a name, save that of Sergeant Floyd when in the article of death.

To take a single example: George Shannon is the first of the adventurers noticed by Dr. Hosmer "as a boy of seventeen, who ran away from school to enlist, and whose father had been lost and frozen to death." How shall a reader of Gass only—one of the class who can afford nothing more and for whom this edition was avowedly prepared—pick out Shannon in a journal which often notices but never names him? Plodding along among anonymities, he comes to this passage (p. 31): "We saw some person coming down the river on horseback, when we came to land and found it was the man who had preceded us with the horses. This man had been absent sixteen days, and his bullets being expended he had subsisted twelve days almost wholly on grapes." A believer in heredity which traces a chip to the old block might guess that the man always unnamed, but thus lost and frozen more or less, was Shannon. He would guess right, but could never know that he had, unless he could get a sight of the name George Shannon in Biddle's detail of the same incident (p. 70; Coues, p. 114. "The map of the route" promised on the Hosmer title-page, if not wanting in the book would have strengthened the reader's confidence in his guess, for it showed the rubric "Shannon's creek" near where he was lost and found, but that promise was not fulfilled. Thanks to Biddle, Coues, and the captain's notebooks, Shannon can be made to put in an appearance at various other points in Gass, and they would lend and borrow light by mutual reflection.

Our tether is too short to allow us even to touch on more than one additional point. The prospectus of Frazier's Journal becoming known to Dr. Hosmer through the *Nation* in 1893, he ought, we think, to have printed it as the best of his new finds. It was first to make known the name of a second rank-and-file writer like Gass, and to turn research into lines where Floyd and Whitehouse were afterward

brought to light. The more Frazier's title-page is kept before the people, the greater the possibility that his whole volume will burst its cerements, and the fencing-master may show himself as strenuous with pen as with sword. We therefore supply Dr. Hosmer's regrettable omission:

"Proposals for publishing by subscription *Robert Frazer's* [*sic*] Journal, from St. Louis in Louisiana to the Pacific Ocean, containing an accurate description of the Missouri and its several branches, of the mountains separating the eastern from the western waters, of the Columbia River and the bay it forms on the Pacific Ocean, of the face of the country in general; of the several tribes of Indians on the Missouri and Columbia Rivers; of the vegetable, animal [and mineral] productions discovered in those extensive regions, the latitudes and longitudes of some of the most remarkable places, together with a variety of curious and interesting occurrences during a voyage of two years, four months and nine days, conducted by Captains Lewis and Clark.

"Published by permission of Capt. Meriwether Lewis. This work will be contained in about 400 pages octavo, and will be put to the press as soon as there shall be a sufficient subscription to defray the expenses. Price to subscribers $3."

The centurial survival in hiding of the Whitehouse Journal makes all things seem possible for Frazier. No hairbreadth 'scapes are more romantic than the Whitehouse manuscript's—a deathbed gift to his confessor Vivaldi, deposited in New York when he went on a mission to Patagonia; obtained by Capt. Haley in requital for a signal service, by an order from Vivaldi back in California; rejected by the Congressional Library, as its price was too high; bought by a Yankee publisher, who, after use, for a consideration has resigned it to the Chicago citizen most sagacious and voracious of such treasure-trove.

Italian Villas and their Gardens. By Edith Wharton. The Century Co.

Mrs. Wharton has both the talent and the training needed for writing entertainingly and intelligently about her theme. To be alone a skilful artist with the pen is not enough. But add to this a discerning taste, a love for all things Italian, a rare appreciation of the highest form of garden art, an intimate knowledge of its finest examples, and we have an equipment that has given us one of the best of the many books upon the villas and gardens of Italy.

After a careful study of it one feels that Mrs. Wharton's words call up in even truer fashion the intimate charm of the Villa Gamberaia or the sombre stateliness of the Villa d'Este than do the intensely personal, albeit highly poetic, illustrations of Maxfield Parrish. Her statements are the soberer and more measured of the two. They strike nearer the truth. His paintings clothe the form of the original in an always beautiful but sometimes overstrained scheme of color. And yet, from work of such great decorative charm, so touched with high imagination, it seems ungracious to withhold the fullest praise. In one way the comparison is scarcely fair, because the writer's thought suffers not at all in the change from manuscript to type, while the painter's (and especially the thought of such a colorist as Parrish) inevitably loses much in translation from canvas to color-print. Nor is this said in disparagement of the really admirable results of the three-plate process employed. The reproductions are the best of their kind, yet no mechanical process can render quite faithfully the full-toned harmonies of Parrish's originals.

As the object of the book is not the description of the villa alone, but of its garden, and of the garden as it was at its best, before the influence of English taste had worked changes in most of the old villa gardens, the writer's choice of subjects is far more limited than one would at first suppose. Thus, in the neighborhood of Florence she finds but ten worthy of more than a mere mention, but these ten serve to fully illustrate all that was most characteristic in the Florentine villa. For Siena four examples suffice. Rome and its environs of course afford a field full of noble specimens of the art at its highest, while Genoa, Lombardy, and Venetia round out the finished whole.

The introductory essay upon the relation of the villa to its garden and of both to the landscape surrounding them is full of ideas which, even if they lay no claim to novelty, are eminently sane and just. One of the secrets of these old places our author has learned so well that we must let her tell it in her own words:

"Much is to be learned from the old Italian gardens, and the first lesson is that, if they are to be a real inspiration, they must be copies, not in the letter, but in the spirit. That is, a marble sarcophagus and a dozen twisted columns will not make an Italian garden; but a piece of ground laid out and planted on the principles of the old garden-craft will be, not indeed an Italian garden in the literal sense, but, what is far better, a garden as well adapted to its surroundings as were the models which inspired it."

As description forms so large a part of the book, it is to be regretted that plans, however meagre (mere thumbnail sketches would have served), have not been included among the illustrations. Without them, the descriptions, though well written, are sometimes hard to follow; with them, all would have been clear and simple. Those who have even a very considerable knowledge of the subject will find in the book description of places that have been but names to them, while those who know but little of the subject will find here an excellent introduction to it.

The Prado and its Masterpieces. By C. S. Ricketts. With fifty photogravures. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Since the chief pictures of the Prado are already accessible in excellent photographs and photogravures, there is no obvious reason for presenting them again in this expensive form. Furthermore, these twenty-nine folio plates of French manufacture are often muddy in quality, being in this respect inferior to the small plates of English make printed in the text. A little care in varying the tint of the inks, here uniformly brown and generally untransparent, would have made the illustrations more pleasing to the eye and more faithful to their originals.

Contrary to the wont of this sort of publication, Mr. Ricketts's study of the pictures goes far to justify the enterprise. His comment is always interesting, and often trenchant. It would be hard, for example, to imagine anything better said of the neurotic Theotocopuli than this: "The world which El Greco painted is seen by flashes of lightning, and in a spirit of hallucination and solar eclipse, when the dead seem to walk with the living." Indeed, the pages abound in such illuminating felicities, as when we are told that Manet is one of those painters who "approached art and nature as if the eye was without memory." Epigrammatic again, but absolutely just, is the statement that Velasquez had "not a profound sense of beauty, but a profound sense of style." Or, again: "His work is excellent good company, not for its racy record of facts and events, but for its tranquil charm; for the dashing Velasquez, the painter with a brush like a rapier, is a modern invention—the self-reflecting compliment of several bad modern painters, paid to the most refined among artists."

It needs no further quotation to show that Mr. Ricketts thinks his own thoughts vigorously, and brings to observation of the art of others something of the conscience and taste that he has shown in his own work as a decorator of books. As a writer of books, however, he shows inexperience, and when his text is reprinted in popular form, as it deserves to be, much of the running account of Titian and Rubens, for example, can well be spared as not of an importance to warrant such extensive digression from the theme, the Prado.

In the narrower field of connoisseurship Mr. Ricketts's contribution is only less notable than in that of appreciation. His suggestion (p. 136) that Petrus Christus may be "the link between the Van Eycks and Antonello da Messina" should be treasure-trove to neo-Morellians. The "Dead Knight" in the National Gallery is confidently—too confidently, perhaps—transferred from Velasquez to Zurburan. For the much-disputed "Shepherd with a Pipe" at Hampton Court the interesting theory is advanced that, by the simple expedient of painting in the robe, the hand and the pipe, some restorer has patched it out from a derelict fragment of Giorgone's "David" which Vasari mentions. The theory, though startling, is plausible. Mr. Ricketts is even sure that he has seen traces of the original armor above the restorer's drapery—an observation important if accurate. Space does not permit the enumeration of other new attributions equally interesting.

Mr. Ricketts's forte, however, is not connoisseurship. Appreciation such as this of Rubens's drawing is rare, and shows the true critic:

"His figures are not abstractions of facts, visualized separately, and connected by a conventional code of proportion; he draws figures as flexible solids seen in space, and influenced in their shape by the laws of balance and the actual facts of their substance, their faculty of bending or resistance. As a draughtsman he stands with Michael Angelo; their knowledge and their memory are greater than those of any other artist; they can rely upon their plastic sense when another man would measure and collect facts."

That Mr. Ricketts does not lack humor, let this suggestion of ways and means to add a good Rembrandt to the collection attest: "Some American millionaire, with tardy but possibly sound prospects in Cuba, might do this," hints our author.

A few rather ugly misprints have escaped

the proof-reader: page 9, *quarto*cento; page 23, Sforzias; page 76, *caste*.

The Greek Poets: An Anthology. By Nathan Haskell Dole. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Mr. Dole has drawn for his collection upon some excellent translators—Shelley, Tennyson, FitzGerald, Worsley, Mackail, Symonds, Frere, and Professor Murray; and from others, for various reasons, less excellent—Prior, Chapman, Mrs. Browning, etc. If anything, the sources are too numerous and too varied in style and aim. This will confuse the ingenuous and serious reader and bewilder him somewhat. He needs the sign-posts and warnings which Mr. Dole furnishes occasionally, and something more. The admirable closeness of Mr. Mackail and the admirable freedom of FitzGerald are each illuminating in their way, if Mr. Dole will hold his candle of caution as to the method of each. Sappho, for example, is represented by eleven translators (of fourteen fragments), as diverse as Edwin Arnold, Rossetti, Swinburne, Lord Byron, and A. E. Crawley. By this process we get a reflection of Sappho as if from a series of mirrors, some concave, some convex, overlaid with composites of Lord Byron and the others. The verses by Elton entitled "The Rose" may mystify the enterprising student, who will search in vain for their original in his Hartung or Bergk. The reason is that the poem has nothing to do with Sappho: it is taken from the novel of Achilles Tatius (Bk. 2), who professes to give a *prose* version of a song sung by his heroine, Leucippe. The song (if it ever existed) belonged, with its pretty conceits, to the class of Anacreontics.

There are various good reasons for including Chapman and Pope among specimens of Homeric translation; but Maginn's ballads are, on the whole, painfully misleading, and represent a theory which is discredited by the best authorities in literary taste and comparative literature. With good intentions, Maginn was simply a traitor; and on that head we refer Mr. Dole once more to Matthew Arnold, to M. Bréal, and to Homer himself. The "Prometheus" may be much better represented by Bevan's vigorous and faithful version than by Mrs. Browning's, which justly offended FitzGerald's taste and scholarship. The truly appreciative and scientific anthology of Greek poetry, combined with a running commentary, like Mr. Gibb's 'History of Ottoman Poetry,' has yet to be written or compiled in English—perhaps because a good many people still insist on reading Greek for themselves. Mr. Dole's aim was not so large nor so scientific, though he absolves his conscience by writing "Oidipous," "Phaiakians," etc., thereby estranging us somewhat from old acquaintances. This fidelity should lead him to see that his printer avoids "Trachinioi," "Hippolitos," and also McGinn and MacKail. But the collection is to be commended in general: it covers a wide range, it contains many choice morsels; it is also handsomely printed, and suited to the purposes of the holiday season.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adventures of King James II. of England. By the author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby," etc. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.80 net.
American Nation, The. A History. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. First series, 5 vols. Harpers. $9 per set.
Art Department Illustrated. Universal Exposition. St. Louis.
Asakawa, K. The Russo-Japanese Conflict. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Ashley, Percy. Modern Tariff History. Dutton. $3 net.
Bannister, Corrilla. Self-Building. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.10.
Barbour, Ralph Henry. Kitty of the Roses. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.
Bashford, Henry H. The Manitobian. John Lane. $1.50.
Bigelow, Edward F. How Nature Study Should Be Taught. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.
Blissett, Nellie K. The Bindweed. Smart Set Pub. Co.
Boynton, Frank David. School Civics. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Brebner, Percy James. Mr. Quixley of the Gate House. Frederick Warne & Co. $1.25.
Chittenden, Russel H. Physiological Economy in Nutrition. F. A. Stokes Co. $3 net.
Connor, Ralph. The Prospector. Fleming H. Revell Co.
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Field, Roswell. Little Miss Dee. Fleming H. Revell Co.
FitzGerald's Rubáiyát. Photogravures by Gilbert James. Dutton. $1.50.
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Kernahan, Culson. The Face Beyond the Door. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 40 cents net.
Leibson, Jacob J. Tommy's Adventures in Blunderland. Bloch Pub. Co. 50 cents.
Mustard, Wilfred P. Classical Echoes in Tennyson. Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Nobody Knows. Frederick Warne & Co. 80 cents.
Nolan, Edward J. Combinations, Trusts, and Monopolies. Broadway Pub. Co.
Oberholtzer, Ellis Paxson. Abraham Lincoln. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
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Simmons, Henry M. New Tables of Stone. Boston: James H. West Co. $1.50.
Speer, Robert E. Missions and Modern History. 2 vols. Fleming H. Revell Co. $4 net.
Tennyson's Holy Grail. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Thackeray, William M. Kensington Edition. Vols. XXI. to XXXIII. Scribners. $2 per volume net.
Theadorer. The Finest Baby in the World. Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cents net.
Tybout, Ella Middleton. Poketown People. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Walton's Lives. (The Cheswick Library of Noble Authors.) Scott-Thaw Co.
Weyman, Stanley J. The Abbess of Vlaye. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
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The Week.

Many Republicans of the "stand-pat" variety are complaining that President Roosevelt seems to be annexing the leading Democratic planks—tariff reform and others. He is in office, they mutter, but the Democratic policy bids fair to be in power. The complaint is exactly similar to that which Lord Salisbury made against Disraeli in 1867, when the latter not only took up the principles of the Liberals, in the matter of the extension of the suffrage, but went them several better. It was a betrayal of the Conservative party, Salisbury bitterly alleged, and he made ready, as Lord Rosebery said the other day, to abandon office and even public life. Yet seven years later he discovered his party stronger than ever for having adopted a popular policy. He entered the Cabinet in 1874 with his great political career all before him. Similarly, there will be Republicans to affirm that Mr. Roosevelt's espousal of tariff revision is little short of party treason; but in politics, too, "treason successful is no longer treason," and if the Republicans can reform the tariff next year, it may prevent their party being reformed out of power in 1908.

As a respite from the question, "Shall the tariff be revised?" some of the men who think it should not, have put out the challenge, "Who now has a right to urge its revision?" Congressman Babcock of Wisconsin, for instance, who has held his tariff reduction views in abeyance for something more than two years, is bringing them forward again. But the stand-patters immediately exclaim at such effrontery: "What right has Babcock to give advice to the Republican party when his plurality was cut down from 8,350 to only 385 in the year of a mighty Republican landslide?" But the man is no better off whose majority was increased—Mr. McCall of Massachusetts, or Mr. Burton of Ohio. Counsels of tariff revision are sheer temerity from them, too. What is your vote, asks the stand-patter, but a vindication of the way we have dealt with the tariff in the last four years? Or take the case of a defeated Republican like Mr. Eugene N. Foss. He is easily crushed, too. Would you dare to raise your voice for reciprocity when you have just been defeated after a fight on that very platform? So it goes all along the line. The high priests of Dingleyism are affecting a certain open-mindedness. "Of course, some schedules may need changing," they say. But no man, in their view, has clean enough hands to take the precious nursling out of the cotton wool in which it has so long been swathed.

Secretary Shaw advocates a general application of the principle of free raw material for exported manufactures. At present a tanner may get back the duty paid on hides if he exports leather. But he cannot claim the drawback if he sells the leather to a manufacturer who makes it up and exports it as shoes. Secretary Shaw would allow imported raw material of this sort to be treated in any fashion so it finally be shipped out of the country; that is indispensable. It never seems to occur to him that the spectacle of our factories selling at home at a dear price and exporting to foreigners at a cheap figure is not calculated to make the man in the street contented with the tariff. He will be told, of course, that by selling goods so low "abroad," we are really pauperizing the foreigner, and by selling him a cheap shoe branding him as a cheap man. Our humble consumer will be told also that to pay the high price when the foreigner gets the low price for the same article is merely "paying to ourselves"—a swift road to wealth. But such arguments will have to combat the base tendency to buy the necessaries of life as cheap as possible.

A stronger practical argument against the drawback plan—which theoretically, of course, we should welcome as a half-measure—is the difficulty of framing a workable law. The drawback allowed on shipbuilding material is, we are assured, of very little benefit to our ship-masters. Generally speaking, to keep records of such material is vexatious; inspectors are forced to take the word of the manufacturer or to go by mere rule of thumb. Of all methods of tariff reduction, it is the most complicated and cumbrous. If the friends of the tariff are really anxious to readjust it, they will look to reciprocity treaties as a convenient means. Reduction by treaty, being an affair of previous bargaining and *quid pro quo*, is the least contentious kind. The fact that the Senate has tabled treaty after treaty is an indication that it would not hear reason on the tariff. If a change of heart has indeed taken place, the best evidence of conversion will be the renewal of the Kasson treaties. To them should be added a reciprocity treaty with Canada. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is known to be in a receptive mood, and if Mr. Roosevelt has the zeal for tariff reform with which he is credited, he will not fail to seek a treaty either by reconvening the Joint High Commission or by direct negotiation with Ottawa.

Secretary Taft's first annual report is of the routine character to which we were accustomed before the days of Mr. Root. No one would glean from it that there are still urgent reforms needed before the army's modernization can be said to be complete. But this subject plainly does not as yet interest Mr. Taft. He contents himself with a review of our coast defences—now half completed as laid down by the Endicott board of 1886 and already largely antiquated. Not less than $110,000,000 has been spent upon this undertaking, and at least $65,000,000 more is needed. Mr. Taft also dwells upon the advantages of the recent elaborate manœuvres of the militia and regulars, although it is tacitly admitted in Washington that they are not to be repeated. Naturally enough, the Philippines come in for a good deal of attention in Mr. Taft's report. He notes primarily a falling off of five millions of dollars in the trade of the islands as reflected in the imports and exports. This Gov. Wright explains as being due to drought and locusts. If it is not one thing it is another; every year some such excuse has to be brought forward to explain the unhappy conditions which have existed since our military forces laid waste the islands. As was to be expected, he appeals for a substantial reduction of the tariff upon Philippine products imported into the United States. He would have all come in free save tobacco and sugar, upon which he would have imposed 25 per cent. of the Dingley rates. We hope that the Democrats, if not his own party leaders, will again pay no heed to the Secretary's request that the United States guarantee a 5 per cent. income on the bonds of new railroad companies in the Philippines for a period of thirty years. The proposal is vicious in theory, and would create a most dangerous precedent.

Gen. Chaffee's statement, in his first annual report, that "abundant proof of the wisdom of Congress in establishing the new corps [the General Staff] and prescribing its duties is found in its record of its first year's work," admits of no denial. But to demand that the Staff should already have achieved its maximum of efficiency would be to expect the impossible. Gen. Chaffee admits that "further experience may suggest advantageous modifications in the methods adopted." One of the changes which should be made is in the appointment of officers to the General Staff. At present it is a self-perpetuating body, or at least it is perpetuated

by the general officers comprising it. It would be far better if the selections were made by general officers serving with troops. The staff officers should also be kept in the closest possible touch with troops in the field. It has even been suggested that they should spend three months in every year inspecting posts and regiments. Gen. Chaffee does not feel that the time has come to recommend any additional reform legislation, although there is plenty of room for further changes. Perhaps the General Staff may arrive at a different conclusion within the next year. At any rate, it will find plenty of opportunity for brain work in puzzling out the reasons why desertions are so very heavy, and why all the prisons and guard-houses are filled to overflowing with our military criminals.

There is no reason to suppose that any human being regarded pension order No. 78, in advance of its operation, as a measure of economy, yet that seems to be the character in which it is now praised. So many of the clerks and medical examiners who formerly spent their time in sifting and rejecting applications can be dispensed with, now that a pension is granted on a birth certificate and an honorable discharge, as to save nearly as much as the famous order has added to the budget up to date. Commissioner Ware's advance estimates on the cost of the old-age pension seem to have seriously overshot the mark. During the closing months of the last fiscal year, only about $90,000 was added to the budget by reason of the order, and the 4,000 names added since June 30, supposing that the average is $8 a month, make only $384,000. To offset this, it is now said that within a short time the Pension Office will be able to dispense with about 500 clerks. If their salaries average $800, this will reduce the expense by almost as large a sum, even taking no account of the proposed reduction in the number of medical examiners. So, after all, it appears that the cost of this experiment is to be borne not by the generous and patriotic taxpayer, but by the poor and downtrodden Government clerk. We had always supposed that the Government's interest in him was of almost as paternal a nature as its care over the old soldier. Can it be that the obsolete notion of accommodating the force of workers to the work in hand is to be revived at Washington?

The places in the customs department which the President has just included in the classified service are precisely of the sort to which the application or extension of the merit system ought to produce good results. Nothing can improve the service more than the offer of some prospect of advancement to subordinates who are faithful and efficient. The discouraging feature of the civil service as a career is that, no matter what a man's ability may be or how generously his superiors acknowledge it, he reaches, after a few promotions, a point where, without political influence, he must stop short. Thus, the corps of consular clerks was established a good many years ago with a view to providing a sort of training school for consuls; but, as a matter of fact, only a few of them have ever become consuls, and some have remained $1,200 clerks for twenty years because a promotion, even if obtainable, would subject them to the vicissitudes of merely political appointees. The new order, which applies to 355 of the higher places in the customs department, ought to have a good effect on the whole service by increasing the number of places worth working for.

Since the city of Milwaukee voted on the question of a special bond issue for a municipal lighting plant, discussion has suddenly shifted from the merits of the scheme as a business proposition to the purely political questions of the meaning of the referendum and the duties of aldermen whose constituents have signified their wishes on a public measure. The vote for the lighting bonds stood 16,592 to 6,601. "The people demand that the plant be established," exclaimed its advocates at once. But their opponents rejoined that only about a third of the voters had expressed themselves at all on the subject, that on the same day nine other bond issues received popular approval. Last week, however, the Finance Committee of the Board of Aldermen, with the city comptroller and engineer, made a report on the "most urgent improvements" for the next two years. In this they included $400,000 for the lighting plant, $50,000 for an isolation hospital, and $200,000 for a bridge, postponing entirely the seven other improvements which the voters had endorsed. Now the papers are filled with speculation as to the attitude which this or that alderman may be expected to take on the roll call. Twelve aldermen on November 21 voted against the plant, and each one is daily reminded in black-face figures of the vote which his constituents cast the other way. Altogether aside from the purely business question, one would naturally expect to find a strong sentiment for municipal ownership in Milwaukee, where the Socialist vote on election day actually exceeded the Democratic.

Milwaukee's previous experience with municipal ownership, according to the *Sentinel*, an opponent of the lighting plant, has not been encouraging. A few years ago the city constructed a crematory for garbage at a cost of $60,000. This was opened in 1902, and, on the face of the figures, at least, has proved anything but an economy. Whereas the cost of disposing of 28,884 tons of garbage in 1900 was $64,998.01, it was $118,570.34 in 1903 for cremating 31,183 tons. Thus the cost per ton has been increased from $2.25 to $3.80. It appears that it takes twenty-one more men to run the plant than the contractors guaranteed would be sufficient, yet that the guarantee clause was so drawn that the city could not hold the contractors in any way. This discrepancy makes a difference of $10,000 a year in the running expenses. The location of the plant has made hauling such a heavy item of expense that the Health Commissioner recommends a new plant on another site to meet future needs rather than the enlargement of the present one. Some of these difficulties, of course, prove only bad handling of this particular experiment, but the result furnishes an effective argument for going slow in undertaking another.

New York's State Superintendent of Education, Mr. Draper, has decided views on the subject of football, and he communicated them to the Massachusetts Teachers' Association on Friday in vigorous language. After having had considerable experience with the sport, notably as president of the University of Illinois, Mr. Draper finds that it "breeds loafing, gambling, and drinking," makes neither for sound living nor educational effectiveness, encourages fighting instead of manliness, is too expensive, and "gathers more money than ought to be under the control of students." This is a pretty sweeping indictment of our pet game, which Mr. Draper, however, believes may yet be redeemed. He would reduce gate receipts, change the rules and "open up" the play, allow no one on the team who is not a matriculated student a year in residence, and have it understood that it is a crime to gamble on university contests. We must confess that we fail to share the Superintendent's belief in the desirability of all of these remedies. Decreasing the gate receipts would, in Massachusetts and New York at least, merely increase the crowds. A surer method of putting an end to betting must also be devised. The "opening up" of the game should come this winter, unless the football rules committee and the representatives of the leading universities are too timid to make sweeping changes or too indifferent to a rapidly growing public demand for a radical reform. It must be helped by the fact that this year's casualties are 14 killed and 296 injured. Had such losses been incurred in one battle in the Philippines, the public would have been much exercised.

Mr. E. N. Wrightington, head coach of the Harvard football team, has been

moved to make a long defence of his handling of the eleven. He explains, in the Boston *Herald*, that the lack of veterans and the numerous injuries received during the season were largely responsible for his failure to turn out a successful team. His chronicle of the injuries of his men is worth repeating, since it shows very clearly, coming as it does from one of the enthusiasts for the sport, just what the modern game may mean to participants: Captain Hurley, poisoned by dirt getting into a wound in his leg, and a sprained ankle; Montgomery, a badly twisted knee, laid up for three weeks; Brill, injured in a strength test in the gymnasium, and also in one shoulder on the football field; Meier, a bruised muscle on his leg early in the season, and an injury to the nerve of an arm which ended his playing; Derby, hurt in his shoulder on the second day of practice, and able to line up only five times before the Yale game, which he played with a bruised muscle. Oveson was out for a month with a twisted ankle, while Parker could not play for three weeks because of a "bad" ankle. Noyes suffered from nervous prostration. Kernan's injury was to his leg, and retarded his game two weeks. White and Mills were hurt on and off for a day or two at a time, and Nichols lost two weeks because of an injured shoulder. 'The only man," says Mr. Wrightington, "to go through the season *practically unhurt* was Squires." Could any opponent of football as played at present make a more damning presentation of the roughness and the needless dangers of the game?

Mr. Morley's parting speech on leaving the United States, was a defence of being on the losing side in politics. He confessed that, out of the twenty-two years during which he has given up to public life what was meant for literature, he has been for eighteen years in the minority. What an acknowledgment to make to an audience worshipping success! Yet Mr. Morley made it in the most debonair manner. He did not appear in the least to mind being "lonesome" in politics; and if Senator Depew had given him the good Republican advice to "get on the band wagon," he would, if he knew what that slang meant, have felt insulted. The satisfaction of having political convictions, and of standing by them whether they are voted up or voted down, is one which Mr. Morley has long enjoyed, and the praise of which in his public addresses in this country has a peculiar fitness for his American auditors. He has seen all his hopes and plans for Irish Home Rule go to wreck upon the intractable prejudices of the British electorate. He has withstood in vain the follies of English Imperialism. Against the Boer war he made his almost solitary protest, not only before it came, but all the way through, and got well denounced for his pains. Yet the man actually glories in his long list of lost causes! Of such vagaries is the philosophic mind in politics capable. Readers of Matthew Arnold's letters will remember how pleased he was at a message from Mr. Morley saying that he usually had a volume of Arnold's essays in his pocket when off on a political campaign. It looks as if the doctrine of "the remnant" had been his favorite reading. Yet there is nothing sour or pessimistic about it as he preaches it. In his own book on Compromise he quoted with approval the saying, "The history of success is the history of minorities."

What practical result will come of the meeting of zemstvo presidents is still uncertain, their programme being now in the hands of the Czar, who evoked the present evolutionary movement by his decree of March, 1903, portending greater religious toleration and increased powers for the provincial and local assemblies. Significant is the support that comes to the convention from proletariat reform clubs and socialist groups throughout the country—evidence that the demand for freer government is truly national. It indicates also that concessions by the Government would cut at the root of the revolutionary movement, for clearly many who are technically disloyal to the present order really prefer such gradual and lawful methods of agitation as are exemplified by the St. Petersburg congress. Abundant considerations urge a receptive attitude upon the Czar, and prompt concessions may be looked for. Already it is said that not merely a parliament, but a fully organized bi-cameral system is advocated. No very certain news of the feeling of the Czar is at hand. Meanwhile, one may choose between the rumors that he will make the nominal yet important grant of a voice (not a vote) for zemstvo delegates in the Imperial Council; or that he will appoint a committee to draw up a constitution.

M. Combes has been in the novel position of defending the right of the Gallican Church to its stipend under the Concordat. Certain over-zealous anti-clericals had desired to begin the work of separation by shortening the supplies this year. M. Combes's plea apparently rested not upon the equities, as it might have done, but upon the undesirability of making two bites of the Catholic cherry. He wishes to effect the separation of Church and State by a single law, and deprecates preliminary meddling by the Chamber. That he still is able to hold his Socialists in leash, his vote showed clearly. But, as the discussion of separation proceeds, the problem becomes more complicated. Other subsidized cults are alarmed at the threatened withdrawal of their subsidies. Already the Jews and the Protestants remind the Ministry that they will be seriously embarrassed if state aid is withheld. Then there is the especial problem of Mohammedan worship in French Africa, which is also subventioned. In fact, the manifold and delicate bonds that must be rudely torn whenever France departs from her historic policy, would deter any reformer less single-minded than the present Premier.

It is the fashion in Germany, even in the liberal press, to sneer at the sensational army novels of the day, whether written by Bilse, Beyerlein, or Von Baudissin. They are said to be no better than a *Tendenz-roman*, dealing with the fad of the hour, and too full of exaggeration to be trustworthy. But what one of these writers narrated a more incredible incident of militarism gone mad than is reported by cable from Dessau? There a court-martial has sentenced two soldiers to dishonorable dismissal and five years at hard labor for having struck and disarmed a drunken sergeant who wounded with his sword a woman whom they were escorting. If we may trust the press accounts, the court laid down the principle that subordinates may defend themselves from murderous attacks by a superior only by parrying a blow, not by returning it. As if to enforce this extraordinary teaching, the drunken rascal who caused all this trouble has been let off with three months' imprisonment with retention of rank. No wonder that the German press is reported, for once, to be excited on this subject.

When one reads further of the sentencing of a servant girl to three months in jail in Saxony for circulating rumors about the general character of officers of the Bautzen garrison, it is obvious that romancers do not need to fall back upon their own imaginations in order to obtain incidents for a three-volume novel. Indeed, we may yet see the publication of a 'Key' to Baudissin, or Bilse, after the pattern of the 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.' To collect material for such a key one need only peruse the German newspapers, particularly the Socialistic *Vorwärts*. In one issue the Berlin *Tageblatt* tells of two non-commissioned officers who were found guilty of 313 instances of cruel treatment of subordinates. Two cases of soldiers who have committed suicide rather than stay in the service have attracted no little attention, while a dreadful case of crime and immorality in the barracks of a cavalry regiment at Mannheim has shocked all South Germany. Hardly a day goes by without such a story coming to light.

WHAT AILS AMERICA?

The appalling statistics of crimes of violence in the United States, collected by the Chicago *Tribune* and published with comment in the December *McClure's*, have provoked wide discussion. Those social philosophers who are ready to reform a commonwealth "while you wait" have proposed various remedies. One would rigorously punish corporate lawlessness, another would rouse public opinion against police blackmail. "Gentlemen in this respect," as Burke puts it, "will be led to their choice of means by their complexions and their habits." S S. McClure himself, one secret of whose success is a passionate interest in whatever he undertakes, would start a crusade for "a new righteousness which shall become a new passion—the Love of Country." The result, Mr. McClure is sure, will be "obedience to the law because it is the law; . . . and the briber, and the grafter, and the traitor who steals from his neighbors and pollutes the law will be unable to endure the scorn of his fellows." The London *Spectator* indulges in no visions of a millennium, but it hopes for blessed results from an improvement in the character and standing of American judges. It would give them larger pay and a longer tenure, so that they might scorn the power of our corrupt rich.

Before proceeding too far in this patriotic undertaking we shall do well to scrutinize the facts with some care. According to the figures, the number of murders and homicides in the United States was 1,266 in 1881, 10,652 in 1896, and 8,834 in 1902. That is, in 1881 the ratio of murders and homicides to population was one to 40,534 inhabitants; in 1896, one to 6,658; and in 1902 one to 8,955. We are now behaving better than in 1896, but we are yet more than four times as bad as we were in 1881. The first question is, Where do these figures come from? The answer is, "The statement of the number of murders and homicides includes all deaths by violence reported in the newspapers of the various States and Territories"; in other words, the value of the statistics depends, first, upon the accuracy and completeness of newspaper reports, and, secondly, upon the thoroughness of exchange reading. A failure in either point would vitiate the results. We hardly need to point out to any man who has been familiar with newspapers for twenty-five years, that the Associated Press and other reporting agencies cover the country far more completely to-day than in 1881, or even in 1890. In the South and West, particularly, the number of newspapers serving and served by the Associated Press has largely increased; the gathering of news by carrier, telegraph, and particularly by telephone, has been enormously extended, practically revolutionized. More than that, the plan of exchange reading for the Chicago *Tribune* must in the nature of things have developed in the last two decades. The readers have received more papers and handled them more skilfully. Doubtless, then, 1,266 is far below the total number of homicides in 1881.

But granting that the totals for the first decade of the Chicago *Tribune's* inquiry are a third below the actual fact, and that the country is not growing wicked so rapidly as might at first appear, the record is still black and damning. After all allowances and deductions, we must still admit that crimes of violence are increasing faster than the population. For some reason we are losing our respect for law, our self-restraint. In searching for causes Mr. McClure asks:

> "Can a body of policemen engaged in blackmail, persecution, and in shielding lawbreakers make a community law-abiding? Can a body of policemen engaged in criminal practices prevent others from committing crimes? Can a board of aldermen who for private gain combine to loot a city, govern a city well?"

He lays the blame in part on "saloonkeepers, gamblers, and others who engage in businesses that degrade; contractors, capitalists, bankers, and others who can make money by getting franchises and other property of the community cheaper by bribery than by paying the community; and politicians who are willing to seek and accept office with the aid and endorsement of the classes already mentioned." Possibly the operations of criminal rich and criminal politicians contribute to a general disregard for law that manifests itself in murder and homicide. *McClure's* has been printing articles that do not excite admiration either for the Standard Oil Company or for the bankers, bribers, and legislators of Missouri and elsewhere. Yet we doubt whether the knowledge that Trust managers are recovering a normal appetite in the stoneyard at Sing Sing, rather than on the golf links, would lessen the number of highway robberies even within sight of the University of Chicago; or whether final convictions of Col. Edward Butler and all of his friends would make life safer in the Mississippi Valley.

But the connection of murder with saloons, houses of prostitution, and gambling-hells is direct and conspicuous. Wherever the police or a political organization back of them affords protection to these agencies of vice, there we can expect nothing but an increase of crimes of violence. In so far as the corruption that festered in New York under the Administration of Van Wyck of odious memory has infected Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, in so far the cause for which Mr. McClure seeks lies before the eyes of everybody. Although drunkenness, prostitution, and gambling, springing from weaknesses inherent in humanity the world over, are certain to be always with us and always fruitful of evil, there are three other causes which may, we trust, prove local and limited in duration, viz., foreign immigration, strikes, and race hatred in the South. From some countries we certainly get a class that is below the average in morals and intelligence, and until these newcomers have gone through our schools and learned our ways, we must expect trouble from them. The Sicilian brings here his feuds, and scarcely forgets them within a generation. Closely related to the immigration problem is the strike problem, with such lawlessness as spread terror in Pennsylvania in 1902 and in Colorado in 1904. A single great strike is enough in itself to raise the average of violence for the year, to say nothing of indirect effects. Most serious of all, however, is, in the South, the recrudescence of barbarism against which the best element in that region is now striving valiantly. In 1903 South Carolina was credited with 222 homicides out of 8,976 for the whole country; roughly, one-sixtieth of the population commits one-fortieth of the murders. No marvel that a Southern observer remarked that his region was becoming "accustomed to homicide."

BALLOT LAWS AND THE ELECTION.

The demand for better ballot laws which always follows an election is backed this year by an unusual amount of specific evidence about the effect of statutes carelessly or unscrupulously drawn. The principle of the secret ballot is very generally accepted, though it is not yet everywhere adopted. The needful thing now is to study after each election the workings of the various laws at present in force, with a view to finding out just how this detail or that has affected the real purpose of all balloting—the accurate registering of what the voters really want.

After assuring secrecy and a fair count, the great desideratum in ballot reform has been to give the voter a fair chance to make his selection independently for the several places on the ticket. Massachusetts does this, after the fashion of the Australian commonwealth from which our ballot was borrowed, by requiring a separate marking for every candidate voted for. Thus the hidebound party man was compelled to expend just the same amount of effort in voting as the eccentric who supported Roosevelt, Douglas, a Prohibitionist for the Legislature, a Populist coroner, and a Socialist Congressman. Of all ballot laws in the country, this is the one which is supposed to put the greatest premium on independent voting, and it is true that it enabled the voters this year to choose a Democratic Governor and Republican electors; yet the same result was attained in Missouri under a statute which, perhaps, makes the vot-

ing of a split ticket more difficult than any other in the country. The Missouri farmer who voted for Folk and Roosevelt had to select from a bundle of long, narrow ballots handed him at the polls the one bearing the Republican label, and then, finding the appropriate space, cross out the name of Walbridge for Governor and write in that of Folk. When the voters, East or West, have made up their mind to stand by a particular combination of candidates, they will do so, whether the law makes it easy or difficult.

Aside from the State and national tickets in Massachusetts, the official returns there show some rather curious results. For instance, in the Eleventh Congressional District, where Eugene N. Foss and John A. Sullivan were making a campaign of exceptional activity, there were 2,500 voters who voted for neither one, and left that part of the ballot unmarked. Meanwhile, in the Eighth district it is estimated that 40 per cent. of the Democrats, who had no candidate of their own, took the trouble to vote for Mr. McCall. Likewise several thousand voters expressed no preference for President while voting for Governor.

The laws of most States, New York among them, assume practically that, when the voter does not know or care about the nominees for a minor office, it is as well to encourage him to plump for the candidate of his own party. It is a safe assumption that most of the 2,500 Boston voters who declined to choose between Foss and Sullivan had voted for Roosevelt. Under our law they would have been counted for Foss. The proposition that they should have been might be defended on the ground that, when the voter has no preference to the contrary, he naturally wishes a Congress to be chosen in harmony with the President he has helped to elect. That is the best that can be said for the theory of the party column.

Maryland and Pennsylvania furnish two examples of laws passed for a bad purpose which have almost ludicrously defeated the popular will in the present election. The so-called "trick ballot law" of Maryland did not accomplish the defeat of Congressman Mudd, who actually established schools to teach the ignorant negroes how to mark the ballot correctly, but it did divide the State's electoral vote—a result which no one intended. Mr. Bonaparte, Republican, was chosen with seven Democratic electors, and his lead over the second Republican on the list is considerably larger than that of Brown, who headed the Democratic column, over the second Democrat. He had a larger vote than any other elector, and apparently more voters tried to vote for Roosevelt than for Parker. But more Republicans than Democrats erred in cross-marking. In a vote of about 106,000, the difference between the highest and lowest elector on the Democratic side was more than 4,000. Even in New York, the first elector on the list always runs a few score ahead of the last, owing to confusion of the space opposite the first name with the straight-ticket circle. In Maryland, the ignorant voters found the ballot a hopeless puzzle, and thousands of them solved it wrong. "The Democratic party in this State," says the independent Baltimore *News*, "naturally contains a preponderance of the best elements in our citizenship; but it is precisely these elements that are alienated by offences against the principles of fair play in elections."

The ballot which the Pennsylvania machine invented would have had as bad results had there been any approach to equality between the two parties. There is a square at the left hand end of the ballot in which a full straight ticket can be voted, and another square at the head of the party column by putting a cross in which all the thirty-four electors may be voted for at once. The Philadelphia *North American* reports that from 5 to 20 per cent. of the voters throughout the State mistook this electoral square for the regular party square. Moreover, as in Maryland, so many voters thought the square for the first elector was the straight-ticket square that the first elector will have more than 500,000 plurality, thousands above that of his colleagues. "Independence continuing to flourish," says the *North American*, "the ballot manipulators seem to have lost their heads. Their latest efforts to complicate the election machinery have produced a ballot so puzzling as to discon-cert even their own trained voters—a ballot which, if not reconstructed on sane and honest lines, will involve certain defeat for many local Republican tickets in the next close campaign."

Only one objection of any validity has been made to the operation of voting machines, namely, that it is sometimes possible for a sharp-eared party watcher to tell by the sound whether split or straight tickets are being voted. Even that does not hold when a ballot similar to that of Massachusetts is used. But there is no better argument for machine-voting than the story of the Indiana Democrats who scrawled the word "Bryan" across their ballots, and thus invalidated them in a futile protest. In a similar way many voters whose intent was unmistakable lost their votes in our municipal election three years ago through their irresistible impulse to write uncomplimentary remarks about the "Iceman" on their ballots.

FOREIGN VOTERS IN NEW YORK.

Just before sailing for England, Mr. James Bryce publicly bore testimony to the intelligence and sobriety of the foreign voter in the United States. Mr. John Morley, after spending a few hours in the Chicago election booths, was similarly impressed. The mere intricacies of the ballot, he said, would seriously tax the average English elector. These opinions are valuable at a time when our foreign-born population is coming in for a good deal of criticism. The growth of immigration from Southern Europe has revived something of the old Knownothing spirit. Word comes from Washington that Commissioner-General Sargent has collected damaging evidence against Jewish and Italian immigrants, on the strength of which the Lodge bill, enforcing an educational test, may be urged again.

A good test of fitness for citizenship is the intelligent use of the franchise. New York city is an excellent field for study, as our population is largely of foreign stock. In testing the intelligence of foreign voters, two points should be kept in mind: We should inquire, first, the extent to which they exercise the suffrage; and, secondly, whether they are slavishly bound to one party. In the first respect, the districts of New York where foreigners are most numerous acquit themselves at least as creditably as those where native blood predominates. According to the latest Federal census, the percentage of the foreign-born population of Manhattan Island is 42.7. At the recent election, the average percentage of absentee voters—that is, those who registered and then stayed at home—was 6.3. On the whole, these indifferent citizens were about equally distributed between the foreign and the native-born. In fourteen Assembly districts, in which the foreign population averages 51 per cent., the stay-at-homes averaged 7 per cent. In twenty districts in which the foreign population averages only 33 per cent. there were a few more of them, or 7.3. The district in which there were the fewest absentees — the Thirty-third, where only 3.5 per cent. kept away from the polls—is 44 per cent. foreign, or above the average. The next best showing is that of the Eighth, which is the most densely populated foreign district, its percentage being 67 per cent. Here only 4.6 of the registration was missing on election day. The most discreditable showing was made by the Thirtieth, where 14.2 of the registered voters did not go to the polls. This is only 38 per cent. foreign, or four points below the average. In the most representative "American" district, the Twenty-third —where the population is only 28 per cent. foreign—the absentees were 6.5, or slightly above the average. In such "kid-glove" sections as the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh, the stay-at-homes were 8 and 9 per cent. To the Twenty-ninth, however, should be given more credit, for here only 5.6 per cent. failed to cast their ballots.

It is clear, then, that our Jews and

Southern Europeans do vote. A more important question, however, is whether they vote with discrimination. Do they always support the same parties; do they ever vote split tickets? A study of the returns for the last four years—including those for the November elections—shows that there are only eight Assembly districts in Manhattan which, in both local, State, and national elections, do not invariably go one way. They are Manhattan's "doubtful districts," which are apparently influenced by argument, and which may be expected to split their tickets. They are the Fifth, the Eighth, the Tenth, the Sixteenth, the Twenty-first, the Twenty-third, the Twenty-ninth, and the Thirty-first. Some of these are only slightly independent; the Twenty-ninth, for instance, gets into this good company simply because, this year, it voted for Roosevelt and Herrick. The average foreign population of these independent districts is 42 per cent., or just about the average for the whole island. Chiefly important, however, is the fact that this list includes the Eighth, the Tenth, and the Sixteenth Assembly districts. These are also situated south of Eleventh Street and east of the Bowery.

By all odds the most interesting is the Eighth. This is the district with the largest foreign population, and its population is very largely Jewish. It has such well-known Ghetto streets as Hester, Delancey, Eldridge, and Allen. Yet politically it is one of the most uncertain sections; the majority of the winning candidates is always small. It voted for Bryan in 1900; for Roosevelt in 1904; for Coler in 1902; for Higgins this year. Its representative at Albany is alternately a Republican and a Democrat. The Tenth District, which also shows unmistakable signs of independence, is strongly Jewish. This year it voted for Roosevelt and Herrick. The Sixteenth, which also divided on State and national lines, is populated almost exclusively by Jews from Austria-Hungary. Similar independence is evidenced in districts largely native, such as the Fifth, the Twenty-first, and the Twenty-third; but at least it is plain that the Jewish localities, chiefly recruited from immigration, are not lacking in the first essentials of good citizenship. The bulwark of the unswerving Democratic vote in Manhattan is indisputably foreign; it extends all the way up the East Side to One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street, east of Lexington Avenue, and up the West Side, west of Seventh Avenue, as far as Sixtieth Street. But these are the great Irish and German strongholds—races whose adaptability to American conditions is no longer in dispute.

THE PRODIGY OF LAWSON.

The articles on "Frenzied Finance" which Thomas W. Lawson, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, has been printing in a magazine, have become a literary and social phenomenon of extraordinary interest. They are devoured with avidity in all parts of the country. Go into the backwoods of Michigan, and the first question you will be asked is, "Have you read Lawson's last article?" Look out of the car window when the train stops for water in Arizona, and the inquiry will be fired at you by a native, "What do they think of Lawson in New York?" In sage-brush and mining camp, as well as in brokers' offices and Old Ladies' Homes, Lawson is the chief purveyor of matter for reading and infinite gossip. If Macaulay supplanted with his history the latest novel on the boudoir table, Lawson has displaced the sensational prints and the flashy journals in barber shops and bar-rooms, penetrating to the lowest stratum of readers as well as piquing the curiosity of the highest, and making of himself in a few months a veritable literary prodigy—or terror.

Yet this effect defective comes by cause. Lawson's tremendous audience so suddenly acquired, his clean sweep of the field, should not lead professional writers to renounce a craft in which any upstart may appear and carry off the laurels. The wonder is explicable. Lawson has taking literary qualities. Leaving out the prime requisite of truth, which is neither here nor there in his articles, he has nearly all the elements which the big-wigs declare necessary in a popular style. His frank and pungent slanginess is the precise medium for his tale. It yields a splendid touch of verisimilitude. Then he abounds in minute detail. Defoe did not surpass Lawson in the art of buttressing incredible romances with an amount of apparently veracious incident which makes unbelievers ashamed of themselves. The close observer who noted an angry magnate's eyes pass through all the colors of the spectrum cannot be altogether wrong, one feels, in his exact account of millions stolen. Lawson is also overwhelmingly concrete. Names are blurted right out. Places and dates are set down with the accuracy of extracts from a detective's note-book. A society novelist could not exceed him in faithful description of the surroundings of his criminal millionaires. He is highly dramatic, too. None of the tedious *oratio obliqua* for him. Everything is in the first person, or direct discourse. His articles bristle with quotation marks, and racy dialogue fills his pages. Neither Aristotle nor Horace, Quintilian nor Sainte-Beuve, could have laid down more infallible rules for attaining immense literary vogue than those which Lawson has found in his mother wit.

To so lucky a style, Lawson has added the further advantage of a theme which ever lies near the heart of the masses in a democracy. Vast wealth is the subject of his story; and the editors of popular magazines long since discovered that no topic is dearer to the great body of ten-cent readers. An account of "How the Crœsuses bring up their Children" will be read with eagerness in hundreds of thousands of poverty-stricken homes; while a huge edition will be carried off by an article, supposed to be a solution of the servant problem, on "Mrs. Fitzboodle's Eighty Servants, and How She Manages Them." We do love a lord, but even better love a multi-millionaire. As Talleyrand found out that the most interesting man in this country, to judge by the way rumor and small talk played about him, was the rich Robert Morris of Philadelphia, so ever since has Dives been a national admiration. President Roosevelt, in his sermonette of Tuesday week, spoke of "the brutal envy and hatred felt by a poor man towards a rich man"; but our observation is that gaping curiosity, fathomless toadying, and silly aping make up the commoner attitude of the poor in the presence of those having great possessions.

With a subject thus as broad as human folly, Mr. Lawson has also the good fortune of being able to add crime to great wealth. If the very rich are interesting *per se*, the criminal rich are doubly fascinating. And Lawson pitched upon a public predisposed to believe. The sublime fervor of faith is nothing to the credulousness of a loser in Wall Street. *Credo quia impossibile.* Thousands all over the land had been bitten in the financial operations which Lawson professes to describe. They knew that it was through no fault of their own. Every innocent who "takes a flyer" in a blown speculation is certain that his own judgment is excellent, his financial shrewdness beyond dispute, and that nothing but the machinations of wicked men could have parted him from his money. Lawson shows him the millionaire schemers at their nefarious work. The victim pores over the story of the unscrupulous manipulation of stocks and the heartless fleecing of investors, and takes comfort to his soul. Now he sees it all. He was taken in by a set of villains. Thus, besides the agreeable fillip to a morbid imagination which Lawson gives in his narrative of crime in seven figures, he makes his appeal to the multitude which no man can number of luckless investors and ruined speculators. In such circumstances, instantaneous literary fame and circulation above 600,000 are no longer a mystery.

The serious part remains. Mr. Lawson may be the most prodigious liar that ever put pen to paper. His lies may be like the father that begat them—gross as a mountain. That is not the thing which really signifies. People do not greatly care whether his particular

stories are true—whether this and that plunger in the market actually played the infamous part alleged; whether brazen promoters really bought a legislature in the way described; they believe that other stories of the kind are true, if Lawson's are not. He gains the credit of a millionaire turning State's evidence. The impression made is as unmistakable as it will be indelible. That there is a class of rich men who carry into enormous operations the methods of the sneak thief and the card sharper; that they rob the widow and take away the portion of the orphan with no more scruple than a burglar; that honor and good faith are as unknown among them as among jail-birds—this is the popular conviction upon which Lawson has so skilfully played. He has heightened it, but he did not create it. Now the existence of such men is the great social menace. They are the blackest embodiment of that spirit of materialism which fears not God and regards not man, and which it is our immense task to-day to resist and drive from us, if we would not see it drag our whole civilization into the pit.

ANOTHER NAVAL WAR.

The marine architects and engineers in annual conference in this city a fortnight ago almost came to blows over the question whether the modern battleship should be a Noah's Ark crammed with all kinds of machines and mechanisms, or revert to a simpler type. The proper answer to this problem is, however, of trifling importance in view of the terrible feud which has broken out again among our naval defenders resident in Washington. The Line and the Staff, enemies ever since the first marine engines were installed on an American warship to destroy the romance of the winged cruisers of Cooper's day, are at each other's throats again, because of an issue not merely of national but of international significance.

Rear-Admiral Upshur, who has danced and led more cotillons at Bar Harbor and Washington than any other man of his age (not excepting Henry Gassaway Davis, lately of West Virginia), is the officer who has performed a great public service in unearthing one of the lowest and most discreditable schemes to disgrace the navy within our recollection. He discovered Civil Engineer Asserson using a visiting card inscribed "Rear-Admiral, United States Navy," and at once performed his duty by preferring charges against Mr. Asserson of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and of conduct to the prejudice of good order and discipline in violation of law and of the navy regulations." This only half begins to describe the enormity of the civil engineer's offence. The real, Simon-pure rear-admiral is he alone who treads or trod the quarterdeck, and bore or bears upon his shoulders the responsibility for the condition of his men's clothes, the table manners of his officers, the navigation of the ship, and the safety of the nation. Your builders of battleships, your engineers who lay out a grimy dockyard, may be all very well in their places, but when compared to a real and salty admiral they are but as cub reporters to our Richard Harding Davises.

Undoubtedly, staff officers have their uses; nautical engineers are needed, at times, and so—on pay days—are paymasters; medical men, too, have been known to come in handy in tropical climates; even a marine officer may be admitted to have some excuse for existence now that he has become more of a bluejacket and mans the main batteries, and is by so much less a soldier. Moreover, the marine officer is content with his own designation, but the trouble with the Staff is an insane desire to borrow, beg, steal, or appropriate the titles which have belonged for centuries only to the naval "men who do things." To have paymasters and doctors signing themselves as captains and rear-admirals is bad enough, even if they have been to sea. But the service is certainly "going to the dogs" now, if every mere civil engineer who for a brief space has had the pay and relative position of a rear-admiral is going to pass himself off for a bona-fide, timber-shivering, trouser-hitching, and powder-reeking man of war, quite as capable of leading a ball as stopping a bullet. How, indeed, can your fighting officer hereafter impress either a social assembly or his fellow-sailors if every doubting Thomas may stop to inquire whether the distinction accorded him was earned on the quarterdeck or in the hold? Manifestly, all respect for authority is at an end if this state of affairs is to continue. Marryat's famous ship's carpenter, plain Chucks, became Count Schucksen and commander of a Swedish frigate because he was left in the enemy's hands apparently mortally wounded with a captain's epauletted coat to cover him. But as long as Admiral Upshur stands like Horatius to guard the navigating bridges from the invasion of those who would disguise their second-rate activities under falsely assumed cloaks of authority, the navy's honor is safe.

In Germany they have severely punished an officer for sarcastically describing his comrades as "First-Class Beings." But who can doubt that our fighting naval and military officers deserve this appellation? They themselves are under no illusions on that point. It was the wife of a colonel who assured us that the only genuine aristocracy in this country comprises the officers of our army and navy. Naturally, this aristocracy, like all others, must fight to keep itself from contamination by unworthy intruders. It was bad enough when Congress a few years ago allowed the ships' engineers to crawl out of their stoke-holes, abolished their titles, and gave them genuine rank and powers of command. This large increase of our true aristocracy was acquiesced in with much the same feeling with which the English families patented by William the Conqueror receive the latest tea-baronet created by a grateful king. But our Annapolis-trained navy officers have never resigned themselves to that law of a barbarian Congress which decrees that as many as twelve gunners, sailmakers, bo'suns, machinists, and other graduates of the forecastle may annually be commissioned as ensigns and put in line for advancement to the halo of a rear-admiral—and not merely of a rear-admiral of the junior but of the senior grade.

Plainly, the time has come to make a stand. Our sixty-seven retired rear-admirals—old sea dogs who served with Farragut every one—and their embittered wives are solidly lined up behind the flag and Upshur; the same Upshur who first donned a midshipman's uniform sixty-three years ago last month. Aided by five commodores and dozens of veteran captains and commanders, they are advancing upon the medical and pay directors, the chaplains, the professors of mathematics, and the civil engineers who would make an actuality of what is merely an imaginary rank. Their superior knowledge of fleet, squadron, and division tactics will, we doubt not, bring them to victory at the doors of the White House. But whether they succeed or not, they are contending for a glorious principle. They are once more reminding a sluggish, peace-loving people that actual titles are the *summum bonum* to be sought in a democracy; that it is rank, not services, which counts, and that the defender of the nation is an abject, spiritless apology for a man if he does not carry himself as one of a class set apart from the common people by the blue of his clothes and the glitter of his epaulets.

A MUSEUM AUXILIARY.

While art-lovers are congratulating each other upon the election of Mr. Morgan to the presidency of the Metropolitan Museum, it will have occurred to many that the uneven development of that great institution in the past has been due in part, at any rate, to lack of an effective public opinion supporting the trustees. Mr. Morgan's unusual qualifications, both from natural taste and varied experience, will doubtless be directed towards popularizing the work of the Museum. Meantime, we have the anomalous condition of a city containing many connoisseurs and patrons of the arts who have practically no relations with its chief art institution. Thus the Museum has been bereft of its nat-

ural aids and counsellors, and the burden has fallen too heavily upon a devoted minority of a board, the majority of which had no especial competence in matters artistic. As a result, deplorable but natural, those who should have been most loyal to the Metropolitan have too often been its distant and not very friendly critics.

Happily, the time is ripe for a change. One may count upon Mr. Morgan for such liberal and enlightened conduct of his trust as to win the confidence of his fellows in the love of art. But much might be done by a proper organization of the friends of the Museum. At present some of them, far too few, are annual subscribers. Such members receive certain courtesies and privileges in the way of free entrance, etc., but they have no way of being heard in the management. In other countries, auxiliary societies have been formed which bring together the connoisseurs and amateurs of a nation in aid of its galleries. On this matter Mr. Hermann Paull writes interestingly in the November *Fortnightly Review*. The first auxiliary, it appears, was founded at Amsterdam in 1883, in order to keep the De Vos collection in Holland. But the organization was continued, and the society has subsequently added many notable objects to the Rijks Museum. About six years ago the Société des Amis du Louvre paid the greater part of the price of an extraordinary Baldovinetti, and has made other important gifts. The Berlin Society, of more recent date, has had even more striking success. Through its advice and with its aid pictures by Jean Fouquet, Van Eyck, Memling, Rembrandt, Holbein, and Guardi have been acquired for the already rich gallery on the Spree. Last of all, in England, the National Art-Collections Fund has been started under distinguished auspices. Such societies generally exact a very modest annual contribution of their members, and, practically, they are the intermediary between wealthy givers and the museums.

Probably few sympathetic tears are shed over the pathetic case of open-handed but uninstructed millionairism; yet it is easy to see that where a somewhat haphazard liberality is common, an authoritative body that will indicate possible gifts and guarantee their value and their welcome is not without its uses. An important element in the work of such a society is coöperation with the Museum authorities. It does not press donations ill-advisedly, but by consultation learns the needs of the situation. Ordinarily, indeed, the auxiliary society buys in conjunction with the Museum, eking out its funds where they are inadequate. This introduces a very welcome flexibility, for it allows the curators to take advantage of such exceptional opportunities as may occur, and it enables a single department to make timely purchases, such as even a prosperous department cannot ordinarily afford without deranging the general budget.

A very valuable feature of such coöperation is the effect upon the Museum staff of a body of keen yet friendly criticism. This makes against the deadening bureaucratic tendency that so frequently overcomes directors and curators. To such officials it is a very wholesome stimulus to know that their work is scrutinized closely by experts, and such surveillance loses its sting when it is exercised by those who do it by right of helpfulness in the past and desire to aid in the future. It would be short-sighted, then, to measure the usefulness of an auxiliary society simply by the objects of art it is instrumental in securing. Quite as valuable to a museum must be the constant interchange of suggestions, and the sense that organized and influential opinion applauds every improvement. Such volunteer organizations have even shamed the parsimony of governments, as when the Berlin "Kunstfreunde" paid £30,000 for the two Van Dycks in the Peel collection—knowing the opportunity was unique—and were afterwards reimbursed by a special vote of the Reichstag.

It might be said that the Metropolitan Museum, with more than $200,000 annual income for acquisitions, is beyond the need of such assistance. But, first, no museum can be so rich as that, and, next, the directive value of such a fund would be out of all proportion to the money contribution made. For directors, and even trustees, have their idiosyncrasies. It was understood, for example, that the late General Cesnola, an enthusiast for classical antiquity, fairly grudged all money spent for objects of the Christian era. However that be, outsiders frequently see the gaps in a collection better than its curators. At present, for example, it is amazing and most unfortunate that the Metropolitan Museum has but a handful of good examples of the Italian school of painting. Its agents should to-day be scouring Europe to bring together at least a few representative panels before it be too late. A society which could give not only good advice, but a money contribution, to this cause would hardly fail to get a respectful hearing. In fact, there are a hundred and one ways in which the art lovers of the town so leagued together might substantially further the growth of the Museum—might liberalize and democratize its policy, without in any way impairing its present admirable organization.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, November 23, 1904.

The meeting of the National Academy of Sciences last week was not as well attended as one might suppose that a session at Columbia University would be. The hall is one in which few speakers can make themselves heard even in the front row. The programme was not long; a large proportion of the papers were "read by title," and nearly half the rest were by men not in the Academy. Such as were read were hurried through—naturally enough, under the circumstances—although some of them would have been of unusual interest, could they have been listened to with ease.

The scientific session was opened by Dr. Louis Agricola Bauer, one of the savants of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and one of the very few masters of all that is now known concerning the earth's magnetism. He was introduced to the Academy by Professor Woodward. In a memoir of the good old solid sort that has given the Survey its renown, he explained an analysis of the forces which cause the secular variation of the earth's magnetism. The results, which seem to be irrefragably proved, are of a kind to stimulate curiosity not a little. How the earth ever came to be magnetized, we do not know. It seems that although the earth is in a certain measure an electromagnet, yet it is mainly a permanent magnet; and in the remote past something must have occurred to render it so. Dr. Bauer expressed a confident hope that the series of investigations which he is conducting with the support of the Carnegie Institution will afford evidence concerning the when and how of that event. Certainly, much the larger part of the forces causing the slow westward drift of the magnetic lines was shown by him to act within the earth's surface. Several unexpected features of these forces were pointed out; but the most startling of them is that for the last three hundred years, at least—that is, for as far back as the history reaches—the earth's magnetism has been steadily diminishing at such a rate that, if something does not check the drain (and no cause for such check is known), we shall wake up some fine morning in A. D. 3500, or thereabouts, to find that the magnetism of the earth has all been spent and gone. Dr. Bauer seemed to the reporter rather concerned lest the newspapers should give a sensational turn to this result. He declared that he did not believe it would ever really come to that; but one does not quite see what a geophysicist has to do with any emotional aspect of his results, one way or the other. We know that the earth is cooling. It is possible that something may occur to restore its heat, just as it is possible that something may occur to restore its magnetism. But its cooling is positive fact, while any restoration of its heat is pure fancy, with which the physicist, as such, has nothing to do. It is not easy to see how the case of magnetism is essentially different.

A paper of great elegance, presented with admirable perspicuity so as to engage the interest of every hearer, and, though involving no new principle of science, yet important in more than one way and especially as a precious augmentation of the resources of physical experiment, was by the well-known Professor Pupin, who was introduced by Professor Woodward. The object was to show how to produce impulses at equal intervals of any desired length, in the neighborhood (say) of a hundred-millionth of a second. The method is founded upon the

use of that sort of electrical conductor of Professor Pupin's invention in which there are many small coils of wire, each terminating at either end upon plates, a plate of one coil being separated a little from a parallel plate of the next coil, so as to bring all the coils into a linear series interrupted between every two coils. Such a conductor may be constructed so that a current will pass through it in any desired interval of time (within limits); and the rate of propagation is absolutely uniform from coil to coil, as Professor Pupin demonstrated. Supposing, then, a chain of a hundred coils is passed over by the current in a millionth of a second, the interval between the passages to consecutive coils must be one hundred-millionth of a second, precisely. Now Professor Pupin proposes to attach secondary coils to each of the coils of the chain, in each of which an impulse will be produced by the entrance of the current into its primary coil, and these impulses can be utilized in any way desired. The mere ascertainment that one could thus actually produce distinct impulses at certain excessively short intervals, even if no limit were reached, would be of interest; and it might happen that there should be found to be an absolute limit, which would be a matter of still greater interest. At present, some metaphysicians, like Kant, believe that there are no instants in time unless some instants are marked by some event, while the majority of those who have considered the subject believe that every interval of time consists of an infinite multitude of instants as distinct as so many grains of sand, although no two are consecutive. But some of the most accurate thinkers in the world, such as Mr. F. W. Frankland of Wellington, New Zealand, son of the great chemist, are of opinion that in a finite lapse of time the multitude of instants is finite. Those thinkers may be right; their arguments have not been absolutely refuted. There is, therefore, a possibility that there is some limit to the subdivision of time.

Prof. C. S. Hastings of Yale gave measures and calculations showing for the first time the dispersive power of the human eye. Helmholtz assumed that it was about the same as that of water, but Professor Hastings showed that it was intermediate between the dispersivities of flint and crown glass, and about that of oil of turpentine.

Two interesting biological papers were, the one by Dr. T. H. Morgan, who was introduced by Prof. E. B. Wilson, the other by Professor Wilson himself. It was not the only interesting paper by Professor Wilson, but these two, given consecutively, dealt in part with the same subject, and reached conclusions which, in expression at any rate, were somewhat conflicting. Dr. Morgan's paper related to organic polarity. He showed that, from individuals of all branches of the animal kingdom, it is possible to cut off pieces and have new parts grow out to replace the loss. Thus, taking a certain species of worm, if the individual was cut in two anywhere behind a certain point, a new tail would be grown upon the part containing the head, while if the section was made forward of that point, a new head would be grown upon the tail-piece. Not only that, but, after the former section, the piece of tail cut off would grow a reversed tail upon its forward end, and, after the latter section, the head-piece would grow a sort of reversed head upon its posterior wound. He showed that something similar followed when a limb of a suitable animal was severed in two places and the middle piece was replaced in a reversed position. That is, the foot, or whatever the terminal member was, would be reproduced equally from either end of a piece of the limb. Dr. Morgan had further made longitudinal sections of certain animals with results conforming to the same rule. But no attempt can here be made to explain the formulation of certain German biologists as to the propriety of which the two learned gentlemen were in disagreement. It did not seem to be a very deep separation of opinion.

Professor Wilson further read a paper by one of his students, Mr. Yatsu, about centrosomes. Everybody who interests himself in any branch of natural science has heard of the famed experiments in which Professor Wilson produced these evidences of the power of cell division by subjecting the cells to osmotic pressure. An objection was raised to the conclusiveness of that experiment on ground that the centrosomes which Professor Wilson made to appear might have existed already unseen in the cell. But since that would be the case only if the egg had been fertilized, Professor Wilson has ever since, he told the Academy, been engaged in a quest for a female of the species used containing a ripe egg. His luck, however, was bad, and that of his student, Yatsu, was good; so that it was to the latter that the lot fell. The cell contained the usual sole centrosome beside the nucleus, and, at Professor Wilson's suggestion, was most skilfully cut in halves by Mr. Yatsu so as to leave centrosome and nucleus in one half. This cell, then, could not have been fertilized in the usual way; but, upon being subjected to higher osmotic pressure, there soon appeared many little stellated bodies in it recognizable as centrosomes, and thus the discovery of Professor Wilson is freed from its last blemish. Professor Wilson's style of presenting his papers is simple and elegant in a very high degree. His voice, of penetrating depth, is so soft as not to be heard in the resound, while his enunciation is so perfect that he can be heard when nobody else can be heard. The only complaint that carping envy could conjure up would be that he is so cool; and this last infirmity disappeared when he told of the result of Yatsu's performance.

Mr. C. S. Peirce of the Academy occupied a good deal of time in sketching the contents of a memoir upon Topical Geometry. Topical Geometry is that kind of geometry which considers the motions, not of rigid bodies as elementary geometry and, indeed, metrics generally do, nor yet those of the shadows and rays of light of projective geometry, or graphics (which are such that if they are straight or flat at any one instant they are so at all instants), but of fluid objects which can bend and twist and, without being elastic, can be contracted or expanded in whole or in part in any desired way, the only restriction being that they shall not be ruptured or welded unless at specially designated instants in determinately described ways. Mr. Peirce remarked that this condition of preserving the connection of parts belongs to vacuous space itself, while it is demonstrable that these properties of space which are investigated by metrics and by graphics have nothing corresponding to them in vacuous space itself. Accordingly, Topics, or topical geometry, is alone the science of space itself, and all graphics, and *à fortiori* all metrics, can be regarded as a special problem of topical geometry. The most important part of the little known-about Topics is due to Listing, who first distinctly conceived the chorisy, cyclosy, periphraxy, and apeiry—that is, the numbers respectively of separate pieces, of rings, of sacs, and of solid regions that cannot shrink to nothing—and who first gave the census-theorem to which these four numbers ("Listing's numbers") are subject.

Mr. Peirce, in addition to revising Listing's work, has added the conception of topical singularities, or places within places, from which former places bodies can, while remaining in the latter places, move away in fewer or more numerous ways than from any other places in their neighborhood. He has enumerated all the singularities that can exist of three-dimensional spaces, and has given rules from which all problems of map-coloring can, for the first time, be demonstrated and readily solved. He further professes to demonstrate that not a single one of the proper theorems of Topics (that is, none that is more than a property of a lattice) can be demonstrated without virtually assuming that space is not only continuous in such a sense that rational numbers do not suffice for discriminating every point from all others, but that it is continuous in such a sense that every description of any kind is either inapplicable to any non-singular point, or else is such that, exclusive of any collection of such points that may be indicated to which the description applies, there is another and greater describable collection of non-singular points to which it equally applies; so that it is correct to say, with Herz, the correspondent of Kant, that there are no points upon a line until they are in some way marked; and indeed there is no multitude of points that could be marked without leaving room for a greater multitude to be marked. In order to establish this proposition, Mr. Peirce gives a completed doctrine of multitude which solves demonstratively the vexed question whether two collections can each be greater than the other. The memoir was said to solve a number of other problems.

Professor Crittenden gave a sort of appendix to that memoir which so deeply impressed the Academy at the Washington meeting. It was merely to the effect that a small amount of urate might be formed by low proteid metabolism. This slightly detracted from the force of his former argument, illustrating the tediousness of the process of settling questions in physiology by courses of experimentation. The methods of treating such problems by comparing opinions and narrating cases among physicians of great experience not only has the advantage of bringing men into notice, but, after fewer hours of debate than the years the experimentation would have consumed, the whole question is finally settled in the mind of every person who leaves the hall, just as it had been when he came in.

Prof. W. K. Brooks gave a paper on the pelagiac tunicates, convincing everybody that the two kinds of barrel-shaped animals with muscles round the barrel were

not widely remote, the completeness of the hoops in one case against their incompleteness in the other not being an invariable distinction, and two other supposed essential differences being only a difference in the degrees of development of certain parts. Dr. Franz Boas, the distinguished anthropologist, treated of psychic associations in primitive culture, making some interesting remarks that nobody who heard them is likely to forget, although they may have seemed matters of common knowledge. Professor Woodward communicated a brief account of a paper by Mr. C. E. Mendenhall, son of the Academician of that name, concerning the determination of the absolute value of gravity by means of a pendulum in the form of a ring suspended from sixteen different points. The value of the method could not be judged without long and minute study. Professor Woodward described a pendulum of his own invention, in the form of a horizontal bar suspended by long steel ribbons without knife edges. Since this apparatus presents no problems that have not been completely worked out, it is certain that it would be an excellent way of determining gravity. The chief difficulty would be to ascertain the temperature; for unless the suspending ribbons are very long, the advantages of this form will not be secured. Professor Chandler performed before the Academy a determination of the oxygen in the air of the Subway by Hempel's method. It is a very elegant method, and was very beautifully executed by a student of Professor Chandler.

JEAN JACQUES WEISS.

PARIS, November 5, 1904.

Prince Georges Stirbey has published some 'Notes and Impressions, with a Selection of Letters' of his friend J. J. Weiss, one of the most gifted journalists of the time of the Second Empire and of the period which followed the war of 1870 and ended in the establishment of the Republic. Weiss belonged to the unfortunate and brilliant generation of writers who had attained their majority at the time of the December *Coup d'État*. He was a friend and companion of Prévost-Paradol, of Edmond About, of Taine, of Francisque Sarcey. They all entered life, after the most brilliant studies, as natural adversaries of a régime which suppressed the liberty of the press. Everything is known about Prévost-Paradol, who in the end became reconciled to the Empire, and Minister of France at Washington; about About, author of many popular books; about Sarcey, who became a theatrical critic; about Taine, the only one who left a lasting memory, as he wrote books instead of newspaper articles. Weiss was, more than any of his friends, a born journalist, and left no work of importance. As a journalist, he was equal if not superior to all his contemporaries; but the fame of the journalist is as ephemeral as the fate of the actor. Under the Empire, a clever newspaper article was an event; but, after 1870, journalism became absolutely free, and if Weiss had not achieved a reputation under Napoleon III., he would have found it difficult, if not impossible, to attain to any great notoriety amid absolute freedom of the press and the confusion which it creates.

Weiss was so fortunate as to be admitted under the Empire to the staff of the *Journal des Débats*, the most highly reputed of French newspapers.

"It was," says Prince Stirbey in his preface, "an epoch full of difficulties and of dangers for a journalist; for people lived under a reign of warnings, suspensions, suppressions. Weiss knew with a consummate art how to avoid these numerous dangers. It was at this difficult period that he entered into full possession of himself. His talent acquired great surety, without losing anything of its vividness; his mind, an exactness and a clearness fine and subtle; his style, a new precision. Who is there, in our generation, that does not remember Weiss's leaders in the *Débats*? The politicians, even those whom he attacked, read them with a serious fascination; the Liberals were charmed with them; while the Imperial Government felt struck by them, and was powerless to restrain the liberties and audacities so adroitly managed. With what a clever hand, what a mixture of boldness and of caution, what ingenious allusions and citations, Weiss knew how to make his readers understand what he could not say overtly; with what foresight he knew how to prophesy the misfortunes of the foreign policy of France!"

His great success on the *Débats* opened all doors to Weiss; he wrote at times for the then famous *Courrier du Dimanche*, for the *Journal de Paris*, for the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, but he always remained faithful to the *Débats*, the most literary of our newspapers. He had received a highly classical culture at the École Normale, and occasionally he tried his hand at articles on purely literary subjects. Many of his essays, literary or political, have been gathered in several volumes. I will here give only their titles: 'À propos de Théâtre,' 'Autour de la Comédie-Française,' 'Le Drame Historique et le Drame Passionnel,' 'Essais sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Française,' 'Molière,' 'Le Théâtre et les Mœurs,' 'Les Théâtres Parisiens.' This list shows that Weiss had become a theatrical critic as well as Sarcey and some other of his friends; but theatrical matters were always to him a secondary object, and politics remained the great preoccupation of his life.

This new volume of 'Notes et Impressions' contains also a few essays, on the most various subjects, but its chief interest lies in the letters of Weiss which it makes public. I will, however, note a short essay which has, so to speak, a retrospective interest, at a moment when the separation of Church and State is daily discussed in France. It is thus entitled: "Are the ministers of the churches who receive a salary public functionaries?" and was written in September, 1881. It is well known that, after the period of the Revolution, in which all the Church properties had been confiscated, Napoleon made a treaty with Pius VII. which goes under the name of the Concordat. This treaty still subsists, after a century, but there is question of putting an end to it. The State gives a salary to the priests of the Catholic Church, to the ministers of the Reformed Church of France, and to the rabbis of the Jewish persuasion. Three churches are, what is called, recognized by the State—the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Jewish. Weiss maintained that the priests or parsons are not public functionaries, in the ordinary sense of the word.

Weiss's correspondence, which is published in the present volume, has a special interest. It would have been as well to leave unpublished some letters to Madame . . ., which are almost childish; but we can read with pleasure, for instance, letters from Taine to Weiss. In one, dating as far back as 1859, Taine sets forth his method:

"I am not an artist; I do not pretend to be one. I treat moral matters like physiology; I do nothing more. I have borrowed from philosophy and positive science methods which seemed to me powerful, and I have applied them to psychological sciences. I treat of sentiments and ideas as others do of functions and organs; what is more, I believe that the two orders of facts have the same nature, are submitted to equal necessities, and are the two sides of the same thing, the Universe. . . . All my ambition is to put my ideas in writing. As to the form, I make as little of it as you please."

Renan writes to Weiss in 1862, on the subject of the suspension of his lectures at the Collège de France, where he was professor of the Hebrew language:

"I delivered lectures in history, not in theology. It is quite true that the Collège de France is not a school of theology; but I was not theologizing when I treated, from the point of view of positive science, points of history which theologians treat from another point of view. Otherwise the finest and the most important pages of history would be suppressed."

The professorship of French Poetry at the Sorbonne was promised to Weiss in 1863, but Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, thought it incompatible with collaboration with the *Débats*, and asked Weiss to choose between the two. Weiss preferred to remain on the *Débats*. This was the occasion of a correspondence with M. Saint-René Taillandier, who obtained the professorship.

In 1867 and 1868, we find several letters addressed to Weiss by Thiers. He congratulates Weiss on his articles, and discusses several points with him. Alluding to a pamphlet which he wrote in 1830, 'La Monarchie de 1830,' now very rare, Thiers says: "It was written during the ministry of Casimir Périer; the monarchy of 1830 had been only six months in existence. . . . Its crime was that it struggled hard against the assaults of the Republicans in Paris and the Chouans in La Vendée." After the war between Austria and Prussia, Thiers writes (September 21, 1868):

"In 1866, on the discussion of the Address, I got it sent back to a committee, as the German question was omitted; thinking that France could not be indifferent in such a question. The committee concocted a senseless phrase, and, thanks to M. Ollivier, the Chamber was content with it. As for myself, I advised, not war, which was unnecessary, but, what was easy, opposition to the union of Italy and Prussia, by declaring that France would join the party which should be attacked by the other. There was but a word to be spoken, and I begged the Government to speak it. . . . The day after Sadowa, it was still possible to repair the evil—not the whole, but a part of it; but the Chamber had adjourned, and I could not speak."

In another letter, he returns to the question. He had told the Chamber:

"Prussia is going to become a formidable power if you don't arrest her. Nothing is easier. Prussia counts upon the alliance of Italy, and Italy depends upon you. Forbid her to ally herself with Prussia, and she will not disobey you. Say to Prussia that France is one of the guarantors of the German Confederacy, and has, therefore, the right and duty to defend its Constitution."

Such were the illusions of M. Thiers. He did not understand the strength of the movement which culminated in the

formation of Italian unity and of German unity; but he clearly perceived that it was not the mission of France to join the hands of Italy and Germany together. If great changes were made in Europe, it was the duty of the French Government to try to obtain some accession of strength for France.

In June, 1871, we find a curious memorandum of Weiss's on a person who wished to be informed as to the exact situation in France after the war:

"The Republic has been killed less by the insurrection of the Commune than by the inactive incapacity of Jules Favre, of Trochu, and of their colleagues in Paris during the siege, by the feverish and agitated incapacity of Gambetta in the provinces, by the awful waste which signalized, in Paris and in the provinces, the Government of the National Defence. The logic of the situation created by the disaster at Sedan under the Empire, by the catastrophes of Metz and Le Mans under the Republic, seems to bring us back to Henri V. There has been among enlightened and philosophical spirits, during these last eight years, a serious revulsion in favor of the doctrine of royal heredity. But this movement did not extend below the level of philosophical minds. The high, the middle, and the petty bourgeoisie have kept all their prejudices against the dogma of legitimacy, and these prejudices are as absolute as they are invincible. The manifesto of the Count de Chambord has only increased and sanctioned this unanimous repugnance."

Speaking of Thiers, he says: "As for the Presidency of Thiers, it satisfies nobody. M. Thiers, who controls neither his temperament nor his nerves, has alienated the National Assembly by his impatience and his insolence." Weiss had no political *partipris;* he consented to accept the post of Councillor of State, under the Ministry of Ollivier, when the Empire transformed itself and tried to become parliamentary and liberal. He accepted from Gambetta a high situation in the Foreign Office, but did not keep it long. His misfortune was to live at a time when everything was uncertain, when parties were in a state of constant fermentation and dissolution.

Correspondence.

THE APATHETIC CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For many years I have read the *Nation* for its judicial criticisms of public men and measures, and am sorry to conclude that, in the recent campaign and now, it is so partisan in its views and expressions that its judgments are unfair and unreliable.

I voted for Cleveland on the tariff issue, and believe I should stand with him to-day if sustained by a party as sane and reliable as the Palmer and Buckner Democrats. In your editorial, "Apathy," of November 17 you seem not to imagine that an independent voter might prefer Roosevelt, proven to be honest, intelligent, and a true patriot, with a party back of him rational on nearly every important question except the tariff, to one for the time right on the tariff, but having in it a large minority—possibly more—represented by Bryan, Watson, Hill and that ilk, that would influence and might control it. Roosevelt, trustworthy as mortal can be, sustained by the conservative business sense of the country—though not right on the tariff—we think better than a party with some men right on the tariff, joined with an aggressive, perhaps controlling, element wrong on financial matters, and dangerous on almost all questions of law, morals, and government; and under suspicion of saying things not believed in, and putting forward candidates not representing them, and that might be unable to control them.—Respectfully,

Jno. H. Ward.

Louisville, Ky., November 22, 1904.

[We were, and are, very well aware that every thinking voter had to sum up for himself candidate, platform, and past history of each of the two great parties before determining how to cast his vote. Men felt the same scruples about voting for Cleveland that our correspondent felt in the case of Parker. The difference in the two campaigns was one of warmth and earnestness, the immediate subject of our article. Perhaps the lacking element was personal: perhaps Cleveland, renominated this year, would again have carried the day—certainly the canvass would not have dragged as it did. On the other hand, Roosevelt's popularity, amounting to the clean bill which our correspondent gives him when he calls him "trustworthy as mortal can be," may have been more pervasive than the President himself ever dreamed of. What we deplored was the lack of evidence at the polls that the present Administration's acts in "questions of law, morals, and government" had the least reprobation, such as might have found expression in a diminished if sufficient Republican majority. We can at least congratulate our correspondent on having conquered his presumable Southern prejudices on account of Mr. Roosevelt's offence against the spirit of caste.—Ed. Nation.]

THE GENOESE DIALECT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with great interest your correspondent's article on the Italian Dialects, but his statement as to there being no vocabulary of the Genoese does not seem to be quite exact, as may be seen from the following title: Casaccia, 'Vocabolario Genovese-Italiano,' second edition, Genoa, 1873-75.

Yours very respectfully, O. T.

November 25, 1904.

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish immediately 'Arbitration and the Hague Court,' by John W. Foster, the well-known diplomat and author.

The Variorum Edition of the Works of Beaumont and Fletcher is to be published in twelve volumes by the Macmillan Co., under the general direction of Mr. A. H. Bullen, the editorship of the individual plays having been entrusted to various eminent British scholars. Volume I. contains "The Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," "A King and No King," "The Scornful Lady," and "The Custom of the Country"; footnotes, facsimile title-pages, and introductions abound.

For the sake of a dozen of the quatrains facing the drawings of Mr. Gilbert James, FitzGerald's Omar is printed wholly on the left-hand page in the volume forming part of Messrs. Routledge's "Photogravure Series" (New York: Dutton). This is a little exasperating, and the drawings by no means restore one's temper. The scheme is Persian throughout, but there is no imaginative skill and very little decorative sense in the plates, while one is positively grewsome from its unrelieved literalness—"For who knows From what once lovely Life it springs unseen." The text follows the first edition, and is printed on parchment paper.

The six-volume edition of Poe's Tales, just issued by Messrs. Putnam, commends itself by the handy size of the volumes as well as by the print and neat binding. The novel feature is the generous supply of illustrations by F. S. Coburn, which show an uncommon range of power from the weird and creepy to the beautiful. The shadowy designs often miss their force from lack of intelligibility, but the best of them are impressive, and the artist's imagination seldom appears strained.

C. E. Brock's black-and-white illustrations of our English classics have maintained a high order of excellence, and his name is a guarantee of taste and skill in apt designs. He now appears in color in the Dent editions of Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield' (New York: Dutton), and distinctly enhances the other daintinesses of his publishers' customary output. These volumes can be commended without reserve as gifts or personal possessions.

Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' are once more luxuriously dressed in small quarto form, by the H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. The verse is incased in a floriated border, all printed in uncompromising black, Morris fashion, but readable. The white and gold cover has been well conceived.

The same firm sends us Tennyson's 'Holy Grail,' in which the tinted borders are of feeble phantasy and overpower the text. The binding is a flexible brown leather.

Pleasing in every aspect is the little volume proceeding from the Scott-Thaw Co., 'The Wisdom of Robert Louis Stevenson,' collected and arranged from his writings. It is prettily framed and rubricated, and contains both a table of contents and an index. The limp covers are in crimson leather or leatherette.

Paul Laurence Dunbar's negro poetry, 'Lil' Gal,' is launched anew by Dodd, Mead & Co., with ornamental borders in tint by Margaret Armstrong, whose name suggests the Hampton Institute; and indeed a member of that school's Camera Club, Leigh Richmond Miner, supplies some capitally chosen and set-up *tableaux vivants* by way of photographic illustration.

Similar treatment has been accorded Paul Leicester Ford's reissued 'Love Finds a Way,' from the same publishers. Here Miss Armstrong's borders are floral, bold and with good success, while Harrison Fisher supplies some wash drawings, less characteristic, but sufficient.

Mrs. Sally Pratt McLean Greene's 'Cape Cod Folks' has stood the weathering of

nearly a quarter of a century, and is worthy of the extra pains bestowed upon the current edition bearing the imprint of De Wolfe, Fisk & Co., Boston. The author's portrait serves as frontispiece. The charm of the illustrations lies in the full-page and vignette views of actual Cape scenery. It was a pity to mix with these a few mediocre and inharmonious designs pertaining to the action of the story.

Little, Brown & Co. have reprinted Mathilde Blind's Life of George Eliot, which originally appeared in 1883, with additional chapters on George Eliot's work, her friends, etc., and a complete bibliography by Frank Waldo and G. A. Turkington. Miss Blind's account of the great novelist was felt to be an unsatisfactory one in 1883, and it has not improved in the interval; in fact, its value has been impaired by later publications. It was, perhaps, hardly to be expected that the present editors could add anything new, either to the ascertained facts of George Eliot's life, or to the considerable body of criticism of her writings. What they appear to have done is to gather into their supplementary chapters such illumination as could be extracted from Herbert Spencer's autobiography and from the critical essays of Leslie Stephen, Henry James, and others. They have fallen into one error which it seems worth while to correct. They speak of Mr. Lewes as acting the part of a "master of ceremonies only" at the celebrated Sunday afternoon receptions; but those who attended the receptions in question will, we think, agree that this is a very misleading description. Lewes was one of the best conversationalists of his day, and he certainly contributed in large measure to the charm and the success of these gatherings.

After Mr. Crockett's abridgment of Scott, Fielding's 'Tom Jones' is taken in hand for the "Condensed Classics" of Messrs. Holt. The reduction, less vital than in Scott's case, has been performed by Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, who has brought the story within 450 pages 16mo. His object has been to prevent tedium, without affecting the course of the narrative, and also without Bowdlerizing.

Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly undertakes, in 'Émile Zola, Novelist and Reformer' (John Lane), an elaborate vindication of the famous writer and energumen. One may confess to some disappointment at discovering that the special pleading which characterizes the whole biography renders its author quite unable to estimate the sincerity of one chancing to hold divergent views concerning either the work or the public conduct of the unsparing satirist, who delivered his denunciations with possibly less of discrimination, and certainly less humor, than any one since the days of Swift. The value of such literary criticisms as this volume contains may be gauged by the exalted place given to 'Le Docteur Pascal' as the culminating effort of Zola's genius. In discussing 'L'Affaire,' it never seems to occur to Mr. Vizetelly that public attacks on the judiciary are usually punishable in other countries beside France.

Mr. Edward Marston, long known as a London publisher and an "Amateur Angler," and later by his 'Sketches of Booksellers,' has now dropped into informal autobiography in 'After Work' (Scribners). Entering the house of Sampson Low in 1846, and becoming a partner ten years later, he kept recollections of Bulwer, Macaulay, Samuel Warren, G. P. R. James, and sundry other more or less notable persons. He has more to say of R. D. Blackmore, who in the early sixties brought for publication a version of part of Virgil's Georgics. The future novelist then, as later, looked the market-gardener: "his voice was gentle, deliberate, almost timid." When famous, he was jealous of the book that had made him so, not considering 'Lorna Doone' "his best or even his second-best work." His too unfamiliar visage is the most interesting of twenty portraits here given; that of Jules Verne might pass for J. G. Blaine, while Charles Reade is presented in his most unwarlike mood. The late G. A. Henty "was a rough diamond of the first water, hearty, sometimes boisterous, genial, generous, sympathetic, and simple-minded as a child." Mr. Marston endeavors to account for the appearance of Sir Morell Mackenzie's 'Frederick the Noble' in the New York *Herald* and the London *Standard* two days before publication in book form, by supposing that the proof-sheets were stolen from the printers and cabled across. A necessary index is not lacking.

But for Elizabeth, Mrs. H. C. Eggar's 'An Indian Garden' (James Pott & Co.) would not have been or would have been other than it is. The "Burra Sahib" takes the place of "The Man of Wrath," and the coolies of the German peasantry. Unfortunately, there are no children to replace the babies of the months—it is Anglo-India's tragedy to be without children. These garden books, written by ladies, have a charm of their own. A woman cannot well write about the minutiæ of housekeeping—at all events women have not yet done so with acceptance; but a garden gives them a kindred subject, charmingly suited to the display of the feminine point of view. An Indian garden of the plains is an unknown thing to most people—the names of its trees and plants connote little to us; yet this book can be read with pleasure, photographs, such as they are, helping the ordinary reader's ill-equipped experience. There are nice dogs in it, and horrible snakes in plenty, tropical deluges of rain, and a sense of things growing apace. It is shade, rather than sunshine, that takes the prominent position. Steamy air, orchids, ferns, palms, and blossoming trees are the materials of the picture. Plenty of discursive interludes about odd characters save the horticulture from monotony, and there are not too many native words for the patience of a foreign reader.

Why is it that California is so inspiring to writers of mountain books? There are many vaster mountain ranges. Great glaciers are not found there. California is not remarkable for the difficulty or excitement of its climbing. Yet, from Clarence King down, good books about mountaineering have been inspired in succession by the beautiful region in question. We hardly dare suggest that the reason may be found in the fact that what we may call the professional climber goes elsewhere, attracted by higher game. Clarence King, John Muir, and Stewart Edward White are not to be counted in the ordinary run of climbers. They belong to the larger body of nature-lovers. The last-mentioned, in his newly issued book, 'The Mountains' (McClure, Phillips & Co.), certainly belongs to the Clarence King rather than the Whymper group of mountain authors. He is more a traveller among than a climber of hills. His adventures are those of the trail rather than of snowfield and crag. He introduces his readers to the forests, the streams, and the cañons oftener than to peaks. Evidently he loves the upper forest region more than the barren heights—his visits to the latter are brief. He can write well of what he loves. He belongs to the Thoreau kindred in his attitude to nature and the Borrovian in his eye for men. The book is one to be thankful for.

The "Langham Series of Art Monographs," published in New York by Charles Scribner's Sons, already numbers seven pocket volumes of from seventy to eighty-five small square pages each. The seventh volume is entitled simply 'Nuremberg,' and is the work of Hermann Uhde-Bernays; having the same character as its fellow-monographs, 'Venice as an Art City,' 'London as an Art City,' etc. Of a more general interest are the volumes on Bartolozzi and his English pupils, by Selwyn Brinton, and on the 'Illustrators of Montmartre,' namely, Lautrec, Morin, Forain, and Caran d'Ache—with others of their stripe. The second volume of the series deals with the color prints of Japan, and is by E. F. Strange, the keeper of prints in what was once the South Kensington Museum. Volume VIII. is to be an essay by Mr. Brinton on 'The Eighteenth Century in English Caricature.' Also, there are to be studies of single artists; Auguste Rodin, the sculptor, has already been treated by Rudolf Dircks. Noticeable in the Nuremberg book is a very personal tone, altogether welcome to one who knows something of the subject already and is prepared to enjoy a fresh treatment of an old subject. The present essay is for all the world like what a series of private letters might be, and is on that account far more entertaining, and perhaps correspondingly more useful. The first person is used continuously, and the author's own preferences are frankly avowed as impressions and inferences, not necessarily binding upon others.

Frank G. Sanford's 'The Art Crafts for Beginners' (The Century Co.) is addressed to those who would make a beginning of craftsmanship; formulates by simple precept the fundamental principles of all crafts, and illustrates those principles by concrete examples of beginner's work in wood, leather, sheet metal, bookbinding, mat-weaving, and pottery. The problems set for practice are well within the range of a beginner's skill, provided there be patience and the right spirit; these simple tasks, if performed with a full understanding of the real teaching of the book, will carry the learner much farther toward true craftsmanship than he may suspect. The book is not comprehensive, but rudimentary; without grasp of the rudiments the artisan, however technically skilled by practice, will fall short or fail wholly. The precepts of this book, which show the workman in what way thoughts may best be moulded into things, are explicitly set forth in a few lines here and there, but are readable between all the lines by implication. Respect the limitations of the materials and tools employed, subordinate ornament to functional meaning, learn more by ex-

perience than from any other teacher, let your own thoughts find expression, make the work and its product wholly your own—these are some of the wholesome injunctions of this useful work.

Among recent law books is an annotated edition of 'The National Bank Act,' by John M. Gould (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). All the amendments are given, and explained as well as annotated. It is pretty good proof of the careful drafting of the original act, now forty years old, that the number of decisions under it seems to be only seven or eight hundred. There are, of course, still openings for doubts and possibilities of controversy, but the small amount of friction and confusion with which the act has been in the main developed is remarkable.

"Comparative Literature" is a young discipline, but its critical apparatus is already considerable. Five years ago Prof. Louis P. Betz of Zurich published a bibliography of all the works devoted to comparative study, with an introduction by Prof. Joseph Texte of Lyons. Both of these scholars have since died, and the second edition of their book, 'La Littérature Comparée: Essai Bibliographique' (Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner), has been entrusted to the care of M. Texte's successor at Lyons, Prof. Fernand Baldensperger. Many titles have been added, and new divisions appear, devoted to the Scandinavian and Slavic literatures, to the foreign influences on American literature, to the history of poetic themes and motives, etc. The last of these is scarcely adequate, and the subject is still chiefly limited to *Quellenforschung*. A subject-index replaces the old index of authors, but the adequacy of this addition may also be doubted; under the word "Scaliger," for example, works on 'Dante and the Scaligeri' and 'Opitz and J. C. Scaliger' are alike referred to, and innumerable themes treated in the works listed in the body of the book are neglected when these themes do not appear in the titles of the works themselves. This bibliography is a valuable aid to the comparative student, but it still stands in need of complete and fundamental revision. No more competent authority could be selected for such a task than M. Baldensperger himself, but in this instance his work has been impeded by his tender respect for the memory of his lamented predecessors.

An Historical Institute of the Netherlands is to be established in Rome by the side of the Prussian and others of this kind. This decision of Parliament and Government is the outcome of the agitation of the historian Blok. The funds to conduct the institute for five years have been granted, and the purpose will be to make researches in the archives of Italy, especially for materials bearing on the history of the Netherlands. Dr. Brom, a prominent Catholic savant of Utrecht, is entrusted with this work, as he has for years been studying the archives in Rome. At the same time a scholarship covering five years of research in the history of Italian art was granted to Dr. Orbaan, who has been making special investigations in Rome for a number of years.

Express courses of lectures for women students are announced for the coming winter semester by the University of Göttingen. Seven professors and the same number of privat-docents, representing all the faculties, have united in this innovation and have already published their subjects.

The recent utterance of the Kaiser to the effect that a school of seventy children in charge of a single master is a "Menschenquälerei," has caused German educational journals to examine the statistics in the case. According to the reports published by Prussia in 1901, there were no fewer than 949 schools in the kingdom with a contingent of from 71 to 100 children for a single master; 685 half-day schools reported 120 and more children to a single teacher, fully one-half of these being in the Polish provinces. In 5,048 schools with two or more teachers there was an enrolment of between 71 and 100 for each teacher; in 89 schools with one teacher and in 415 schools with two or more teachers, each had charge of 121 to 150 pupils; and in one school with one teacher and in two with more teachers the enrolment for each was more than 150. According to the latest published returns, it appears that 19,653 teachers, or fully 22 per cent. of the total corps, suffered from the affliction and injustice the Emperor condemns. Schools are reported in charge of one teacher with 130, 140, 166, 168, 180 and 188. The climax is capped by the case of a man in Dozonowo, district of Kulm, with a school of 201 children.

By an error for which we cannot now account, we spoke of the author of 'The Island of Tranquil Delights' as "the late" Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard. His publishers, Messrs. Herbert B. Turner & Co., remind us that Mr. Stoddard is far from an age at which such an error would be fairly excusable, and we make haste to restore him, not only to life, but, we hope, to a long activity as a writer.

—The October number of the *Library* contains the second and final instalment of Henry Bradshaw's letters to officials of the British Museum, previously noticed. The longest letter, dated January 18, 1868, and addressed to Thomas Watts, then Keeper of Printed Books, seems to have been written in reply to an inquiry concerning the preparation of copy for the printed-catalogue slips used at the Cambridge University Library. The writer describes in some detail the routine as he had found it, and then continues: "At present my object has been to learn as thoroughly as I can what the meaning of the present practice is, and not to alter where I can help it, until I know what I am altering, and then alter at once. I feel so convinced that, in making any change in cataloguing, promptness is the only safe method." A wise rule! Mr. Robert Steele continues his investigations as to "What Fifteenth-Century Books are About," dealing this time with "Divinity." It seems that 45 per cent. of the incunabula mentioned in Proctor's Index are of theological or devotional character. Mr. W. E. Doubleday tells about the Library Association Conference at Newcastle-upon-Tyne last September. It is interesting to note that the council was requested "to inquire what assistance would be required to ensure the continuance" of the *Review of Reviews*' Index to Current Periodicals. Prof. Thomas Hodgkin's presidential address dealt with the Love of Books, tracing his subject from the times of the Palæolithic man. Among the addresses was one by Prof. Mark Wright of Durham College on "The Public Reference Library and Secondary and Higher Education." This paper is printed in full in the October number of the *Library Association Record*, which also contains the proceedings of the conference. The speaker regards conditions in schools and colleges as unfavorable to reading for other purposes than examinations. There is too little time for "browsing among books," too little reading for recreation, and too little time for thinking. It is significant to find this same note sounded by the Librarian of Michigan University, Prof. R. C. Davis, in an article entitled "An Over-use of Books," in the November *Public Libraries*. The discussion of Professor Wright's paper brought out the demand for "a lending library for students." The reaction against the pure *reference* libraries ("Präcenz-Bibliotheken" is the more correct German term) is beginning to set in.

—The 'Jewish Encyclopædia' (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is moving rapidly to its close, which is now fixed for the end of 1905. Volumes vii. and viii. (Italy to Leon to Moravia) have recently appeared in close succession, and, despite this speed, are showing a general quality very fairly equal to that of their predecessors. As before, and as is only natural in the record of a race, far more space is given to biography than to anything else; next, perhaps, come the notices of localities. Much of this space might have been saved, and probably with advantage, if all biographies of the living —an element of very uncertain value, and open to the suspicion of business influence —had been excluded, and if far fewer photographs of synagogues and the like, mostly of depressing architecture, had been given. Pictures of historical buildings, rich in memories and associations, are always in place, but too many of those represented here have still to make good a claim to interest for any but their immediate frequenters. Among the articles outstanding in general interest may be noted that on Jerusalem. It is naturally full and well illustrated, especially by an ingenious system of plans on tracing paper—giving the city as it was at different periods—which can be superimposed on one another. Even higher interest will be raised by the article on Jesus of Nazareth. The historical treatment has been put into the hands of Mr. Joseph Jacobs, who is a folk-lorist and miscellaneous editor. Of him here fewest words are best. Much more adequate is the theological treatment by Dr. Kaufmann Kohler; his position can be put in a word: Jesus was "the acme and the highest type of Essenism." Jesus in Jewish legend is treated by Prof. S. Krauss of Budapest. The difficulty which this whole rubric must have offered cannot be denied, but that the thirteen pages given here are an absolutely insufficient recognition of the one personality of the Jewish race which, to put it mildly, has affected the human race in general, and which, as all believe, bore a message equal in weight to that committed to any member of the whole human race, is staringly plain. In the same volume the rubric Jeremiah—life, book, epistle—has twelve pages, and, if we add the separate article on Lamentations, has nearly fourteen—a page more. To turn to less contentious matter, Judah Halevi, the singer of Zion, whom all know if only through Heine, is sympathetically and sufficiently portrayed. The Kishineff tragedy is rehearsed; Judaism, from the reformed

point of view, has ten pages competently from Mr. Kohler—the conservative is to be given later under Religion; the Karaites are fittingly treated by Abraham de Harkavy. All these are subjects generally known. A life, however, which it is the privilege of such a work as this to bring into broader publicity, is that of Isaac Lampronti, the Italian rabbi and physician. We are here told of his Talmudic encyclopædia on which he had spent his life, how he began to print it in 1750, when he was seventy, and how the last sheet finally appeared in 1887, 131 years after his death—a case surely unique even in the slow annals of bibliography.

—In volume viii. the most generally interesting article is probably that on London—over twenty-three pages by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, here in his *métier*—with many illustrations and maps. Another is on Luria, the founder of the modern Cabala, but it fails to note the highly probable influence on him of ash-Sha'rani, the Muslim mystic, his somewhat older contemporary. Another deals with a singular difficulty which arises from the inflexible nature of Judaism. Where, for an orthodox Jew, does the dateline fall when he travels round the world? Poe, in one of his tales, worked out three Sundays in a week. For a conscientious Jew that would be awkward, but, apparently, according to the decisions, he may have to guard himself by observing at least two Sabbaths on his wanderings. No less than Judah Halevi, the poet, is an authority in the case, and the conception of Jerusalem as navel of the world is a starting-point. This, without doubt, is a matter "full of seriousness," as life was to the pugnacious Scotch dog, but only of a lighter humor is it that Daniel Mendoza, "the Star of Israel," a pugilist of distinction, has his own mirthful seriousness for this book, and carries off full two-thirds of the space of Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin, beside which the ironic alphabet places him. It must be a misprint that *metuentes* is said (p. 521) to be used "in Latin inscriptions by Juvenal for Jewish proselytes," but the misprint is of an awkward kind, and the article does not tell where in Juvenal the expression occurs.

—Another of the excellent Columbia University Press Publications (Macmillan) comes to us in the volume entitled 'Corneille and Racine in England,' by Miss Dorothea Frances Canfield. It seeks to show how systematic attempts at domesticating the neo-classic drama in England (by means of translations) failed to produce anything like valuable results. Exhaustive even to minuteness in research, this work is a most conscientious contribution to the history of byways in literature. The indebtedness of the English stage to its neighbors across the Channel no doubt helped to stifle originality. In comedy, as Prof. A. W. Ward has shown ('English Dramatic Literature,' vol. iii., 315), the "lifting" was unscrupulous; and in 1718 Mrs. Centlivre could actually say, in the prologue to "A Bold Stroke for a Wife":

> "To-night we come upon a bold Design,
> To try to please without one borrowed Line."

And yet some of the brightest scenes in her comedy were possibly recollections of Regnard's 'Les Folies Amoureuses' (1704). But conclusions as to the futility of transplantation should rest on some sounder basis than the evidence of translations executed chiefly by men of extremely mediocre aptitudes, and consequently incapable of rendering in English verse the stately measures of Corneille or Racine. The solution of continuity in English writing of tragedy comes in reality much less from the weakening effects of systematic borrowing or adaptation than from obvious conditions in social life which would have cramped native talent had any existed. Men like Addison and Johnson, who *imitated* the great Frenchmen, were totally undramatic in mind and temperament. That foreign dramatic influence can urge to higher issues and noble change, is one of the commonplaces of the history of the Romantic drama in Germany and France.

—The Classical Association of England and Wales, founded in December, 1903, has published its first annual Proceedings (London: John Murray). The objects of the Association are to promote classical studies, to impress on public opinion their claim to an eminent place in the scheme of national education, to improve classical teaching, to encourage investigation, and to create opportunities of friendly intercourse between the lovers of classical learning in the two countries named. We are not informed why Scotland and Ireland, where learning no longer (as in Sydney Smith's day) "goeth very bare," are left out of this alluring scheme, in which, as is the case with the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the serious and the social are induced to lie down together. As the president of the Association pointed out at the first general meeting at Oxford last May, this is no society of experts. It is designed to appeal even more to the outside public, which, if it ever knew anything at all of the classics, has retained only a rather vague impression that Greek and Latin did it no harm. By its choice of the Master of the Rolls as president, the Association emphasizes this aim. What the speakers at the Oxford meeting were inclined to dwell on was the practical value of a classical training. Professor Ramsay related that a land agent, a distinguished surgeon, and a general had all separately declared recently that "the resourcefulness and habit of accurate work, which they acquired in cultivating Latin verse, had proved of great use to them in the practical work of their lives," while Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge related an incident in which a young naval officer's knowledge of Latin had saved his country from grave international complications. There is something pathetic about all this. Lord Bowen said that classical scholars reminded him of a timid elderly traveller fussing over his luggage at a crowded railway station. But that jealous air of proprietorship is giving way to an almost too effusive eagerness to convince one's fellow passengers that to travel without luggage as solid as one's own is to court disaster. The Association's first enterprise will be to examine into the spelling of Latin in school and college text-books, with a view to establishing uniformity. This has already been done to some extent in America. The secretaries of the Association are Professors Postgate and Sonnenschein.

—It seems likely that the historical scholars of Great Britain will not rest content until they have established in London an institution similar to the *École des Chartes*. Even if the Government refuses to follow the example which France has set of expending public money on the education of palæographers, the requisite funds may be supplied by private donors. The Creighton Memorial Fund has been handed over to a committee, of which Mr. Bryce is chairman, for the purpose of providing advanced historical instruction. This money, together with sums especially subscribed, enables the committee to supply the services of experts like Mr. Hubert Hall and Mr. I. S. Leadam. We do not mean to convey the impression that a regular school has yet been started, but important personages are interested in the project, and much may come of it. We have before us the second report which has been issued on behalf of the "Advanced Historical Teaching Fund" by the Committee of Management. During the year which followed the institution of classes, thirty-one students attended the courses given by Mr. Leadam and Mr. Hall. In the year under review the numbers were well maintained, and the results seem to have been highly satisfactory. Mr. Leadam continues his lectures on the early Tudor period, while "Mr. Hubert Hall, in his classes on Palæography, Diplomatics, and Historical Sources, has completed a carefully graduated course of instruction extending over the whole session, in which he has dealt with the handwriting, construction, and classification of historical documents (chiefly English) from the eighth to the eighteenth century." Some of Mr. Hall's students have been engaged in collecting materials for the 'Victoria County History,' and in his Seminar much of the work was done which has given us the Winchester Pipe Roll in a folio volume. M. Charles Bémont's notice of this edition in the *Revue Historique* bears witness to the thoroughness of its workmanship, and other fruits of the lectures may be found in monographs by Miss Skeel and Mr. Wiener. For the present the committee is hampered by the meagreness of its funds, but London is so rich and the cause so good that an adequate endowment should soon be forthcoming.

RECENT POETRY.

Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman's 'Lyrics for a Lute,' published fourteen years ago and thrice reprinted, made him a marked man among the minor poets, at least in the eyes of those readers who still take an interest in poetry as a fine art. Such readers, whose perusal of periodical poetry can but make them echo Leopardi's cry,

> "Musa, la lima ov' è?"

have found some comfort in Mr. Sherman's fine, though infrequent, contributions to the magazines; they will take more comfort and fresh delight in his new 'Lyrics of Joy' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Fortunately, Mr. Sherman's lyrics are not altogether of joy. The dozen charming songs that make up his section headed "Nature" do, indeed, carry no mood save that delicate exuberance of delight which springs in a sensitive mind confronted with the fresher beauties of this various world; yet the greater number of his poems are not free from that shadow of grief which lends a brightness to a poetic picture and a sweetness to poetic

melody. Perhaps the most wholly characteristic piece in the volume is "A Tear Bottle":

Glass wherein a Greek girl's tears
Once were gathered as they fell,
After these two thousand years
Is there still no tale to tell?

Buried with her, in her mound
She is dust long since, but you
Only yesterday were found
Iridescent as the dew,—

Fashioned faultlessly, a form
Graceful as was hers whose cheek
Once against you made you warm
While you heard her sorrow speak.

At your lips I listen long
For some whispered word of her,
For some ghostly strain of song
In your haunted heart to stir:

But your crystal lips are dumb,
Hushed the music in your heart;
Ah, if she could only come
Back again and bid it start!

Long is Art, but Life how brief!
And the end seems so unjust:
This companion of her grief
Here to-day, while she is dust!

Mr. Sherman has the artist's gift of knowing the limit of his range; he attempts to give voice to few passions more poignant than this vague and generalized regret. Hence the prime quality of his work as a whole is the very perfection of pleasantness. In a poem, as in a gem, the more exquisite the cutting, the more do slight flaws stand out. It is, perhaps, Mr. Sherman's very success in studying impeccability that makes groups of vocables, like "as was hers whose," in the third stanza of the poem quoted above, hiss disproportionately loud in our ear. There are a few, but only a few, such jarring notes in Mr. Sherman's melodies. For the most part, his verse has a silvery sweetness of consonants, an ordered variety of vowels, that recalls the Elizabethans; as in his "May Morning":

"What magic flutes are these that make
Sweet melody at dawn,
And stir the dewy leaves to shake
Their silver on the lawn?"

Mr. Sherman knows how to handle his dividers and measuring rod as well as his file. None of these implements is very well adapted to making a noise on a tub, but by the use of them Mr. Sherman has given his poems form in the old architectural sense; nearly every one has a compactness and completeness of organism that makes it memorable.

We suspect that if one could get at Mr. Bliss Carman's set of these tools, so useful to the poetic artist, he would find them a little rusty. In his 'Songs from a Northern Garden' (L. C. Page & Co.), being the fourth volume of his "Pipes of Pan," Mr. Carman is as musical and picturesque as ever—nay, he is too musical and too picturesque. Like that Burdock who "never left anything out, as he wrote only for his own pleasure," Mr. Carman finds it hard to forego a pretty image or a sweet cadence, however far it may lead him from the path pointed out by the original poetic impulse. He captures many fine phrases, like—

"That's master thrush. He knows
The voluntaries fit for June,
And when to falter on the flute
In the satiety of Noon;"

but there is in the present volume no poem so perfect as half a dozen that could be found in any one of Mr. Carman's earlier collections, while the rill of neo-paganism that ran so pleasantly through those, here threatens to inundate the page with a kind of fluent amorism that leaves one dazed and unconvinced. How much a poet may gain in virtue by renunciation can be learned in no way better than by reading Gray's "Elegy" with and without the lovely stanzas which the self-denying ordinance of his taste bade him reject.

Miss Ethel Cox's 'Poems, Lyric and Dramatic' (Badger), are another case in point. The poetic quality of any given page is fairly pleasant, but the poetic vitality of the book would have been increased more than fourfold had at least three-quarters of it been left out. Miss Cox draws her imagery and her inspiration not so much from nature and men and women as she knows them, as from nature and men and women as Spenser, Keats, Tennyson, and Landor knew them. All her pieces are externally energized, so to say; but her Muse has fed on bee-bread of an excellent quality, and, though not always careful of the last metrical perfection, and sometimes too lush in phrase and uncertain in syntax, can, at her best, make very pretty poetry—witness these dainty and tender lines:

All through the fragrant evening ran a sound,
A piping shrill and lone, the meek complaint
Of some warm-breasted bird left desolate:
And hearing, soft we parted the white boughs,
Beneath a show'r of brittle snowy leaves,
And found, within, a little empty nest
Wrought fine and fair, and warm as a true heart
For sheltering Love; her balmy cheek near mine;
And frequent came that simple sound of grief:
One wistful tear fell, and her bosom heaved!
We turned amid the blossoms, dewy-sweet—
And, with a touch, eyes fell, and our lips met!

Thirteen years ago we noticed the original publication of Mrs. Lilla Cabot Perry's 'From the Garden of Hellas,' translations into verse from the Greek Anthology, which is now reprinted with the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mrs. Perry has dealt intelligently and very faithfully with her material. Her translation is as literal as any that we have in verse, but we do not think that she has been more than ordinarily successful in conveying to her page the fragrance of the *hesternæ rosæ* of Meleager and his fellows. This from Julian of Egypt is perhaps as happily caught as any:

I twined a wreath of flowers one day,
And lo! Love 'mid the roses lay.
I seized him by his wings straightway
And plunged him in my wine.
I drank and never more find rest,
But feel Love's tremors in my breast.

Yet whoever will be at the pains of comparing this with Addison's tenderly quizzical rendering of the same epigram, will discover how much the effectiveness of a poetical translation depends not upon literal fidelity of rendering, but upon the drawing out of those meanings which, as Dryden so finely said, "are secretly in the poet."

'Old Voices,' by Howard Weeden (Doubleday, Page & Co.), shows a vein of sweet and unaffected sentiment and a good ear for a verse tune. To our mind the following stanzas need but the substitution of an explicit "My" for the vague and prosaic "One's" in the penultimate line to make an admirable lyric:

The south winds shake the mimosa awake
With a shiver as soft as rain;
The south wind dies, the mimosa sighs,
And sinks to silence again.

And oh, but the scent that is faintly lent,
By the stirred mimosa bloom!
One's heart nearly breaks with the thought it awakes,
Oh tender, oh cruel perfume!

Not to sentimentalize our page with too many citations from the poetry of mild sentiment, it will suffice to say of Mr. Barton Grey's "The Heart's Quest (G. P. Putnam's Sons) that it is a volume of readable and facile verse, with implied stories and dramatic situations in the background that rather suggest the author's study of the poetry of Owen Meredith. On the other hand, Browning and Arnold are the obvious inspiration of "Thekla, and Other Poems," by Mr. Stephen Hughes-Games (Longmans, Green & Co.). This is a volume of earnest and thoughtful versifying—even the poems in blank verse on Scriptural subjects are not unreadable; yet we have not been able to discover in the volume any deposit of perdurable poetry.

The quality of the verse which Mrs. Mary Thacher Higginson has collected in "The Playmate Hours" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is seen to advantage in this pleasantly imaginative piece:

INLAND.

My home is far above the ocean sands—
Too far to watch the surges roll and break;
But every day across those meadow lands
Fly sea-gulls toward the lake.

No sound of dashing waves the silence brings;
No foam, like drifting snow, delights the eye;
Instead, a sudden cloud of rushing wings
Gleams white against the sky.

The sight of graceful schooners sailing fast,
Straight for their harbor, is denied to me;
But I can count the fair gulls soaring past,
They are my ships and sea.

"Hamid the Luckless, and Other Tales in Verse," Mr. John Payne's latest volume (Nutt), is in every way worthy of that excellent poetic craftsman. Mr. Payne renders his eight Oriental apologues in spirited pentameter couplets, with an unusual speed and vividness of light-footed narrative. A single episode of Hamid's adventures will give the reader a taste of the picturesque, Chaucerian quality of Mr. Payne's easy story telling:

Alighting here, into a vasty hall,
With aisles of fretted cedar rounded all
And deep-groined roofs, wherein the sweet sky's hue
Cærulean shone the golden tracery through,
Hamid they brought and on a royal throne
Of right red gold, with many a cushion strown
Of cramozin and purple, high and wide,
Enforced him, wondering, sit; whilst by his side
His host, the king, on likewise took his place.
Then he undid the chin-band from his face,
And lo! the king a lady young and fair
Was as the sunshine in the April air.
Perfect in amorous grace and languishment;
There is no man beneath the firmament
Might look upon her beauty but in twain
His heart were rent for love and longing pain.

It is a little odd, but, nevertheless, a hopeful symptom, that writers of the better class of humorous verse show themselves more skilful artificers with the file than the generality of their more sober-sided brethren of the lyre. This is particularly remarkable in Miss Carolyn Wells's excellent "Parody Anthology" (Scribners). An ideal selection might have contained more pieces by the masters of parody and fewer pieces by minor parodists of to-day, but the anthology is more interesting to a critic of recent poetry as it is. If the contemporary writer of parody falls short of the charm of Calverley or the Smiths, it is largely because his wit is more topical and his versification less classically perfect; but in the latter respect, at least, there are, we think, admirable signs of growth to be seen in the work of some of the latest of our humorous versifiers. "Harry Graham" (Col. D. Streamer) is a notable example. His 'Misrepresentative Men' (Fox, Duffield & Co.) is decidedly *ad rem* in most of its hits; so it loses a little in absolute humor, yet it shows so high-spirited a mastery of words and metre (the result, we take it, of laborious days) that it will be read with pleasure by the most fastidious lover of what

is amusing. Mr. Graham is nowhere more gayly himself than in the last two stanzas of his "Aftword":

Abuse or praise me as you choose,
There is no limit to my patience;
My verse the London *Daily News*
Once styled "Mephitic exhalations"!
I lived that down (don't ask me how),
And nothing really hurts me now.

For while my stricken soul survived,
With wounded pride and dulled ambition,
My humble book of verses thrived
And quite outgrew the old edition!
So now I have exhaled once more—
Mephitically, as before!

We must not take leave of the writers of humorous verse without mentioning Miss Elizabeth Porter Gould. In reading Miss Gould's 'One's Self I Sing, and Other Poems' (Badger), the suspicion has sometimes assailed us that as a humorous writer Miss Gould has builded better than she knew. Yet at any rate she has succeeded in producing some marvellously lifelike imitations of a great variety of our poets in their less inspired moments. Take, for example, this after Shelley:

"Fair clouds are coquetting
In June's bluest sky—
All Nature loves petting,
Then why shouldn't I?"

Following a dedication to Mr. Carnegie that recalls the palmy days of the dedication as an art form, there are passages in Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole's ambitious "symphonic poems," 'Peace and Progress' (privately printed), that resemble Miss Gould's manner of vaticination; *ex ungue leonem:*

"Prisons shall be tactful schools
Where weaker men may learn
Life's inexorable rules—
The power and will to earn!
Wealth—the unearned increment—
Shall be a public trust,
Ne'er for selfish pleasure spent
Or kept for lucre's lust."

There are some ventures in verse that have a right to be judged by their finest lines, but such concerted pieces of enchained poetry as Mr. Dole has attempted are no stronger than their weakest. There is a good deal of "new thought" in Mr. Dole's book, and some interesting metrical experiments, notably one in hendecasyllables; but, taken as a whole, the quality of the achievement is not above that of the average oratorio or opera libretto, which, indeed, its tone and manner very much resemble.

He who would know the difference between thaumaturgic versifying and the fine art of poetry has but to turn to Henry van Dyke's 'Music, and Other Poems' (Scribners). In the very first lines we catch the accent of the veritable muse:

"Daughter of Psyche, pledge of that last night
When pierced with pain and bitter sweet delight
She knew her Love and saw her Lord depart,
Then breathed her wonder and her woe forlorn
Into a single cry, and thou wast born!
Thou flower of rapture and thou fruit of grief . . .
Thou flower-folded, golden-girdled, star-crowned queen,
Whose bridal beauty mortal eyes hath never seen!"

This invocation is followed by ten sections of varied verse that make up the poem called "Music." Dr. van Dyke has divined the moods of diverse sorts of music and the quality of various instruments very sensitively, and he has contrived to convey those moods and qualities in wholly musical and expressive verse, ranging from the rollicking lilt of a capital hunting song to the ethereal melodies of a strain wherein he strives to celebrate the psychological marriage of color and sound. For our part, we distrust this *Anderssstreben*, this type of poetry which, as its priests say, "constantly aspires to the condition of music." Yet Dr. van Dyke has achieved an interesting and all but convincing experiment. He has been saved from the tenebrous vacancy into which so many of his predecessors have fallen by his irrepressible gift for precise rather than vague and "symbolic" words. Throughout his book it is his mastery of the King's English that stirs our admiration even more than his singularly capable metrical workmanship and his wholesome and refined sentiment. How refreshing is the round tone of these lines from his "Victor Hugo":

Speak the truth with indignant lips,
Call him little whom men called great,
Scoff at him, scorn him, deny him,
Point to the blood on his robe of state,
Fling back his bribes and defy him.

'The Place of My Desire, and Other Poems,' by the late Edith Colby Banfield (Little, Brown & Co.), would have gained by a more rigorous editorial selection, yet there is matter in the volume to make a lover of poetry grieve for so fine a faculty so early cut down. Miss Banfield had, as her poems show surprisingly, a joyous love of familiar hills and streams, a poet's sense of the eternal pity of the world, and an instinct for the sincere and fitting word, guided by a knowledge of the very best in poetry. There is much in the book that tempts to quotation, but we must content ourselves with this sonnet, "To One Whose Father Died before Her Birth":

Is this the sorrow writ within thine eyes,
Thy mother's woe while yet thou wast unborn,
So that from birth thou wast already wise
In the great griefs that leave the heart forlorn?
A child of grief indeed thou seem'st to me;
Thy brow doth wear the trouble of past years,
Remembered not, yet ever borne by thee
Whose eyes are heavy with thy mother's tears.
Cculdst thou, remembering, grieving, mourn for him
As we our fathers mourn in tenderness,
Thy face were not so filled with longing dim,
The yearning of a child born fatherless.
Strange mystery—that thou shouldst meet with death
In life's dark chamber ere thou drewest breath.

There is in the haunting human pathos of this, as well as in the directness and simplicity of its phrase, so perfectly moulded in musical cadence, evidence that it is the work of one who might have gone far in the paths of poetry. *Manibus date lilia plenis.*

EIGHT NOVELS.

Sabrina Warham. By Laurence Housman. The Macmillan Co.

The Georgians. By Will N. Harben. Harper & Brothers.

The Private Tutor. By Gamaliel Bradford, jr. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

More Cheerful Americans. By Charles Battell Loomis. Henry Holt & Co.

Manassas. By Upton Sinclair. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Waddy's Return. By Theodore Winthrop. Henry Holt & Co.

Hearts in Exile. By John Oxenham. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Undercurrent. By Robert Grant. Scribners.

'Sabrina Warham' is a story of the English coast, of cruel seas, quiet downs, and smiling farmsteads. As the landscape, so are the varieties of figures—lurid, grave, homelike, while in the mode of telling the sombre prevails. Through the sedate accuracy which marks the descriptions of nature in her wildest as in her most domestic behaviors, appears a deeply poetic feeling. So, too, each personage is handled with a loyalty of care that yet does not prevent at least one of them—Sabrina's mother—from being vague and unaccountable. Sabrina herself is of a palpable sweetness, a woman whose fine and noble idealism makes life difficult for her, and gives to her presence a certain awfulness from which the reader may not wholly escape. Valentine, the debonair deceiver, is almost too contradictory a compound of sincerity and sham for human credence. More firmly modelled is David, playing the silent, wise tortoise to Valentine's hare; David, in whose hawk's eye might be seen "a high aloofness, an unconcern in things near; horizons seemed rather to be its aim." Ronald, with his incurable cured love affair, is cleverly humorous, a not unnatural figure. Lady Berrers, the great lady, is described as "a stately romp," one who was "in repose a banquet; in motion, an elopement." The story turns on Sabrina's attitude toward a husband's fault, but this is a book in which the places are more personal than the characters, and the local atmosphere speaks as audibly as the story. "This is England!" murmurs Sabrina, looking at the long, rocky line of sea-wall and the green fields behind it.

"She was beginning to feel that this peace-loving disposition was the fundamental quality in the building-up of England's empire; that at the root of all her adventurous and fighting blood was this quiet faculty for shaping a field out of rough ground, for finding pasture in the wilderness; and wherever field and pasture, there a home and rest for her migrant breed."

All in all, the book is a fine, serious study of human nature set with dignity against a noble background.

Abner Daniel of old acquaintance is the *deus ex machina* of Mr. Harben's story, if not technically the hero. He moves as before among the scenes and figures of Georgia, dealing out to mountaineers and townsfolk philosophy, fun, and the higher skepticism, defending the falsely accused, smiting perjurers hip and thigh, and collecting his exonerating testimony an he were a very Sherlock Holmes. With all his kindly zeal for justice, Abner Daniel's humor lacks ethical delicacy at times. Thus, for example, bent on benevolence, he travelled to New Orleans, using a scalper's ticket, to do which successfully required deliberate, practised forgery. That he passed for I. Einstein is counted on to make the incident acceptable. This and other humorous proceedings of Abner's bring to mind the testimony of an inebriate recorded by a doctor in the *British Journal of Inebriety*, to the effect that society's habit of "treating drunkenness as a comic incident has something to say in the matter of how the drunkard is led to regard it." "American humor," that conspicuous product in the world's markets, should be jealously safeguarded.

'The Private Tutor' is like the tariff in that its revision were best entrusted to friendly hands. This is not to say that it lacks ability or brightness. A story of moderns with Rome as a setting is so familiar a scheme that it is something to find Mr. Bradford's Rome and moderns treated with considerable freshness. His Rome is light and unpretending, but, one feels, well-beloved. And his characters, an American cub, his tutor, a Polish adventuress, a Chicago girl ruling her parents kindly, and

running after the tutor with a consciousness of perfect taste, two malleable fathers, and a few social eccentricities, are less hackneyed than this roll-call indicates, but also more farcical than one expects from the best parts of the workmanship—the bright little touches, the crisp style, the talent for omission. The types, well introduced, are filled out lumpishly. The writer seems to have painted his figures with a whitewash brush after delicately outlining them. His landscape and reflections, on the other hand, are made as if with a manageable feather—a peacock feather, let us say, all eye and color—one that ought to do pleasant service in sketches of travel.

Mr. Loomis's 'More Cheerful Americans' are still cheerful and still American. As in the case of their predecessors, the reviewer heartily commends them to divers and sundry classes of readers, among them to the "grumbler," who figures now in the publishers' advertisement as the "gambler." Mention of the misprint is not intended to deter any gambler, who feels so inclined, from reading the book. Reform works in mysterious ways. The new papers are full of a cheer which is largely American and largely of a quality all the author's own. Miss Flutterly's reappearance is particularly a cause for gratitude as adding to the justified mirth of nations. Not the least sugary plum in the volume is the author's "Foreword," with his comments on that expression.

American, but of necessity not cheerful, is Upton Sinclair's "Manassas," a book combining lucidity and fervor to a singular extent. "A Novel of the War" it is called, and is, we understand, the first of three volumes. So far it is less a novel than a history, though the story is sufficient as a vehicle for facts more interesting than any novel. The causes of the war are here the theme, being touched upon as far back as the Mexican war, and the book closes with the battle of Manassas. The point of view is that of a young Southerner with a Massachusetts mother and a Harvard education. The heats of fire and ice animate him, yet he tells a straightforward story which may well set old blood tingling again and expound to young blood things they have read of, but not understood. Here are plantation horrors such as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' made familiar, and here are the less often recalled political approaches to the crisis—the tariff quarrels, the territorial questions, the judicial decisions, the Senate's eloquence. Here figure Yancey, Calhoun, Toombs, Taney, as well as Webster, John Brown, Lincoln—no fanciful portraits, but vignettes clipped from history. Here, too, is the most appalling battle chapter since Sienkiewicz's trilogy. Let the young read it and tremble, and learn to "heed the song that Clio sings."

Other war memories are evoked in reading a posthumous novel by Theodore Winthrop. It is perhaps not as complete a work of art as 'Cecil Dreeme' and 'John Brent,' over which readers in the sixties shed tears for the patriot and the writer. Yet it justifies his sister in having thought it "too good to let die." The revision and condensation which the author did not live to do, have been entrusted to Mr. Burton Stevenson. The very interval between the earlier works and this late publication serves to give freshness to the sense of the writer's powers; of the surprisingly modern touch without the modern journalism of manner; the old-fashioned touch, too, of a cultivation boasting not itself, but sitting easily through grave and gay. This is a writer who is too much an artist to preach, too much a gentleman not to have principles; too young to escape altogether sophomorism in his fun, yet always scholarly in persiflage. Plenty of nonsense; a youthful overplus, it may be, of story and figures, but no dragging and no moral confusion—no wives "belonging" to unrelated affinities. Rakes are rakes, and are so called.

The time is that following the epidemic described by Winthrop as "having California." The heroes bring their riches from Mexico and India to spend them in an old-fashioned Boston and Newport, in the day of hotel life, hops, and picnics at the Dumplings. It is not, however, the story which matters so much as the treatment—a gay, fun-loving, crisp manner, a sound, sensible romanticism, a natural fineness, a quaint floweriness, with an occasional flash of the youthfully lurid. In these pages is found again the old charm of Winthrop, the writer; the soldier, lost to his country in one sense, to be possessed in a fuller one, is foreshadowed in touches like these: "The line was not yet drawn upon the great national question of America which has since made the position of man and man inevitable according to character and education. Politics were not interesting." Ira Waddy, returned to Boston from the Far East, asks:

"'I may seem rather ignorant after my long absence, but tell me, do men with the social position of gentleman here accept office from a government that is willing to make and execute such laws as this Fugitive Slave Bill?'

"'Why not? Mere social position does not make men gentlemen. They call themselves Conservatives.'

"'It seems to me,' said Ira, 'that, in the present condition of things, a Conservative must be either an ignoramus, a coward, or a knave.'"

'Hearts in Exile' is a story of Russia and Siberian exile, dealing less with politics than this type of book usually does. The expatriated whom it interests itself in were neither Anarchists nor Nihilists, but peaceful workers for the people. This, however, was to walk too near the web, and in its strands they found themselves helpless captives. The dreary exile for them was as little cruel as any exile to Siberia can be, and left them comparatively free to help those many others who were far worse off than themselves. Thus there are glimpses and hints of terrible things, among them of the "hunger-strike," where the unhappy victims starve themselves rather than submit to constant encroachments on their small privileges, and where, if the point be finally conceded, it is because the superiors, though willing to torture, object to kill, lest blame fall on their own heads from the home authorities. As rider to the story of banishment is attached, with somewhat alarming minuteness, an Enoch Arden complication. The story is well told on the whole, but reads here and there like a translation—an effect not lessened by such un-English expressions as "grimp," "no littleness of mind imputes to Paul," "contented to her new life," and so on. These small blemishes, however, do not detract from the interest or force of the grim picture.

Considered as a novel, 'The Undercurrent' is far in advance of 'Unleavened Bread,' which was a series of theses clothed in coats or skirts according to circumstances. The story in 'The Undercurrent' has closer hold upon the interest, and the characters are more alive, more entertaining. Still, Judge Grant remains less a novelist than a propounder and pleader. He sets his argument before the reader with equal clearness and heaviness, whether he be expounding the workings of the progressive legacy-tax bill, the divorce laws in the United States, the Rev. George Prentiss's nicely balanced proportions as clergyman and man of affairs, the furnishings of Mrs. Wilson's gorgeous house or those of her soul as an apostle of beauty. His is the style of an expert in accuracy, and it is absolutely without perspective. Mrs. Wilson's brooch, containing a miniature of two children of tender age, and Constance's desire to have her child's teeth straightened, loom as large and solemn as their creeds and codes. Conversations may be identified by paragraphing and quotation marks. The mass of detail in relation to commerce, politics, legislation, ecclesiasticism, Socialism, and the inner life of multi-millionairedom approaches the line that divides knowledge from knowingness.

Of the characters, there are two in whom there is much that is real—the worldly-wise, stanch churchman, and the money-exuding Mrs. Wilson, worshipper of æstheticism in art and morals. The others (and indeed they as well) are more or less pegs on which to hang doctrine on many subjects, but mainly on divorce and remarriage. Thus, Emil is the deserting, not unfaithful husband; Constance, the wronged wife; Gordon Perry, not so much the man who wishes to marry her as the argument for divorce and remarriage; the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, the church's ban; Mrs. Wilson, the opposition of the woman of the world, of the æsthetic, and (in a conventional sense) of the Christian. The story is one of "battling for a woman's soul"—a deserted wife's; the outcome, her surrender to her suitor. There is no new argument, but many and varied repetitions of the old ones. The story of two divorces in high life is made amply disgusting, but rather as a contrast to well-conducted and sensible divorces and remarriages. One should not go out of one's own State to procure divorce, for that is backhanded and discreditable, besides being an evasion of the law, which might prove troublesome. An ill odor attaches to the adulterous divorce of the fashionable world, but the humble poor, abandoned by their mates, receive every encouragement to consider the defection a violation of contract carrying a right to remarry amounting almost to a duty for which the world will be better. "If our aristocracy proves no better than any other—if the rich and powerful are to sneer at morals and wallow in licentiousness," says Gordon Perry, "we couldn't blame society if it should try a strong dose of Socialism." Yet perhaps, Mr. Perry, without having recourse to this "strong dose," a beginning might be made by modifying your own views. You say: "Divorce and remarriage are in many instances necessary for the welfare of humanity, for the protection and relief of the suffering and virtuous, and the joyous refreshment of maimed, tired lives." "What-

ever happens, the world will never go back to marital chains and slavery." "Think of the many poor creatures in the lower ranks condemned by your inexorable doctrine to miserable, lonely lives, who might otherwise be happy." Mr. Perry argues throughout as if opposition to divorce and remarriage were peculiar to the Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches. He makes it a case of those churches *versus* the law of the land and the trend of American democracy. That other than ecclesiastical objections may be held, makes no part of his contention.

It is curious that Judge Grant, who in 'Unleavened Bread' satirized the "American Idea," now puts it forward as the war-cry of all reform, social and political. He writes of the American Conscience, the heritage of the American woman, American social evolution, the foreign attitude of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches to native American ideas—as one would speak of American chewing-gum. He puts into Perry's mouth a sneer at a literal obedience to a few "casual sentences which Christ is reported to have uttered thousands of years ago in Palestine." Though Perry cites the history of marriage and has at heart the welfare of society, his argument for remarriage resolves itself into the old familiar one—"I want to." "Why should a vitiated contract be a bar between you and happiness?" he asks the betrayed husband. When Constance, after long denial, finally surrenders, she has nothing newer to say than—

"I love him. . . . I am sure at least of this: that it is better for the world that two people like him and me should be happy, than live apart out of deference to a bond which is a mere husk. I prefer to be natural and free rather than exquisite and artificial. As Gordon said, the ban of the Church when the law gives one freedom is nothing but a fetish."

And it seems not to have occurred to any of these enlightened Americans, except the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, that happiness is not the only aim of life.

ROBA D'ITALIA.

The Most Illustrious Ladies of the Italian Renaissance. By Christopher Hare. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

The Story of Ferrara. By Ella Noyes. Illustrated by Dora Noyes. (Mediæval Towns Series.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

Venice as an Art City. By Albert Zacher. (Langham Series of Art Monographs.) Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

If the test of a period be the esteem in which it holds women, then the Renaissance, especially the Renaissance in Italy, ought to be magnified by the champions of feminism; for the Italian women, at least among the aristocracy, became emancipated long before their Northern sisters, and they managed in many conspicuous cases to combine purely womanly charm with high attainments in learning or with marked political capacity. The same conditions produced strongly individualized women as well as men; and among the group of illustrious ladies whom Mr. Hare has undertaken to describe, there are many striking types—intellectual, sensual, pious, fascinating, imperious—but there is no blue-stocking.

Mr. Hare has made a good selection—indeed, his list includes nearly all of the most famous ladies of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, beginning with Giovanna I. of Naples and ending with Bianca Capello. He gives a chapter to each, and properly brings out the details of the feminine side of life, its occupations and amusements, and gorgeous apparel. One tires a little at times of the descriptions of pageants, and longs for a canvas of Carpaccio or of Veronese; but pageants were an indispensable element in the Italian Renaissance, the natural expression of its pride and love of magnificence, as well as of its determination to live to the utmost to-day, "for to-morrow we die." And so these dazzling displays are proper material for the chronicler. But the question is, of course, how clear and life-like is Mr. Hare's portraiture, and to this we may answer that, without being first-rate, it is usually good. He does get at the essential traits of most of these ladies—he uses the word in its aristocratic meaning—he writes enthusiastically and communicates his enthusiasm; and if he unquestionably chooses a popular method, it is perhaps the fittest for his subject.

In an introductory essay, which we find the best of all, he describes the general manner of life of the daughters of the Renaissance. Of the biographical sketches none is better than that of Giovanna I., whose vicissitudes and tragic end Mr. Hare treats sympathetically, ready to give her the benefit of the doubt in each crisis, and happily comparing her to Mary Queen of Scots. Similar elements of misfortune and similar suspicions of guilt overshadowed both queens; it would be curious to show why Scottish Mary is one of the few historic personages known to everybody, while Neapolitan Joan is hardly more than a name. Of the other women conspicuous in politics, none of Mr. Hare's group equals Caterina Sforza, who, had she acted on a larger stage, might have proved herself the peer of Catharine of Russia or of Maria Theresa. As it is, she is the best epitome of the masterful qualities of Renaissance womanhood. Bianca Capello, on the other hand, was simply one of those women who, by their beauty or sexual magnetism, have turned the heads of rulers in every age. Her story, like Caterina Cornaro's, is woven of romantic episodes which novelists and playwrights would scarcely dare to invent.

Mr. Hare writes also of the three Lombard ladies, Beatrice and Isabella d'Este and Bianca Maria Sforza; of Lucrezia Borgia, whose inherent commonplaceness asserted itself after she quitted the horrible environment of Rome; of Vittoria Colonna, who was learned but not pedantic, pious but not priggish, poetic but not sentimental; and he closes his series with an account of Elisabetta Gonzaga, Duchess of Urbino, at whose court the culture of the Renaissance blossomed most delightfully. That court may well be regarded as the prototype of the *salons* which French ladies presided over in the last century. Duchess Elizabeth had the art of drawing to Urbino the most interesting persons of her time, and of making each shine at his brightest. What conversations she called out! What friendships she cemented! Mr. Hare wisely borrows many passages from Castiglione's 'Courtier,' in order to revivify the Duchess and her companions; wisely, too, he brings his work to an end with them. For the mission of civilization is to produce men and women of high breeding and true culture; and the civilization of the Renaissance culminated with Elizabeth of Urbino and her friends.

We cannot overlook two defects in Mr. Hare's book, namely, typographical inaccuracy and a tendency to florid writing. The Italian proper names are often misspelt—in the course of four pages (198-202) we find Asolani for Asolana, Pruli for Priuli, Giralomo for Girolamo, Aignadella for Agnadello, and Palazza for Palazzo—and there is some uncertainty in dates. Sentimental reflections and moralizing also might be pruned without impairing the popular style in which Mr. Hare works.

Miss Ella Noyes, whose name is new to us, has scored a success in 'The Story of Ferrara.' She has a remarkable talent for narrative, which enables her to tell the history of the little Ferrarese state with the charm of a good romancer; but she does not sacrifice historical accuracy to the picturesque. In the course of a little more than half the volume, she has described the four centuries of growth, from the bloody turmoil out of which the family of Este emerged, to the extinction of their line and the collapse of their duchy in 1597. The tragedies, the romances, the political intrigues, the interaction between the despots and the people, are clearly set forth. Excellent are the descriptions of the chief personages—of Borso and old Ercole, of the two Alfonsos, Lucrezia Borgia, and Renata, of Bojardo, Ariosto and the Tassos. We get a vivid impression, though it be only a glimpse, of the young Savonarola, Ferrara's most famous son, and of Calvin, who found refuge there two generations later. Miss Noyes displays her judicial temper in writing about Torquato Tasso, and we commend her disentanglement of fact from legend in the career of that unfortunate and overwrought poet. So, too, her account of Renata's Huguenot leanings are more accurate than Mr. Hare's.

She has, further, a grasp on the general conditions of the duchy and its relations to the outside world, from age to age. She lets us see the life of the people not less than the pageants and pleasaunces of the princes. And she has reflected to some purpose on the deeper meaning of the Renaissance, as this single quotation will show:

"It is difficult," she says, speaking of the piety of Ercole I., "to credit the sincerity of a faith which had so little influence upon conduct. Yet there can be little doubt that the religious feeling of this prince, who had not scrupled to attempt to murder his nephew and had beheaded him later without mercy, was quite genuine. The Italians, steeped in the revived spirit of antiquity, seem to have returned to the old natural worship of their land, and, under the names of the Christian God and the Christian heroes, to have bowed themselves before those more ancient divinities, who not only deified man's virtues, but his vices and weaknesses also, and who themselves stood with him on this side of the veil of the unknown" (p. 142).

As the volumes in this series are planned not only to give a history but to serve as guides to the buildings and art of each city, Miss Noyes devotes the last part of her book to a description of Ferrara to-day, including a helpful chapter on its

paintings. Intelligence and taste stamp her writing throughout. There are many illustrations, maps, plans, and genealogical tables. One regrets that the publishers have chosen for this series a light gray binding, on which neither the gilt title nor the tooling shows. As well have no title and ornamentation as to waste them in this fashion.

Just what class of persons Mr. Zacher means to address in his little book on 'Venice as an Art City' we cannot imagine. His information is mostly of that kind which guides shout through a megaphone to personally conducted parties. He insists on prescribing what emotion we shall feel—usually a "mingled" one—before each picture and building. Confounding the Three Inquisitors of State with the officials of the Holy Office, he tells us that "the Doge upon his throne became nothing more than a prisoner of the Inquisition" (p. 38)! So much for his historical knowledge. He supposes that the ring which the fisherman brings the Doge, in Paris Bordone's picture, is the ring with which the marriage of the Adriatic had been performed. So much for his acquaintance with Venetian legends. He regards Tintoret's "Fall of Man" and "Mercury and the Graces" as Titianesque, which is exactly what they are not. So much for his art connoisseurship. "And then," he exclaims on page 81, "the explorer of the Grand Canal holds his breath! For we are in the presence of the fairest gem of all—the *Cà d'Oro*, a vision of something *between fairy confectionery and dainty filigree-work.*" So much for his taste. He leaves us "with senses exalted and pulses quickened by this riot of color." So much for his emotions. Seriously, how can work of this sort be dignified by admission into a useful series?

The Wampum Library of American Literature. Edited by Brander Matthews, Litt. D. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

This collection is planned to include "a series of uniform volumes, each of which shall deal with the development of a single literary species, tracing the evolution of this definite form here in the United States, and presenting in chronological sequence typical examples chosen from the writings of American authors." The editors of the several volumes are to provide critical introductions, outlining the evolution of the form under consideration, "in the literature of the world." To insure a "satisfactory perspective," no selections have been made from any living American writer whose birth occurred later than 1850. The volumes now published comprise selections of "American Short Stories," "American Literary Criticism," and "American Familiar Verse." The editor of the first is Charles Sears Baldwin; of the second, William Morton Payne; of the third, Professor Matthews.

Of the three, the last is, we think, most successful. "Familiar Verse" includes *vers de société*, but also a wider field. Any short poem, dealing successfully with its subject with sentiment, taste, humor, and a light touch, will answer. There are not too many of them in the language, and of course most of those given are old friends. Lowell's "Auf Wiedersehen," Bret Harte's "Her Letter," and several of Holmes's best-known poems fall within the category. Mr. Matthews's introductory essay hits the right note.

The volume of Short Stories is not so satisfactory. The editor says frankly that he has not tried to collect the best American short stories, but to "exhibit a development." But why should not the best short stories exhibit the development of the short story quite as much as the best *vers de société* illustrate the development of that branch of poetic art? Apparently because the editor's theory is that the real short story was hardly matured before 1850; he says that the "dramatic concentration" which is the essence of it was "extremely rare before 1835," and "not common before 1870." He has been obliged, therefore, to trace the genesis of the short story "from inchoate tales," but not allowed to give us the true flower of the species. Several of the specimens we agree with the editor in thinking types to be avoided—for instance, the labored "Peter Rugg" of William Austin, which may be worth recurring to as a curiosity and as showing that the supernatural was in the air before the appearance of Hawthorne and Poe, but has no germ of immortality in it. Rip Van Winkle we are allowed, but apparently under protest, and we get only one of Hawthorne's short stories, "The White Old Maid," and even in Poe's case there is nothing but "The Fall of the House of Usher," a very good specimen of the author, but hardly enough of itself to prove the editor's case for him—that Poe invented the short story.

The fact is, that the editor is carried away by a phrase. He may himself have some type of short story in mind, in which everything is sacrificed to directness of narration, to unity; and his theory is so much in vogue that we are perhaps called upon to admit that the type represents a desirable sort of neo-classicism. But when we find that great masters like Hawthorne and Irving have written tales which have taken hold of the affections of mankind, in complete disregard of any theory, we cannot but think that much of the current talk about "short stories" nowadays is at least as doctrinaire as what was once considered absolutely conclusive as to "dramatic unities." Practically what makes fiction live is its appeal to the human heart; and while we by no means deprecate the interest of discussions about forms and types, it still remains true that no mastery of the principles of construction ever put life into any story. Logically, if such critical principles are correct, they can be applied to one species of fiction as well as another, and we ought to insist on this being a true type of "novel." We are perfectly satisfied to call 'Tom Jones' and 'Evelina' and 'The Moonstone' all novels, though in principles of construction they do not resemble each other at all. So we fancy that the 'Mosses from an Old Manse' and 'Twice Told Tales' will pass for the best sort of short stories long after the controversy over what a true "short story" is shall have been utterly forgotten.

To turn to the last volume, Mr. Payne has contributed an interesting introduction on American literary criticism, pointing out successive phases through which it has passed, and giving specimens of Poe, Emerson, Lowell, Howells, James, and others. When all is said, however, it looks very much as if the phases were those of our literature itself, and as if criticism had meant to each new critic pretty much what he pleased. No doubt we have passed, within a century, quite beyond the old theory of hard and fast canons of taste and judgment, and we all know, or may know if we wish, how to apply the Taine method or the Sainte-Beuve method to the "Transcendental School," or to Hawthorne, or to Cooper's novels; but are we really any more at one as to the function of art or criticism than we were when Poe became an editor, or when Lowell wrote the 'Fable for Critics'? It was all a rather bewildering chaos, even before Walt Whitman appeared. If we were to hazard a guess, we should be inclined to think that the progress of democracy had made criticism everywhere a highly eclectic species of literature, in which what was wanted was not so much balance, measure, and judgment, as some new and catching theory. Reading one after another of these specimens, we are inclined to exclaim, "What is truth?" when we are recalled to ourselves by recollecting that, according to more than one master, criticism has nothing whatever to do with Truth.

Porcelain. By Edward Dillon, M.A. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904. Pp. xxxv., 420.

This book is a very large octavo volume, printed on soft and light paper, and therefore, in spite of its size, not unpleasant to hold in the hand. It is illustrated by 49 inserted plates (many of them in full color), but these serve rather as adornments than to help the inquiry, for seldom is reference made to them, and the text flows on without concerning itself with illustration of any sort. This failure to utilize the plates to their full value has to do with a certain weakness in the book of which we speak below. But first it seems desirable to explain what a twentieth-century treatise on porcelain must needs aspire to be.

A definition of porcelain can be given in the brief words of a dictionary and in the short paragraph of a popular encyclopædia; but the full explanation of what it is and exactly how it differs from other ceramic wares is difficult, because uncertain. One student may call that ware a porcelain which another would refuse utterly to put into that class. This condition of things seems to point to a certain inadequacy in the dictionary definition, as imagined above. After you have read the most carefully worded definition there is, you will still be open to suggestions from another authority, who will tell you, with reasons to back him, that you have not in the definition as printed all that there is to be said, even in the way of definition. This uncertainty is increased by the unwillingness of potters at all times to reveal the secrets of their manufacture. Ingredients and processes alike are often impossible to fix with certainty, and many things stated in the most authoritative books as fact are inferences rather than the results of positive knowledge.

The history of porcelain, too, cannot be perfectly written, because of our still inadequate knowledge of the Chinese records; and perhaps those records, when found, will be inadequate. The day has long since passed when the collector of those delicate wares could talk boldly of the epoch and the

place of manufacture of each one of his treasures. The collectors, and the dealers too, have got so far as to know how little they know. And yet there remains something of the old feeling that the traditions of the auction room and the bric-à-brac shop must have something behind them; and it cannot be got out of the mind of one who has for some years frequented those haunts of misinformation, that, after all, his blue-and-white is of the fifteenth century A. D., and his plain white of the sixteenth, and his *aubergine* of the fourteenth. And it is in China that the history of porcelain is to be found. The Japanese work is not ancient, or at least, in Japan, porcelain was not greatly prosperous or greatly in favor in ancient times. The admirable record of Japan in ceramic art does not include the work of the porcelain-maker until an epoch so recent that one hesitates to name it.

The porcelain of other countries of the Far East is hardly known to us, and appears to have been always rare and of minor importance. The west of Asia knew not porcelain; and as for Europe, the ware has been made only since Böttger's time, which we may set with Mr. Dillon at 1709-16, those being the years during which his experiments reached from a feeble to a complete realization of a ware as hard and as nearly translucent as Chinese porcelain, though immeasurably less beautiful and less perfectly decorated. The eighteenth century is the period of European porcelain, its development and its introduction into many lands. It happens, also, that our European eighteenth century was nearly conterminous with the period of greatest brilliancy and splendor in Chinese porcelain decoration. Therefore one who takes that period, during which the Dutch were bringing quantities of Eastern ware to Europe, and studies what is in that way fixed as to its date by its being preserved in private and public collections all over Europe, and studies at the same time the Chinese records and what is known to us of the work in Japan, will indeed reach the conclusion that to know the eighteenth century is to know all that is worth while knowing.

It seems as if Mr. Dillon had some such opinion. But in truth the lovers of Eastern wares have their own standard of beauty. For the student, in short, of Oriental art in the true sense, the eighteenth century of our era is a time of decadence. There are always fine things in a time of decadence, but still the tendency is away from the best make and the best design; and then of the wares which the Oriental student knows to be the best, there are so very few pieces, and those few so inaccessible, that he is driven, in despair, almost to say that the as yet unexplored early times may remain unexplored for him—that he will accept the eighteenth century as embodying the history of porcelain. But even in the eighteenth century he is stopped at every second step onward by complete uncertainty as to how a certain color was produced, and as to what is the Chinese written character for its name; he will be left in doubt as to the identification of certain decorative effects of great importance named, and even described, in the written history of the ware. He will remain so completely at sea that his book will be half made up of expressions of his own doubts and of the warring opinions of authorities whom he is compelled to cite.

If, then, we take up this book of Mr. Dillon's, we shall look first to see whether any new source of knowledge has been discovered, and we shall find that there is no such source of knowledge. Next we shall look for an array of previously ascertained facts and previously stated opinions, and here we shall find ourselves somewhat better off. An immense labor in the way of compilation, a prodigious industry, are made manifest by this array of facts and opinions. Unfortunately, however, they are poorly marshalled. The text is full of references to an unnamed page below where so and so will be made clear, and to an unnamed page above where it has already been treated; much of the essential matter is put into footnotes; the difficult points are evaded lightly and carelessly, as by simple reference to some book often wholly inaccessible to the majority of readers; there is constant reference to potteries of different kinds altogether unlike porcelain, and which are not carefully distinguished, so that the reader not carefully trained to discriminate will think that he is reading about the avowed subject of this book while in reality it is stoneware or Kutani ware that is in question. The technical terms are introduced cursorily, as it were, without definition when they first appear, and with explanation long afterwards when the reader has perhaps tired himself with wondering what their significance is; the description of a given process is very often imperfect, as in the case of the wholly incomprehensible account of casting in the manufacture of porcelain. In short, he only can make much use of this work who is prepared to read it through carefully, and to make his own cross-references on the margin, and in this way subdue it to his needs. There is a quite immeasurable amount of valuable information here, and generally a just and even a sagacious treatment of the separate decorations, the separate manufacturers, the distinct varieties of the beautiful ware. But the index, though tolerably full (fifteen pages), cannot alone suffice to untangle the maze of the author's thought.

The book can hardly be considered as "brought down to date," for there is nothing whatever about American attempts at making porcelain; and again, the very important renaissance of the Sèvres manufacture after that decline and that threatened abolition of the works spoken of on pages 312, 313, is not even mentioned. But this revival has been the theme of much discussion, and is really important, involving the introduction of makes of real porcelain which are not alluded to in the volume, and a very successful revival of the beautiful *porcelaine à pâte tendre* of the eighteenth century.

Cambridge and its Story. By Charles William Stubbs, D.D., Dean of Ely. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: ~~Macmillan~~ Dutton. 1904.

The early beginnings of Cambridge, in the pre-Norman days, when it was still Grantabridge, were long shrouded in myth. Lydgate, the fourteenth-century poet, with more imagination than historical sense, maintained the agreeable fiction that Anaximander and Anaxagoras (specially synchronized for his purpose) were imported from Athens by a Spanish prince, and received from a British king the salaries of Cambridge professors. There is a certain unconscious symbolism in this legend, which forecasts the chief interests of Cambridge as divided between physical science and the more speculative exercise of pure reason. But it was actually to a monastic inspiration that the university owed its first foundation. The Franciscans chose the town because it was already a centre of trade, the most important in East Anglia. The famous "Backs" that lie behind the colleges on the river bank were, in the fourteenth century and later, a string of wharves, and the gradual conversion of the business quarter into college lawns and gardens was no doubt one of the sources of the undying estrangement between "town and gown."

The Dean of Ely attempts no competition with the larger architectural and general histories of Cambridge, but he has produced the best short history of the colleges from the foundation of Peterhouse, in 1284, to the opening of Downing College, less than a century ago. From the first it is the story of the gradual casting off of monkish tradition. The Bishop of Ely, who founded Peterhouse, took as his model Merton College, Oxford, which first threw off monastic rule by providing for students whose aim should be study rather than the religious life. The monks, they said politely, were overgood. The worldly outsider feared to send his son to the University lest he should be induced to take monastic vows. How gradual the secularization really was may be gathered from the University's attitude to the New Learning of the fifteenth century. Her young scholars were still "drowned in the dregges of divinite" when Cambridge, a trifle jealous as usual of Oxford, where Colet and Grocyn were giving their famous lectures, decided to propitiate the new spirit. To this end they founded a divinity professorship which should aim at teaching pulpit eloquence!—for the English mind is hardly the soil for a Renaissance whose ideal is purely æsthetic. "An increase of a knowledge of the Bible," says Dr. Stubbs, "they thought worth working for, not the elegancies of an accurate Latin style. It was not until the little group of Hellenists—Erasmus, Linacre, Grocyn, and Colet—had shown the value of Greek thought as an interpreter of the New Testament, that any enthusiasm for the New Learning could be awakened in England."

It was through the generosity of women that some of the finest of the Cambridge colleges came into being. Clare, next in age to Peterhouse, was the memorial of a private sorrow. In 1338 Lady Clare endowed Clare Hall with the fortune that had come to her through the death of her brother, "in order," as she quaintly set forth in the preamble to the statutes, "that the Pearl of Great Price, Knowledge, may not lie hid beneath a bushel, but, by being published, give light to those who walk in the dark paths of ignorance." In 1348 Lord Pembroke's widow founded Pembroke.

It is partly owing to the influence of Wycliffe that the Puritan Reformation is associated with the East of England. "Cambridge," it was said, "bred the founders of the English Reformation, and Oxford burnt

them." Emmanuel College, founded in 1584 by Queen Elizabeth's chancellor, was a stronghold of Puritanism. "I hear, Sir Walter," said Elizabeth to Mildmay, the founder, "you have been erecting a Puritan foundation." "No, madam," he replied; "far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit therefrom." One of the fruits was John Harvard, "a Puritan, indeed, but of that fuller and manlier type which was characteristic of the Elizabethan age, rather than of the narrower, more contentious, more pedantic order which set in with and was hardened and intensified by the arbitrary provocations of the Stuart régime." Meanwhile, though with the passing of the centuries, college after college "rose into towers," Cambridge was not yet, as she is to-day, merely a university town, but a centre still of commercial activity. It is said that when, in the seventeenth century, Bunyan drew his picture of Vanity Fair, he took for his model the October Fair at Cambridge, which about that time boasted itself the largest in Europe.

We note with interest that in early days the University let the students shift for themselves in the matter of accommodation. When a mediæval benefactor founded a college, his object was to provide *not for students, but for teachers.* But this was in an age when students were not regarded as a source of revenue, the customers of a college, while the learning of the faculty is the stock in trade.

"Pray at King's," said King James, as he gazed at Cambridge with the eye of an epicure; "dine at Trinity, and study and sleep at Jesus." Mr. Herbert Railton's drawings in the luxurious quarto edition before us will remind every Cambridge man in what a beautiful setting he was privileged to spend his student years. The full-page illustrations are auto-lithographs, faintly colored, all charming; but to the eye familiar with Cambridge they fail by lack of realism. There is too much prettiness, too much softening of outline, too little austerity. They are like the highly idealized portrait of a face one knows and loves; one admires, but one wishes it were more like. As a whole, however, text and illustrations together, the volume cannot fail to charm.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By Adam Smith. Edited, with an introduction, notes, marginal summary, and enlarged index, by Edwin Cannan. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Editions of the 'Wealth of Nations' there are in plenty, but students have for many years felt the need of one that should have some claim to be considered the standard edition, at least for one generation of economists. From Playfair to Nicholson, Adam Smith's editors invariably laid themselves open to the charge of using the 'Wealth of Nations' "as a mere clothes line upon which to hang editorial opinions on economic theory," and often very poor opinions at that. Modern students have had to depend upon the editions of McCulloch, Rogers, and Nicholson; but McCulloch's editorial sins are now notorious, the notes and comments by Rogers are often ridiculous, while Nicholson's edition, although helpful for some purposes, is far from being what the student wants. With all the attention that has been paid to the history of economic thought in recent years, it is not a little strange that the demand for a serviceable edition of the 'Wealth of Nations' has gone so long unsatisfied.

Mr. Cannan's brilliant exploit in discovering and editing so admirably Smith's 'Lectures on Justice, Police, Revenue, and Arms' marked him long ago as the proper person to prepare a standard edition of the 'Wealth of Nations'; and it is a matter for congratulation that he has at length accomplished the task. Although he has, as readers of his other works know, no lack of opinions of his own, Mr. Cannan has confined himself to the task of an intelligent and conscientious editor. He has undertaken to give us a satisfactory text of Smith's masterpiece, and has provided such critical and explanatory notes as the careful student requires; with his author's opinions, as opinions, he manifests the slightest concern. He has selected, wisely, the text of the fifth edition, the last one brought out during the life of Smith. With this he has carefully compared the first edition; and, wherever changes were found, has traced the history of each alteration through the intermediate editions. The results of this study are presented in numerous footnotes, and are well worth the labor which they must have cost. Even where the changes are trivial, it is satisfactory to be able to determine this fact for one's self rather than to have to take the word even of a competent editor.

The editor's own notes deal chiefly with the sources from which Adam Smith drew his information. Dr. Bonar's 'Catalogue of the Library of Adam Smith,' published a decade ago, and Smith's 'Lectures,' throw a great deal of light upon this subject; and Mr. Cannan is able to reproduce many parallel passages from earlier works with which Smith was certainly or probably familiar. In this he has laid his readers under heavy obligations, even though some of the quotations do not have as much significance as he seems to attach to them. We do not as yet know enough about the economic thought of the seventeenth or eighteenth century to enable us to trace to its various sources the common stock of ideas upon which Smith and his immediate predecessors drew. Mr. Cannan suggests, for instance, that it was "probably" a passage in Mandeville's 'Fable of the Bees' that suggested to Smith the expression "division of labor"; but this topic had been discussed by so many earlier writers that "probably" seems altogether too strong a term to use. Yet in this case, as elsewhere, Mr. Cannan's suggestions are interesting and worthy of consideration even when they do not carry instant conviction.

His introductory remarks do not exceed in length some thirty-six pages. After describing the various editions of the 'Wealth of Nations,' he passes on to the ever-interesting question of its genesis. The publication of the 'Lectures on Justice, Police, Revenue, and Arms' placed many things beyond further controversy; and we are now able to estimate correctly Smith's indebtedness to Hutchinson, Hume, Harris, and others, and have only ourselves to blame if we overestimate the influence which the Physiocrats exercised upon him. Of all this Mr. Cannan gives an excellent account, but he hardly improves upon what he said in his introduction to the 'Lectures.' He now seems, however, to estimate more highly than formerly the influence of Mandeville. The sensible conclusion which he reaches is worth quoting *in extenso:*

" 'The Wealth of Nations' was not written hastily with the impressions of recent reading still vivid upon the author's brain. Its composition was spread over at least the twenty-seven years from 1749 to 1776. During that period, economic ideas crossed and recrossed the Channel many times, and it is useless as it is invidious to dispute about the relative shares of Great Britain and France in the progress effected. To go further and attempt to apportion the merit between different authors is like standing on some beach and discussing whether this or that particular wave had most to do with the rising tide."

Mr. Cannan has done his work so well that we now have what is likely to remain for some time the standard edition of the 'Wealth of Nations.' The publishers, however, have hardly met the editor half way. The print is too fine, and the book is made of inferior paper which tears at the slightest provocation. The work is one which the most diligent student will hardly master at a single sitting, and should have been given a dress that would enable it to outlast two or even three sessions. It should be observed, finally, that the editor has provided a most satisfactory index which seems to meet all possible requirements.

Far and Near. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904. Crown 8vo, pp. viii., 288.

The lovers of John Burroughs's sketches of wood and wild will be glad to possess this reprint, in convenient form, of a number of papers printed by him during the last four years and hitherto not gathered together. The most extended of them is the narrative of the Harriman expedition to Alaska, included by courtesy of the patron of the expedition and Doubleday, Page & Co., who published it in 1901, with other records of the expedition. Seven other briefer papers follow, which saw the light first in various periodicals.

To these, under the title of "A Lost February," is added the hitherto unprinted record of a month's experience in Jamaica, whither the author had fled to avoid the asperities of a northern winter's end. This record has a special interest as being one of the few descriptions of the tropics which, after duly noticing the attractions, the unfamiliar life (human and other), the cordial hospitality of the local residents, and the balmy languor of the climate, tells also of the other side. Almost every thinking native of the north temperate zone, on visiting the tropics, has felt what Burroughs here frankly states about the land "cursed with perpetual summer," the distances "far enough" or "not too far," the scourge of insects, the repugnant vegetation, tepid drinking water, and shiftless, unmoral population of the lower classes. The songbirds of the north lose their voices during their southward migration; there is nothing in the blossoms of the tropics, taken in the mass, to compare with the flowery hillsides

of the north; the vaunted fruits of the tropics are, for the most part, insipid or mawkish beside those of the temperate zone; and of the few of which this criticism is not true, as the orange and pineapple, the finest are those grown nearest to the northern limits of the tropics. The woods are uninteresting, thorny, dusty, spiny, reeking with minute ticks; the foliage "varnished with the heat," or, more scientifically, as a protection against the heat; the palms and bananas yielding their effect of grace much the best at a considerable distance.

We have heard not a little of the unfortunate economic conditions of the Antilles, which, as usual, is laid to the disinclination of the colored people to work for employers. An interesting side light on the matter is thrown by the following observations of the author:

"The burden of taxation in the island is excessive, and kills all native enterprise. If a new industry starts, it is taxed out of existence—I was told of several which had been thus killed. They literally tax the wheels off the wagons, the tax being about five dollars a wheel. A man is afraid to make any improvement about his house, . . . lest his taxes be increased. I heard of an American who took an automobile there to make a tour of the island, but the sum demanded by the authorities before they would allow him to land it—something over a hundred dollars—was so great that he went back home with it on the steamer's return trip. Hence I say that the tax-gatherer is the incubus that weighs down Jamaica. The people are excessively taxed, largely to pay big salaries to the tax-gatherers."

Some Americans may see a lesson for us in this.

A Belle of the Fifties: Social and Political Life in Washington and the South, 1853-66. Edited by Ada Sterling. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The memoirs of Mrs. Clay, wife of the former United States Senator from Alabama, belong in more than their historical reminiscences to a far remote past. Travellers in the ante-bellum South were wont to remark upon the eighteenth-century character of such literary tastes as were encouraged; the leisurely and cultivated classes being much more at home with the English writers of the days of Queen Anne and the Georges than of the Victorian century. Especially is this taste shown in the romantic phrases which were employed with regard to women, who were mostly looked upon as of a celestial nature, and needing for their perfection only a few ornamental studies, a little music, a modicum of painting, and perhaps some skill in cooking, and were particularly admonished against the vulgarizing pursuits of the masculine mind, such as the so-called useful and learned arts and sciences. That atmosphere is strongly reflected in these memories of the domination of the national capital by the South. The statesmen and men of wit and eloquence here noted are chiefly from the slave States or wholly from among their partisans; and the brilliancy of the Administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, both in their public aims and their social quality, is disdainfully contrasted with the new era of Northern rule, of which rumor bore strange tales to the Southern ladies who retreated before the approaching storm of war—tales over which they sighed as over a fallen world.

The portions of the book which deal with the period before secession are largely recollections of showy festivities at which gallant men showered compliments upon lovely and beautiful women; but when the solemn tragedy of the war had swept into Southern homes, there enters into the memoirs a more pathetic and serious temper, albeit still characterized by the scorn of Northern men and ideas. Senator Clay's estate at Huntsville, Ala., was wasted and his family impoverished, and when Lincoln was assassinated, accusations were made of Mr. Clay's complicity in the plot, whereupon he gave himself up to the national authorities, and was for a long period subjected to the hardships and indignities which befell his friend the late President of the Confederacy, in Fortress Monroe. That both these prisoners were the victims of the fierce and somewhat unreasoning resentment which followed Lincoln's death, there can be no question; and one of the most interesting parts of the narrative is Mrs. Clay's accounts of her various stormy interviews with President Johnson and Secretary Stanton, the former of whom she found sufficiently kindly but timid, and in mortal fear of Stanton, for whom our author has only words of anger. Mr. Solicitor Holt is also accused of manifold crimes of injustice and contempt of legal methods in his persecution of all whom he suspected of a conspicuous part in the assassination.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Askawa, K. The Russo-Japanese Conflict. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Avery, Elroy M. School Chemistry. American Book Co.
Barksdale, George. Punch. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50.
Bat, Bill. Hoosier Hunting Grounds. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50.
Bergen, Joseph Y. Elements of Botany. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.30.
Bode, Wilhelm. Stunden mit Goethe. Berlin.
Boyle, Wm. Christmas at the Zoo. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 75 cents.
Braithwaite, William Stanley. Lyrics of Life and Love. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $1 net.
Bronson, Clark H. Twice a Man. Chicago: Bronson & Co.
Brownell, L. W. Photography for the Sportsman Naturalist. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Buffalo Historical Society, Publications. Vol. VII. Edited by F. H. Severance. Buffalo, N. Y.
Calderón's La Vida es Sueño. Edited by William W. Comfort. American Book Co.
Carr, Clark E. The Illini. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Carryl, Guy Wetmore. Far from the Maddening Girls. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Cartwright, Julia. Sandro Botticelli. Dutton. $4 net.
Chancellor, William Estabrook. Our Schools, their Administration and Supervision. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Chapin, Anna Alice. Makers of Song. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.
Coates, Florence Earle. Mine and Thine. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Conrad, Joseph. Nostromo. Harpers. $1.50.
Cooley, Winnifred H. The New Womanhood. Broadway Pub. Co.
Crafts, Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur, and Others. Intoxicants and Opium. Washington: International Reform Bureau.
Creighton, Mandell. Life and Letters of. By his Wife. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $9 net.
Cullaton, Harriet C. Firm of Nan & Sue. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Crockett, S. R. Raiderland. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2 net.
Daily Cheer. Selected and arranged by M. Allette Ayer. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
Daskam, Josephine. Her Fiancé. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Daumier and Gavarni. With critical and biographical notes by Henri Frantz and Octave Uzanne. John Lane. $3 net.
Davidson, John. Selected Poems. John Lane.
Davidson, Randall Thomas. The Christian Opportunity. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Macmillan Co.
Douglas, Sir Robert K. Europe and the Far East. Macmillan Co. $2.
Dutton's Holiday Annual for 1905. Edited by Alfred C. Playne. Dutton. $1.25.
Early Western Travels, 1748-1846. Flint's Letters from America. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
Emerson's Centenary Edition. Vols. 10, 11, and 12 (final). Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75 per vol.
Escott-Inman, H. David Chester's Motto, "Honour Bright." Frederick Warne & Co. $1.50.
Foster, John W. Arbitration and the Hague Court. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Frankau, Julia. The Lives and Works of James and William Ward. Vol. I., Biography, etc.; Vol. II., Folio of 40 copperplate engravings. Macmillan Co. $150.
Frost, William Dodge. A Laboratory Guide in Elementary Bacteriology. Macmillan Co. $1.60.
Fullerton, George Stuart. A System of Metaphysics. Macmillan Co.
Gano, D. Curtis. Commercial Law. American Book Co.
Garnett, Richard. William Shakspere, Pedagogue and Poacher. John Lane. $1.25 net.
Gay, Maude Clark. The Knitting of the Souls. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Gilder, Jeannette L. The Tom-Boy at Work. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.
Gilfillan, Joseph A. The Ojibway. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50.
Goodrich-Freer, A. Inner Jerusalem. Dutton. $3 net.
Granville, William Anthony. Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.50.
Greene, Henry Copley. The Father: A Drama Scott-Thaw Co. $1.50 net.
Greenough, J. G. The Apostles of Our Lord. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Guiney, Louise Imogen. Hurrell Froude. London: Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d. net.
Hale, Edward E. Prayers in the Senate of the United States, 1904. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Hancock, H. Irving. Chuggins. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Hawkins, Sir Henry, The Reminiscences of. Edited by Richard Harris. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $8.50 net.
Heaton, Augustus George. Fancies and Thoughts in Verse. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Henry, O. Cabbage and Kings. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Herford, Oliver. The Rubáiyát of a Persian Kitten. Scribners. $1 net.
Hewlett, Maurice. The Road in Tuscany. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. $6 net per set.
High Living. Compiled by L. L. McLaren. San Francisco: Paul Elder.
Hillis, Newell Dwight. The Quest of John Chapman. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Hobhouse, L. T. Democracy and Reaction. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.
Hodge, William T. Eighteen Miles from Home. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Hoffman, Alice Spencer. Shakspere's Richard II., Shakspere's The Tempest. Retold for children. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Holland, Annie J. Talitha Cumi. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Houllevigue, L. Du Laboratoire à l'Usine. Paris: Armand Colin. 3fr. 50c.
Hunter, Robert. Poverty. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Ingalls, George Arthur. An Outline of Municipal Government in the City of New York. Albany: Matthew Bender. 75 cents.
Kasson, John A. The Evolution of the Constitution of the United States. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Kayser, C. F., and F. Monteser. A Brief German Course. American Book Co.
Kielland, Alexander. Professor Lovdahl. Translated by Rebecca B. Flandrau. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $1.25.
Kinnaird, Percy. The Legal Tender Problem. Chicago: Ainsworth & Co.
Laut, A. C. Pathfinders of the West. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Lessing, Dr. O. E. Grillparzer und das Neue Drama. Munich: R. Piper & Co.
Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Levetus, A. S. Imperial Vienna. John Lane. $5 net.
Lewis and Clark Expedition. Original Journals. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Vol. I. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Lights on the Hills. Edited by Charles C. Albertson. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Little Jack Sprat. Pictured by Frank Adams. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 75 cents.
Lloyd, John Uri. Scroggins. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Lodge, George Cabot. Cain: A Drama. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Low, Berthe Julienne. French Home Cooking. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Loveman, Robert. Songs from a Georgia Garden. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lover's Rubáiyát, The. The Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Lucas, Clinton W. A Trolley Honeymoon from Delaware to Maine. M. W. Hazen Co.
Mabie, Hamilton W. Backgrounds of Literature. Macmillan Co. New ed.
Macaulay's Essay on Addison. Edited by Charles F. McClumpha. American Book Co.
Manzoni's Sacred Hymns and Napoleonic Ode. Translated by Joel F. Bingham. London: Henry Frowde. $3 net.
Matthewman, Lisle de Vaux. Completed Proverbs. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. 85 cents net.
McCracken, Elizabeth. The Women of America. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Meade, L. T. A Modern Tomboy. Dutton. $1.50.
Meredith, H. O. Protection in France. London: P. S. King & Son.
Metcalf, Maynard M. Organic Evolution. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Mills, Edmund James. The Secret of Petrarch. Dutton. $3 net.
Mitchell, S. Weir. Mr. Kris Kringle. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Modern French Songs. Edited by Philip Hale. 2 vols. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $2.50 per vol.
Moore, Hudson. The Lace Book. F. A. Stokes Co. $5 net.
Moorehead, Warren K. Tonda. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co.
Morris, William. The Defence of Guenevere. John Lane.
Mumford, Ethel Watts. The Entirely New Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom. San Francisco: Paul Elder. 75 cents net.
Narratives of the Career of Hernando De Soto. Edited by Edward G. Bourne. 2 vols. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1 net each.

New York and the War with Spain. Published under the Direction of the State Historian. Albany: Argus Co.
Nordau, Max. Morganatic. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Outcault, R. F. Buster Brown Abroad. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.
Paine, Albert Bigelow. Thomas Nast: His Period and his Pictures. Macmillan Co. $5 net.
Palmer, Frederick. With Kuroki in Manchuria. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Phelps, George Turner. Parsifal: An English Text for the Score. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.
Platt, Isaac Hull. Walt Whitman. (Beacon Biographies.) Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Prichard, Hesketh and K. The Chronicles of Don Q. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Pfister, Albert. Die Amerikanische Revolution. 2 vols. Stuttgart: Cotta; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Rhodes, James Ford. History of the United States. Vol. V. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Riley, William B. The Perennial Revival. Chicago: Winona Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
Sargent, John William. Toasts for the Times in Pictures and Rhymes. Consolidated Retail Booksellers. $1 net.
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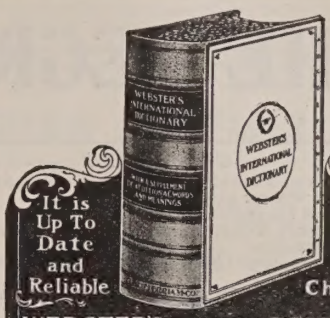

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1904.

The Week.

In estimating President Roosevelt's message, as in judging most of his writings, one feels the need of logical distinctions like those of the schoolmen. The difference, for example, between "property" and "accident" could never have been more useful than in separating the Rooseveltian chaff from the wheat. His purely *pro-forma* utterances; his care in saving the face of his party; his solemn platitudes; his earnest exhortations; his occasional easy descent from the sublime to the ridiculous—as in the lame conclusion of his argument that we must be prepared to whip all creation, and that, as a means to that end, "we should be able, in the event of some sudden emergency, to put into the field one first-class army corps"; his readiness to settle every problem, or at least to meddle with it—all this it is a convenience to set down as the *accidentia* of the message, and pass on to its essentials. First among the latter we would rank the spirit of the whole. It breathes of universal benevolence, and, with it, of an enormous extension of the powers of government. The President begins by speaking of "the enlargement of scope of the functions of the national Government required by our development as a nation." Taking this for granted, he mentions detail after detail which he would like to see brought under the control of Congress or of the Executive. Never before has a message invited Congress to solve the municipal problem in this country. One matter after another, now under local jurisdiction, Mr. Roosevelt is apparently impatient to see transferred to his broad shoulders. As Seward wrote to Lincoln, he shrinks from no burden.

Among his specific recommendations we note with pleasure that the President urges what is practically a Federal Corrupt Practices Act. Undeterred by the appearance of taking a leaf from Judge Parker's campaign speeches, he calls for stringent statutes against "bribery and corruption in Federal elections." Such laws, he says, should provide severe penalties for giving or receiving bribes, and also compel the publication of the expenditures not only of candidates, but of "political committees." The details President Roosevelt is willing to leave to "the wise discretion of Congress." The day before, Congressman Cockran introduced a bill aimed at the evil, and some Republican newspapers made fun of him for it; but it is now evident that the President is with him. Another Democratic position the President quietly annexes in saying of the Filipinos: "I most earnestly hope that in the end they will be able to stand, if not entirely alone, yet in some such relation to the United States as Cuba now stands." Of course, he proceeds to qualify and hedge this about characteristically. He has some really comic remarks about those "foolish persons here at home" who have urged Filipino independence. Under that amiable designation, he describes President Eliot, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Potter, and some hundreds of the most eminent Americans that could be named. Those "foolish persons" have simply advocated the promise of ultimate independence to the Filipinos, and argued that the Philippine problem is to be solved as was the Cuban problem. To this, President Roosevelt now assents in a message to Congress.

Tariff reduction, unlike charity, does not begin at home. It is easier to cut down the Panama customs a third by treaty than ours one per cent. by legislation. As for the agreement with the Republic of Panama, it provides a sensible if shuffling retreat from an anomalous embarrassment. Having created a republic *ad hoc*, we superimposed upon it with its two seaports a zone which we controlled absolutely. Besides the difficulty of a shared sovereignty, there was likely to be that of two tariff schedules. Evidently, the original Hay-Varilla treaty which contained this curious interweaving of powers was framed a little in gayety of heart. But matters have now been happily adjusted with some regard for the feelings of our opéra-bouffe wards. They are to reduce their duties one-third, and to admit free all materials used in the construction of the canal. In return for this concession, their grandam will give them the apple and the fig of collecting their own revenues themselves, and of issuing postage stamps (which, however, are to be supplied for canal-strip use at 40 per cent. of the face value) for the entire territory. The agreement leaves the semblance of sovereignty to our foundling, and, besides satisfying certain decent hypocrisies of the situation, does convey the indispensable benefit of a uniform tariff and internal free trade. Yet we must note again how ridiculously easy it seems to be to reduce the tariff of an independent Power; how impossible to lower our own by a hair.

Internal Revenue schedules, for some reason, have never been regarded as sacred, and the report that some of them may be revised this winter to meet the need for more revenue, disturbs nobody except the manufacturers directly concerned. Yet, for the matter of that, a particular industry can be fostered by the internal-revenue laws just as well as by the customs laws. The maker of wood alcohol is helped by the tax on grain alcohol, and the creamery by the tax on oleomargarine, just as much as the tin-plate manufacturer is by the tariff. Reports from Washington indicate that the tax on oleomargarine colored in imitation of butter is likely to be reduced from 10 cents to 3 or 4 cents per pound. This commodity illustrates very well the relation of high taxation to revenue. Under the old tax of 2 cents a pound on oleomargarine, added to the special taxes on its manufacturers, the Government received a revenue of $1,956,618.56 in 1899, $2,543,785.18 in 1900, and $2,944,492.46 in 1902. On July 1, 1902, however, through pressure of the dairy interests, the tax was raised to 10 cents on oleo colored in imitation of butter, and reduced on the uncolored article to ¼ of a cent per pound. The revenue for the ensuing year went down to $736,783.31, or about one-fourth what it had been the year before. Of this, $272,044.48 was paid on the colored, and $171,227.48 on the uncolored. The manufacturers meanwhile have turned their attention to making their product resemble butter without artificial tinting, and, in so far as they can do this, get the benefit of the lower tax.

Much of the comment on Saturday's official estimate of the cotton crop is wide of the mark. The Department of Agriculture, in fixing 12,162,000 bales as the probable yield, names a figure nearly a million bales above that of the largest crop ever previously picked. But it is not true that such a total would upset all recent expectations of the trade, and still less is it true, as the puzzled reader of many remarks on Saturday's cotton market might infer, that a twelve-million-bale crop is a "blow" to anybody. As a matter of fact, twelve million bales was the estimate of experienced students of the crop as much as two months ago, and a similar figure had been named, two days in advance of the Government estimate, by the leading Southern organ of the cotton planters. But more than this, it is a perfectly well-known fact that the hopeful sentiment which has grown so rapidly this autumn in the business community, was largely based on this belief in a "bumper" cotton crop.

President Woodrow Wilson, speaking before "The Virginians" last week,

pleaded for a conservative reorganization of the Democratic party to be led by the South. He showed the ruin that Populism had wrought in the party, and urged that the Southern leaders, representing the last remnant of Democratic territory, should strike hands with all Northern Democrats who hate Bryanism and desire a return to the historic principles of moderation in the use of the power and the money of the State. As a pious wish this is admirable. The practical weakness of the position is, however, that the South has already supported precisely such a conservative reorganization, which has failed ignominiously. Nobody worked more faithfully for Judge Parker's nomination than John Sharp Williams and his associates; none but the Southern States gave Judge Parker electoral votes. President Wilson wishes to try the experiment again. Would there really be any better hope of success? Frankly, we do not expect to see any genuine rehabilitation of the party come from the South. Not that able leaders might not be drawn from that section, but that the rank and file is moved by no political principle of any sort. Held to the partisan standard by a race prejudice, the Democratic vote is cast indifferently for Mr. Bryan's heresies or Judge Parker's orthodoxies. Such voters contribute nothing but ballots, and the Democratic party needs chiefly ideas. These considerations make it appear that President Wilson's Macedonian cry, which is interesting because it expresses the heart of thousands of conservative Democrats, is directed to the wrong quarter.

Congressman John Sharp Williams's speech at Spartanburg on Friday was the frankest admission yet made in public by a Southern leader that the negro question had much to do with the overwhelming defeat of the Democratic party on November 8. Summarizing the causes of that "stupendous result," Mr. Williams ranked second the widespread apprehension aroused in the Northern States by the lynching and disfranchisement of black men in the South. He said that he felt it his duty to say to a Southern audience that "things like the Statesboro affair must stop." For this stand Mr. Williams deserves all praise. When he declares that the whole fabric of civilization will be sapped unless we exalt that "law which Presidents and mobs should alike be made to respect and obey," he speaks like a civilized man and a patriot. Commendable, too, is his pledge to Mr. Roosevelt of the vote of a Democrat in the House for every Republican who abandons the President on the issue of tariff reform. This is simply to insist upon the measure rather than to stickle over the instrument, which is both common sense and statesmanship.

When Mr. Williams, however, turned to the political treatment of the negro, his clear-sightedness failed him. He has fearful visions of a South attacked and oppressed and degraded—but how? Why, merely by the demand that, in suffrage matters as in criminal matters, the law be enforced without discrimination on account of race or color! It is exactly the same principle which Mr. Williams himself upholds as against the lyncher. Make the law of the land respected and obeyed. Very well; no one asks more in connection with the black man's political rights. Mr. Williams complains that objection is made to a franchise based on education and property. But there is no Northern protest against that. Let the States, North or South, make the qualifications of a voter what they will, but see to it that they are applied impartially. This is the great difficulty with the Southern disfranchising statutes. They strike not at poverty and illiteracy as such, but purely at the poverty and illiteracy of negroes. The laws are artfully framed and craftily enforced so as to discriminate in favor of the ignorant and worthless white, too often at the expense of the educated and property-owning black. That is the standing injustice, and let Mr. Williams help the South honestly set about correcting it.

Mr. Joyner, the Superintendent of Education of North Carolina, has issued a table of the State's progress in school matters since 1900. This the Raleigh *Progressive Farmer* correctly characterizes as "a story of far greater import than any that has been graced with scare-head type on the first pages of our dailies." Four years ago the average school term lasted but 14.6 weeks; it is now 17. In 1900, 953 districts were without schoolhouses and 1,132 log-cabin houses were in use; to-day there are only 508 cabin schools, and but 527 districts without any houses. During this period the value of the public-school property has been increased by $700,000, about 75 per cent., and the enrolment of pupils has risen from 400,000 to 440,000. Just three times as much money was spent on schoolhouses in 1904 as in 1900, and the public-school fund is $1,765,362, as against $706,702. Of the larger sum, $330,000 was raised by local taxation in 229 districts, while only 30 districts contributed the $135,000 collected in 1900. In the latter year there was not a single school library; to-day Superintendent Joyner reports that there are 840, containing 75,000 volumes. There is, of course, still much to be done, for the average attendance is but 261,149 out of a school population of 673,774. Yet the improvement shows the substantial character of the educational revival which the Southern Education Board has done so much to stimulate.

"Receptive" is a new word which Gov. Odell adds to the bright lexicon of politics. The Governor-Chairman thinks that Frank S. Black is a "receptive candidate" for the United States Senatorship. To the lay reader the phrase might convey the idea that Mr. Black is entirely passive, perhaps actually reluctant to accept an office which the citizens of New York are dying to bestow upon him. Such, however, is far from being the case. In politics, "receptive" has a technical meaning. A candidate is receptive in the same sense that an ardent wooer is receptive; or, to use a more accurate comparison, the highwayman, who is willing to receive your watch and purse. The receptive candidate is "in the hands of his friends"; that is, he is moving heaven and earth and is imploring everybody he knows to turn in and work for him. He is "being talked of for the place"; that is, he is telling his heelers to shout for him and give the impression that he is the man for the job. He is "overwhelmed with requests to sacrifice his private interests and serve the public"; that is, he is pulling every wire to secure the election. Every trade has its special vocabulary.

If our State Supreme Court decision requiring five directors of the American Malting Company to refund more than a million dollars of dividends illegally declared is to become a precedent, a new use will have been found for dummy directors. The State statute forbids the granting of dividends except "from the surplus profits arising from the business," and holds liable, individually and severally, all directors who distribute moneys from any other source than net profits. It excepts, however, directors who register a protest against such an illegal division or are absent from the meeting. From now on it should be difficult to get a quorum at directors' meetings where the business in hand is voting away capital as dividends. In fact, the more questionable companies may be forced to maintain a dormant quorum of underclerks to vote unearned dividends, while the Messrs. Moneybags of the directorate remain in discreet and inexpensive aloofness. More seriously, this searching decision reinforces Judge Parker's view that we have only begun to realize the safeguards which the common law provides against rotten finance. Very much of the so-called Trust problem is merely a financial problem. The danger from the great corporations is less from their bigness than from their habit of operating under a blanket, thus fooling both the credulous investor and the naïve purchaser of their wares. It is unlikely that the Appellate Division will reverse the finding. Evidently a very potent weapon lies at hand for all who have suffered from rash and lawless handling of corporate funds. The directors of the American Malting Company

are by no means the only ones who have mixed up principal and profits.

How shall the epidemic of desertions from the army be checked? This question is again troubling the War Department. Twenty years ago the evil was said to be due to the cessation of Indian warfare, and the dulness of the piping times of peace. Later it was thought to be due to carelessness in recruiting. All sorts of causes have since been pronounced responsible, including, of course, the stopping of the sale of beer in post canteens. Gen. Chaffee, in his annual report, is shocked at the fact that one in every ten men ran away during the last fiscal year, and he finds our military prisons full to overflowing. As Secretary Taft repeats the familiar assertion that our army is the "best fed, best paid, best clothed, and best sheltered in the world," the Chief of Staff does not devote much time to seeking causes within the service, but urges as a panacea the disfranchisement of the deserter in town, State, and national elections. Now, disfranchisement as a penalty for crime never, we believe, deterred one criminal in a hundred. Moreover, in this vast country the possibility of running down voters in all our States who may be living under assumed names thousands of miles from where they deserted, is a practical impossibility. As a matter of fact, comparatively few deserters are caught and punished. What the situation calls for is a great improvement in our corps of officers, now largely filled up with technically untrained men and political favorites, and the punishment of company and regimental commanders whose men desert in droves. Frequent desertions generally mean the incompetence or harshness of the responsible officers.

Eleven years and one month ago the last world's fair in this country closed its doors at Chicago. Seventeen years' separated that show from its predecessor, the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. It was obviously impossible for any exhibition this year to make an advance upon the Columbian Exposition comparable to the latter's improvement over former world's fairs. No innovation which science has produced since 1893 could make such an impression as did the lavish electric illumination seen for the first time at Chicago. Thus the Exposition commemorative of the Louisiana Purchase excelled rather in bigness and in novelty of particular exhibits than in originality of scope and plan. It has been charged that the publicity department did not intelligently perform the task of interesting Eastern people in the enterprise; but it is certain that, in view of the smaller expositions at Buffalo, Omaha, and Charleston since 1893, a great many people decided offhand that they had had enough of fairs. At all events, the incomplete figures given out on the closing day show a striking difference in the popular interest. At Chicago the total admissions numbered 23,529,212 during six months, while at St. Louis in seven months there were only 18,317,457. The receipts from admissions and concessions this year are estimated at $10,000,000, while in 1893, according to the auditor's report, these two sources brought in $14,325,911.

If the Comic spirit ever condescends to mere politics, she will not fail to enjoy the precious spectacle of M. Jaurès, the great Socialist orator of France, at pistol point with the nationalist poet Déroulède for the sake of the memory of Joan of Arc. In fact, it is a most impish destiny that has given M. Jaurès as a champion and Mark Twain as a biographer to the visionary of Domremy. As for the former, he is by all Socialistic principles bound to detest the aristocratic code of the duello. Yet it is not the first time that the eloquent Jaurès has preferred the truth of action to that of consistency. Only the other day he defended the system by which promotion is refused to army officers whose wives and daughters are Roman Catholics. But not so long ago Mlle. Jaurès received her first communion, yet her father remains leader of the *bloc*. The duel between Jaurès and Déroulède thus resembles a little the unseemly contest at Ophelia's grave. It is a case of proving not who is disloyal, but who is most truly loyal. Disinterested observers hoped to hear of the usual innocuous "exchange of two balls at twenty-five paces," and they were not disappointed. The combatants were uninjured. Without either of the rival champions French politics would be distinctly duller.

Count Tolstoy has never been more uncompromisingly the quietist than in his letter on the zemstvo congress. He deprecates the agitation because no reform is possible except that of the individual. "It puts before the nation and before individuals the pernicious belief that social improvements can be wrought by mere change of forms." France, England, and America, he maintains, prove that "Constitutional government is no cure for the evils that afflict mankind." Accordingly, his advice to the peasants whom he loves would be to rest content without education, without a free press, without open and even justice, and set themselves steadfastly to their own personal regeneration. Now, it is certain that the text "The kingdom of Heaven is within you" cannot be preached too often, but it is amazing that Tolstoy should not perceive that the zemstvo gathering is itself an extraordinary expression of individual initiative. Finding its beginning in the generous purpose of Prince Mirsky, it became possible only through the ardent and undaunted desire for reform of a handful of local leaders. If ever a movement was personal, this is. And these champions fight against unrighteousness in institutions precisely in the spirit that the Gospel fights it in the individual sinner. It is a curious perversion of vision which makes the drunkard next door loom larger than the tyranny that oppresses alike the drunk and the sober.

The capture of 203-Metre Hill apparently presages the speedy fall of Port Arthur. It is high time, not merely because of the ominous deadlock of the armies below Mukden and the threatening approach of Rozhestvensky's fleet, but because of the rapidly waning Japanese prestige. The Mikado's Government has shown its own nervousness over the delay in taking the fortress by freely giving out the news of each success achieved by Nogi's forces, in remarkable contrast to its absolute silence during the first three months of the investment. The possession of Port Arthur, practically the one ice-free harbor within the sphere of operations, will not only release Togo's fleet, now doing ineffective blockade duty, but will make the supplying of Oyama's forces much easier than would otherwise be possible, by way of Dalny and Niu-Chwang. Next to the freeing of Nogi's troops for cooperation with Oyama, this is the most important effect the fall will have upon the situation below Mukden. It is now more than questionable whether there is still time and opportunity to renew the Russian repulse. Kuropatkin has met with no decisive defeat, and still holds Mukden, while acquiring daily better trained troops than those with which he fought the earlier battles. We may well ask whether the choice of Port Arthur instead of Mukden as the chief objective of the campaign has not been an almost fatal error of the Japanese strategists. Certainly, in the light of actual events, the true policy of the Japanese General Staff would seem to have been the "containing" of Gen. Stoessel's forces with the smallest possible army, and the bending of every energy towards the smashing of Kuropatkin before reinforcements could reach him. For some mysterious reason, the Japanese initiative came to an end on September 4th with the battle of Liaoyang. Since that time—that is, for three precious months—Oyama has been as if paralyzed and has accomplished almost nothing. If the secret of this inaction proves to have been the draining of the northern forces to effect the fall of Port Arthur, there should be no limit to Russian eulogies of Gen. Stoessel and his soldiers for the stubbornness of their defence.

"TAXING PATRIOTISM" AND OTHER THINGS.

Senator Fairbanks has never been thought of as a speaker whose words are half-battles in their downright conviction and plain-spoken fearlessness. No one would think of applying to him what was said of the blunt Duke of Devonshire: "What a comfort it is to find a man who means what he says, and means you to understand what he says." Yet even the Indiana Senator, whose valorous timidity and determined ambiguity have become proverbial in Washington, takes his stand with the President in declaring that the Republican party must put its hand to the work of revising the tariff. In the very holy of holies of protection, the Home Market Club of Boston, the impious man reached forth his hand last week to touch the ark of Dingleyism—and was not struck dead.

One of Mr. Fairbanks's phrases was that the task before the party victorious in the last election "will tax our patriotism." Doubtless, but something else will also have to be taxed. The Treasury cannot be filled by a levy on patriotism. It seems a pity that so abundant an article cannot be taxed. If every campaign orator or candidate for office were required to commute his overflowing patriotism into a cash contribution in support of the Government, either the public revenue would be much greater or the visible supply of patriotism much smaller. Before the tithingman, we fear, patriotism would be as fugitive as capital is said to be. But, that taxable failing, it is evident that others have got to be found.

It is, indeed, growingly apparent that the financial needs of the Government will force an early change in our tax laws, if nothing else does. The gravity of the outlook deepens month by month. November recorded another deficit in the Treasury operations—this time of more than $4,000,000. The receipts showed a gain of about $1,000,000, but the expenses were larger by $2,250,000 than in November, 1903. For the fiscal year to date the deficit is $25,920,000. Secretary Shaw, it will be remembered, estimated the deficit for the entire year at $23,000,000. It is nearly $3,000,000 more in only five months. The Secretary, moreover, made his estimate of a year ago "upon the basis of existing laws." But the laws were not left as then existing. No acts were passed to increase the revenue, but many to deplete it. The consequence is a deficit running beyond Secretary Shaw's prediction, and promising to double it by the end of the fiscal year.

Nor is this the whole of the story. Expenditures are certain to mount if plans already made are not to be relinquished. Rural free delivery has now an acquired momentum which is destined to carry it speedily over the entire country. But it is a costly service, and means postal deficits doubled or quadrupled soon. It is mighty convenient for Uncle Jed, seven miles from Neck of the Woods, to have his mail left at the door by carrier, but it takes a lot of money to make the old gentleman so comfortable. Somebody has to furnish it, which simply means that somebody has to be taxed. Similarly of the millions required for the Panama Canal and for the ever swelling military outlay. Ways and means of raising the necessary funds must quickly be devised. The old happy-go-lucky days of self-balancing budgets are past. Government expenses are palpably outrunning income, and the ugly alternative of new taxes or bankruptcy will soon be confronting the Treasury.

Few Republican leaders have shown due appreciation of this aspect of tariff revision. The President has not, publicly. Perhaps this is because customs duties have not been thought of as taxes. The pleasant conception has been that they are a kind of American magic, filling the country with prosperity and the Treasury with surplus revenues. But the days of that ignorance are rapidly passing. The tariff now stands out as requiring overhauling, not only because it is a social and commercial grievance, but because it is an exceedingly vicious tax law. As such, it meets none of the main requirements. It is neither simple, equitable, nor so productive as it might easily be made. The mouth of a European Finance Minister would fairly water at the thought of the great revenues he could raise out of the American people if given a free hand to tax them with an eye solely to the Treasury return. And it is certain that the time is near when the wit of our statesmen will be exercised to put more money in the public purse upon which such cumulative demands are made.

"To tax and to please," we have it on high authority, is no more given to mortals than to love and be wise. Yet the Republican party has got to do the taxing, whether the pleasing follows or not. The system of indirect taxation is breaking down. The revenue derived from the skilfully concealed taxes which are called protective duties is no longer to be adequate, and we shall have perforce to advance beyond that stage when, as Senator Mason of Virginia wrote to Cobden: "Our people are not yet philosophical enough to know that it is safer to feel the tax when you pay it, than to pay it without feeling it."

SMALLER VOTE, LARGER MAJORITY.

As the official returns from one State after another have come to hand, certain facts about the election scarcely indicated in the first announcement of results begin to stand out strikingly. It was the current impression on the day after the election, for instance, that record-breaking majorities must be the accompaniment of a record-breaking vote. On the contrary, it now appears almost certain that the popular vote is several hundred thousand smaller than it was in 1900, which was itself about the same as in 1896. It has also been assumed that the election went overwhelmingly one way because of the great multitude of Democrats and first voters who, by reason of personal admiration for Mr. Roosevelt, came over and voted the Republican ticket. This view, too, is put in a new light by the later returns, which show that Roosevelt's lead over Parker was composed of more than three parts Democratic losses to one part Republican gains.

The latest figures now obtainable, partly unofficial and in a few cases estimated, show that Roosevelt received 7,634,793 votes and Parker 5,061,041. In 1900 McKinley had 7,217,810, and Bryan 6,357,826. Thus Roosevelt's gain over McKinley's vote was only 416,983, while Parker's loss from the Bryan vote was approximately three times that figure, or 1,296,785. For every new recruit in the Republican army, there were three deserters from the enemy's camp.

Now, as to the total vote. The combined vote for Roosevelt and Parker was 12,695,834, which was 879,802 less than the combined vote of McKinley and Bryan. Add 600,000 for the Socialist vote, and the total is still about 675,000 short of the total vote of all parties in 1900 which was 13,961,566. There is no reason for believing that the Populist, Prohibitionist, and Socialist-Labor candidates had anything like that difference. Thus, unless some of the State votes yet to be canvassed have been preposterously under or over-estimated, it is hard to escape the surprising conclusion that, in the year of this unexampled party triumph, the number of persons voting was actually less than it was eight years ago.

Looking only at the change of votes since 1900, the States may be divided into four groups. In only three States—Georgia, Mississippi, and South Carolina—was Parker's vote larger than Bryan's, and Roosevelt's smaller than McKinley's. In eight others—Alabama, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia—both Parker and Roosevelt received fewer votes than Bryan and McKinley, respectively. In four — Delaware, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and West Virginia—Parker's vote was larger than Bryan's, and Roosevelt's larger than McKinley's. In the other thirty, Roosevelt had more votes than McKinley, and Parker less votes than Bryan. But we find, further, that in only ten of these—Connecticut, Idaho, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Utah, Vermont, Washington, and Wyoming—did Roosevelt's gain over the McKinley vote exceed Parker's loss from the Bryan vote.

The following table, in which the ma-

jority of the items are still subject to correction, shows how the party votes fluctuated in these groups:

	Roosevelt loss.	Parker gain.
Georgia	11,082	1,772
Mississippi	1,253	3,294
South Carolina	1,308	5,630
Total	13,593	10,696

	Roosevelt loss.	Parker loss.
Alabama	26,160	16,511
Kentucky	26,801	24,899
Maine	51	9,275
Maryland	29,815	12,825
North Carolina	48,081	32,753
Tennessee	1,194	4,751
Texas	5,641	127,423
Virginia	69,415	65,342
Total	205,164	293,788

	Roosevelt gain.	Parker gain.
Delaware	176	762
Massachusetts	15,686	11,279
Rhode Island	7,114	5,112
West Virginia	12,425	1,560
Total	35,401	18,713

	Roosevelt gain.	Parker loss.
Connecticut	8,532	1,088
Idaho	20,186	10,994
Nevada	2,240	2,176
New Jersey	23,431	258
New York	18,008	14,386
Pennsylvania	128,284	86,244
Utah	15,305	12,593
Vermont	4,891	3,072
Washington	37,544	14,833
Wyoming	5,789	1,287
Total	244,200	146,331

	Roosevelt gain.	Parker loss.
Arkansas	1,940	16,411
California	34,813	39,300
Colorado	12,606	46,551
Florida	895	1,214
Illinois	34,760	185,055
Indiana	32,226	35,239
Iowa	7,192	44,265
Kansas	24,918	77,801
Louisiana	767	3,671
Michigan	45,731	58,685
Minnesota	24,387	56,245
Missouri	7,356	66,075
Montana	8,645	16,365
Nebraska	16,723	62,237
New Hampshire	821	2,328
North Dakota	2,109	3,519
Ohio	76,079	117,228
Oregon	3,929	15,864
South Dakota	7,964	11,844
Wisconsin	14,288	25,178
Total	356,149	886,175

Those now pathetic maps of "sure" and "doubtful" States circulated before election may be examined in connection with this table. There is a possible grain of cold comfort in the showing made by Parker in those States which were made the battleground. There were fourteen States in which there was supposed to be some element of doubt—Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and Montana. Every one of them went Republican, except Maryland, yet it would appear that the Democratic candidate was a trifle more successful in keeping up the party strength to the standard of 1900 than he was in the country at large. To use the comparison suggested above, the Republican plurality for the whole country was made up of 28 per cent. Republican gains and 72 per cent. Democratic losses. In the fourteen selected States the plurality was obtained by 31 per cent. Republican gains, 69 per cent. Democratic losses. The group of States to which Parker's candidacy was expected to make the strongest appeal, New Jersey, New York, and Connecticut, appear in the list of States in which Roosevelt's gains over McKinley were greater numerically than Parker's losses from the Bryan vote. In only three of the States of the solid South did the bitter animosities against President Roosevelt result in cutting down his vote while increasing that of Parker.

LITTLE WAYS OF SENATORS.

United States Senators are, like Milton, stars that dwell apart, yet, also like Milton, they lay "the lowliest duties" on their hearts. Nothing, in fact, is too lowly for them, if it relate to patronage. Treaties and tariffs they may pass by in lordly scorn; but if it is a question of appointing a fourteenth assistant anywhere, they instantly become like so many Maher-shalal-hash-bazes, or hasteners to the spoil. Their position is that, whether in reality they have anything to do with naming a given man for a given office or not, they must appear to have everything to do with it. The whole system of Senatorial privilege would come tumbling about their ears if the idea once got abroad that a bad appointment could be made by the President except upon their initiative and responsibility. With a frankness as appalling as that of the prophet Amos, they ask, "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?"—for "Lord," of course, they naturally, as expert textual critics, read "a Senator."

Mr. Alger of Michigan is the latest to exemplify the method of keeping a Senator's true grandeur unimpaired. Word was brought to him that the President was about to appoint an assistant secretary to be credited to Michigan. For one anguished moment Alger hesitated; then, remembering what was due to his office, he moved promptly upon the White House. He had no objection to the Michigan appointee. He did not know the man, and had never heard of him. That had nothing to do with the case; but it was a matter of life and death that it should be announced that the appointment had been made on Senator Alger's recommendation. The end of the republic would be in sight if a Senator were not to be permitted to telegraph to a citizen of his State, upon whom he had never set eyes and about whom personally he did not care the tenth part of a straw, "The President has been pleased to accede to my request that you be appointed seventeenth deputy collector."

Our own Senator Platt has frequently shown a singular agility of mind in explaining that the President had done just what he desired. This has sometimes been a difficult feat. After you have publicly declared that you will have A for a certain office, or know the reason why, it is not easy to maintain suitable gravity when you announce that the President has named B at your special request. But Platt has been often equal to this. Long practice, or a decayed sense of humor, enables him now to say with perfect *aplomb* that he is "much gratified" at the way in which the President has acted upon his suggestions. The thing becomes amusingly or pathetically transparent in a man like Platt, whom age is depriving of caution as well as personal dignity. He babbles freely of what he is going to make the President do, but is smilingly "gratified" when the opposite is done. "Do not beat me, I beg; but if you will, why, I am thine ass."

It would be a mistake, however, to look at this relation of Senators to the appointing power wholly in its mirthful aspect. It is much more than a laughing matter. The very fussiness and self-betrayals of Senators point to the serious evil behind all. The Senate is evermore grasping for power. By closer and closer parallels and remorseless sapping like those of the Japanese at Port Arthur, Senators have been for years encroaching upon the Presidential prerogative. It is a process which is never stayed. Occasional defeats only make the usurping Senators more determined next time. They are bent on transmuting the power to confirm into the power to appoint. Some Presidents yield more than others, but all yield something; and that something is at once made the basis for renewed and more arrogant demands. No circumstances, no public exigency, can make a Senator feel that he has not been robbed of his prey if an office is refused him. The appetite for patronage is insatiable. Mr. Rhodes's last volume brings out the fact that Jefferson Davis was often harried by Confederate Senators on the hunt for spoils. At the very moment when the South was in the death-grapple of the war, a bitter row over the postmastership at Montgomery, Alabama, brought a caustic refusal from Davis to be dictated to by Senators.

President Roosevelt wrote to Congressman Gardiner roundly denying the latter's cool assertion that Senators make appointments to office. "Not while I am President," said Mr. Roosevelt. Still, he admitted that he "consults" Senators about patronage, and tries to meet their views. But he would be the last man to say there was not peril in the method, and that he had not often been imposed upon. He duly "consulted" the Illinois Senators before appointing the notorious "Doc" Jameson naval officer in Chicago —an act which filled his friends out there with amazement. Obviously, it is purely a rule of thumb which the President has adopted. He simply endeavors to "get on" with the Senate. To some Senators he gives practically a free hand; upon others he keeps a jealous watch. The whole relation is unstable and unsatisfactory, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Roosevelt will try to work out a more definite and safer system. Let him not be afraid of thwarting Senators,

That is better than allowing them to thwart him. And so closely, under the system, is legislation tied up to patronage, public policy to Senatorial privilege, that the President's desire to put through Congress measures for the public benefit will be in great danger of frustration unless he shows that he means to preserve his Constitutional right both to appoint to office and to recommend laws, in full vigor.

OUR NAVAL POLICY.

Secretary Morton's first annual report bears all the earmarks of one young in office. There is a touch of the comic in his moving references to the infallibility of judgment displayed by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, seven or eight years ago. But there can be no doubt that Secretary Morton's jingo call for a very great navy meets with Mr. Roosevelt's approval. There is the same familiar assurance which we have so often had from Mr. Roosevelt's lips, that the best preparation for peace is the expenditure of millions on battleships, and the same urgent warnings that we must have more vessels and many more officers and men to man them. With youthful pride Mr. Morton asserts that "never before were so many warships launched by this or any other nation in one year," and he rather glories in the fact that the naval estimates for next year—114 millions—are "the largest ever submitted." He heartily endorses the Imperialistic policy of the General Board of the navy, which would give us an enormous fleet, surpassed only by England's. He does not repeat his Chicago spread-eaglism that we want the "greatest navy on earth," but he comes uncomfortably close to it in his statement that "we want such a navy in size, style, and 'sand' that no other navy will ever desire an engagement with us."

It would be easy enough to show the impossibility of our ever achieving this ideal, so long as the men of Great Britain stand by their present naval policy. It would not be difficult to point out, too, that no foreign navy has attacked us or tried to attack us for nearly a century, and that no periods in our national history were more full of peace with honor than those years during which our navy was at its smallest. But the urgent issue of the moment is the necessity of formulating a national policy which shall not be determined by a few naval officers bent on the aggrandizement and glorification of their own department of the Government and themselves.

The navy has now grown to such proportions that conservative navy officers have themselves protested — but, of course, privately as a rule—against further increase. What is the end to be achieved? The historic policy of the country has been one of defence, pure and simple. It was on this ground that the recommendations of the Endicott fortifications board were accepted in 1886, under which there have already been expended 110 millions on our harbor fortifications, and for which 65 millions more are needed. In his annual report just issued the Chief of Artillery, Gen. J. P. Story, seems certain that our harbors can be fortified against any naval attack by torpedoes at a cost of only $3,819,420, less than that of a single battleship. With our present land batteries and fleet, which already ranks third among those of the nations, it is impossible to believe that any foreign Power could obtain a lodgment on our shores. No sound military mind will deny this or refuse to admit that in the Atlantic Ocean alone we have an ally worth dozens of battleships.

Why, then, should we pile Pelion on Ossa by adding battleship after battleship? The General Board, or any other board, will never have enough. When our fleet has surpassed that of France, the cry will be to outstrip England; should it be possible to leave England behind, we should soon be told wnat the English taxpayers have heard for decades, that their fleet must surpass any *two foreign* navies in "size, style, and sand." Moreover, our own activity in creating warships is already stimulating other nations to increase their output. But, waiving this, one fact remains undisputed: our navy is no longer one merely for defence; it is an *offensive* fleet—unlike Germany's or Italy's—meant to carry war into the furthermost quarters of the globe, and as such it is a radical departure from the historic policy of defence, which cannot be checked too soon.

Every war of recent times, including that between Russia and Japan, has shown the superiority of coast defences over attacks from the sea. Admiral Togo's fleet is powerless before Port Arthur, even now when the war vessels in the harbor may practically be counted out. At Matanzas, San Juan, and Santiago our fleet merely scratched the enemy's defences. Simple floating mines as used off the Mantchurian coast had done more damage to the fleets of both Japan and Russia than torpedo boats and ships' batteries, up to the time of the sortie of the Port Arthur fleet. Not a single Japanese ship has succumbed to anything but a floating mine. The defence of Port Arthur on the land side points afresh the truth that under modern conditions the defenders are rapidly gaining in power over the besiegers. Why, then, should the United States, safeguarded by the oceans, launch vessel after vessel, always with the hypocritical assurance that each is dedicated to peace? With such an inflammable people as our own has been demonstrated to be by the Venezuelan and Cuban episodes, the possession of so formidable a weapon of offence as our fleet already is constitutes a menace to the world's peace. It should be noted that the Russian newspapers are already remarking how ill our naval programme goes with the President's summoning of another Hague Conference.

ATTRACTIONS OF THE MINISTRY.

"How can men be induced to enter the ministry?" This, according to the morning papers, was the subject discussed at a recent meeting of prominent Protestant clergymen. Statements in regard to the dwindling numbers of aspirants for the ministry have often been published. A New Haven correspondent, for example, wrote a day or two ago that, among the 483 Yale graduates from 1701 to 1744, there were 226 clergymen; fourteen classes of the first half of the nineteenth century show about 31 per cent. in the ministry; but among the present living graduates only 7 per cent. are clergymen. Still more striking are the facts in regard to abandoning the profession. Out of 849 graduates of the Yale Theological School, 208, or nearly one-fourth, have left the ministry. On this point of wholesale desertions, Everett T. Tomlinson contributes an interesting bit of testimony in the December issue of the *World's Work*. He wrote to twenty "successful ministers" asking whether, if they had their lives to live over again, they would make the same choice. Seven gave an enthusiastic affirmative, three were undecided, nine replied "No" positively, and one declared he would be glad to take up the work if he could avoid being "ordained." If these twenty men be fairly representative, the quarter who withdraw are matched by another quarter who stay reluctantly. The problem, then, is not only how to get men to preach, but how to keep them preaching.

The causes that deter men from becoming clergymen are to-day pretty obvious. The old prejudice that "learning hath always been an enemy to the gospel" is still alive. Indeed, the struggle between rigid ecclesiastics on one hand and scientists and scholars on the other, first over evolution, and then over the higher criticism, has dealt a severer blow to the Church than the gentlemen who now so gracefully acquiesce in the new doctrines imagine. The average man of forty can remember when Darwin and Huxley, as well as the "whole tribe of German blasphemers," were denounced from one end of the land to the other as foes of religion. In 1876, when Huxley visited this country and lectured on the evolution of the horse, the pulpit triumphantly answered that Robert Bonner had never observed in the horse's hoof the rudiments of digits. In those days learned bishops

rested their case on the facetious remark that, though Darwin might be descended from a monkey, they were not. It is all very well for them to say now that the theory of evolution is a singu'arly beautiful as well as orthodox explanation of the ways of God to man. The old contest is not forgotten, especially while the reactionary religious press keeps up its din about the higher criticism. Young men, viewing the past and the present, scrutinize the ordination vows, and frankly say they will not put their necks into the noose.

They are especially reluctant when they see the humiliations to which many clergymen are subjected. "I pity a priest-ridden people," said Rowland Hill, "but a people-ridden priest is a still greater object of compassion." Of course, things are not so bad as when Wesley complained that one man would not listen to him for fear of hearing something against cock-fighting; but the reluctance of our preachers to touch their most influential parishioners on the raw is proverbial. The Baptist pulpit and press, for instance, are generally willing to leave the shortcomings of John D. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company to the ruthless hand of Miss Tarbell in *McClure's*. The Methodists spoke softly to the late Daniel Drew while he was engaged in the beneficent project of founding a theological seminary at Madison, New Jersey. When an enterprise is frankly commercial, the promoter of it is scarcely blamed if he watches narrowly to see on which side his bread is buttered; but trimming and cringing are not edifying in avowed teachers of morality, and must be nauseating to the man who is forced to such compromises with his soul. In short, high-spirited and independent men keep out of the ministry for the same reason that tney keep out of certain kinds of journalism. There are few pulpits, just as there are few newspapers, in which they will not be the slave to some party or creed; in which they will not have to commit their consciences to the keeping of powerful patrons—large contributors to so-called religious work, heavy advertisers.

A speaker in the meeting of clergymen just recorded urged that "appeals for the ministry should emphasize the heroic." This is all very well; but where is the Carnegie to provide a "hero fund"? The man of exceptional courage and power, your Luther or your Wesley, can defy the conventions of a smug morality, can proclaim his independence and compel support. But epoch-making reformers are not bred by the hundred thousand to fill our small country pulpits. The recruits must come from men of average mind and conscience. If they pray for rain, they alienate the half of the parish that is haying; if they pray for dry weather, they offend the half that is growing crops. Whatever they pray for, they look forward to the "dead line" at fifty years. If they try to thrust down the throats of their cynical and case-hardened old trustees the rudiments of decency, they are laughed at as fanatics, and their families—always large—freeze and starve.

No marvel, then, that, in spite of the attractions of the high calling, so many pastors fear their strength is spent in vain; and that the heads of theological schools complain that the young men committed to their charge are—though not in the Biblical sense—poor in spirit. Yet in this matter, as in all others, the churches probably get what they deserve.

MRS. GILBERT AND HER CONTEMPORARIES.

There is an old saying that the true value of a thing is not known until it is lost, and it often holds good when applied to persons. Thousands of men and women all over the United States have experienced a feeling of personal loss in hearing of the death of Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, but few of them, perhaps, will realize the full significance to the stage of her sudden and unexpected, though not premature, taking off. Actually, it marks the end of an epoch. She was the last surviving representative of a type that is now extinct, the real actress thoroughly trained in every branch of her art or profession, ready at a moment's notice to take her part in tragedy, all sorts of comedy or farce, as occasion might require, and play it competently, if not brilliantly, in the proper style and spirit, without undue assertion of her own private individuality.

To-day there is not a single actress belonging to the English-speaking stage on this side of the Atlantic of whom this could be said truthfully; and if there are any on the other, they can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The same remark would apply equally to actors. The only player on the English-speaking stage who can rightfully be called a great actor is Sir Henry Irving. He, in spite of all his exasperating mannerisms, exhibits a wide versatility, as well as a complete mastery of the esssential theatrical accomplishments. Of performers, male and female, who are eminently proficient in certain lines of drama, there is a considerable number, but the vast majority of them can shine only in characters to which their own habitual speech and manner happen to be appropriate. It need not be denied that some of them are endowed with the acting instinct—most of us have that—in an uncommon degree, but this gift is practically ineffectual because it has never been developed by proper discipline. With the requisite training they might have been Keans or Booths by this time, but, being ignorant of the fundamental principles of their art, of the manifold secrets of elocution, carriage, gesture, pose, and behavior, they are debarred from entering the higher regions of the literary and imaginative drama, where their defects would inevitably make them ridiculous. This is one reason of the prevalence of the realistic drama, which is mimetic rather than imaginative, and therefore is less likely to exact the highest acting qualifications on the part of its interpreters. Actors naturally prefer plays in which their limitations are least exposed, and demand creates supply. The luckless public has no voice in the matter; it must take what it can get.

Now, Mrs. Gilbert never was, and never pretended to be, a great actress. It does not appear, indeed, that in her earlier days she revealed any special inclination toward or aptitude for a stage career. She began life as a dancer, and, after abandoning the footlights—for ever, as she hoped—she was driven back to them by force of circumstances. Her first essays in acting were the result of domestic necessity, and occurred when she was approaching her thirtieth year. She had neither rare beauty nor genius, but she had courage and perseverance, and the best of all possible schools—the old stock companies, with the example of great actors for her instruction and encouragement. In this consists the main significance of her remarkable career. She enjoyed the inestimable privilege of constant association with past masters in all departments of histrionism, and of learning from hearing and observation the mysteries of speech and action. Her progress was slow but steady, and long before she had reached middle age she was acknowledged to be one of the best "old women" of her time, in both old and new comedy, and was judged worthy to play Lady Macbeth in company with such tragedians as the Booths and Forrest.

It is not, however, the object of this article to enumerate her acting triumphs, but to direct attention to the training which enabled her to achieve them. Doubtless, her experience as a dancer—as in another notable instance, that of Ellen Terry—contributed largely to the grace of movement for which she always was conspicuous; but it was in the stock companies, in which she often played three different characters in one night, that this English country girl acquired the polished and elaborate manner associated with the old high comedy, the dignified repose and larger gesture befitting tragedy, the natural ease of modern comedy, the legitimate exaggerations of melodrama, and, above all, the faculty of clear, melodious, unaffected, nicely modulated, and correctly emphasized utterance. Even in extreme old age her cultivated speech was a delight to the appreciative listener, and a ceaseless reproach to the slovenly

chatter of most of her younger companions.

She belonged to two dramatic eras, and the ease with which she adapted herself to the requirements of the frivolous modern drama afforded incontrovertible testimony to the value of the arduous schooling which she received in the period and under the system which produced Macready, Edmund Kean, the Booths, Phelps, Davenport, the Wallacks, and many others scarcely less illustrious. Where are their compeers to-day? She was but an humble member of that brilliant confraternity, but she could measure herself with the leaders of it without incurring humiliation; and when that mighty generation passed away and the education of actors was ended by the speculative monopoly which destroyed competition and obliterated the stock companies, she survived to demonstrate by actual comparison the superiority of trained skill over the raw material.

Does anybody suppose that her immense popularity during her long career at Daly's was due wholly, or even chiefly, to popular affection for her personally? The good public is not so sentimental. Her age won her some sympathy, but it was the certainty that she would afford excellent entertainment that made her a universal favorite. She played many parts, some better than others, but failed in none. At the last, when eighty-three years old, she became a "star" for the purpose of saying farewell, and amazed even her oldest admirers by the vigor and beauty of her acting. It is a record without a parallel, and her death at the very climax of a long and honorable career can scarcely be called unhappy. The old order changeth, giving place to new, but the new is not necessarily the better. Mrs. Gilbert belonged to both, and in her life there is a pregnant lesson for her younger contemporaries if they choose to profit by it.

THE IRRIGATION CONGRESS AND ITS PROBLEMS.

EL PASO, TEXAS, November 19, 1904.

The twelfth Irrigation Congress has closed here. The attendance was small, compared with the preparations, and many of the members who did participate were late in arriving. Most of the railroads giving access to El Paso had been washed out. Some had suffered to the extent of millions of dollars, and from their roadbeds hundreds of thousands of tons of material had been washed away. But, among the many subjects discussed, none bore upon one of the most vital questions affecting Western irrigation—the liability of the storage reservoirs, now being built across the beds of mountain streams, to be filled, in abnormally rainy seasons, such as the past, with rocks and sand instead of water. The members in attendance had had visible demonstration of the terrific effects of violent storms in the arid regions, and could therefore have formed some opinion, not only of the consequent difficulty, of building dams strong enough to resist the floods, but of the probability that the dams, if they stood the strain, must inevitably be filled with that heavy débris which is carried down with each successive torrent in incalculable quantities. No paper was read on this momentous subject, and words of caution, if uttered, were spoken in a whisper.

As was shown by Pinchot and others in the forestry division, the destruction of the forests was one cause of these fearfully disastrous floods; but the wisdom of building dams as storage reservoirs where, besides catching water, they must unavoidably catch rocks, was not criticised. It is, of course, inevitable that, in a congress collected admittedly to promote a cause—especially so glorious a cause from every point of view as the reclamation of land from the desert—words of dissent, and even of warning, would sound like a discordant note; but it is to be regretted that this phase of the subject does not receive more attention. In the estimation of many men who know from long experience the vagaries and the incalculable force of a Western stream when converted into a raging torrent, some of the plans now being carried out at large expense will result in disappointment and even failure.

The hydrographic branch of the United States Geological Survey has measured and tried to estimate the force of the flow at different seasons in the rivers which, when in flood, are to provide water wherewith to irrigate during the dry season the land tributary to them. But observations and calculations made for nine successive years will be lamentably contradicted by an extraordinary flood in perhaps the tenth year, when, for an hour or less, what is not inaptly called a cloudburst falls upon even a small section of the drainage area of a river. When this happens, the very earth seems to melt, and as great a volume of sand and rock as of water appears to be carried into the channel from every hillside by the impetuosity of the storm. The bed of the stream, dry an hour before, is filled with a furious river, carrying down rocks of such size that the noise caused by their impact, as they are hurled against one another, can be heard above the roaring of the waters. Such storms and such effects occur only at long intervals, but they occur sooner or later in every section of our arid region, and one such flood will fill the largest storage reservoir built across the channel of the stream itself.

The same effect is produced by such heavy rain, falling for some hours over a large area, as did such damage on the Santa Fé Railroad in the beginning of last October. Seven inches of rain fell in one night. The flood rushed down the narrow bed of the creek which flows through Trinidad, Col., carrying away the railroad station, with three lines of track, and leaving in its wake the wreckage of seven steel bridges, while in New Mexico, south of the same Raton Range, mile after mile of track and embankment was swept away—whither? To the Mississippi and the Rio Grande, simply because there was no storage reservoir to stop them before they reached their destination.

President Roosevelt has done no better service to the country than in exciting enthusiasm over the irrigation of our great Western domain, and his efforts to prevent the absorption, by speculative companies, of fertile land capable of irrigation, and preserve it for the farmer, should be effectively seconded by Federal and local legislatures. His letter to the Irrigation Congress should find hearty response in the East as well as in the West.

As to the forest-reserve legislation of Congress, the only regret which we can feel is that it has come too late. But the terrible local floods which are becoming more and more frequent and disastrous are due to the denudation of the whole country, not only of trees, but of grass, through the overstocking of the ranges. As most of the plains and mountains over which cattle range are still within the public domain, it would be competent for Congress to apply some restrictive legislation to this glaring evil.

In view of the above facts, there is a strong opinion entertained by many old-timers, especially in Arizona and New Mexico, that storage dams should not be built across the beds of rivers, but that the water should be deflected during floods into artificial or natural side reservoirs, into which silt only, not heavy, solid matter, would be carried. The first large storage reservoir built in Arizona, at Walnut Grove across the Hassyampa, was carried away before even its basin could be filled by débris; but, as it was badly planned and badly built, its destruction offers no valid argument against the construction of others properly designed. Nevertheless, the ease with which it was battered down and swept away by the very first flood it had to resist, should serve as a warning.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, November 14, 1904.

The last battle has been fought out, the victorious candidates "proclaimed," the defeated survivors are carrying their dead and wounded from the battlefield, and no doubt remains as to the complete victory, so far as numbers go, of the Giolitti Ministry. By what means and with what allies the end has been attained are questions of more than ordinary importance, because, while the adage that possession is nine points of the law has been verified once again—the Government "in possession" winning, as has been the case in Italy ever since the days of Cavour—other elements have entered into the struggle which hitherto have been ostensibly absent. One of these is the participation of the real proletary *in propria persona*, without recognized leaders, or in despite of their mandates; the other, the open, acknowledged, numerous affluence of clerical citizens and parties at the urns.

When, after the defeat, at Sedan, of the Imperial restorer of Pio Nono to his temporal sovereignty over the Romans, the Italian monarchy entered Rome through the "sacrilegious breach" of Porta Pia in 1870, the majority of conservatives accepted the accomplished fact with sincere grief, while recognizing its necessity in the name of Italian unity, and also because the unanimous will of the nation compelled the monarchy to take possession of the national capital as an alternative to the restoration of the Roman Republic. Once in possession, the conservatives, who remained in power for the next six years, did their utmost to

bring about a reconciliation between the Church and State, offering by the Law of Guarantees such rights and privileges as would have placed public instruction, not only in the elementary and secondary schools, but also in the universities, entirely in the power of the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and parish priests. Monasteries and convents could have been restored to their former supremacy, while the liberal laws on the press and public meetings would have been repealed or modified. Fortunately, Pio Nono, convinced that the Catholic world would restore the temporal power, rejected the "Tempter," answering "Non possumus"; declared war to the knife against the impious usurpers; forbade the faithful to recognize the government of Belial; ordered them to refuse allegiance to the chosen of the nation, to the King of the plébiscites. He thus lost the allegiance of all those Italians who were patriots and citizens first, then faithful believers in the doctrines of Holy Mother Church.

Two successive generations grew up in the belief that the one arch-enemy of their country was the self-constituted prisoner of the Vatican. Scientific studies and researches occupied the minds of the studious youth; the erection of the monument to Giordano Bruno facing the Vatican symbolized the challenge of modern Italy to the opponents of free thought and of free discussion. Still, a considerable portion of the populace adhered to the old order of things, and strictly obeyed the "non expedit," which prohibited them from becoming electors or elected in the political field. To take the oath to the King, to acknowledge the "inseparable welfare of monarchy and country," was tantamount to the renunciation for ever of temporal restoration—would, in the opinion of the hierarchy, alienate the hearts of foreign Catholics, and assuredly close the purses of foreign contributors to Peter's Peace and cut off other succor to the dethroned and "persecuted" pontiff.

Leo XIII. saw the falsity of his position, but could not remedy it; moreover, he was too intent on securing the alliance and protection of France to care much about the friendship of Italy, which, owing to her financial conditions and to her military disasters in Africa, seemed to him a negligible quantity; believing, too, that at any time he could, if he chose, come to terms with the coercionist governments that flourished during the last years of Humbert II. Gradually, however, many once ardent pro-temporalists grew weary of finding themselves excluded from the political life of Italy, and prevented from proposing or supporting laws in favor of religion and morality which they wished to enjoin on their children; and these gradually began to frequent the electoral committees and to deposit their votes in the urns in favor of candidates who would oppose the Divorce bill, support state legislation for religious instruction in the elementary and possibly in the normal schools, who would offer no opposition to the admission into Italy of the Congregations expelled from France. But their tardy offers of alliance were met with small enthusiasm. The old moderate party, "transformed" by Depretis and "disintegrated" by Crispi, still believed themselves capable of retaining in their own hands the reins of government, by their foreign policy tending to exalt the position of Italy in Europe, by restoring her finances, and by some attempts to lessen the fiscal exorbitance which weighs so heavily on the poorest classes. Moreover, they deemed the clerical party so hostile to the fundamental institutions of the new kingdom, especially during the pontificate of Leo XIII., that they deprecated the entrance of his supporters into the national Parliament. But the coercionist governments of the last years of the nineteenth century, the enormous increase of the Socialist and Radical parties, the advent of the young King and his open acceptance of Zanardelli and his followers, compelled them to face the fact that their reign was over; while the advanced programme of the Government, including the Divorce bill and the Claims of Illegitimate Children, etc., filled them with dismay. With the advent of Pope Pius X., the grand elector (at Venice) of clerical-moderate members of the Municipal Councils, well-known for his disapproval of the abstention of Catholics from the political elections, they commenced a propaganda for alliance with the Catholics, with the clerical party. The general strike and the abstinence of the Government during the entire period filled all the propertied classes with dismay; a general alliance of all parties against the subversives was decided on, and the clericals saw their opportunity of obtaining favorable terms of alliance. Throughout Italy the Catholic newspapers supported this view.

Pius X., though not prepared to abolish the "non expedit," had, it was affirmed, expressed his desire that the Catholics should exert themselves to rescue the masses, now organized by the Socialists "to make war on religion, on property, on the sanctity of the family," etc. The *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, offered no protest when five noted leaders of the Catholic party came forward as candidates for election. Only the *Unità Cattolica*, the old standard-bearer of absolute intransigence, which, from the 20th of September, 1870, went into mourning for the loss of the temporal power, protested so long as the *non expedit* was not formally revoked by the Pope. Everywhere, and especially in the citadel of radicalism and Socialism, in Milan, arch-clericals presented themselves as candidates and were accepted with open arms by the moderate conservative party. In Florence, where there was no clerical candidate who had a chance of success, the moderates offered and the Catholics accepted an offensive and defensive alliance in order to oust the three Socialist candidates, who stood a fair chance of victory if opposed only by the conservatives; and both in Milan and in Florence the clerical-moderates have won a signal victory. In Milan the proletary contributed to the victory by rejecting the three Socialistic candidates who had, we may say, initiated and prolonged the general strike, viz., Labriola, Mocchi, and Lazzari; while Angelo Cabrini, though the candidate of both the evolutionary and revolutionary Socialists of Milan, a man much beloved for his long, strenuous, and practical exertions for the proletary, precisely because he had sanctioned the strike was rejected at the first ballot, and succeeded at the second only by the aid of the votes of Republicans and Radicals and the so-called Democratic party. Turati, candidate of the reforming Socialists and also of the Radicals, excluded from the Socialist party by the ukase of the revolutionists, came off triumphantly at the first ballot; but the *Avanti*, Ferri's Roman newspaper, persisted in omitting his name from the list of Socialistic triumphs. Much surprise was felt that Majno, candidate of the reforming Socialists and of the Radicals, did not even reach the second ballot; but the predominant note is the total defeat in Milan of the revolutionary strike-promoting Socialists. The proletary would none of them.

In Florence, at the first ballot, a quondam fierce radical, transformed into a fervent conservative on the eve of the elections, was elected in the second college, but in all the other three the conservatives and Socialists divided the votes pretty equally. Then the former joined hands openly with the clericals, under the guidance of the Archbishop of Florence, and carried the day in all three colleges, boasting that they had "purged Florence of the Socialistic pest." In Rome the fight was fierce and prolonged. In the third college no opposition was offered to Professor Baccelli, a physician of note, a one-time Vaticanist, who came over frankly to the national party in 1870, has been several times Minister of Public Instruction, and is a considerable personage among the freemasons. In the fourth college, out of 4,500 registered electors, only 2,160 went to the urns; 1,095 voted for Torlonia, about 900 for Socialists and Republicans. Torlonia, when Mayor of Rome, was deprived by Crispi of office for his visit to Pope Leo XIII., and is a noted "Black." In the fifth college, Barzilai (Republican) was elected. The great fight came off in the second college, where Ferri entered the lists in vain against the clerical Santini, who took occasion of the Pope's denunciation of Loubet's visit to the "King who detains the provinces of the Holy See," to demand and obtain an audience of his Holiness.

Of the elections in the southern provinces, and especially in Naples, it is impossible to speak intelligently, so excessive has been the oppressive interference of the Government, so violent the demonstrations of the Opposition; some of the presidents of the electoral committees withdrawing before the successful candidates had been "proclaimed," sometimes carrying off the ballot-boxes; while on one or two occasions the defeated party smashed them. Two cases are worthy of note. The ex-Minister of Public Instruction, accused and on trial convicted (by default) of illegal acts committed during his term of office, and of actual peculation, has been elected by an immense majority of his fellow-citizens, electors of Trapani. On the other hand, Pallizzolo, the notorious head of the Mafia, believed to be the instigator of the murder of Notarbartoli in 1892, three times tried, twice condemned, and finally acquitted by a Florentine jury last July, was rejected by his former electors in the second college of Palermo, to the great satisfaction of the entire city. In Turin and Venice the clericals and conservatives carried the day, as in Bologna partially.

The Socialists lose but one college, having now 31; but if we regard their voting strength, we must compare the figures for 1895 (76,359) with those for 1897 (134,502), for 1900 (164,976—in union with the "popular parties"), and 1904 (319,909—alone, Socialists pure and simple). There is not much comfort here for the united enemies of the

"subversives." The Radical, and especially the Republican, parties find their numbers slightly diminished; but, when all is admitted, and without counting on the double elections or on the twenty seats in which no candidate has been proclaimed and whose fate will be decided by the Board of Examiners—chosen by the President from all the factions of the Chamber—whereas the Extreme Left consisted of 107 members, they still present 96 uncontested members. The Constitutional Opposition, which looks chiefly to Sonnino as its chief, has lost three valuable members, but has also gained some seats. And now comes the crucial question: Of the nearly 300 members newly elected as conservatives, how many are ministerialists? That inquiry is giving Giolitti no small worry and uncertainty. They are absolutely united against the "subversives," but have given no sign that they approve the policy of the present Cabinet, or, rather, of its chief. Many are waiting to see to which side of the house he will incline. When Parliament opens on the 1st of December it is believed that the ministerial policy will be fully revealed. In December the municipal elections take place, and the new open alliance of the Blacks with the conservatives will bear its fruit even more fully than in the national elections.

J. W. M.

Correspondence.

A NEGLECTED AMERICAN AUTHOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the New York *Times* Saturday Book Review of September 3, Mr. H. Bradley Jackson published a letter in which he asserted that the author of the once famous American novel, 'Alonzo and Melissa,' was his grandfather, Daniel Jackson, jr. A careful study of this interesting book has led to a different conclusion, which I present here, hoping to obtain further information on the subject.

In the Albany *Balance and State Journal* for January 8, 1811, there appeared the following "Literary Notice":

"American Tale.—A work in two volumes, entitled The Asylum, or Alonzo and Melissa, an American Tale, founded on fact—written by Mr. Mitchell (former editor of the *Republican Crisis*, published in this city), is soon to appear. The following lines of Dr. Dwight are prefixed as a motto. [Here follow eight lines from Dwight's 'Conquest of Canaan,' Book five.] From the known talents of the author, and the pains which we understand he has bestowed on this work, we have reason to expect a well-finished and interesting tale."

The first edition, in two volumes, with the title as given above, was published in Poughkeepsie under date of 1811. The copyright notice, printed with the book, is dated December 2, 1810, and gives as the author's name I. Mitchell. In the New York *Columbian* for October 9, 1811, the book is advertised as "An American Tale, Founded on Fact, by I. Mitchell," and in the same paper for Wednesday, October 16, the work is described as "A new, interesting, and American novel" by "I. Mitchell of Poughkeepsie, late editor of the *Farmer's Journal*, the *Political Barometer*, and the Albany *Crisis*."

Of Mr. Mitchell little is known. Mr. Jennings of the State Library at Albany informs me that there is no reference to Isaac Mitchell in Munsell's 'Annals of Albany,' nor in Weise's 'History of the City of Albany,' but in Howell and Tenney's 'History of Albany and Schenectady Counties' there is the following item, page 375, in a list of the Albany press: "1806. November 11. The *Centinel* revived in the *Republican Crisis*. Backus and Whiting, then Isaac Mitchell, publishers. 1808, Harry Croswell & Co.; William Tucker, printer. In 1809, name changed to the *Balance and New York State Journal*. Removed to Hudson in 1811." There is no Albany directory previous to 1813, and Mitchell's name does not appear in the directories from 1813 to 1820. Apparently a successful editor, he seems to have lost his position through political changes, for he says in the preface to the first edition of his novel: "You know that by the fate of battle (a political conflict) I have lost a station which, if not lucrative, yet admitted free employment of the pen." Evidently he retired to Poughkeepsie, where his book was published, for the New York *Spectator* of February 8, 1811, contains a notice of the marriage of "Miss Aurelia Mitchell, daughter of Isaac Mitchell, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, late editor of the *Republican Crisis* in that city." From the citation given above, there seems to be an error in this announcement, for the short-lived *Crisis* was an Albany, and not a Poughkeepsie paper. The city library of Poughkeepsie has no local history that mentions Isaac Mitchell, and in the genealogies of the Mitchell family to which I have had access, his name is not found. We can at least assert that he was a trained writer, and by no means a young man when his book was published.

'The Asylum' appeared at an unfavorable time for critical appreciation. In October, 1811, the papers were filled with accounts of Bonaparte's campaigns, or were justly aroused over the country's approaching war with England. Apparently they did not review the book. It had its faults; among others, it was too long. Of the two volumes, the first contained an Introduction, a most entertaining "Preface Comprising a Short Dissertation on Novel," and a lengthy episode that has practically nothing to do with the main plot. A neighbor of Melissa, the heroine of the novel, gives to her a manuscript account of her life. It was an exciting story of her escape from the clutches of an Austrian nobleman, an elopement, duels, assassinations, headlong flights through Austria, Germany, France, and England, until the peaceful streets of Boston were reached. Even in those days Boston was considered a city of refuge. We suspect that the 'Asylum' was not favorably received, for when we next hear of the book it has undergone a radical condensation. The Introduction and the Preface have been omitted; the long episode has been discarded, thus reducing the book to a single volume; the title has been changed to 'Alonzo and Melissa, or the Unfeeling Father,' and Mr. Mitchell no longer appears on the title-page as the author, but instead is the name Daniel Jackson, jr. I have not been able to discover whether Mr. Mitchell had any part in this revision of his work.

The success of this new edition was phenomenal. With but little trouble I have found editions of 1824, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1836, 1839, 1842, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1853, 1864, 1879. Doubtless this list could be doubled, and if one may refer to this period the numerous undated editions, it would appear that for nearly a quarter of a century a new edition of 'Alonzo and Melissa' appeared practically every year. It was reprinted in every section of the country—the North, the South, the Middle West. It is not too much to assert that it was one of the most popular novels ever published in America. It was not a book for the unfeeling multitude—it was read by the first families of the land; yet it is now so completely forgotten that historians of American literature never give it even a passing reference. It well deserves to be reprinted, not only for its unconscious humor, but also because it shows most strikingly the influence of Mrs. Radcliffe and the Gothic Romance on our early American writers.

Edward B. Reed.

Yale University, December 1, 1904.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers of Stubbs's 'Cambridge and its Story,' noticed in our last issue, and inadvertently ascribed to another firm.

Macmillan Co. closes its more important fall issues directly with 'The Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones,' by his widow, in two volumes with forty photogravures; Mr. Bryce's revised 'Holy Roman Empire'; 'Studies in Montaigne,' by Miss Grace Norton, in two volumes; and 'Modern Charity Systems,' by Prof. Charles R. Henderson.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will publish 'Trials and Triumphs: The Record of the 55th Ohio Volunteer Infantry' in the civil war, by Capt. Hartwell Osborn and others.

The Philadelphia firm, the John C. Winston Company, has taken over the entire publishing business of Henry T. Coates & Co., Mr. Coates becoming a stockholder in the amalgamated concern.

The eight volumes of Mr. R. G. Thwaites's "Early Western Travels, 1748-1846" (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.) is compounded of reprints of Tilly Butterick, jr.'s, rare 'Voyages, Travels and Discoveries' (Boston, 1837), and 'Estwick Evans's 'A Pedestrious Tour' (Concord, N. H., 1819). Butterick's comparatively brief narrative opens in Robinson Crusoe style, and a voyage round the world precedes his account of journeys in the United States; his observations thus embracing Madagascar as well as the Choctaws and Chickasaws of the Gulf States. Evans, on the other hand, takes us among the New York Indians, the Tonawandas and Tuscaroras. His observations are lumbered with much moral disquisition, but he was a humane man, and his shame at slavery is to his honor. He frequently recurs to the subject, and advances a scheme of emancipation through the Government's buying in the slaves, who must eventually ransom themselves. His reasoning about slavery and race prejudice is worth reading still.

About two years ago we called attention to the merits of Cornelius von Fabriczy's little treatise on Italian medals. It is now to be had in an adequate English translation and in much handsomer form. The plates are still half-tone, frequently from the old blocks, but all the Pisano medals have been rephotographed without reduc-

tion of scale—a considerable advantage. The grouping of several medals on one plate is also convenient, affording the juxtaposition one would find in a well-arranged collection. Enough is said to show that this sterling work in the improved form given it by Messrs. Duckworth (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) may be cordially recommended to all lovers and students of the medallist's art.

'London in the Time of the Tudors,' by the late Sir Walter Besant (Macmillan), makes a handsome holiday volume with its large print and its copious illustrations. Since the time of Dickens, no English man of letters has had a deeper affection for the great city in all its phases than Besant, and if he was led to explore its antiquities the motive can easily be found. There is little attempt in this book to write brilliantly, for the author knew his limitations and refrained from all rivalry with the famous passage on London in Macaulay's third chapter. Besant aims at supplying lively and accurate information, partly through a narrative of events, and partly through short essays on social usage, trade, costume, the poor, theatres, crime, and a large number of other similar subjects. One to whom the *genius loci* meant less, might have yielded to the temptation to interweave national politics with local history and manners, for in many ways the annals of London are those of the realm. This danger, which is a very real one, was avoided by Besant, to the great advantage of this and other writings. The present work contains such a large and varied body of evidence regarding popular life in the Tudor period that it should not be omitted from any library which contains Traill and the illustrated edition of Green.

Two new volumes of "Newnes's Art Library" come to us from the New York publishers, Frederick Warne & Co. They are devoted to 'Raphael' and to 'Constable's Sketches' respectively, and are similar to former volumes in general scope. The half-tone reproductions dispense with the tint, but are much better in quality than those of the 'Velasquez' and 'Reynolds'. In addition to them there is a photogravure of Raphael's "Spozalizio" in the one, and two bad color prints in the other. There is the usual minimum of text, good enough as far as it goes in the case of the 'Constable,' but almost incredibly silly and inaccurate in the 'Raphael.' The inaccuracy runs, also, into the titles of the plates, which contain one or two blunders and several infelicities.

'The Life and Art of Sandro Botticelli,' by Julia Cartwright (London: Duckworth; New York: Dutton), should make a most acceptable gift-book for that growing class of people who take a more or less serious interest in art. Without pretension to originality of view or personal connoisseurship, Mrs. Ady shows a thorough acquaintance with the literature of her subject and sound judgment in following this or that authority, nearly always choosing the more probable among contesting theories, while her knowledge of the general current of the Italian Renaissance stands her in good stead and keeps her hero always in his proper atmosphere. Nothing better in the way of a popular book on Botticelli could be desired; it is well and appreciatively written, gives a fair and adequate view of the present state of knowledge of the painter's life and works, and as much criticism as is suited to the average digestion. It is illustrated with two photogravures (one of them after Mrs. Gardner's "Chigi Madonna"), and a number of half-tone plates, full-page and in the text. Unfortunately, the full-page plates often duplicate the subjects of the smaller cuts, so that there is some waste of effort in the latter, while interesting works, though not first-rate ones, remain unillustrated. The presence of the text illustrations has necessitated the use, throughout, of glassy, coated paper.

'A Transplanted Nursery,' by Martha Kean (The Century Co.), is the pleasantly written account of a summer spent in Brittany by a family consisting of a mother and three phenomenally good small boys, and is intended to show that a nursery may be transplanted to foreign shores with as much safety and at as little cost as if it were merely moved from town to country. The account is given in "letters home," which sound very genuine—the sort of letters one is delighted to receive, full of personal news and with occasional guide-book touches, but not such as one would have thought worth printing in an age before that in which every one has become an author. The book is illustrated with the writer's "kodaks," in which the small boys frequently form an attractive foreground incident, and certainly succeeds in maintaining an agreeable atmosphere of foreignness. We suspect, however, a superfluous *a* in the name of "Serapolette"—a donkey, as amiable as its temporary owners, who appears frequently in picture and text.

'New Forces in Old China,' by the Rev. Dr. Arthur Judson Brown (Fleming H. Revell Co.), is an admirable report concerning the "unwelcome but inevitable awakening" which is to come to the people of the Middle Kingdom. This is probably about as good a book as could be written by one who, as a keen observer, moved through the country, and gathered up opinions and impressions from aliens dwelling long in the land. It is admirably illustrated, and the style is brisk and of the sort which a busy man enjoys. Dr. Brown discusses the commercial and economic forces, showing also the political movements, and the national protest against the abominable injustice of the so-called Christian Powers of the world. One chapter treats of the missionary force and the Chinese church with commendable frankness and fulness, leaving the impression on the reader's mind that the responsibility for the evils under which China suffers is to be shared to the extent of at least one-half by the peoples called Christian. An index and a map make this work, which contains much reprinted matter, especially useful for the student, nor is its value lowered when we find that Dr. Brown's opinion of the Chinese is very high, as of a race that is much more likely to subdue and replenish the earth in the way the great Master has pointed out, rather than by methods of aggression and bloodshed. He is sure that in qualities which are profound rather than showy, the Chinese far excel the Japanese. Our hearty praise of the book must be qualified because of the inevitable limitations which this author, one of the best-intentioned officers of any missionary board, ignorant of the language and to a large extent of China's real history, reveals on many a page. From inability to do more than scratch the surface of things Chinese, however clearly he may set forth surface phenomena, the author's explanation of the Boxer uprising is decidedly unsatisfactory. Nothing whatever is said about the fact that neither the President nor the Senate of the United States has ever yet manifested the slightest approval of the American commander of the naval forces who refused to join with the foreign admirals in making war on China, thus letting loose the regular military on the people in the Legations and other foreigners. Some few inevitable misprints, such as Nevins for Nevius, occur. One wonders why a dignified author, even though he accepts the 'Letters of a Chinese Official' as genuine, can use the vulgarism "Japs" for Japanese.

Between the Occidentals, who can scarcely admit that there is such a thing as a degenerate race having a white skin, straight-set eyes, and luxuriant face hair, and the Japanese, whose conceit shudders at the idea of descent from the "Ainos," these long-secluded islanders have difficulty in securing recognition at the hands of either science or just sentiment. Untrustworthy and sensation-loving travellers, both men and women, who have never seen a regiment of United States soldiers in swimming, have exaggerated the capillary and other peculiarities of these "poor whites" of Asia. Nevertheless these women, with mustachios tattooed round their mouths, and these men, so brawny and yet so gentle, have at last, in the missionary Batchelor, the linguist Prof. B. H. Chamberlain, and the Japanese ethnologists of Tokio, found earnest students of their origin, career, and conditions. Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, in an exceedingly modest little book of 118 pages, on 'The Ainu Group at the St. Louis Exposition' (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.), has told of his experiences in the island of Yezo, which he reached without challenge from a Russian cruiser, and which he traversed in order to get a party of Ainus to accompany him to St. Louis. Though giving only a simple narrative and description, Professor Starr's booklet has really more intrinsic value than some quite pretentious works that have shed darkness on a most interesting subject. In undogmatic style he suggests questions regarding these unique people, and handles quietly but rather severely certain statements and crude theories set forth by writers who were without knowledge of the language, or who made no stay in the islands sufficiently long to furnish perspective. Professor Starr finds in the Ainu "a white race that has struggled and lost." He expresses his high appreciation of the scholars who have scientifically investigated the Ainu myths, speech, customs, traditions, and the evidences of their occupation, in earlier centuries, of central and southern Japan. The illustrations from photographs, though poorly reproduced, are excellent for their purpose, and we have in this brochure a real addition to our knowledge of the earliest known race in the Japanese archipelago.

The 'Cummings Genealogy,' prepared and published at Montpelier, Vt., by Albert Oren Cummins, of the ninth generation

from Isaac Cummings, is an intelligent and technically irreproachable family history. "Isaac Comins, Senior," whose will was probated June 14, 1677, was a settler in Ipswich, Mass. His descendants have taken great liberties with the spelling of his name, the majority following the New England tendency to change the ending -en or -in to -ing. The compiler has gone with this majority in his book, even to spelling his own name Cummings in its chronological place at page 557, but Cummins on the title-page as on his bank checks. His motive has been the simple truth so far as it could be ascertained, and he has not sought by embellishment to avoid a dry chronicle of facts. There is some good reading in extracts relating to collateral ancestors, and an occasional characterization is full-bodied. The stock appears to be simple New England, largely agricultural and mechanical in its occupations, with but few shining lights. College graduates are relatively rare. Loyalists and patriots divided in the Revolution; one solitary Cummings (of this line), having been born in the South, was subdued to it, and served in the Confederate ranks against his kinsmen. One turned Mormon, and his son had a "first wife" living twenty-one years after his death. Inventors have been numerous and clever. Joshua, of the sixth generation, removed from Leominster to Westminster, Mass., for the better education of his children, and was richly rewarded in them. There are a few portraits, all typical and suggestive; none more pleasing than that of the compiler.

The distinction of the 'Dexter Genealogy, 1642-1904,' begun by John Haven Dexter, carried on by Orrando Perry Dexter, and now arranged by Henry L. Miles (American News Co.), is that, by an ingenious system of "superior figures"—in printer's parlance—the authority for every statement is given where possible. No. 99, which stands for Family Bible, of course recurs constantly. The whole aspect of this genealogy is therefore most businesslike and self-commending. The family name is eminent in New England, and the more prominent descendants of Richard Baxter (1606-1680) receive relatively long biographies; that of Mr. O. P. Dexter being as interesting as it is tragic. Andrew Dexter (1779-1837), a native of Brookfield, Mass., founded the city of Montgomery, Ala. Samuel Dexter (1761-1867) sat in both houses of Congress, and was Secretary of War and of the Treasury. The one plate is a charming view of the old Dexter mansion in Malden, Mass., standing on property purchased from the Indians by Richard Dexter in 1663, and still occupied by his posterity. Only 400 copies of this work are issued.

The seventy-two laboratory exercises contained in Prof. J. C. Olsen's 'Text-book of Quantitative Chemical Analysis' (D. Van Nostrand Co.) appear to us to be judiciously chosen and admirably described, and altogether to be calculated to make a skilful analysist of the student. So much of the other matter as is naturally wanted along with the exercises, to furnish information about quantitative analysis that is indispensable to the young man entering upon it and acquiring his first skill, is also good. But whether, over and above that, it was worth while in a single volume to penetrate further into the vast mass of details, or to undertake more than to direct the student to the different books and papers, with hints as to the use of them, is a question not easy to answer to one's own satisfaction.

An interesting attempt to give permanent value to a second-hand-book catalogue has been made by the newly established firm of Rudolf Haupt in Halle, who prefaces a recent catalogue of books on bibliography and printing with a sketch by Professor K. Haebler, entitled "From the Beginnings of the Book Trade." It deals with early book advertisements, and traces their development from circulars about single books to lists of books printed by the same printer or for the same publisher, and finally to the appearance of catalogues of books issued by several publishers or printers, and collected in the shop of the same dealer. The early development of the book trade in Venice is described, and it is shown how the printing of books became in that city for the first time a branch of manufacture, and the selling of books a business pure and simple. Here were to be found, as early as before the year 1500, nearly all the features of the modern book trade.

The *Magazine of American History*, with Notes and Queries, is to be revived after a long eclipse. It will be published monthly at $5 per annum by William Abbatt, at No. 281 Fourth Avenue, New York. The first number will probably be issued in January.

Prof. G. Frederick Wright assumes the editorship of *Records of the Past* (Washington), which enters upon its fourth year in January.

In the *National Geographic Magazine* for November Prof. F. H. Bigelow describes the new research meteorological observatory at Mount Weather, Bluemont, Virginia, about sixty-five miles northwest of Washington, and its work. It is proposed to establish a physical laboratory there "to accommodate experiments in meteorological physics, in the improvement of instruments, in atmospheric electricity, ionization, and radioactivity of the air and of soils, and other research investigations." Another paper deals with the methods of Government assistance in handling forest lands. A résumé of an essay on the "Foreign Commerce of Japan since the Restoration, 1869-1900," is by Yukimasa Hattori, a student at Johns Hopkins University. In referring to the probably large increase in importations of food products in the near future, he calls attention to the fact, almost without a parallel, that the Japanese farmer understands his work "so thoroughly that, by elaborate means of irrigation and the skilful use of fertilizers, he has been able to obtain rich harvests from the same land during fifteen or twenty centuries." There is also given the substance of Sir F. D. Lugard's address before the Royal Geographical Society on northern Nigeria, with numerous interesting illustrations.

The *Geographical Journal* for November opens with an illustrated description of the little known country between the Niger and Lake Tchad, by Col. Elliot of the Anglo-French Boundary Commission. Among the scientific results of this expedition was the discovery of fossils showing that the Mediterranean once extended to this region. Some of them are distinctly of an Indian character—a sea-urchin being of a kind hitherto described only in Sindh—which would indicate, according to Dr. Bather of the British Museum, a connection of India and the Sahara in early geologic ages. Col. Elliot referred to the lawlessness of the country when he passed through it in 1902, which was before the British occupation. Now, says Major Burdon, the officer in command of that district, "that lawlessness does not exist; and there is nothing more striking or encouraging in the result of British occupation than the way in which the people allow all their fortifications and walls to fall into decay at once. They say openly they no longer have any need of them." The remaining contents are an account of the survey of the fresh water lochs of the Ewe Basin, Scotland, and Dr. Sven Hedin's interesting and characteristic preface to his forthcoming "Scientific Results" of his last journey, to which we have already referred.

African railways are the subject of the article of most general interest in the *Annales de Géographie* for November. The accompanying map, showing the roads in operation and those under construction, as well as the lakes and rivers on which there is steam navigation, gives a vivid impression of the number and extent of these paths of commerce through the Dark Continent which have been opened during the past half century, for the first railway was constructed in Egypt in 1852. Other topics are instruction in topography as preparatory to the study of geography, and the cartography of Spain, with an account of the principal maps of the country, from that of Lopez published in 1765-98 to those very recent ones of the French Alpine Club, chiefly of the Pyrenees. In an interesting notice of the changes wrought by the industrial *"boom"* in northern Spain, mention is made of the fact that the change of Santander from being merely a port for colonial commerce into a mining and manufacturing community is due mainly to the Spaniards who left the West Indies in consequence of the war and settled there.

—In a very real sense, Andrew D. White's initial paper on Hugo Grotius, in the December *Atlantic*, might be called the most timely contribution of the number, though it is too much to expect that many readers of to-day will stop to recognize and reflect upon the lessons which the career of the great Dutch publicist has to offer to the present generation. The first important work of Grotius, the *Mare Liberum*, became the herald of a new and better epoch, we are told, because it laid its foundations in the doctrine of the inalienable rights of mankind—a doctrine not exactly popular just now, as it does not square with dominant tendencies in national development. This study of Grotius is one of the series of papers which Dr. White has prepared under the general title of the "Warfare of Humanity with Unreason." Samuel P. Orth contributes a paper on "Our State Legislatures," a large portion of which is devoted to a minute analysis of the make-up of four typical legislative bodies, leading to the conclusion that they are really fairly representative of the people by whom they are elected, however unsatisfactory their legislative product may be. This conclusion is true enough if one has in mind a representation merely of the average ability and honesty, but it is not true at all if

the average desire of the voters as to the official action of the men chosen be taken into account. The only hope for our legislatures lies in the fact that nine voters in ten really want something very much better than they get from the men now selected to represent them. A paper on Emerson by Henry James, sr., now first published, is sure to attract attention. The way in which Mr. James found his imagination captivated by contact with Emerson, regardless of the question of intellectual assent to his teachings, is suggestive of some of Lowell's comments. A large portion of the paper is devoted to a comparison of Emerson with Carlyle, much to the credit of the former.

—Mark Twain opens the December *Harper's*, not with an example of the humor which was formerly almost synonymous with his name, but with a glowing appreciation of that feminine wonder of the ages, Joan of Arc, whom he does not hesitate to characterize as "easily and by far the most extraordinary person the human race has ever produced." Perhaps this valuation would be more generally accepted if her alleged achievements were not so very extraordinary that, in spite of the oath-supported official records of her trial and rehabilitation, the average human faith finds itself unequal to the task of believing. But it is too pretty a story to submit to the scalpel of the historical critic. Howard Pyle furnishes four full-page illustrations in color. Under the heading of "London Films," Mr. Howells develops in his attractive way sundry impressions of a springtime visit to the metropolis. For a leader of the realists, one finds him perilously near the edge of a kind of reversed idealism in describing a bedroom grate as "of the capacity of a quart pot and the heating capabilities of a glowworm." And still for English chilliness he finds some compensations. To Lowell's contention that it does not wet one to stay out in an English rain, he adds that the English cold will not chill you if you only stay outdoors in it. With the outdoor dress of the English women and girls he is quite enamoured, finding in it decidedly more of sentiment than is put into feminine apparel on our side of the water, though the dress of any given English woman "is no more expressive of *personal* sentiment than the chic of our women's dress is expressive of personal chic." In the "Easy Chair" he laments that the results of international copyright have so far failed to fulfil the hopes with which it was inaugurated. With pirated cheap editions no longer accessible, we do not purchase English printed books, nor will we reprint even their best works unless the chances are apparently good that they will sell as readily as our own trash. But "better our historical novels and a good national conscience than the best English fiction and the sense of having robbed the author."

—The one article of serious import in the Christmas *Scribner's* is an appreciation of Veronese, by Kenyon Cox. In an age that courts the specialist, the fame of Veronese suffers because of the very completeness of his development. His excellence in all the qualities that go to make up the artist is so great that there is no contrast by which to measure the greatness of his excellence in any one of these qualities. With this well-rounded completeness go sanity and simplicity, no work for the reader of riddles, no cunningly devised new ways of telling old stories. As a master of portraiture he fails, if at all, only in not suggesting that intensity of inner life which a few of the greatest painters now and then succeed in conveying to us; but his aim was the large and general view, not the intimate. In handing down to us the portraiture of his time, the types and costumes of his epoch, Mr. Cox considers him without a superior, if not without a rival. For sheer profusion and abundance Rubens alone was like him, but Rubens lacked his taste and his reticence. In conclusion, "if respect for the achievement in one or another direction of this or that mighty artist forbids us to call him the greatest of masters, we may yet, with assurance, proclaim him the completest master of the art of painting that ever lived." The Field of Art is given up to an illustrated description, by Russell Sturgis, of the great bronze doors which have recently been installed in the Boston Public Library, fronting Copley Square. The point especially noted in these doors is the almost absolute exclusion of the purely decorative element; the human figure, in each of the six valves, forming practically the whole design.

—Andrew D. White begins in the December *Century* a new series of diplomatic reminiscences, covering his experiences as Ambassador at Berlin, 1897-1902. Naturally, the first thing to be forced upon his attention was the failure of Congress to support the new dignity of the ambassadorship by providing the needful material appliances. It was only after a long search that a residence was found which was at all suitable for the functions demanded by court etiquette; and before his service was ended, even this was purchased from under his official feet by one of the smallest Powers in Europe as a residence for its minister. His position was rendered somewhat uncomfortable by the bitterness of feeling against the United States, growing out of the McKinley tariff and the Spanish war. As to the latter, he reiterates, what all well-informed people know, that the judgment of the President was strongly against the war, and that he was finally brought to support it only by the accumulation of forces which he could not control. He expresses his belief that the disaster to the *Maine* was from the outside, but was the work of wild local fanatics, not participated in by any Spanish officer or true Spaniard. Some especially interesting paragraphs at the close deal with Mommsen's attitude towards the United States during these years. The aged Latinist and philosopher showed some signs of relenting at the end, but perhaps his attentive listening to Dr. White's *apologia pro sua patria*, at the farewell dinner, and his hearty handshake when it was over, were more in the nature of a personal tribute to a valued friend than an indication that he had altered his opinion as to our apostasy from our earlier and better traditions. A paper on the method of purifying drinking water by the use of copper sulphate, recently developed by Dr. George T. Moore of the Bureau of Plant Industry, seems to demonstrate that a new health agent of the highest importance has been discovered, economical, easily applied, and needing only intelligent handling to become an effective prophylactic against a large class of diseases.

—A fifth edition of the late William Edward Hall's well-known 'Treatise on International Law' has been brought out at the Clarendon Press (New York: Henry Frowde). The editor is J. B. Atlay, who at the time of the author's death in 1894 completed the preparation of the fourth edition. The last edition, completely revised by the author himself, was the third, which appeared in 1889, so that a thoroughgoing revision might have been made. The editor, however, says in his preface that he has confined himself, in the introduction of new matter, to "what seemed absolutely necessary in order to bring the book up to date." He mentions "events in Japan and China," the Venezuela boundary dispute, the Hague conference and its results, and incidents in the Spanish-American and Boer wars, as among the topics which demanded notice, and adds that all additions going beyond mere verbal alteration have been bracketed. On consulting the index under these heads we do not find a dozen pages of additions, while, owing to typographical changes, the actual bulk of the book has been reduced by some thirty pages. The additions, so far as they go, are valuable, but the work of revising Hall's masterly treatise and bringing it down to date is still open; especially since the great war (which, as he prophetically said fifteen years ago, would be the test of the sanctions established by the modern law of nations) has already produced a new crop of pressing questions. Of the book itself it is unnecessary to do more than to say that, even with slight reëditing, it bids fair to hold its own for a long time—until some new master, a fit successor of Grotius, Vattel, Kent, and Wheaton, and Hall himself, shall once more appear. The subject becomes with each generation increasingly complex and difficult, the accumulation of material to be dealt with more and more vast, and the time requisite for its original study greater and greater.

—Mr. Marcus P. Dorman's 'History of the British Empire in the Nineteenth Century' (Lippincott) advances with the second volume to the campaigns of Wellington and the policy of Castlereagh. The author is extremely fond of general statement, as may be seen from the opening words of his preface: "The fate of the modern world was determined during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Indeed, the issues of that period were the most important which have ever occurred in the history of mankind. Kingdoms were broken up and rebuilt, monarchs were raised from the people, crowned and dethroned, and new systems of government were invented, tried, and discarded. The Pope was hurled with violence from his chair and restored by force of arms. Treaties and laws were made and broken every few months. . . . Everywhere force reigned triumphant." This passage is designed to prepare us for an account of the duel between Napoleon and Wellington, which forms the main topic of the book. After Mr. Dorman has got past the Battle of Waterloo, he gives a synopsis of English political history that covers Castlereagh's relations with the Holy Alliance, the Manchester Massacre, and the Royal Divorce bill. There is also a chapter, not too deep, on the intellectual life of the

period, besides one on industrial progress. What we fail to understand is the amount of neglect which, in a work with such a title, the Colonies and India receive. In connection with the war of 1812 Canada gets rather less than three pages. This is the only notice given to it, and apparently Mr. Dorman does not know the difference between the Quebec Act of 1774 and the Constitutional Act of 1791, since he says: "The Quebec Act of 1791 arranged for an Assembly to be elected by the people on a limited franchise." Now it is a notorious fact that the Quebec Act did not provide for any popular assembly at all. India and Ceylon fare somewhat better in respect to the space allotted, as they get twenty-four pages out of three hundred and fifty-eight. We make the foregoing statement to show that in this volume at least Mr. Dorman says comparatively little about the British Dominions over sea.

EVERETT'S ITALIAN POETS SINCE DANTE.

The Italian Poets Since Dante. Accompanied by Verse Translations. By William Everett. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

To read Dr. Everett's entertaining Lowell lectures is to go back at least two generations in the method of literary criticism, to the days when Lockhart and Gifford and Jeffrey and Macaulay thundered their opinions in the *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly*. "I like this—therefore it is good!" "I detest that—therefore it is bad!" were the keynotes of that earlier, cocksure school of critics. We have substituted for them the so-called scientific critics, men who study an author as naturalists study a clam, and who hesitate to praise or blame lest they should seem unjudicial. But, after all, great books are the utterance of men, addressed to men, and they will attract or repel strong natures just as living persons do. Neutrality towards them may be the ideal of the scientific student of literature, but it is not always the proper attitude. The judge on the bench is pledged to fairness, but that pledge does not prevent him from having passionate friendships and pet aversions; from being, off the bench, a doting father and stanch hater. So Dr. Everett feels vehemently, judges absolutely, and gives his verdict without hesitancy. The result is refreshing, if for no other reason than because it is out of fashion.

True to his earlier models, he does not attempt to treat literature as an evolution. The *Zeitgeist* troubles him not. He ignores the "moment" and the "milieu," except in so far as he needs to know the general environment of his poets in order to narrate the principal events in their lives. He does not account for the sunshine in Ariosto's poetry by the cucumbers Ariosto may have eaten, nor trace with the specious assurance of some recent critics the literary relationships of all his writers. And here again the result is refreshing, for it breathes the charm of novelty.

We would not imply, of course, that the old method, the method of Jeffrey and of Dr. Everett, is better than the method of Sainte-Beuve, or of the later critics who may be regarded, *sed longo intervallo*, as his successors; but, for a change, it is stimulating, and in the hands of so alert and independent and witty a champion as Dr. Everett we see its merits at their best. And his opinions, be it noted, differ from those of the average impressionist critic—who is the modern version of the earlier cocksure variety—in that Dr. Everett speaks from a life-long acquaintance with classical literature and with the masterpieces of the modern world, whereas the impressionist is usually familiar with only a small section of the recent belles-lettres of a single country.

Dr. Everett's plan includes a biographical sketch of each poet, a description of his chief works, some comment on them, and liberal specimens, in English translation, of representative poems. The sketches are almost invariably excellent. Rapid, pithy, and clear, they give the characteristic features, and something more than the popular estimate of each man; but in the case of a complex nature, like Torquato Tasso's, for example, we feel that clearness has been achieved at the expense of the fact. The complexity, the neurotic basis, of Tasso's temperament should be explained more fully, and the reasonableness of the attitude of Duke Alfonso should be more insisted on. The old legend that the Estensi were at first callous and then cruel to the unfortunate poet, has been pretty much dispelled, as has the scorn of Leonora for him; but the legend, fortified by Goethe's splendid drama, dies hard, and it is all the more necessary, therefore, that critics and literary historians should bear testimony to the truth. We may say the same of Dr. Everett's treatment of Leopardi, who also was a complex character requiring a much subtler analysis than Dr. Everett has given him. But in the main he does outline fairly the individuality of each poet, and when he comes to one after his own heart, like Alfieri, he writes with infectious enthusiasm.

Although he avowedly turns his back on the *Zeitgeist*, he yet furnishes some striking surveys of more than one epoch. In the course of a few pages he summons before us Petrarch's environment at the sunrise of the Renaissance, and Ariosto's at its zenith, or he reveals the degeneracy, social and political, amid which Filicaja flourished. But the special strength of the book lies, of course, in its literary criticism, which is compounded of two elements—thorough familiarity with the great classical tradition, and Dr. Everett's personal idiosyncrasy. His classical training usually prevails, but at times it cannot restrain him from breaking out in the expression of personal prejudices, we had almost said of "whims," after the manner of the wildest romanticist. Fashion does not bind him, nor convention check. He praises Byron, and dismisses Wordsworth with less than damning praise; he laughs at Browning cults; he abominates Whitman; he ridicules by implication the "action" in recent tragedies—"what the jargon of the modern theatre calls 'business'"; he disparages the poetry of transient emotions. Over and over again he inveighs against that tendency, now more than a century old, which magnifies nature at the price of neglecting or belittling man.

"In the present day," he says, "when all that is asked of a poet is *to oblige nature to talk*, and to turn everything into something else, this air of active life, of social exercise, of interest in men as men, may seem [in the Italian poets] commonplace, but in due time the wheel will come round, and people and critics will once more recognize that Homer set the true key for all poetry. Watch Nature in all her moods as you will—she is only the great palace in which the Father has set His children to dwell; and the real shadow and sunshine is in the words and hearts of men."

That criticism, whether we call it Classical or Romanticist, scientific or cocksure, is fundamentally sound. And since we have quoted Dr. Everett in a mood of negation, we cannot refrain from quoting him in a mood of enthusiasm. Has any recent American critic surpassed the eloquence of the following passage?

"It was best that the pastoral drama should be done once for all so well that no one should dare do it again—and it was done. It was handled by one who had a tenderer sense of melody than Fletcher, and a richer imagination than Ariosto; whose ornaments sink Guarini's to the stage jewels that they are, and might make Petrarch wish his gems had a finer setting; one who in delicacy was equal to Tasso, and in austere grandeur to Dante; who could rise to philosophy loftier than Lucretius, and thrill the heart with harmony like Virgil; whose compliments Shakespeare might raise his head from golden slumber to hear, and whom Homer might claim for the long line of his offspring; who had climbed a holier mount than Parnassus, and drunk of a more sacred spring than Castaly; who had soared to heaven on the wheels of Ezekiel and felt his lips touched by the coal of Isaiah; and of whom the amazing glory is that his pastoral—his 'Comus'—is not the finest work of John Milton."

Striking passages are too numerous to be mentioned here. The humorous descriptions of the incongruities and absurdities of the metrical romances whose heroes and heroines "are able to go without eating or drinking for an indefinite period of time," and of the pastoral dramas in which "everybody appears to have Mr. Jesse Collings's three acres and a cow multiplied many times over," are capital; but most important, to our thinking, is Dr. Everett's general interpretation of the Italian poets as the successors and real continuers of the classical tradition. However romantic or modern their theme, they were all, down to the eighteenth century, trained in the Latin learning, which Dr. Everett rightly regards as a great merit. To that classical inheritance he attributes the sense of form, the respect for symmetry, and the love of harmony, which distinguish the chief Italian poets. We are glad to see, also, that Dr. Everett lays stress on the "native strength of Italian," a trait too often overlooked.

Of the more than sixty pages of metrical translations much can be said in praise. Dr. Everett himself made most of them, and they excel in sonorous quality. Having a talent for declamation, he has naturally been drawn to those passages which declaim well. We regret that for "Il Cinque Maggio," the only specimen of Manzoni, he preferred A. H. Everett's somewhat archaic paraphrase to Mr. Howells's remarkable version. The selections are generally typical, except in the case of Leopardi, who is represented only by "Il Sabato del Villaggio," "Il Passero Solitario," and four stanzas from the "Batracomiomachia." Petrarch also seems slighted without some quotation from his great patriotic odes. But in this matter a reviewer must not be too exacting. Rather than magnify shortcomings, he will heartily commend Dr. Everett's lectures. No such entertaining literary criticism has been written in America for a long time past. Merely by contrast

with the prevailing fashion, it should exert a healthy influence. Its culture, its wit, its personal confidences, not less than its freedom from critical shop talk and from conventions, give it a place by itself, far removed from the usual literary histories. And if it succeeds, as it should, in stimulating a taste for the Italian masterpieces, it will help forward a most desirable end. For it is hardly too much to say that we need just the qualities which those masterpieces abound in. Neither French literature nor German, precious though they both are, and indispensable for the common demands of scholarship, can supply us with the treasures peculiar to Italian literature.

Against a second edition, which we hope may be soon called for, we have noted a few slips: "Hippolito" (p. 62) and "Baptista" (p. 139) are neither Italian nor English forms, nor is "Marie de' Médicis' (p. 140) Italian or French; Recanati (p. 233) is not in the Bolognese district, but in the marches of Ancona. More is known of Bojardo, and he was more of a man, than we should infer from the slight reference to him on page 51. The statement (p. 244) that Carducci died last spring is happily incorrect.

BOOKS FOR MUSIC LOVERS.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. I. The Macmillan Co.

Wagner's Music-Dramas Analyzed. By Gustav Kobbé. G. Schirmer.

Modern Composers of Europe. By Arthur Elson. L. C. Page & Co.

Phases of Modern Music. By Lawrence Gilman. Harper & Bros.

Wagner Lyrics for Tenor; Wagner Lyrics for Soprano; Ten Hungarian Rhapsodies by Franz Liszt; Fifty Songs by Franz Schubert. 4 volumes. Oliver Ditson Co.

The Macmillan Co. are doing the musical world a great service by bringing out a new edition of Grove's admirable 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' carefully revised and brought up to date, under the editorship of Mr. Fuller Maitland. A quarter of a century has elapsed since the appearance of the first instalment of the original edition, and in that time many things calling for mention have happened. The editor's task has been made more difficult and important because of the disproportion in the amount of space allotted in the first volume of the original Grove as compared with the other volumes, due to the fact that at first only two were contemplated, whereas four resulted ultimately, not to speak of an appendix and an index. It cannot be said that the proper balance has yet been quite secured. Bach and Chopin exerted as great an influence on the musical world as Beethoven did, yet Bach has 14 columns, Chopin 11, and Beethoven 120! In the first edition Chopin had only 3 columns; the new article is by the same writer, and is admirable so far as it goes, although one wonders how so excellent a musician as Mr. Dannreuther could accept the preposterous notion that Chopin kept strict time with the left hand and confined his *tempo rubato* to the right hand. Berlioz's assertion that Chopin could not play in time if he tried would alone refute that alleged tradition. The article on Bach is still far from being adequate. As regards the length of the Beethoven article, the editor can plead that it was one of Grove's masterpieces, which it would have been a literary crime to shorten; he has, quite properly, actually enlarged it by inserting in brackets information that has been brought to light since Grove wrote this sketch, which ought, in truth, to be brought out in book form, as it remains to this day by far the best Life of Beethoven in the English language.

Mr. Maitland declares that within the last quarter-century many hundreds of names have reached an eminence which made their inclusion necessary, which is true; but why did he omit the name of one of the most prominent musicians in Germany to-day—that of Eugen D'Albert, one of the greatest living pianists, and the composer of eight operas and many other works? A strange oversight, surely. Apart from this, we have not noted anything to censure, and the new editor has evidently taken great pains to secure that accuracy in details which his predecessor was not always able to secure, from lack of erudition. The new edition also has what the first dispensed with, a number of excellent full-page portraits. Among the twenty in this first volume there is one of an American, G. W. Chadwick.

Mr. Kobbé's book on the later Wagner operas is a new edition of a treatise most useful to those who wish to study the anatomy and physiology, as well as the inner spirit, of the music-dramas. An excellent new feature is the alphabetical index to the leading motives in "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," the four Nibelung operas, and "Parsifal."

Mr. Arthur Elson's latest contribution to literature is a volume of less than three hundred pages, giving an account of the most recent musical progress in the various European nations, with historical notes and critical and biographic sketches of the contemporary musical leaders in each country. Germany, Bohemia, France, Italy, the Netherlands, England, Scandinavia, and Russia in turn receive the attention of the author, whose information is abundant, and whose critical attitude is usually sane, though one smiles on finding him, too, overawed by the spectre of musical Jumboism and declaring that Richard Strauss is to-day "reckoned as the world's leading composer." And does Mr. Elson really believe that "of all the Slav composers Rimsky-Korsakoff is the most notable, the most charming in his music"? Haven't Tchaikovsky and Rubinstein reached Boston yet? In the pages on Grieg, Mr. Elson remarks that that Norwegian composer "has shown an almost endless flow of wonderful melodic invention." So he has, and does not that put him miles above Richard Strauss, who has no melodic invention worth mentioning? The picture of Grieg in this volume does not flatter him, but some of the other portraits, of which there are over thirty, are very good.

Like Mr. Elson, Mr. Gilman follows the fashion among journalist-authors of the day in giving the place of honor in his book to Richard Strauss, concerning whom he makes statements which he will himself smile at ten years hence. On the other hand, he shows sufficient keenness to perceive the unsubstantialness of the Elgar propaganda. The chapter "An American Tone Poet" gives a loving estimate of the works of the American, Edward MacDowell, who has more genius than a dozen Elgars and Strausses and Mascagnis rolled together. Mr. Gilman also pays a tribute of affection to Grieg, and another to Cornelius as a song-writer. These chapters are well worth reading, as are those on Verdi and Wagner, on Women and Modern Music, on "Parsifal" and its significance, while in another section the author, in trying to explain how Mascagni succeeded in creating a real music-drama where Wagner failed because his music is too superlatively grand and beautiful, comes perilously near being unintentionally funny; but, for this, probably, Newman and Huneker, who dote on paradox that causes talk, must be held responsible. The volume is dedicated to Philip Hale.

The admirable "Musicians' Library," published by the Oliver Ditson Company, already includes fourteen numbers. Among the latest issues are collections of Wagner lyrics, Liszt rhapsodies, and Schubert songs, edited respectively by Carl Armbruster, August Spanuth, and Henry T. Finck. The Wagner lyrics for soprano include eight songs written with pianoforte parts, and selections from the operas, from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal"; the volume for tenor—a voice specially favored by Wagner—includes twenty-eight excerpts from eleven operas and music dramas. In his preface Mr. Armbruster gives a sketch of Wagner's life, and dwells on the differences between that composer's operas and those of his predecessors. Mr. Spanuth's preface to the best ten of Liszt's rhapsodies is full of suggestive information; he understands what an astonishing amount of genius is embodied in these works, which have done for Hungarian music what Homer's epics did for the Greek myths:

> "Like the bard who moves his listeners first to tears through the recital of a sombre legend, and turns to a joyful story after having touched the heart, but binds both elements together with a latent string, so Liszt's rhapsodies are groups of fragments of heterogeneous modes, united through hundreds of secret relations. There is a symmetry of content and form in all of them which becomes more apparent as soon as a virtuoso ventures to distort it by omitting a section or interpolating a portion of one rhapsody into the other."

Numerous as are the editions of Schubert's songs, none is likely to do as much towards making the wonders of Schubert's genius apparent to amateurs as the one edited by Mr. Finck, for the reason that the others include many of Schubert's second-rate songs (especially those embraced in the three cycles), whereas this Ditson edition includes nothing but gems of the first water—the best fifty of 538 songs. As the editor remarks: "Had Schubert written only these fifty *Lieder*, he would still be the greatest of all song writers; and it may be said without hesitation that there is as much genius, and almost as much variety, in these 'Fifty Songs by Franz Schubert' as in the numbers of the volume of 'Fifty Mastersongs by Twenty Composers' included in this series."

Reminiscences of Peace and War. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. The Macmillan Co. 1904. 8vo, pp. xv., 402.

Among memoirs simple and contributory (*mémoires pour servir*) Mrs. Pryor's recollections are incidentally of the latter class. The wife of a quondam editorial writer in

Richmond and in Washington, a firebrand secessionist Representative, a Confederate military officer, a Federal prisoner, and for many years a judge in this city, Mrs. Pryor has written a vivid and picturesque account of what she saw, heard, and lived between 1852 and 1866, in different places and under conditions almost constantly changing, and, immediately after 1861, going from bad to worse. About one-fourth of the volume is descriptive of social and political life in Washington during a few years prior to the outbreak of the civil war. In those days Southerners ruled Washington society, not, as has often been assumed, because they were naturally superior socially, but because the capital had no charms for Northerners of leisure; it was a Southern and slave-service city, and yet it was so great an improvement upon any city farther South, except New Orleans, that it perfectly served the planters and politicians as a social metropolis in winter. Even in summer it was a more bearable residence than any plantation in the Cotton States. Considering a large number of servants the chief of luxuries, Southerners brought slaves with them and thoroughly enjoyed the rather plain living and entertainments of that time. They possessed strong social tastes and abilities, and soon felt thoroughly at home in circles that had enough foreign and political coloring to excite their imagination and give much pleasure, which was always described in superlatives. Mrs. Pryor offers us the rare opportunity to learn what impression the ante-bellum Vanity Fair of Washington made upon a girlish and talented wife from a small Virginia city. Her accounts of the absurd styles, the beauties, the social leaders and social customs are thoroughly entertaining.

Of course, it is a serious, but unintentional, misrepresentation to say that Buchanan was so excited about secession, and withal so weak-minded, that "if one chanced to stand silently near him in a quiet corner, he might be heard to mutter, 'Not in my time—not in my time'" (p. 101). It is one thing for him to have had the thought and even to have often expressed it; but that he muttered it six or eight months before South Carolina seceded and when he had a company on the White House veranda to listen to an open-air concert by the Marine Band, is too much to believe on the evidence. Much truer to life, we trust, is the picture of R. M. T. Hunter, Garnett, Porcher Miles, Lamar, Boyce, Barksdale, Keitt, and Pryor holding all-night conferences in Pryor's library and drinking whiskey toddies till the break of day. It was said of the Southerners, a decade earlier, that they talked treason as they took their daily meals. Now they organized secession as they drank hot whiskeys, and we do not wonder that "the dawn would find them again and again with but one conclusion—they would stand together." And they did—later.

We hope that neither fact nor fancy will ever destroy the choice anecdote about the Russian minister, Baron Stöckle. Like a well-trained diplomat, he knew that he should express no opinions about American politics. At one of his genial dinners a lady, who was certainly not lacking in social valor or inquisitiveness, undertook, in this wise, to make him commit himself: "Come now, Baron! Here we are, Republicans and Democrats! Show your colors! Where do you belong?" "Alas, dear lady, I am an orphan! I belong nowhere! I am an *Old-line Whig*" (p. 61). There are others almost as good. When old Dudley Mann—whom a lady subsequently pronounced more of a success as a gallant than as a diplomat—was cautioned by his too thoughtful partner at a levee to be careful not to step on the long trains, he answered: "My child, I haven't lifted my feet for twenty years!"

It is doubtful if any wholly civilized modern people ever more generally suffered the penalty of defeat than the Confederates did. There may have been more than a shadow of truth in Botts's declaration about a rich man's war and a poor man's fight; but in the end there was a pure democracy of total wreck. It is all but literally true to say that every one lost everything. Many persons lost everything before this high tragedy had passed out of the period of buoyant confidence. It was Mrs. Pryor's fortune to see nearly all phases of life during the four years. At first she was on a Virginia tobacco plantation. Later she was either near the army or was in a Richmond hospital. For the last eighteen months of the war she was in or near Petersburg, much of the time in siege and famine. During the final winter and early spring she was in a country house very close to Lee's headquarters. In many respects she thought and acted like a typical Southern woman, full of sentiment, feminine illogic, and thoroughly noble sympathies as well as heroic perseverance. Others had better opportunities to describe life in Richmond, but her recollections of social and military conditions in Petersburg and of the shifts that she made there to keep from starving, are ample for the purpose. Her story of how, when the wolf was not at the door, but at the fireplace, as she says, she chanced to come across a trunk of out-of-date and laid-aside finery worn in Washington and of the sum she made out of it—by her wits and industry—reads like a tale of magic. Yet there is no question about the main facts, although they may have been somewhat colored by time.

The superiority of contemporary evidence to any reminiscence is picturesquely illustrated by a series of letters which Mrs. Pryor received from a friend in Richmond, and which she now publishes. Because the writer is still living, her identity is concealed behind the name of Agnes. The letters contain several rare gems. Here is one that is matchless: Agnes usually took an early morning walk in the Capitol Square if she had had a very restless night. She was sitting on a bench there before breakfast on the morning of the day to be made famous by the pathetic Bread Riot. From a crowd of several hundred women and boys, "a pale, emaciated girl, not more than eighteen, with a sunbonnet on her head, and dressed in a clean calico gown," came and sat down beside her, remarking as she did so, "I could stand it no longer." She was evidently a dressmaker's apprentice; she had delicate features, large eyes, and had probably been pretty:

"As she raised her hand to remove her sunbonnet and use it for a fan, her loose calico sleeve slipped up, and revealed the mere skeleton of an arm. She perceived my expression as I looked at it, and hastily pulled down her sleeve with a short laugh. 'This is all that's left of me!' she said. 'It seems real funny, don't it?' . . . I was encouraged to ask. 'What is it? Is there some celebration?' 'There *is*,' said the girl, solemnly; 'we celebrate our right to live. We are starving. As soon as enough of us get together, we are going to the bakeries and each of us will take a loaf of bread. That is little enough for the Government to give us after it has taken all our men.'

"Just then a fat old black Mammy waddled up the walk to overtake a beautiful child who was running before her. 'Come dis a way, honey,' she called; 'don't go nigh dem people,' adding, in a lower tone, 'I's feared you'll ketch somethin' fum dem po'-white folks. I *wonder* dey let's 'em into de Park.'

"The girl turned to me with a wan smile, and as she rose to join the long line that had now formed and was moving, she said simply, 'Good-by! I'm going to get something to eat!'"

The "Bread Riot" had begun.

We like the volume as a whole for what it makes one see and feel. It cannot be called a great book, but it is thoroughly entertaining and profitable reading. And the reader, after many a hearty laugh, and now and then a tear, and considerable instruction as to what Southern natures and ideas were like, will find himself richer in humor and in sympathy than he was before.

William Ward, A.R.A., and James Ward, R.A.: Their Lives and Works. By Julia Frankau. With thirty photogravures. Pp. xi., 333. Folio of 40 Prints 18x24½ in mezzotint and stipple. Macmillan Co. 1904.

This handsome large octavo volume and sumptuous folio of prints give an account of the lives and illustrate the works of two English artists of the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. The artistic productions of these men interestingly reflect the æsthetic conditions of their time, and afford illustration of the character of the fine arts as then practised by men of no high order of genius or artistic culture, though of considerable technical skill, especially in mezzotint engraving, a process which was highly developed in the eighteenth century. The brothers James and William Ward were what are called self-made men, who from humble origin rose to considerable eminence in popular esteem, both becoming members of the Royal Academy, and James an Academician and Painter and Engraver to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. The story of these lives is sufficiently told in the 72 pages devoted to them, and the remainder of the volume consists of a descriptive catalogue of works engraved by them, a list of their original paintings exhibited at different times in the Royal Academy and elsewhere, and indices of their engravings after the works of various other English artists.

James practised painting more extensively than his brother, and in early life became very successful as a painter of animals and *genre* subjects, under the inspiration of George Moreland, his brother-in-law. He also found extensive patronage in portraiture of high-bred animals, in which he rivalled in commissions from the nobility and gentry the most fashionable portraitists of the human subject. But at the age of fifty he made a wide departure from the path that he had hitherto followed, and thereafter labored in a different direction for which he was not so well qualified. The British Institute, we are told (p. 40), had offered a prize of a thousand guineas for a painting treating alle-

gorically the triumph of the Duke of Wellington. This fired James Ward's ambition to appear in the rôle of a great imaginative designer. In the notions which now possessed him we see the influence of that artificial academic teaching which prevailed at the time, and gave rise to the pedantic and bombastic art of Fuseli and Haydon. His own diffuse and vainglorious description of the work which he proposed to execute for this competition begins as follows: "The genius of Wellington, (1) on the *Car of War*, supported by Britannia, (2) and Attended by the Cardinal Virtues, Commanding away the Three Demons, Anarchy, (3) Rebellion, (4) and Discord, (5) with the horrors of War." He won the prize, but the work did not do him credit nor give him fame. His inordinate vanity was not abated by the lack of success with the public on this line of endeavor. He felt himself an injured man, and maintained this attitude to the end of his long life. The thirty photogravures of the book illustrate paintings by him that are said to have been never before engraved. The best of these are the least pretentious, as Plate V., "Calves"; Plate XI., "The Straw Yard," and Plate XXVI., "The Gravel Pit."

As an engraver, James Ward began his career early, entering the studio of Raphael Smith, the famous mezzotint engraver, at the age of twelve. But somewhat later he left this studio and became a pupil of his elder brother, William, who had before been taught by Smith. In the year 1799 the brothers formed a partnership as engravers, and engraved many works, in mezzotint and stipple, of the fashionable painters of their time—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner and others. The forty prints in the portfolio illustrate a selection from these. They appear not to be impressions from the original plates, save in one instance marked "Original Mezzotint," but hand-wrought copies by engravers whose names are not given. The stipples are printed in colors, and the whole series affords a good illustration of the English society life in the time of Jane Austen, as well as of the fashionable, and less important, art of the period.

The general make-up of the work is excellent: clear type and broad margins for the text, and for both text and plates special hand-made paper reproducing both the texture and the color of that which was used in the eighteenth century. The edition is limited to 350 copies, of which 50 copies are for America.

Oxford and its Story. By Cecil Headlam. With Illustrations by Herbert Railton. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

Oxford University, like Cambridge, delighted to veil its origin in the mists of a fabulous antiquity. Greek philosophers, it was said, chose Oxford as a suitable place of habitation, and in the same breath the champions of the University claimed Alfred the Great as their founder. They were incited to defend their antiquity by the boast of a Cambridge orator who, when Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge, declared that Oxford had borrowed from Cambridge her most learned men, and that Paris and Cologne also were derived from the East Anglian University. As a matter of fact, however, Oxford is somewhat older than Cambridge, but, even so, the beginnings of her schools cannot be dated earlier than the second half of the twelfth century. Towards the end of the eleventh century Europe began to recover from the degradation of the Dark Ages. Guilds of study, managed like trade guilds, sprang up, and in them is to be sought the original idea of a university. The school of philosophy at Paris was the centre of the enthusiasm of the twelfth-century Renaissance, and to Paris went many Englishmen in quest of the higher education. Henry II. recalled all English scholars from France in 1165, when he quarrelled with the French King, and that exodus from Paris drew many scholars to Oxford, where Henry had his palace. Oxford was already a wealthy and important town, commanding the great commercial thoroughfare of the Thames. Within a few years her schools had become famous, and when in 1187 Giraldus Cambrensis, a Welshman, wished to advertise his book on Ireland, he tells us that he resolved to read it before "a vast audience at Oxford, where the clergy in England chiefly flourished and excelled in clerkly lore." A little later, in the reign of John, when Oxford had an academic population of three thousand, the University became engaged in its first serious quarrel with the town authorities. The scholars migrated, and would not return until the citizens performed public penance for their oppression of the students, and the Papal legate, Pandulf, decreed that, in future, university students should be independent of lay jurisdiction. Paris was the model of all the universities of that time, and in 1246 the Pope declared that nobody must teach at Oxford who had not "qualified according to the custom of the Parisians." This account of the foundation of the University, which Mr. Headlam accepts, is, of course, wholly opposed to that which makes its origin local and ecclesiastical.

Oxford was from the first constantly embroiled in the politics of the kingdom, more deeply involved in civil struggles than Cambridge, more under the eye of English kings and queens. Always on the royalist side, she was more than once chosen as the seat of government. There can have been little chance for the academic life in the seventeenth century when the city swarmed with soldiers and courtiers, and the King and Queen were lodged in the Colleges of Merton and Christchurch. It was not, in fact, till after the Restoration, which she greeted with enthusiasm, that the University ceased to suffer from the upheavals inevitable to her conspicuous part in the political life of the country. She saw

"The Captains and the Kings depart"

at last, and, except for certain Jacobite disturbances, the eighteenth-century Fellows were left in peace to enjoy their privileges and to exchange epigrams with Cambridge. During the reign of George I., Oxford, faithful as ever to a lost cause, made a demonstration on a royal birthday and was overawed by a troop of horse dispatched by the King. About the same time the Crown had presented Cambridge with a fine library. This inspired the first Oxford Professor of Poetry to write the famous epigram:

"The King, observing with judicious eyes
The wants of his two Universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?
That learnèd body wanted loyalty.
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning."

To which Sir Thomas Browne retorted from Cambridge:

"The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs admit no force but argument."

Mr. Headlam has interwoven the story of the foundation of the several colleges with the general account of the rôle of Oxford in politics. Merton and University are the oldest foundations; Wolsey founded the greatest of all, Cardinal's College, which after his fall was to be renamed Christchurch, and known to all Oxonians as "the House." Trinity and St. John's are memorials of the Catholic reaction of the sixteenth century; Jesus, founded in Elizabeth's reign, was the first Protestant College, was endowed by a Welshman, and was always regarded by the Welsh as their National College. It was Leicester in the same reign who, designing to exclude for ever the influence of Rome, introduced a religious test which narrowed the University into a Church of England institution, and gave it that peculiarly Anglican character in virtue of which Oxford and Cambridge stand alone among the universities of Europe. The fashion that has made of Oxford a city of "dreaming spires" was first set by William of Wykeham, who built New College chapel. After that there was for a time a sort of mania for adding pinnacles to any College building or church that would receive them. Mr. Headlam's account of the growth of the University deals very thoroughly with the architecture, the religious controversies, the political embroilments—with the Oxford, in short, of the historian and antiquary. The development of her studies is, in comparison, somewhat neglected. Nor does Mr. Headlam do justice to the Oxford of the nineteenth century; his interest seems to end with "Jacobite Oxford," and he is content to sum up in a little over two pages all that has made Oxford a centre of English thought ever since she ceased to be a camp or to entertain a court. The whole Oxford Movement is dismissed in three sentences. This is to give an effect of lack of proportion to an admirable piece of work.

The illustrations, by Mr. Herbert Railton, are charming, and are beautifully reproduced; they are more successful, because more easily recognizable, than his drawings for the companion volume, 'Cambridge,' recently noticed in our columns. The index is hardly full enough for a work of this sort, and there are strange omissions, as for instance the important college of Trinity. On page 354 Mr. Headlam speaks of "Dumas, the prince of highwaymen," and alludes to the famous tale of the lady who redeemed her luggage by dancing a coranto on the green. *Dumas* in this case is apparently a misprint (which is repeated in the index) for *Duval*. In his 'Cambridge,' Dean Stubbs did not so much as mention the Women's Colleges. Mr. Headlam has at least referred, in a footnote, to their existence at Oxford.

Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation. By Lafcadio Hearn. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

The "attempt at interpretation" made here by the late Mr. Hearn was to trace the political and moral life of the Japanese people to their religion, and that, too, in its restricted sense of ancestor-worship.

As every student of either ethnology or comparative religion knows, there has been, from first to last of human progress, an interaction between all human culturals, namely, between industry, knowledge, art, conduct, and religion, just because all are but varying functions of one unitary mind. Mr. Hearn has made an intimate and powerful contribution to such interaction between conduct (politics and morality) and religion, but has traced the interaction only one way—from, and not to, the religion; so that an unwary reader might be misled into supposing that in Japan religion was the primal and commanding human function. Here, as elsewhere, however, morality arose and constantly stands upon its own basis in man's nature, though often reinforced by religious conceptions. Mr. Hearn sometimes writes from this correct view of the coördination of morals and religion, as on page 511: "Certainly her [Japan's] power to accomplish what she has accomplished was derived from her old religious *and* social training." And again, on page 177: "So the conduct compelled through many generations by religious *and* civil authority tends eventually to become almost instinctive." (The italics are our own.) But on other occasions, as well as by the whole spirit and structure of the work, Mr. Hearn claims determinative influence for religion. Thus, at page 57, the Japanese Hirata is quoted to the effect that "Devotion to the memory of ancestors is the mainspring of all virtue," when Mr. Hearn continues: "From the sociologist's point of view, Hirata is right; it is unquestionably true that the whole system of Far Eastern ethics derives from the religion of the household. By aid of that cult have been evolved all ideas of duty to the living as well as to the dead—the sentiment of reverence, the sentiment of loyalty, the spirit of self-sacrifice, and the spirit of patriotism." But Hirata was apologist for the reviving Shintoism of the early nineteenth century against Buddhism, just as Mr. Hearn is now of the moribund Shintoism against Christianity.

Indeed, the whole work may fairly be regarded as a *Tendenzschrift* with the abovenamed object in view, as the author discloses on his last page but one:

"Perhaps this book, in spite of many shortcomings, will not fail to convince some thoughtful persons that the constitution of Far Eastern society presents insuperable obstacles to the propaganda of Western religion as hitherto conducted; that these obstacles now demand, more than at any previous epoch, the most careful and humane consideration; and that the further needless maintenance of an uncompromising attitude towards them can result in nothing but evil."

Not only Western religion, however, but Western competitive industrialism, is working against Far Eastern social structure; for all Western institutions are now individualistic, whereas all Eastern ones are communalistic, between which systems there can be no peace, though some system which shall "sublate" or synthetize the two may prove attainable to man.

An unequivocal case of this disposition to refer the foundation of everything admirable to religion occurs on page 162: "The Japanese love of cleanliness—indicated by the universal practice of daily bathing and by the irreproachable condition of their homes—has been maintained and was probably originated by their religion." The curious reader might inquire why one should attribute this unique effect to so general a cause as religion. An analogous error was perpetrated by Mr. B. H. Chamberlain in his 'Things Japanese,' as follows: "The Japanese passion for bathing leads all classes to make extensive use of the hot mineral springs in which this volcano-studded land abounds." Here the cart before the horse is pretty clear, and it seems much saner to attribute love of bathing to nature's provision of baths, for were not the baths on the ground first, and do not the Japanese heat the water of their artificial baths to an extreme of about 110 degrees Fahrenheit, which no other people can tolerate, in order to secure not only the cleansing, but the warmth—well-nigh necessary in the winter without warmed houses—that these natural baths afford? Besides, why did not this "passion for bathing" or this "religion" lead the Japanese to use their rivers and bays for bathing? It did not, and Japanese learned from foreigners such benefit as these offer; and in summer the rivers are muddy, while the sea is cold nine months in the year.

The second leading error of Mr. Hearn is to derive all religion from ancestorism, and practically to reduce all religion to it. Plain cases of the claim for derivation occur at pages 36, 38, 65, and 121. The text at page 65 reads: "Even where Japanese ancestor-worship evolved a mythology, its gods were only transfigured ghosts—and this is the history of all mythology." The last clause is inspired by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who is repeatedly quoted throughout the work, and is the only writer on the science of religion that is quoted. Shintoism, the ethnic faith of the Japanese, bears evidence to the *fusion* of naturism with animism, indeed, but none at all to the derivation of either one from the other; and Mr. Hearn was discreet enough to skip what Spencer attempted in vain to show, just how, when, and where the ghosts were "transfigured" into nature-gods. The gaps in the passage on pages 121-123 are obvious enough to a reader who seeks light on this problem. But to Mr. Hearn "ancestor-worship is the real religion of Japan," in spite of the commanding influence exercised upon the daily life of the nation by such deities as Amaterasu (sun), Susano (rain-storm), and Daikoku (moon).

Despite the special pleading of the book, its mass of details on the religious and moral life gleaned by Mr. Hearn through long years of intimate and sympathetic acquaintance with the Japanese, will prove invaluable to the student of religion or sociology, and interesting reading to all who love men or care for mental travel. Here, as one would expect from the author, the practices which discredit Japanese life are either omitted or are buried in footnotes. Perhaps, however, we already knew these well enough, and certainly we needed more to learn the good traits which are easily overlooked in us all.

The Divine Comedy of Dante: The Inferno. A Translation and Commentary by Marvin R. Vincent. Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is an ungrateful task to disparage a book made with love and earnest purpose by a careful scholar, even though the product seem to be of doubtful utility. Such a work is Professor Vincent's translation of the "Inferno"—to be followed shortly by the "Purgatorio." Dr. Vincent has turned Dante's poem into blank verse, rendering it with ingenious literalness and, as far as possible, line for line. He says in his preface:

"I have made a literal translation, and have not attempted to produce a smooth and elegant English poem; such an attempt will inevitably land any translator in florid paraphrase. . . . At the very best, translation is 'disenchantment.' . . . Literal translation will confront its readers with not a few novel, startling, and occasionally disagreeable forms of expression. For these Dante and not his translator must be held responsible."

Whether this last statement is quite just to the Italian poet, the reader may judge by comparing the following version with the familiar lines of the original:

"For pastime, we, one day,
Were reading about Launcelot, how Love
Enthralled him. All alone we were, and naught
Suspecting. Oft our eyes that reading urged
To meet, and drove the color from each face.
But that which overcame us was one place
Alone. When, how the smile that woke desire
Was kissed by lover such as he, we read,
This one who never shall be parted from me,
All trembling, kissed my mouth. Galeotto was
The book, and he that wrote it. We, that day,
No further read therein."

As may be seen from this specimen, Dr. Vincent's verse is devoid of poetic beauty: it is harsh, unrhythmical, bald in expression, and full of clumsy, needless transpositions, which often obscure the sense. It is safe to say that nobody, without reference to the Italian, could understand the clause

"When, how the smile that woke desire
Was killed by lover such as he, we read,"

which in the original, be it noted, contains no inversion. On the other hand, it should in justice be stated that Dr. Vincent's rendering is almost uniformly accurate.

The author explains as follows the publication of his volume: "The last quarter of a century has witnessed such a notable revival of interest in Dante, and so many valuable contributions to Dante literature, that I have been led to believe that there is room for a new Translation and Commentary, in the light of these later contributions." Now, there are two classes of readers who might conceivably profit by such a book: first, those who wish to study the original with the help of a "pony"; second, those who, being ignorant of Italian, desire to read the famous poem in English. For the first class, the present work comes into competition with Professor Norton's prose translation, which, in its new edition, is quite a match for it in up-to-date scholarship. The only advantage offered by the new version is the division into short lines, which makes it easier to keep one's place; and this external merit is abundantly outweighed by the greater literalness of Professor Norton's prose, not to mention the fascination of his stately, poetic diction. For those readers, on the other hand, who are to derive from a translation their first and perhaps their only impression of the 'Commedia,' minute exactness is less important than clearness and literary grace; and in these respects Dr. Vincent's attempt is inferior to several earlier efforts. Dean Plumptre's version, for instance, while modern enough and sufficiently faithful, conveys some of the charm of the Italian.

A concise introduction to Dr. Vincent's work contains the information indispensable

to an understanding of Dante's world. The copious notes, which follow the text, afford all necessary help for the literal interpretation of the poem. A few inaccuracies may be noted, although they are of little significance to the general reader. Dr. Vincent makes, for instance, the common mistake of confounding the northern hemisphere with the hemisphere of land. One would gather, also, from his statement, that the situation of Purgatory in the middle of the ocean was a part of the Ptolemaic system. The sphere of fire is said to begin at the entrance of Purgatory proper, an opinion not generally accepted and apparently irreconcilable with Dante's description of Eden. Dante nowhere in the 'Commedia' says that at the fall of Lucifer "the earth fled away . . . northward, forming the pit of hell"; he speaks only of the flight in the opposite direction, and so the inconsistency found by Dr. Vincent disappears. The etymological information, "*oc* is *hoc est, oil* is *hoc illud est*," seems, to say the least, unfortunately phrased. "Albertus Magnus, Aquinas, and Bonaventura" were "contemporary with Dante" only in the sense that they died after his birth. It is hard to see just what the author means by denying that the Empire is a temporal agent, and declaring that it is "a spiritual agency no less than the Church"; Dante tells us that the object of the Empire is the "beatitudo *hujus* vitæ." Of the 'Commedia' we are told: "In a literal sense it is Dante's own spiritual biography; in another sense it is the spiritual biography of man as man"—a definition quite at variance with the almost equally unsatisfactory statement in the Letter to Can Grande, which work the author himself repeatedly mentions, always referring to it, by the way, as if it were unquestionably Dante's own.

These blemishes amount to nothing in comparison with the general trustworthiness of the annotation. There is, however, one fundamental defect in the whole exposition: the commentary is devoted almost exclusively to the letter, and grants to "the things signified through the letter" only the most fleeting and perfunctory recognition. For example, nearly a full page (p. 257) of fine print is given up to the discussion of an unimportant geographical detail, while the much debated *tre fiere*, in which many scholars now see a clue to the entire symbolism of the "Inferno," are dismissed with a scant eight lines of the most antiquated comment. What would Dante have thought of an interpretation that concerned itself only with the literal sense, or "fiction," neglecting the "sposizione allegorica e *vera*"?

The Luxury of Children, and Some Other Luxuries. By Edward Sandford Martin. Harper & Bros. 1904.

In this slight but very entertaining book Mr. Martin touches the question of "race suicide" with a lighter hand than is usually brought to bear on that overworked topic. We have been told that there was a time in the history of Arabia when any daughters who threatened to be superfluous were put out of the way to save the family pride, which might one day have to face a misalliance. It is from some such solicitude, says Mr. Martin, that American families tend to be too small. "Solicitude for posterity has gone too far when existence has been denied to a possible citizen for fear he may never own a steam yacht." If only Americans would realize that children are luxuries, they would never be so self-denying. They would take pride in a collection of children, just as they now take pride in their pictures and tapestries, and there is really more fun to be got out of luxuries that are alive than out of objects of art whose end is an auction. Every one on the lookout for an intelligent investment should put his money into children; they are gilt-edged securities.

This point of view is one that Mr. Roosevelt has overlooked, but it is probably more convincing than solemn exhortations to do one's duty by the race. If we adopt it we shall never again allude to Jenkins as "a poor man with a large family," or to Jones as a "rich man with one daughter," "as though a man with much money and only one daughter could justly be called rich." If excitement is what you are after, is there any excitement so constant and yet so little liable to pall as that provided by one's family? And yet, says Mr. Martin, with mingled pity and scorn, there are people who think it a luxury to own a victoria in which they may drive in the park, and would regard a schoolboy as an object of expense. There is no stimulant like the possession of children. They incite you to work, they fire you to rub up your rusty Greek and Latin; their table-talk, as they pass through the various stages of education, educates you over again, and keeps you abreast of new studies and new methods. "Greatly important and greatly remunerative," concludes Mr. Martin, "is this business of raising and training children and being trained in turn by them. It comes very near being the best worth-while thing there is."

Nine of the fourteen short essays in the volume are devoted to the praise of children. In "The Pinch of Comfort" we are introduced to Cattlett, to whom a lady of high fashion said, speaking for her group, "You know, Mr. Cattlett, it's only a question of time when we shall be looted." This interesting thought inspired Mr. Cattlett to keep an eye on the best things. "When there is an art sale he watches the papers to see where the best things go. When there is a loan exhibition, he notices where the best things come from." When Newport is really sacked, Mr. Cattlett will be there with a catalogue. Mr. Martin's genial philosophy and ingenious style fit him for the lighter kind of essay, and the volume before us is a very agreeable whole. The illustrations by Miss Sarah Stilwell include several full-page colored plates, while every page has on its margin a study of children reproduced in colors.

The Life and Work of E. J. Peck among the Eskimos. By the Rev. Arthur Lewis. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1904. 8vo, pp. xvi., 350. Portrait and illustrations.

Mr. Peck was an able seaman in her Majesty's navy, who became converted and volunteered for missionary service among the Eskimo of northeastern British America, was ordained, and has since spent his life in the vicinity of Hudson Bay, Labrador, and Cumberland Sound trading posts or whaling stations, endeavoring to "bring to Jesus" the unsophisticated children of the North. He seems to be a good and earnest man, but unfortunate in his biographer.

The book opens, not with an account of Mr. Peck's ideas of Eskimo ethnology—which, however crude and mistaken, would have had a certain interest—but with an uncomprehending compilation from sundry very good authorities on Eskimo life, a sort of intellectual crazy-quilt. It proceeds by telling of Mr. Peck's journeys and their discomforts, where he went, and how he was housed—nothing of his methods of teaching or what he taught, though the general dreariness is lighted up by one or two anecdotes; as of the Eskimo woman who was indignant with the new religion because, by Mr. Peck's account of it, a woman was represented as being the cause of all the subsequent spiritual miseries of mankind—to wit, Mother Eve. Another, who doubted the superiority of Christianity, pointed out to the mortified evangelist as the only Christians he knew, the drunken sailors and debauched traders of the little settlement, and, very naturally, doubted whether he would gain morally by an exchange.

Mr. Peck's labors have doubtless borne some good fruit, not on account of his eighteenth-century theology, but because he is a loving, earnest, and devoted, though ignorant, man. Even the crass incompetence of his biographer cannot hide that from us. But any understanding of the man, his mission, or his successes and failures, to be gained from this book, must be sought between the lines.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anne. The Bachelor Girl's Colonial Beau. Neale Pub. Co. $1.
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The Week.

The President's message in no way appears more interesting than when it is compared with the party platform. The document, as printed in the minion type of this newspaper, fills 336 inches. Of this only a fraction over 108 inches is devoted to the subjects which the platform included. The tariff and reciprocity are not mentioned at all. There is no mention, either, of the Southern representation plank. The pension problem is dismissed in 41 words, and the whole question of the upbuilding of a merchant marine, so dear to Republican hearts, receives only 16 words in the message, though it had 90 in the party platform. All this is but another way of showing how largely the message is a personal rather than a party document. It touches on 32 main topics, of which several naturally fall into subdivisions. Only eight of them can be called matters of party policy in any sense. But we find at the same time only a very slight admixture of that concentrated essence of political wisdom which was distilled at Chicago in the last week of June. The session is still before us, of course, and the members of the next Congress are only beginning to turn their minds to matters of statesmanship. But if the time shall come when all is not harmony between the executive and legislative branches of the National Government, some of the peculiar features of this message will be worth looking back to.

We are seeing just now an illustration of the value of cynicism in public affairs—we use the word in its good sense. Lord Salisbury, for example, was called a cynic, but this often meant simply that he applied the severe tests of experience and practicability and truth to current proposals for bringing in the millennium. "Is it not," demanded Rosebery, the other day, in his *éloge* on Salisbury, "a priceless advantage, when an untimely or importunate question is put, or some subject is advanced which it is not desirable to discuss, to have the acid, the cynicism, to apply to it to dissolve it, at any rate for the moment?" The process is at work before our eyes in the case of President Roosevelt's programme. This is of immense scope, ranging, in its benevolent intent of improving everything, from the regulation of child-labor to cutting off the tentacles of *Octopus Horribilis*. But already men are comforting themselves with the reflection that little if anything will be done. This is a tough old world, they are saying, and it is a good thing that it is, in order to withstand the impetuous charge of those who would reform everything by unsettling everything. There is no straiter sect of cynics than United States Senators, and they are already applying the acid to the President's plans. Senator Quarles, for instance, cheerfully observes that Mr. Roosevelt's recommendation that the Interstate Commerce Commission be empowered to fix railway rates, was rejected by the Senate even before it was written.

The brief paragraph in the President's message on the currency question embraces two proposals which, a few years ago, would have been considered rash and dangerous in a political if not in a financial sense. He advises that the proper committees of Congress consider the question of the retirement of the greenbacks, and the problem of securing in our currency such elasticity as is consistent with safety. He holds, also, that every silver dollar should be made by law redeemable in gold at the will of the holder. These recommendations are conservative and prudent. In urging the retirement of the greenbacks, the President has simply reverted to the declared policy of the Republican party soon after the close of the civil war. In 1865 the Secretary of the Treasury (McCulloch) recommended such retirement, and Congress, by a nearly unanimous vote, passed a law to carry it into effect at the rate of $4,000,000 per month. It remained in force two years and two months. If it had not been repealed, we should probably have avoided the panics of 1873 and 1893, and the later calling in question of the standard of value. President Roosevelt's recommendation that the silver dollar be made redeemable in gold is likewise a revival. The so-called gold standard act of 1900, as originally passed by the House, contained a clause of this purport, which was, for some inscrutable reason, stricken out by the Senate. If it had been passed, it is not likely that even one silver dollar would ever have been presented for redemption in gold; yet the redeemability clause is needed to unify our monetary system.

It is now officially announced that Mr. Roosevelt will not summon Congress in extraordinary session, next March, to revise the tariff. That decision may be wise—there are obvious arguments in its favor; and it does not necessarily imply that the President's purpose is slackened. Yet it will undoubtedly stiffen stand-patting. The professors of that art will smile knowingly, and will say that it will be easy to secure adjournment after adjournment of tariff reform. To kill by waiting for a convenient season is an old political manœuvre. Those who have staved off a March session will now apply themselves to the work of preventing an October session. Revising the tariff is like pulling a diseased tooth—it can always be borne better at some other time, which never arrives. It is said that the President is hesitating, not as regards what he wants to see done, but in respect to the means of doing it. He appears to have a morbid dread of "splitting his party." His knowledge of political history seems to weigh upon him. He wishes to profit by the misfortunes of his predecessors. No Grover Cleveland rows for him! Yet a powerful sentiment lies ready to be evoked in his party. Republicans all over the country are sick and tired of the high tariff. They know it to be obsolete; they suspect it of being oppressive. Of many schedules they feel, with Congressman McCall, that they cannot look people in the eye and speak in defence. Reform is not only needed; there is an immense latent demand for it within the Republican party. It is for President Roosevelt to summon this forth and convert it into an actual political energy. But he cannot do this successfully by private conferences, no matter how numerous or with how eminent personages. He should, somehow, publicly lift a standard to which honest reformers may repair.

The Secretary of the Treasury, in his annual report, estimates, for the fiscal year ending with next June, a deficit of $18,000,000. Since the deficit for the five completed months of that fiscal year has been $25,900,000, a surplus of nearly $8,000,000 is evidently expected by the Treasury from the operations of this month and the six which follow. This is not unreasonable expectation; a surplus of some $20,000,000 was earned in the same months of the past fiscal year, and the increased expenses of the Government will not wholly nullify the analogy. The estimate of a $22,300,000 surplus for the fiscal year 1906 is rather more doubtful. It assumes, first, a $15,000,000 reduction in appropriations, and, second, a revenue from customs and excise $14,000,000 above the estimate for the present year, and $17,000,000 beyond the results of the twelve-month ending with June, 1903. There is, of course, a more or less steady advance, under normal circumstances, in public income from these sources; and the Secretary also points out that $7,500,000 of the decrease in last year's customs yield resulted from the removal of taxes on Cuban sugar and tobacco. But it is not entirely safe, especially

with the customs, to predict a year and a half ahead. The final result depends on the country's purchase of foreign goods in the interim. The Secretary himself, indeed, ends his review of the situation by remarking, "It is evident that the policy of public improvements cannot be enlarged upon without providing some measure for a corresponding increase in revenue."

One could wish that the bill dealing with negro disfranchisement could have had a better sponsor than Senator Thomas C. Platt. But as the President is apparently determined to ignore the part of the Republican platform dealing with this subject, there is no chance of the measure being seriously pushed in this session of Congress. Its introduction serves to call public attention forcibly to a condition of gross political inequity as between the States, and of grave injustice as affects a whole race. Such wrongs it is better to discuss, and even agitate, than to allow to sleep. They will not sleep. The last election signified that thousands of earnest and honest men in the North are deeply concerned at the discrimination against negro voters in the South. They do not propose to leave the matter alone. They are looking for a remedy, and will not be content till one is found. Of course, the simplest and most obvious remedy is in the hands of the Southern States themselves. Let them enact such laws regulating the franchise as they may think necessary to guard against illiteracy and poverty, but let them be impartially enforced with black and white alike. That is the sting of the present system—it lets in every ignorant and worthless white, and disfranchises thousands of intelligent and property-owning blacks.

The shallow suggestion that the South ought to cut loose from the Northern Democracy and go its own way in political matters, has served a good purpose in eliciting frank and significant discussion. The Charleston *News and Courier*, for instance, takes the view that, even if political independence were in itself desirable for the South, she has not at present the men to make it effective. "What man is there in the public life of the South to-day," it asks, "who would make an available candidate for President?" "When the tariff was under consideration," it goes on, "and they [the Southern politicians] were in position to settle the question on a fair basis, they were coquetting with the subject in a purely local way. They ran off into the wilderness after false lights on the money question. They fell into line with the Republicans on the Panama issue, and took everything that came their way when the Republican Administration at Washington entered upon its policy of territorial acquisition." Moreover, "the 5,000,000 Democratic voters in the North and West are entitled to as much consideration, surely, as the 2,000,000 Democratic voters in the South." As a matter of fact, criticism about as harsh could probably be applied to the representatives of any other group of twelve contiguous States, if we set them apart for special scrutiny. Drawing its officeholders from every corner of the nation, neither of our great parties, as it is, finds a supply of ability and integrity in excess of the demand.

Without Mr. Hepburn's annual motion to strike out the appropriation for the Civil Service Commission, we might not fully realize that we are enjoying the benefits of a reformed system. As it happened, Mr. Hepburn's protest and Gen. Grosvenor's exposition of the pitiful case of a rural carrier who had been "hounded" by agents of the Commission, fell on the same day as the convention of the Civil Service Reform League. To the veterans of this cause the empty wrath of Grosvenor and Hepburn must recall those early days when they themselves were looked upon as ridiculous if not pestilent persons. Now their principle of appointment by merit is so firmly entrenched that the few advocates of the spoils system who have the courage of their convictions bear an obsolete aspect, as if doddering on in ignorance of the passing of their dispensation. Mr. Schurz's address brought out the real services of President Roosevelt. There never has been any doubt where his heart has been; the cause has had more consistent champions, but none stouter. Yet Mr. Schurz very properly recalled the numerous cases in which Mr. Roosevelt had suspended the civil-service rules. This shows that curious tendency in reformers to assume powers—counting on their own virtue—which they would shudder to see exercised by corrupt politicians. That, as Mr. Schurz pointed out, is to assume that good men will always be elected, and to assert that the good do not need the steadying influence of law. Both assumptions are genial, but obviously perilous. It is highly significant of the progress that has been made that the civil-service reformers of to-day concern themselves not with the onslaughts of their foes, but with the foibles of their friends.

The discovery by Senator Spooner on Monday of a loophole in the Philippine Improvement bill through which our Government might lose millions, was one of those cases in public life where a specialist's knowledge can pick out in a moment a flaw which all the industry and conscientiousness in the world would have failed to correct. Leaving out of account the principle of the bill, there was every reason to suppose that in matters of detail it had been subjected to such scrutiny as would bring it near perfection in point of workmanship. It had been approved by the Philippine Commission, and Secretary Taft had gone over it in detail with the House committee. That committee, including such experienced legislators as Cooper, Tawney, and Crumpacker, had worked over it for weeks before making its report, with an aggressive minority to keep them vigilant. In the Senate it passed through another committee headed by Henry Cabot Lodge, and including Hale, Proctor, Beveridge, and Burrows. Yet, apparently, nobody perceived that the clause authorizing the Government to guarantee the income of Philippine railroads was so worded that those railroads might become insolvent under conditions that would leave the Government no protection. Senator Spooner's opponents in Wisconsin have harped on his former connections as a "railroad attorney," but it now appears that his thorough knowledge of railroad law is a very valuable thing to the country.

The Senate's strict adherence to the principle of seniority in apportioning privileges and responsibilities among its members is, we presume, in the long run a wise policy, yet in its application to some particular cases it comes perilously near absurdity. The two Senators who took their seats last week, for instance, are men of deserved national reputation, and both are experienced in public affairs. They have to fall in, nevertheless, behind the group of millionaire Senators who are negligible factors in legislation. It will be, in some ways, even more preposterous when Mr. Hemenway comes over from the House and is compelled to begin like any apprentice. Here is a seasoned legislator who has filled with success a position of responsibility in the House analogous to that of Mr. Allison in the Senate. Yet it will be more than ten years before he can be regarded as a leading figure in the Senate and hold any of the important committee places. Mr. Knox and Mr. Crane, in the quiet of their subterranean committee rooms, have at least the prospective satisfaction that it is almost as hard to dislodge a man from the top of the ladder after he once gets there as it was for him to make the ascent.

Seventy-four years have passed since the House of Representatives last had occasion to impeach a Federal judge. The question now affecting the Federal judiciary is happily not to be made in any sense a party issue. There was considerable danger last year that it might be. Eleven Republicans and six Democrats constituted the Judiciary Committee to which the Swayne case was referred. The six Democrats and two of the Republicans (four being absent) believed

that the evidence already taken justified impeachment proceedings against the Florida judge, while the other five Republicans dissented. But the absentee members interested themselves in the case, two of them signing the minority report against impeachment, and the other two being understood to incline that way. So there was presented the anomaly of a "minority" including more than half of a deliberative body. Judge Swayne was a Republican appointee, and it did not assist a non-partisan disposition of his case to find all the Democrats on one side and four-fifths of the Republicans on the other. The postponement was regrettable because the Senate cannot well hear the case for another year, and, if Swayne is found to be an unfit judge, he will have remained on the bench for two years longer than was really necessary. The House voted for his impeachment on Tuesday.

The question which thinking people will ask, in the face of the recent extraordinary performances in Wall Street, is what effect the affair will have on American finance, in the eyes of home or foreign observers. We do not now refer to the crazy outbreaks of a vulgar and sensational charlatan, with his impudent assumption of the right to speak for sober investors. Wall Street itself has abandoned its original and extremely foolish notion that all of the past week's collapse on the Stock Exchange was caused by one man with neither character, affiliations, nor resources sufficient for anything of the sort. It has directed its attention, rather, to the question, What was the condition of a general investment market, or of separate investment properties, which could be thrown into such chaos by any combination of stock-jobbing influences? For it must be observed that this month's fall of 5 to 20 points in values of active securities has been accompanied by no disquieting general news, by no serious tightening of the money market, and by absolutely no change in the financial outlook from what it was a month ago. What is the public to conclude, then, regarding a market and a community in which such things can happen?

Nothing has been more freely recognized, nothing more frequently proclaimed by intelligent observers this past autumn, than the fact that a gambling ring had seized the occasion of returning prosperity in America, and of an easy money market, to push up prices on the Stock Exchange in a manner so extravagant and reckless as to invite, many weeks ago, repeated predictions of disaster. The fact that the speculative public engaged in this reckless game, notwithstanding warnings from every trustworthy source, is of itself sufficient explanation of the rotten condition in which the stock market was found when speculators attacked it during the past week. We think the entire episode creditable neither to the wealthy capitalists engaged in it, nor to the outsiders who followed them, nor to the banks which provided the fuel for the speculative blaze. To our mind, it is no answer to say that the bank must lend to any one presenting marketable collateral, and that these people proffered such security. One does not hear of this sort of fast-and-loose use of depositors' money by the great banks of Paris and London. Our feeling is that the spectacle presented in the money market of the past two months—of notorious speculators borrowing money to buy stocks, securing those loans by the very stocks thus bought, advancing prices ten or fifteen points through the magnitude of their purchases, increasing their loans to precisely that extent because of the rise in value of the collateral, and straightway throwing into the speculative market the extra capital thus procured—is utterly discreditable to a sober banking community.

The St. Petersburg riots do not seem to be of great significance, save as a symptom of the general unrest. They were the protest of the reds against the zemstvo movement, hitherto heralded as a radical agitation, and show conclusively that for thousands of Socialists the reforms for which the zemstvo presidents are contending are far from satisfying. It must not be forgotten, however, that the radicals have paraded in St. Petersburg before, and that there have been many such demonstrations of late in various parts of the Empire, of far greater significance. The open denunciation of the war will, of course, displease those patriots and jingo editors the world over who in time of war preach the doctrine, "Our country right or wrong." We can imagine the horror which a similar protest in the streets of New York against the war with Spain would have created in certain quarters. It would have been treason at its worst. But in Russia the teachings and examples of Tolstoy seem not to have been without effect. There is no reason, not even the giving comfort to the enemy, which should prevent free men from denouncing a war made by their rulers, in which they have no part save to die or to shoulder the cost, and of which they heartily disapprove. Silence gives consent, particularly where the actions of tyrants are concerned.

When the French Premier was nearly defeated, three weeks ago, on a motion condemning spying upon army officers, the Government press declared that the Deputies had been stampeded by the sensational revelations in *Figaro*. M. Combes so fully took this view that, after allowing the Minister of War to resign, he published the circular which requires all officeholders to report on the political fidelity of their associates. That is, M. Combes maintained that no one who was not a "good Republican" should hold office, and boldly took the ground that all *fonctionnaires* were in honor and duty bound to report any disloyalty in their fellows. From this point of view, Gen. André was forced out, not because he urged his officers to inform on each other—indeed, the system of army espionage was defended as normal and necessary: Gen. André's fault lay rather in conducting the system badly, in heeding loose and anonymous accusations, and the like. That the Chamber of Deputies does not agree with M. Combes's casuistry was shown by the vote of Thursday, in which, on a motion to prosecute official informers, the Government majority was reduced to a bare two, showing that the former ominous vote was not the result of a stampede, but of well-rooted dislike of this sorry spying business. Of course, M. Combes always has the bill separating Church and State, to which all factions of the *bloc* will rally; but with this very dangerous issue of espionage prominent, and a radical income tax to carry, his position grows distinctly weaker.

The German Reichstag begins its sessions in the face of a discouraging financial situation. Of the individual States, Prussia's housekeeping is alone on a sound basis. That the national finances are very unsatisfactory, the Secretary of the Imperial Treasury was forced to admit. Still, in spite of rapidly growing expenditures, a national debt increased by four hundred million marks within a year, and an income the amount of which is admitted to be very uncertain, the nation is to go on its way with no thought of retrenchment. The army is to be increased once more by a number of regiments, the uprising in Southwest Africa must be put down at any cost to satisfy the national "honor," and the policy of wasting large sums on the other colonies is to be pursued. Naturally, all this afforded an opportunity to the great Social Democratic leader, Bebel. He asked very unpleasant questions. Why increase the navy, enlarge the army, plunge into rash foreign ventures, and thereby mortgage the future and put heavier and heavier burdens upon German industry? The Chancellor could make no reply, save to repeat the Rooseveltian assurances that large armaments make for peace. And he added—with an argument which we commend to our brand-new Secretary of the Navy—"A country which pays out every year $750,000,000 for spirituous wines and liquors can also pay $300,000,000 a year as an insurance premium for its security."

RAILWAY RATE PROBLEMS.

Two serious problems relating to the railways are discussed by President Roosevelt in one paragraph of his message, and under the one heading, "Rebates." He begins by declaring that "the rebate must be stopped" and that the legislation of Congress against it "must be enforced." He ends by recommending an extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission by which that body shall be enabled to fix rates, subject to review by the courts. The juxtaposition of these topics would lead the casual reader to suppose that this grant of authority to the Commission would not only cure the evil of secret rebates, but would also satisfy those shippers, particularly the farmers of the West, who are clamoring for lower rates. These are, however, two distinct matters; for even if the rates fixed by the Commission should please the farmer, there would still remain the possibility of illegal favors to large and influential shippers.

The plan to enlarge the power of the Interstate Commission is embodied in a bill introduced in the last session by Senator Quarles and Representative Cooper. The authority which the bill proposes to confer is vast, and might be subject to fearful abuse in the hands of a reckless or unscrupulous majority of the Commission. Were the radicals to ride into office and hold high place for a few years, they might, through the Commission, give the railways a terrible drubbing before the courts had time to act. For this reason a conservative man cannot with entire equanimity contemplate the passage of the act. And yet the attitude of stubborn resistance assumed by many railway men is also menacing. The beauties of the Cooper bill have recently been urged on the President by the Governors of Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. Behind these executives are the enthusiastic resolutions of many chambers of commerce and agricultural organizations. The strength of this feeling is shown by the reëlection of Gov. La Follette in Wisconsin, and the incessant agitation against the railways in Nebraska, Kansas, Washington, and California—to mention only a few striking cases. Indubitably the measure commands wide popular support.

This movement, if it cannot find vent in one way, will make it in another. Should the railways concede nothing to the Interstate Commerce Commission, they may be forced to yield much to a dozen State railway commissions. At this moment the agitators are comparatively quiet, for prices on agricultural products are so high that freight charges are not pressing the farmer sharply. But a heavy drop in wheat, corn, or cotton would rouse every slumbering Populist and set him to shrieking that his margin of profit is eaten up by the railways. The question in this aspect is political rather than financial. Railway presidents and managers are familiar with the inevitable results. If they fail to accede to an often reasonable request for fairer rates, if they continue to be a corrupting influence in State politics, they can look for serious trouble during the next pinch of hard times. The opponents, then, of the Cooper bill should not "stand pat," but should offer some substitute or compromise to satisfy public sentiment.

The secret rebate has no open friends or defenders. The railway president who is stoutest in resisting demagogues, admits frankly that nothing too harsh can be said about the officer who gives and the man who takes rebates. He can also point to the undoubted fact that were the rebate in its various forms—operating through terminal and elevator charges, private-car contracts, and sidetrack systems—swept away, much of the hostilities to railways would go with it. The farmer is angry not so much because he is paying a ten-dollar freight bill as because he believes some rich corporation is paying only five. He rages against the injustice which puts him at the mercy of a Beef Trust or wheat ring. If he were sure of a fair field and no favor, he might acquiesce in existing rates with some complacency. But when he discovers that he is undermined, he says in his haste that all railway officials are liars, and that the worst is too good for them. This subject of rebates has recently been discussed very fully in articles on the Standard Oil Company in *McClure's Magazine*. They have refreshed our memories by reprinting from the abundant testimony that the oil monopoly succeeded in crushing competitors largely through the collusion, sometimes criminal, of railway officers. There are good grounds for belief that other huge corporations have enjoyed and are enjoying similar advantages. Such outrage, as current newspaper comment shows, has kindled throughout the country a deep and abiding wrath.

But the remedy has not yet been discovered. Like the thief and the receiver, both the railway and the pet shipper are bound to secrecy by every possible motive. The manager who sees his traffic slipping away from him is likely to turn, like a rat in a corner, and match the rate of some rival whom he suspects of underbidding him. The heavier the pains and penalties and the greater the risk, the more desperately he may cut. He may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. The President can say "must be stopped" and "must be enforced"; but no man has yet devised the machinery that will do this work. It is the farmer's or small merchant's knowledge that he is actually impotent against a conspiracy of force and fraud that incites him to his bitterest denunciations of railways, to his propaganda of State ownership. The large Socialist vote of the last election is one of the straws on the current. It is to avoid being sucked into a whirlpool of Socialism that we urge the railway interests to offer in Congress not an obstructive but a constructive policy.

THE PURSUIT OF PURE FOOD.

The pure-food bill raised its head in the Senate on Thursday just long enough to be pushed back into retirement. There, according to the best information, it is likely to remain until the end of the session. Meanwhile, other developments keep interest in the subject alive. One of the latest contributions is the Secretary of Agriculture's report on the completion of the first series of "poison-squad" experiments at Washington. The detailed statement of results in these tests is still to be published, but the general conclusions are discussed by Secretary Wilson.

He does not hold that the results of these experiments would warrant the absolute prohibition of the use of borax as a preservative, but he does think that it should be restricted to cases "where the necessity therefor is clearly manifest, and where it is demonstrable that other methods of food preservation are not applicable, and that without the use of such a preservative the deleterious effects produced by the foods themselves, by reason of decomposition, would be far greater than could possibly come from the use of the preservative in minimum quantities." Whenever preservatives of any sort are used, he urges that the label should plainly indicate the fact, for the safeguarding of the young, sick, or debilitated.

Dr. Wiley's report, when published, will contain, it is understood, all the original data concerning the daily physical condition of each of the young men selected as subjects, so that any independent student will be at liberty to dispute the official conclusions if he chooses, and put his own interpretation on the facts as brought out. Meanwhile, the results as made public are that one half gramme per day of borax or boric acid is too much for the normal man to receive regularly, though he can take that quantity for a limited period with impunity. Daily doses of 4 or 5 grammes usually bring about loss of appetite and decreased efficiency for work. Doses of 3 grammes, 2 grammes, and sometimes even 1 gramme per day, produced the same symptoms in lesser degree, though a majority of the men under observation were able to take 3 grammes per day for a somewhat protracted period without being unfitted for duty.

Translating these proportions into terms of food as bought in the market is not easy. The preparations sold for preserving sausage or Hamburg steak, if used according to directions, should be mixed in the proportion of eight ounces to the hundred pounds of meat.

About three ounces of the eight are borax. Thus, roughly speaking, each pound of sausage contains 15 grains, or one gramme, of borax. As a matter of fact, it is often used carelessly by butchers, and the proportion varies greatly. In meat the surface of which has merely been washed with borax, the proportion would be extremely small. On the other hand, some products contain very large quantities. The Chinese prepare the broken eggs which they sell to bakers in this country, by mixing four or five pounds of borax to the hundred pounds of stale eggs. This would mean a proportion of about 20 grammes to the pound, and there might be nearly a gramme in a single slice of cake.

This, then, is the outcome of the Government's long-continued interest in the question whether borax is or is not injurious when added to food. The conclusions are doubly interesting when we recall what it was that first interested the American people in the borax question at all. When the German Government, four years ago, applied a new set of restrictions to American meat products, one of them based on the theory that borax was unwholesome, who does not remember the protest that went up from the packers and their sympathetic fellow-countrymen? The excuse given, everybody said, was a mere pretence. The real object was merely to hurt our foreign trade. Our Government hunted up and got ready for use an old law which authorized retaliatory measures against any nation which should impose unreasonable restrictions on our products. That the ruling was "unreasonable" was taken for granted.

Now, the careful investigations of our own Government seem to vindicate that part of Germany's contention which related to the use of borax. The law against foreign adulterated products, which went into effect last June, and under which a great deal of good has already been accomplished, is based in part on the retaliatory theory. It provides merely that no country shall be allowed to export to us any articles of food or drink which would come under the ban of their laws if offered for sale at home. What they will let their own people eat, we will let them send to us. But if we make a regulation against a certain product, it ought to be because we ourselves think it harmful, not because some other nation thinks it so when it comes from us.

There met at St. Louis last month an International Pure Food Congress, including representatives of foreign governments, the State Dairy and Food Departments, and State Boards of Health in this country, the United States Department of Agriculture, and the various food-manufacturing interests. In dealing with the question of antiseptics in food, this congress passed some very sound resolutions. It cannot be too often emphasized that "there are available unobjectionable methods of preserving foods; for example, limited cold storage, desiccation, sterilization, and the use of the long-employed and condimental preserving agents, such as salt, sugar, vinegar, and wood smoke." The Congress resolved, further, that "the use of preservatives and antiseptics other than those mentioned above must be, previous to their use, justified by the manufacturer, and no citizen should be required to ascertain for himself whether or not the food we consume contains an added preservative other than those mentioned above; and, therefore, when any other preservative or antiseptic is added to food, the name and amount thereof should plainly appear upon the label."

One case which the manufacturers would put forward for justification under such a rule would be that of salt codfish. This staple product is prepared with a surface application of borax. The Massachusetts representatives presented its claims with such force before Congress last year that the Hepburn bill was amended so as to make an exception in favor of such preservatives as would naturally be washed away in the ordinary preparation of the food. Specific legislation against a particular ingredient employed in food products ought to be a last resort. The history of such measures as the Missouri "alum law" shows the dangers that lie in this class of measures. As Dr. Wiley once said of French peas, "If people want to have copper-plated stomachs, it is not my affair." But there is nothing of sumptuary legislation in a law which warns the purchaser that there is copper in those peas.

POLITICAL PROGRESS IN RUSSIA.

The outcome of the zemstvo movement is still in the balance, and we would not hazard a prediction what turn the pronounced constitutionalist tendency of the Russian "intellectuals" may take in the immediate future. Prince Mirsky is at the present moment the pivotal point, with liberalism and autocracy at the two ends of the balance; but not even his most ardent friends put much faith in his ability to dominate the situation. Everybody admits his kindness and honesty, but he has not yet been tried in any political capacity, and the fear is lest his conciliatory spirit lead him into half-measures and compromises. The friends of liberty have already declared in unmistakable words that nothing short of a complete acceptance of the programme will satisfy them, while Prince Meshtchersky, who has for a long time acted as the spokesman of the autocracy, and who did not even like Von Plehve's "too liberal" views, has started out to make the minister's position untenable from another side.

The Czar has, indeed, awakened to the seriousness and urgency of the liberal movement. He could cut the knot by granting at once a fair measure of the demands of his most intelligent subjects. That would check the revolutionary propaganda, which is now stronger and more widespread than ever, and would strengthen the autocracy. But the Czar has in his former answers to various deputations displayed such ignorance of simple economic and political facts that it is not likely that he will be able to follow his "better" judgment. For these reasons the zemstvo movement may prove a complete fiasco for the present, and the direct result of it may be to intensify the even now intolerable severity of the bureaucratic régime.

It is generally assumed that the Russo-Japanese war and the death of two ministers, Sipyagin and Von Plehve, by the hand of the terrorist assassins are alone responsible for the apparent leniency the Government is exercising in allowing free discussion by the zemstvo leaders. It is also assumed that there is nothing in the past to warrant the continuance of the liberal movement. But this view is based on the former failures of the nihilists, anarchists, socialists, and populists either to unite for concerted action or to grow steadily. Things have, however, enormously changed since the eighties. During the nineties, and still more so since the beginning of the new century, there have been many indications that the first favorable opportunity, such as an unsuccessful war, would be seized for just the kind of constitutionalist movement that is now afoot in Russia. There is absolutely nothing sudden or unexpected in the present tendency. The opposition forces, while following out their own individual social-democratic, socialist-terrorist, or Tolstoyan programmes, have for the first time in Russian history met on common ground. Since 1902 they have freely exchanged their views in a bi-monthly, excellently conducted, at first in Stuttgart and lately in Paris, by Peter Struve. This periodical, the *Osvobozhdenie* (Liberation), was created for the purpose of uniting all forces in the great struggle for constitutionalism. Its influence on the liberals of Russia has been great and permanent.

In its very first number we find the germ of the present zemstvo demands. Most interesting is the extraordinary part that is ascribed to Leo Tolstoy in preparing the minds of Russia for the coming struggle. He is opposed to Pobyedonastseff as "the national hero of the new Russia," as "the most Russian of all the Russians." The Liberals are not at all inclined to accept Tolstoy's doctrines, but his extreme opposition to the present order is hailed by them. Nor is the liberal movement confined to the "intellectuals," as was the case with the previous movements.

The laborers throughout the length and breadth of Russia are permeated with the revolutionary spirit; and strikes, demonstrations, free fights with the police, of which the world hears but little, are the order of the day. Within the last few months very serious conflicts have occurred in Warsaw between the laborers and the police and soldiery. Even the army is filled with the spirit of opposition, and not only have reservists caused riots, but soldiers have even refused obedience to their officers. The apathy of the people towards the present war is unparalleled in Russian history. Lately a high premium was offered to the gendarmery of one of the Polish provinces if they volunteered to do service in the Far East. Not a single man came forward. The present contest is conducted solely by the Government party, with scant sympathy from the nation at large. Not a disparaging word is said of the Japanese; Japanese prisoners are showered with attentions which disgust the bureaucrats; Russian prisoners in Japan are loath to leave their captivity.

The information to be gleaned not only from the *Osvobozhdenie*, but also from the Tolstoy, the revolutionary, the social-democratic periodicals, and even from the newspapers and magazines which are printed in Russia under the very eyes of the censor, bears witness to a tumultuous state of affairs. Yet it cannot be said that the liberals will be at once able to substitute anything for the present well-organized bureaucratic machinery. No one in Russia has had sufficient political training to be able to deal with the situation. The liberals themselves are quite aware of the fact, and do not try to conceal it; but they all agree that matters could not possibly be worse than they now are. They believe that only a national representation and a liberal constitution can save Russia. Though the present movement may not be crowned with success, there has never before been such hopefulness in Russia as to the ultimate and even speedy victory of constitutionalism.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology celebrated on December 7 the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of its founder and first president, William Barton Rogers. All the speakers dwelt on what Prof. Francis H. Smith of the University of Virginia called the "breadth of interests" possessed by President Rogers. It was this that enabled him, as one of his pupils said, to divine the need of a coming age, to persuade a whole community to accept and support the new conception, and to influence and mould students and teachers into a working model that has been imitated, consciously or unconsciously, by "every successful scientific school in the English-speaking world." The Institute policy of offering, in addition to excellent technical instruction, some strong courses in history, economics, literature, and modern languages—general-culture courses—is one of the things that have made it possible for this school to spring up and flourish in the very shadow of Harvard.

The necessity of breadth of culture in a technical school was also the theme of John R. Freeman in an address at the inauguration of President Charles S. Howe of the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland. Mr. Freeman, whose work on the problems of New York water supply has made his name very familiar here, is an eminent and successful engineer himself and a student of educational questions. He may, therefore, be accepted as a competent witness. He quotes a manager of large industrial works as saying that a faithful uneducated laborer would generally keep a more correct tally-sheet of the unloading of a cargo than a bright high-school graduate whose thoughts were flying off on other things; that a large engine would be run with better attention and fewer breakdowns by a graduated stoker or oiler than by an expert machinist, who might be thinking out improvements instead of watching the mere operation of the machine; in short, that the best routine work is often done by a man incapable of anything much better. Mr. Freeman's conclusion is that the young man who is deficient in ambition or who cannot master "the art of getting on in the world," who is fated to follow a narrow routine, will not gain much efficiency, as a machine, by the long and elaborate curriculum of the technical school. On the same principle, those who possess energy, judgment, and "initiative" will profit greatly by something that is broader than a severe technical training.

Technical graduates, in Mr. Freeman's view, fall roughly into two classes: men of the higher grade, "the captains who will establish their own industrial works or be called to the $10,000 positions which are always so hard to fill right"; and lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and privates, who occupy the lower places. His aim would be, by addressing teaching to the highest grade, to produce more of the $10,000 men and at the same time better $4,000 men. To this end he lays emphasis on the fact that the purpose of the technical school is substantially that of any good college:

> "The chief function of the Technical School is not the filling of a man's memory with formulas and with knowledge of how everything is made, but rather is the training in methods of thoughtful research, of teaching how to put the question and where and how to find the answer, of how to set traps for our own unconscious errors, how to save time by understanding just what degree of precision is necessary to the case in hand, how to measure with certainty the limits of the ever-present error, and, above all, to develop and strengthen a warm, enthusiastic, undeviating love for the truth."

When this goal is held steadily in view, the technical courses are merely part of a discipline that enables an engineer to move with firm step through his own professional field, and at the same time to see the larger bearings of his subject, its relation to progress in all sciences and arts. This was the notion upon which the late Francis A. Walker so often laid stress during his presidency of the Massachusetts Institute. No engineer, he maintained, could reach the top of his profession without a general education which the man absorbed in technical details is likely to disregard. On this theory it was that President Walker strove so hard to maintain the so-called culture courses in the Institute.

Never more than at the present moment has there been need of preachers of this sound gospel. The enormous extension of scientific knowledge, the division and subdivision of our college courses until each covers a minute field with almost microscopic attention, has tended to make your specialist in all branches a man of narrow vision and atrophied sympathies. In the technical schools this tendency has inevitably been stronger than elsewhere. The generation which first discovered the practical value of scientific training could not help going a little too far in its enthusiasm. The reaction against the old rigid curriculum which practically excluded the sciences, produced a new curriculum which practically excluded everything else. Technical knowledge, once the neglected waif, became in a few swift years a spoiled darling. We are now able to look about us at things as they are. The experiment of half a century has produced results from which generalization is possible. The men of the elder day who had only the meagre college education of 1850, scarcely broader than that of 1750, were not so pitiably our intellectual inferiors. They sometimes learned to use their minds, which was, after all, the main thing. If they knew less than we about the "scientific method," they at least enjoyed the distinction of formulating that method and applying it in the spirit which should inform all education: *Humani nil a me alienum puto.*

TWO ADVENTURESSES.

Naturally, Thérèse Humbert comes to mind when the talk is of Mrs. Chadwick's financial feats, and indeed the parallel is close between the Gascon Mlle. Daurignac and the Canadian country girl Betty Bigley. Both were born of the farmer class, and carried always a kind of rusticity that disarmed suspicion of their real character as adventuresses. Thérèse Daurignac boasted of her father's "Portuguese estate," and raised money on the rumor of a wealthy marriage; Betty Bigley, also of school-girl age, had printed on her cards "Heiress

to $15,000," and actually floated notes for a few hundreds. After girlhood, our impostresses part ways. As a wife and mother, Mme. Humbert was exemplary, while into the chapters hinted at in the names of Mrs. Hoover, Mrs. Bastedo, and Mme. de Vere—to pick up a few at random—we may well decline to look. But the paths rejoin with respectable marriages. Thérèse Daurignac attaches to herself the dilettante son of ex-Minister Humbert; Mrs. Hoover disappears in Mrs. Chadwick, the wife of a well-to-do widower prominent as a physician and in society. Both husbands seem to have played a willing and obedient hand in the great game hazarded by their wives. But we should not underrate these husbands; their part if humble was indispensable. Their known position lent plausibility and weight to the else incredible deceptions practised by their better halves. A new Balzac would find a tempting theme in the husbands of great adventuresses. Here we can only hint at its possibilities, while passing on to the campaign these two women waged so startlingly against the avaricious and light-headed in finance.

And here with all regret the flag must come down. The device of the Frenchwoman was more intellectual, better calculated for a sophisticated race of money lenders. Superficially alike, the prime frauds were really different. Mme. Humbert's thoroughly imaginary litigants procured by writ of court the sealing up of alleged millions of disputed securities in a quite visible safe. There was, to be sure, no inventory, but it was always possible to show an impatient creditor the safe, at least, and tell him, "One day the seals will be broken." And about this safe was woven such a web of suits and countersuits that nobody could imagine that such effects were produced without a real cause. Comparable to the safe in the Avenue de la Grande Armée is Mrs. Chadwick's personal mystery and the custodian of her "trust securities." She had the advantage of a list of securities certified by a trust-company officer, and of a trust receipt seemingly acknowledged by Mr. Carnegie. Note the difference, though, that no dubious creditor of Thérèse could have opened the safe and found the collar buttons except by a somewhat difficult legal process, while any banker of Cassie's could have had word with Mr. Carnegie any day and learned the depth of the lie. And here emerges another point of superiority in the Frenchwoman. The Crawfords, the imaginary disputants of the phantom millions, never existed. Legally, however, they had existence, because suits were conducted in their name. Mme. Humbert's detractors, then, were put in the embarrassing position of trying to prove a negative. That is difficult, and there are still people who believe that the Crawfords, though sought in vain in their imaginary addresses, do yet live somewhere, *perdus*, like Venus or Barbarossa in their caves. Mrs. Chadwick's "trustee," on the contrary, is a most palpable reality; a two-cent stamp would have assured anxious lenders that he had no connection with her transactions.

Into the routine of the two impostures it is unnecessary to go. It is interesting to note only that a scandalous background was useful in either case. Mme. Humbert always explained the elusive habits of the Crawfords by their shame at the source of the millions—the treason of Bazaine; Mrs. Chadwick naturally dwelt upon the pain it would give if the veil should be torn from her past. We have here a hint of the *coulisses* of high finance and of further Balzackian possibilities. As for the rest, it is the old sordid story of bribes and bonuses. The victims for the most part deserve little sympathy. They undertook this shady business knowingly, lured by the promise of usury and of fraudulent personal profits. Again, the dénouement is identical: Thérèse in exile and at last in prison without a friend or a franc from those who had crowded her drawing-rooms; Cassie Chadwick, who had lavished her money upon acquaintances far and wide, seeking in vain a few thousand dollars' bail to keep her out of prison.

Her plan, we have said, was inferior to Mme. Humbert's. Yet it served, and if her pretensions had been moderate she might have lived in reasonable affluence all her life. Her personal fiction was in some fashion more crude than Thérèse's legal fiction. Indeed, Mrs. Chadwick's sensational career of dupery attests chiefly the power of snobbishness. Analyzed ruthlessly, her arguments were simply her glamour as a woman of great wealth and personal fascination, and her legend that she had a sure hold upon a multi-millionaire. Both the appearance and the legend were open to examination, but neither investigation was made. Mr. Reynolds, being unwilling to question a fine lady ungallantly, gladly vouched for securities he had not seen; a dozen bankers declined to rake up a possible scandal. This timidity towards flaunted wealth as represented in Mrs. Chadwick and towards great reputation in her alleged protector is a singular instance of a romantic snobbery prevailing over the impersonal laws of business. Because she so accurately measured the force of this money-worship in the people with whom she had to deal, Mrs. Chadwick must be credited with something like genius. Her actual dealings were vulgar enough; originality lay in her choosing a legend that nobody would want to puncture or even dare to probe.

THE SAINTE-BEUVE CENTENARY.

Sainte-Beuve, a century after his birth and a full generation after his death, is still one of the greatest names. No educated person is wholly ignorant of his position as a critic; nearly all whose culture takes the direction of letters have adventured in the delectable country of the "Causeries du Lundi"; all serious critics and students of literature have made him a patron saint; fairer prospects of literary immortality there could scarcely be. We hear occasionally complaint that he lacked doctrine; moralists cannot forgive him the personal frailties of which they learn chiefly through his own confessions; but people of taste regard him as the most delightful and informing of critics, and nobody outside the great creative writers has more quickly and surely won the suffrages of the judicious. Perhaps this very uniformity of praise leads to incomplete appreciation. Sainte-Beuve himself would have been suspicious of a fame of which all men spoke well. In admiring the product classified and displayed in scores of friendly little volumes, we are too likely to forget the method of its production. We need constantly to remind ourselves that these charming and illuminating essays are only secondarily books—except 'Port Royal,' Sainte-Beuve never wrote anything deliberately as an *œuvre*—but journalism which has borrowed the accuracy and dignity of scholarship.

Everybody has read, probably, the reminiscences of Sainte-Beuve's private secretary, who used every week, by order, to wager at astonishingly favorable odds that the promised Monday article for the *Constitutionnel* or *Moniteur* would not be ready on time. Nobody, perhaps, but a journalist can appreciate the labor that went to the preparation and writing of one such essay a week, and he insufficiently, for most of them involved what a more pretentious age calls original research. And when one recalls those fifteen last years in which this weekly production was continuous, it seems as if that period in the "Causeries" and "Nouveaux Lundis" produced criticism to tip the scale against the whole mass. Those essays, as Professor Saintsbury has shrewdly remarked, are the quarry from which almost all casual erudition of a journalistic sort is drawn; they constitute so much of a world of thought that critics as diametrically opposed as the doctrinaire Taine and the dilettante Anatole France may both honestly claim to find their origins in the "Lundis." It is hard to recall another case in which a large body of journalistic criticism, perfectly adapted to its immediate public, has proved transmutable into literature. In fact, to describe the peculiar achievement of that periodical creator of articles we need a new term, less vague than essayist, less reduced to common ends than journalist. In the term *periodista*, a periodical writer regardless of

the interval, the Spanish have very nearly the true word.

That Sainte-Beuve was a "periodical" of a most extraordinary sort, of a kind possible only in France, perhaps need not be urged at length. Let one consider how intermittent were Lowell's relations with the magazines, or Arnold's, or Pater's. And Sainte-Beuve turned off, week by week, essays not inferior to Lowell's "Dante." Possibly, we may best understand Sainte-Beuve by regarding him as a literary historian, caught young enough to master journalism, but mature enough not to be mastered by it. For, while he painfully learned the trick of writing for the waiting press, he never acquired the impatient habit of mind of the average journalist, nor descended to the conventional short cuts of the trade. The result is that the articles produced under the conditions of stress, so amusingly described by his private secretary, have the tranquil charm of the study and the perfume that haunts the leisure of alcoved libraries.

To account for the success of Sainte-Beuve one has only to reflect on his easily carried learning, the uniform delightfulness of his style, and the presence in France of a cultured audience for criticism. To account for his great and growing authority is more difficult. It was a position to which he laid little claim; there was small trace of the pontiff in his moral make-up. In fact, his ambition for universal sympathy and his preference for obscure subjects in which there was much to investigate, recover, understand, and explain, remove him far from the pragmatists. His effort consciously was to sympathize rather than to judge. With an intellectual curiosity not less than Montaigne's, he had an almost equal skepticism. And if to the challenge *Que sais-je?* he could have replied with the impressive roster of his essays, no one would have more heartily decried the notion that these were final or authoritative. His very conception of criticism as the unravelling of the individual human mystery behind every set of "collected works" precluded the idea of finality. We have, for that matter, a noticeable dearth of generalization in his works; it has been made a reproach.

The feeling of security in his essays, which one by no means finds in the more brilliant series of Jules Lemaître and Anatole France—his disciples, in a way—seems to rest, then, upon the perfect balance of appreciation and judgment. To appreciate with him meant not a contact just sufficient to produce an emotion—the true impressionist way—but it meant experience of all the emotions the subject was capable of producing. To this first stage he brought a singular open-mindedness, an Abraham-like respect for the unaccredited stranger at his tent-flap. And judgment with Sainte-Beuve meant not the application of general axioms, but simply the gradual adjustment of the subject in hand to his well-stocked mind. His task was merely to ascertain the place of any new object in his mental cosmos, and that was almost as inclusive as the world of Western thought. Thus, to repeat a very necessary distinction, his authority, while absolutely personal, was not impressionistic. He prevails not by ostentation of brilliant personal caprice, but by virtue of an experience and a character so exceptional as to carry authority. Perhaps no other writer has upheld the dignity of the critic's function with so much dignity and geniality. It is rarely given to be so uniformly right and with so little self-consciousness.

One is glad to recall, also, that Sainte-Beuve had his fling—a not very edifying green sickness—in poetry. That blunts the edge of the common taunt that the critic is a creative artist *manqué*. It is the sign that the critic, too, possesses the creative temperament, and is merely different from, not really other than, the poet or painter whose work he illuminates. But perhaps the more immediate lesson of the Sainte-Beuve anniversary is the precedent his career offers for the reconciliation of scholarship and journalism. It shows that the student may break the seclusion of his habits without lowering his work to marketplace standards; that literary journalism may be something other than registering the tastes of the day and applauding the notorieties of the moment. Literature has long made Sainte-Beuve her own; journalism, we trust, will one day reclaim him.

THE PAINTER DAVID.

PARIS, November 15, 1904.

Among the art publications of the "Librairie de l'Art Ancien et Moderne" I have noticed the volume devoted to Louis David, the painter, by Léon Rosenthal, professor at the College of Dijon. David has an eminent place in the history of French art, and made a revolution in it which was a sort of reflex consequence of the French Revolution itself. Art is always influenced by the general state of society, and what could be more different from the society of the eighteenth century, which preceded the French Revolution, than the society which followed it? David was the powerful exponent of a great change; he was the painter of the Revolution and of the Consulate. The "Serment des Horaces," the "Mort de Socrate," the "Sabines," "Marat," the "Coronation of Napoleon," the "Distribution of the First Eagles to the Regiments," the portraits of Pius VII., of Madame Récamier, may be considered documents representative of a dramatic period.

Jacques Louis David was born in Paris on the 30th of August, 1748, of a very humble family. He early showed a great disposition for drawing, and was admitted at the age of seventeen to attendance on the lectures of the Academy of Painting. After many unsuccessful attempts, he was admitted in 1778 as a pupil of the French Academy in Rome. He spent there five years, copied the details of Trajan's Column, the statues of the Capitol, and acquainted himself with the remains of antiquity; he also made several views of Rome, of its monuments, of the Roman Campagna. He sent to Paris (in accordance with the rule of the Roman Academy) several pictures and studies; two of the last, "Patroclus" and "Hector," purely academic, he preserved in his studio all his lifetime. In 1779 he sent a "Saint Jerome," and the year after "Saint Roch interceding with the Virgin Mary for the people smitten by the Plague," a picture which had great success and opened to him, on his return to France, the doors of the Academy. Soon after, he exhibited a "Belisarius recognized by one of his old Soldiers," which obtained a sort of triumph.

After the Exhibition of 1781 and his great success, David, then thirty-three years old, opened an atelier and began the initiation of a new school, inspired by the Greek and Roman models and at the same time by the study of the nude model, which had been much neglected in the eighteenth century. In 1783 he exhibited "Andromache Weeping over the Body of Hector, her Husband," a picture which had but half a success, though David always considered it one of his best, There was in it an evident archæological preoccupation, and the great helmet of Hector excited many criticisms. (To this day a certain sort of painting, which is too much inspired by preoccupation with the ancients, goes in the ateliers under the nickname of the *pompier* style, as our firemen wear helmets like the ancient warriors.) The body of Hector was an evident copy of a cadaver, and thus the double inspiration of David became plainly apparent. It shows also in the still famous picture of the three Horatii, in the "Death of Socrates," and in the "Paris and Helena." The "antique" became the fashion, and the eighteenth-century style was abandoned even in sculpture and in architecture. Drawing-rooms were decorated in what was called the "Etruscan" style. The costumes, the head-dresses, underwent a complete transformation.

During the years which preceded the Revolution, David lived quietly with his family, his pupils; he had become a father. He was received in the great houses, and among others in that of the Duke d'Orléans, where he made the acquaintance of Madame de Genlis. When the Salon of 1789 was opened, the States-General had convened, the Bastille had been taken, the young artists were seen in the exhibition in the costume of the National Guard. David exhibited a "Brutus" (the picture is still at the Louvre). Volney, Lameth, Barnave, whom David had met familiarly, had initiated him into the reformatory ideas which they had borrowed from the philosophers; on the 7th of September, 1789, Madame David figured among the ladies who went to Versailles in order to make to the nation a patriotic gift of their jewels.

When it was decided by the National Assembly to commemorate in a picture the famous "Serment du jeu de paume" at Versailles, David received the order for the painting, which was to be placed in the hall of the Assembly. David's preliminary drawing for it still exists, and produces a somewhat ridiculous effect, as all the deputies, in their various attitudes, are represented completely naked; but it shows how David used the naked model in order

to give more truth to the gestures and poses. David became a member of the famous Club of the Jacobins, and an organizer of the popular festivals, and on August, 1792, he was chosen Deputy to the National Convention. He took his seat on the benches of the "Montagnards," the more advanced members of the Convention. He had become intoxicated with popularity, and was among those who voted for the execution of Louis XVI. He went so far as to undertake the defence of Marat against Pétion and the Girondists. He became President of the Convention and a member of the too famous Committee of National Safety. He probably took but little part in its deliberations, as he was not familiar with public affairs, but historically he must bear his share of responsibility for the resolutions of this Committee. He remained to the end an admirer of Robespierre. The 9th Thermidor fortunately brought his political career to a close. He was indisposed and absent on the day when Robespierre was arrested in the Convention; otherwise he would probably have shared his fate.

There is a pathetic drawing of David's made during this period. He saw, from a window of the Rue St. Honoré, the Queen Marie Antoinette carried on an open cart to the guillotine. He drew a rapid sketch which in its simplicity has an awful eloquence; the Queen is in very simple clothes, her hands tied behind her back, erect and majestic to the last, looking prematurely old, and, as the Latin poet might have said, "jam pallida morte futura." The artist overcame the Montagnard; nothing could be more eloquent than this simple sketch.

"There is one point," says M. Rosenthal, "on which one would like to have more light. David has been accused of having been one of the partisans of Robespierre who exercised a direct pressure on the Revolutionary tribunal and provoked the assassination of Danton and his friends. If he really committed this crime, passion and the sincerity of his convictions can alone excuse him. But there is a doubt on the subject, and we can neither absolve him nor excuse him."

M. Rosenthal does not share the sentiments of the historians "hostile to the men of 1793"; he finds it necessary to say so. He cannot absolve what he calls the assassination of Danton, as Danton was one of the "men of 1793." But we need not pay much attention to the political sentiments of M. Rosenthal; we will look upon him only as an art-critic. He acknowledges that the Revolution was too iconoclastic, and applauds David for having on different occasions made efforts to preserve the artistic efforts of the past. He does not much admire the costumes which were drawn by David for the representatives of the people. The theatrical representations organized by him had a ridiculous and childish side, which he feels and even dares to criticise. "In the feast of the 'Supreme Being,' all the citizens and the young boys will have in their hands a branch of oak; the women will be adorned with the colors of Liberty. The mothers will have in their hands bouquets of roses, and the girls will have baskets full of flowers." Robespierre, at this festival, fired with a torch a group representing "the odious monster of Atheism." Many are the drawings of David representing models of new triumphal arches, columns, etc. His influence outlasted the Revolution many years; we can see it in all the official costumes of the period of the Directory, of the Consulate, and even of the Empire. The "Style Empire" was really in great part his creation.

The relations of Napoleon with David began after the campaign in Italy. They continued during the Consulate. It was at the request of Napoleon that David made his picture of Bonaparte crossing the Saint Bernard, "calme sur un cheval fougueux." He made at the same time the charming portrait of Madame Récamier, which, though it is not quite finished, remains one of his best works. David is very remarkable as a portrait-painter; his "Madame Récamier," his portrait of Pope Pius VII., are, so to speak, more than portraits—they are real historical documents, as are the large pictures which he made at the request of Napoleon, "The Coronation of the Emperor and the Empress," "The Distribution of the Eagles by Napoleon at the Champ de Mars." This last picture was finished only in 1808. Napoleon went to David's studio to see it, after the interview at Tilsit. He looked long at it, and, before retiring, he bowed to David, and said: "David, je vous salue!" After the fall of the Empire, a law passed in 1816 against the regicides obliged David to exile himself in Brussels. He died there, from a heart complaint, on the 29th of December, 1825. The Belgian artists gave him a solemn funeral, and he was buried in one of the city cemeteries.

Correspondence.

THE SOLID SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There are some of us more hopeful than Mr. Burnham Wood. The solid South in the last election was not solid merely on a racial question. Many of us who voted for Mr. Parker were voting to get as near individualism as we could get. The South has always been the stronghold of individualism, from the time of Jefferson and Patrick Henry, although in John Marshall she contributed such strength to Federalism as can never be forgot. Although it was an attempt at secession in New England that prompted Jefferson's remark on the benefits of occasional rebellions, the South from the first believed in the truth of those limitations of governmental power which are now relegated entirely to such old-fogy documents as the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights.

The solid South was in large measure a protest against the iniquity of protection and the embezzlement of the people's private rights by the Government; and the expression of a people whose suffrages had no personal connection with the sinister benefits of our wholesale pension system. If they yet regard benignly that most dangerous of all collectivist bureaus, the Interstate Commerce Commission, it cannot be said that there are not here and there men who appreciate the unspeakably enormous power this appointed board is trying to grasp.

The individualists have certainly been sleeping, lo, these many years; but they begin to awake, and when to this cause we devote ourselves as utterly as the Socialists do, the right shall prevail. There are yet seven thousand in Israel that have not bowed down to Baal. The young men of to-day may be as safely trusted as those of a hundred years ago, and they will make as great sacrifices for liberty.

Very respectfully,

James A. Anderson.

Louisville, Ky., December 6, 1904.

TARIFF CORRUPTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I beg to express to you my great admiration of your strenuous fight against the so-called principle of protection. In my opinion, protection is not a principle, but a fact, and a very strong fact, too, founded on greed and ignorance, which are the greatest powers in the world, and are as strong in this country as in the "effete" monarchies of Europe. I am afraid they are even stronger here, and the battle against this combination seems to be more hopeless here than in Europe.

There is a deep abyss between coincidence and consequence, but I think the connection between our protective tariff, Trusts, monopolies, and political corruption is manifest. The coming election of a United States Senator in the State of Washington promises to furnish an object-lesson. Only millionaires apply. The enclosed article, which was published in the *Spokesman-Review* of November 27, tells the tale. Nobody denies the facts, nobody feels ashamed. "What are you going to do about it?" is the general reply. My answer is: "Nothing; and the highest bidder will get there."

Respectfully yours, E. Schrader.

Spokane, Wash., December 2, 1904.

[The editorial caption for the article mentioned above reads: "Might Auction-off Senatorship: Dr. E. Schrader suggests that the State get the proceeds if office is bartered and sold."—Ed. Nation.]

THE GENERAL STAFF AND DESERTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your brief reference to General Chaffee's first annual report, in the *Nation* of December 1, appear two or three errors which, I am sure, you will be glad to have corrected.

The General Staff is neither "a self-perpetuating body," nor is it "perpetuated by the general officers comprising it." Paragraph 776 of the new regulations provides that

"all vacancies occurring in the General Staff Corps, excepting in the case of the chief of staff, shall be filled on the recommendation of a board of five general officers of the line, not more than two of whom shall be members of the General Staff Corps, convened by the War Department at such times as may be necessary. The board shall be sworn to recommend officers solely on their professional efficiency and probable aptitude and fitness for General Staff service, etc."

Further along appears the statement that the General Staff "will find plenty of opportunity for brain work in puzzling out the reasons why desertions are so very heavy, and why all the prisons and guard-houses are filled to overflowing with our

military criminals." Desertions are mainly due to the restless spirit of youth, and to the neglect of parents to instil into their sons the obligation of an oath. Old soldiers seldom, almost never, desert. They have learned by the discipline of the service that their oath of enlistment has a meaning. It is, however, a regrettable paradox, but none the less true, that prosperity in the land is liable to work in two ways to the detriment of the enlisted force of a volunteer army like ours. It is liable to lessen the number of applicants for enlistment from the best class of able-bodied young men, and it is liable to induce a desire to get out of the service among the restless spirits, who might otherwise serve faithfully and contentedly through their term of enlistment. Wages outside of the army generally rise and fall with the wave of prosperity, while the pay of the soldier has remained fixed by law. The pay of the soldier ought to be about what the wages of men in his status of life are in civil occupations.

And yet the statement that "all our prisons and guard-houses are filled to overflowing" is an unwarranted exaggeration. The proportion of prisoners is larger than it was wont to be a few years ago, and the cause is not far to seek. The rotten grog-shops, which fringe the outer edge of our military reservations, are the chief cause of it; and all of these have sprung into existence since the "W. C. T. U." combined unwittingly with the grog-shop element and achieved the prohibition of the sale of beer to soldiers at the Post Exchange.—Very respectfully,

M. F. Steele,
Captain Sixth Cavalry.

Fort Leavenworth, Kan., December 4, 1904.

[We had overlooked this very recent change in the regulations. The conditions were as stated a short time ago. In regard to the prisons, General Chaffee's phrase was, that the post guard-houses were "simply crowded to an unsanitary limit."—Ed. Nation.]

A BOOK "GUESSING."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the recent decision of the United States Attorney-General that guessing contests, where a specified sum is paid for each guess, are illegal, I should like to have your opinion as to the guessing contest proposed by Merrill & Baker, ostensibly to increase the sale of their books. The only condition is that the guesser must buy, for $1, at least one of twenty volumes of the "World's Famous Books," among which are included 'The First Violin,' by Jessie Fothergill; 'Prince of the House of David,' by J. H. Ingraham; and 'Thelma,' by Marie Corelli. In return, he has the privilege of "'predicting' which will be the ten out of the twenty books sold in the largest quantities before January 31, 1905." "It is not necessary that you name the books in the order in which they sell; simply name the ten which sell in larger quantities than any of the other ten." "For every correct list sent in there is a prize of $150." Any number of "predictions" up to twenty may be made, but not more than twenty. With twenty successful "predictions," then, it is possible to win $3,000.

This scheme has received the cordial approval of Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, and of Dr. Edward E. Hale. Dr. Harris writes: "I am glad you are going to introduce a library of such good books into each family of our land." And Dr. Hale is enthusiastic over this alluring device to get people to purchase good books. "I am much interested in your plan. The only wonder is that it has not been carried out before." In spite, however, of the hearty endorsement of these distinguished gentlemen, it is difficult to see how the scheme differs from the ordinary guessing contests pronounced illegal by the United States Attorney-General. Though each contestant, in return for his dollar, receives an equivalent, in the shape of a "handsome and durable volume, bound in ribbed-silk vellum," he has to solve a problem requiring no skill and no literary judgment, but depending altogether upon chance. The result turns wholly upon the fickle taste of the public and upon the advertising ingenuity of publishers.

Perhaps Dr. Harris and Dr. Hale can enlighten your readers as to the intellectual and moral superiority of such a literary guessing contest. J. M. McBryde, Jr.

University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, December 10, 1904.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will publish in the spring 'Beaconsfield: A Romance of Queen Victoria's Reign,' by an Englishman.

The coming Schiller celebrations, marking the one-hundredth anniversary of the poet's death, will include recitals and a performance by Mr. Heinrich Conried and his Irving Place Theatre company at the Harvard Sanders Theatre on January 3, 1905, at eight P. M. "The Song of the Bell" will be "accompanied by orchestral music and by tableaux, by undergraduates, after the series of pictures by Kaulbach."

Last spring we spoke favorably of the privately printed Addresses and other papers of the late President J. C. Welling of Columbian University. A limited sale edition has since been printed especially to supply public libraries, and a few copies remain, which can be obtained of the Riverside Press, Cambridge, at $1.50. The book has not been published, and no more copies will be printed.

That comfortable little series of Trollope reprints, edited by Algar Thorold and published by John Lane, has just been enlarged with 'The Bertrams.' Legible type, filling 830 pages, is not incompatible with moderate bulk and lightness for the hand.

Volumes XII. and XIII. of Miss Hapgood's handsomely printed translation of Turgeneff (Scribners) contain the short stories printed in Volume VI. of the Russian edition of the author's works. More of the same class, including the Prose Poems, fill volumes XIV.-XVI. Miss Hapgood's helpful prefaces continue to accompany each volume.

Our Paris correspondent, on the appearance last winter of Waliszewski's 'Ivan le Terrible,' gave us a *précis* of the work in his fortnightly letter. A translation, 'Ivan the Terrible,' has now appeared from the hand of Lady Mary Lloyd (London: Heinemann; Philadelphia: Lippincott). It makes a compact, typographically too condensed, volume of 431 octavo pages. The translation seems competent, and is not unduly literal and stiff, but it were to be wished the authorities so freely and laudably cited had been not bracketed in the text, but rather put at the foot of the page. The translator has slavishly followed the French transliteration of Russian proper names and other words, and this is a pity; the translation is thereby left incomplete—as much, say, as if "Aristote" had been encountered and not altered to Aristotle. There is a bibliography of seventeen pages, and a fairly good index, though the *vons* are put under V instead of the respective letters of the family name—Buchau, Münster, Solms, etc.

From Brentano's we have a fifth edition, extensively overhauled, of E. A. Reynolds-Ball's 'Mediterranean Winter Resorts,' a handy volume (two in one) for the pocket, somewhat faintly printed, but well ordered and full of precise information for the tourist for health or pleasure. The Balearic Isles are rightly praised, and a plea is entered for an efficient service to Port Mahon in place of the poor steamers from Barcelona or Valencia. The islands are visible from the routes of our Mediterranean liners for Genoa. Among the "principal sights," mention should have been made of the Cartuja, for ever associated with George Sand and Alfred de Musset and the winter they spent together there. There is a good map of the Mediterranean in a side-pocket, but it is not coextensive with the range of the work, which even takes in Khartum as a "potential winter resort."

The title of Agnes Repplier's 'Compromises' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), so far as we can make out, fits only one (the tenth, on "The Spinster") of these fourteen brief essays. They range over a rather wide field, from conversation, books, tourists, pilgrims, and the gayety of life, to the more sober reflections inspired by spinsters, executioners, and beggars. In the last essay Miss Repplier forsakes these general themes to relate the story of the short life of Allegra, Lord Byron's natural daughter. Miss Repplier's style crystallized long ago into the neat and graceful periods familiar to her readers. Her short essays are models of their kind, well-rounded, well-groomed, well-furnished with quotations, seasoned with just the right amount of humor, the right number of epigrams, the precise flavor of sarcasm that secures them from insipidity. Miss Repplier can so revive a platitude that the jaded eye will mistake it for a fresh flower of thought. She weaves in her quotations so skilfully that the reader will often fail to perceive that, having set out to read Miss Repplier, he has really been generously entertained with the wit and philosophy of at least a score of writers. It is a triumph of dexterity to quote seven authors in two short pages, to credit each one with his contribution, and with all this to suffuse the whole with one's own personality, which really has had no space to bloom except in the transitional sentences. There are many who would never encounter these jewels of sententious wit if Miss Repplier's

industry had not grouped them together in a modern setting when she had torn them from the old. Hers is not a style that lends itself to quotation by a reviewer; one does not offer a fragment of the setting as a proof that a diamond is well-set. Each little study is an artistic whole, and we can only recommend the volume to all who appreciate the art of writing light essays.

'The Misfit Crown' (D. Appleton & Co.), by Miss Frances Davidge, is the first effort of a young writer. As such it is naturally crude, but shows invention and a certain cleverness that may develop into something more. There is one peculiarity about it, however, which gives it a sort of philological interest, and which will certainly contribute to the gayety of our friends on the other side of the Atlantic, if the book should ever travel so far. The scene is laid in England, and all the characters are English, but they talk the dialect of New York, and on every page may be found expressions that are quite unknown to English people. For instance, Lady Carnifex remarks: "If only one could have *gotten up gall enough* to be eaten by lions"; and the same lady describes a friend as constantly *spatting* with her husband. Now it is safe to say that no English lady would have used either expression, and that no Anglo-Saxon who had not travelled in America could even guess at the meaning of *spat*. When attention is called to the matter, it is surprising how numerous these idiomatic differences are; and the greater frequency of travel nowadays does not appear to foster uniformity of expression between the two branches of the family except within narrow limits.

There is a singular paradox in the attitude of the American people towards foreign missions. The old fervor in saving the souls of the heathen is undoubtedly gone; in its place has come a certain impatience on the part of many or most towards the whole subject. But the movement itself shows no signs of abating. The books produced by it are year by year of a higher class—more sober, scholarly, intelligent; and very soon it may be impossible to put them, as has been done so long, in a division apart, like the late Mr. Fiske's "eccentric literature." That the movement is changing in method and aim seems certain; its leading minds have clearly recognized the situation and have struck into a new path. But the American public, being still in a state of general muddledness as to its interracial problems, has not yet caught the change, and its mental image corresponding to "missionary" continues to wear a black coat and to be an evangelist simply. Among the books destined to lead them out of this, Mr. Robert Speer's 'Missions and Modern History' (Revell) must take an honorable place. Those even who have no interest in missions as such will see their bearing and weight on the historical situations and problems which he here treats. All but two deal with Asia; and in Asia, for the first time for centuries, a non-Aryan race, in a series of pitched battles, has just defeated an Aryan race. That the last attempt of Europe to overrun and hold Asia is either about to fail—as all before have failed—or to suffer an essential change, is clear. It is also clear that Asia is full of new movements and ferments produced or affected by Christianity. The part of Christianity, then, in it all, whether by indirect influence or direct doctrine, is Mr. Speer's subject, and he has handled it very sanely and with full knowledge. He deals largely in quotation, but his authorities are sound, and his book is well worth reading.

In the winter of 1900-1, Prof. Heinrich Schäfer varied his Egyptological labors at the excavations being made for the Berlin Museum at Abusir by writing down a collection of folk-songs from the dictation of the native watchman. The result was one of the best little collections of modern Arabic popular songs which we possess—very short, very pointed, and very significant for the life, thoughts, and customs of the Egyptian fellahin. For a non-Arabist, disclaiming also all musical training, Prof. Schäfer's Arabic text is wonderfully reliable. The whole—Arabic in transliteration, translation, and notes—has now been reproduced very charmingly in English by Mrs. J. H. Breasted ('Songs of an Egyptian Peasant,' Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs). Her rendering may serve also as a second edition of the German, as it gathers up the results of the reviews, especially the long and suggestive one by Vollers in the *Zeitschrift* of the German Oriental Society.

Socrates Spiro Bey, who has already done good work in his unique dictionary of modern Egyptian Arabic, has just published a 'Note' on the Italian words in the same dialect (Cairo: Al-Mokattam Printing Office). Dedicated to the lamented Prof. Willard Fiske, it shows the system of transliteration derived from Spitta and approved by him, and, although a simple vocabulary—Arabic text, transliteration, meaning, Italian original—is a most creditable breaking of ground in a new field.

The question of expense played a very small part in the publication of the monograph on 'The Tomb of Thoutmosis IV.,' which contains the results of the excavation of that king's tomb by Mr. Theodore M. Davis of Newport, Rhode Island (London: Archibald Constable & Co.). The work was undertaken in January, 1902, and was most systematic and thorough. It was under the superintendence of the Inspector-General of the Services des Antiquités, Mr. Howard Carter, who furnishes the introduction, an account of the discovery of the tomb and the removal of its contents. Associated with him in his work as represented in this stately volume was Mr. Percy E. Newberry, whose name is already widely known in connection with the work done in years past for the Egypt Exploration Fund. Others also have been impressed into the task of preparing a model volume. Dr. Gaston Maspero, whose name is a synonym for Egyptian archæology, has contributed an essay on the king's life and monuments, and Dr. G. Elliot Smith, professor of anatomy in the Egyptian Government school of medicine at Cairo, gives in great detail an account of the results of a searching, even a microscopic, examination of the physical characteristics of the mummy which is preserved in the Cairo Museum. Following and completing all is a detailed catalogue of the objects found in the tomb, with careful measurements, exact descriptions, and numerous half-tones and woodcuts illustrating nearly all of the objects. From the foregoing it will be evident why the volume is to be characterized as a model in conception and execution. It places in the hands of the learned world of specialists a transcript of all the important and pertinent facts, and representations of the objects which the investigator desires to see and handle. Next to physical examination of the objects themselves is such a volume as this, an *édition de luxe* in its field.

The Library of Congress issued for the St. Louis Exposition three small pamphlets of "Notes," describing the work of the Library, its exhibit, and the special exhibit of the Catalogue Division. The last-named contained an account of the catalogues, classification, and card-distributing work of the library, and this has, together with circulars which initiated the work, been reprinted as Bulletin No. 7 of the Card Section. It appears that about three-fifths of the cards sold are on order by author and title, the subscribers in most cases not knowing beforehand whether cards for the books in question may be obtainable or not. In other cases cards are ordered by serial numbers, which have generally been obtained from the proof-sheets distributed by the Library of Congress to a number of other libraries. Another way to subscribe, namely, by subjects, is used, not only by libraries having special collections, but by individual subscribers, specialists, and bibliographers, as well as by commercial firms. Bulletin No. 8 gives a list of subscribers to printed cards, including such individuals as have deposited $3 or more for cards. These, with a few commercial firms, number 30, out of a total of 420 subscribers.

The 'Naturgeschichte der Menschen' of Dr. Stratz (Stuttgart) bears the subtitle "Grundriss der somatischen Anthropologie." It is thus one of the first treatises on Man to employ a convenient and apt term likely to come in vogue. Stratz is one of those who contend for the importance of measurements and photographic reproductions of the proportions of the living human body as distinguished from the study of its anatomy and internal structure. He is known as the author of 'Die Schönheit des Weiblichen Körpers,' 'Der Körper des Kindes,' and other works constructed along similar lines. In conformity with his idea, he has devoted much space to the canons of proportion and growth, and has illustrated them very graphically with diagrams and well-selected photographs. He is also a careful student of the work of his predecessors, and presents an admirable brief account of the history of anthropological research, of embryological development, etc. His diagrams, often colored, very clearly illustrate such points, for example, as the differences between the crania of man and the anthropoids; between the crania of Spy, the *Pithecanthropus erectus*, and the orang, and the like. The chapter on rudimentary organs profits by pertinent illustration to a degree rare in anthropological works; and that on the races of mankind draws its types from the best available photographs of such men as Fritsch, Hagen, Günther, and Nieuwenhuis. The colored race and language-charts are also models of their kind; and the print and get-up of the volume are of a correspondingly high order. For an English public some modification of taste in the selections is desirable.

A valuable contribution to our knowledge of the life and character of the distinguished Munich artist recently deceased is the

volume entitled 'Franz von Lenbach: Gespräche und Erinnerungen,' edited by W. Wyl (Stuttgart). The material is derived from conversations, reminiscences, and occasional letters, in which Lenbach gives expression to his views with the rather reckless freedom and rude sincerity for which he was noted. In the early part of his career he was employed by Count Schack at a fixed salary to copy masterpieces of Italian and Spanish painters for the Count's well-known picture gallery in Munich, now the property of the German Emperor. In these communications Lenbach speaks very disparagingly of Schack, not only as a connoisseur, but also as a patron of art. The first allegation may have some foundation, although in this case the decision is determined more or less by individual taste; but the assertion that he showed a lack of proper appreciation and corresponding liberality as a Mæcenas in the province of art is groundless, and is refuted not only by the testimony of other artists in the same position, but also by the letters of Lenbach written at the time, in which he expresses his gratitude for Schack's munificence, manifested repeatedly by the increase of Lenbach's salary without the slightest solicitation on his part. That the patron may have expressed his admiration of paintings which Lenbach regarded as of no great value, is possible, but he was certainly neither narrow-minded nor niggardly in his relations to the artists whom he employed as copyists.

In a characteristic speech at the opening of a Carnegie library at West Calder, Scotland, Lord Rosebery dwelt on the limitations of book knowledge and the dangers of too much reading. Referring to the writers of old who were being buried under the "enormous shower of books" which every year fell upon the earth, he said: "In literature they needed one who should act the part of the muezzin on the tower of the mosque summoning faithful Mahommedans to prayer—one who should raise his voice and recall the names of good books and good authors that stood in danger of being forgotten." And, acting on his own suggestion, he closed by saying "that if they wanted mental refreshment, and to take large, broad, and generous views of life, they should drink deeply of the draughts of eloquence, wit, and common sense furnished by the works of Sydney Smith."

The completion of the Orenburg-Tashkent railway is an event of both commercial and strategic importance. It follows for thirteen hundred miles the old caravan road over which for two centuries the Bactrian camels brought the silks of Khiva and the carpets of Bokhara to Europe, and brings the cotton-growing region of Central Asia into direct communication with the Moscow mills. Up to the present time the product of these cotton plantations has not been able to compete with American or Egyptian cotton, partly from its inferior quality, but mainly from the cost of transportation. This obstacle to the development of the industry is now removed, and a correspondent of the London *Times* states that there is a great improvement in the preparation of the crop, through cleansing machinery purchased in the United States. "New and better plants have been grown from imported seed." The strategic importance of the new railway, which will be opened for passenger traffic in July, 1905, lies in the fact that it brings Central Asia into direct communication with the heart of the empire. Tashkent, henceforth, will be the "advanced base of the Russians in Asia." The railway is the creation of the Russian Minister of Public Works and Railways, Prince Khilkoff. Of him the correspondent says that, imitating the example of Peter the Great at Zaandam, he worked in America as a plate-layer. He also learned there the value of time and truth, so lightly estimated by the mass of his countrymen.

The first congress of the International Society for Surgery has been called to meet in Brussels in September of next year. The programme has already been announced, and will cover the leading problems of the day in this department of research. Only members of the Association are expected to participate. Specialists from Berlin, Berne, Vienna, Leipzig, and other medical centres have promised papers. Professor Kocher of Berne is the chairman of the Congress.

A special international commission, consisting of Sir Richard Jebb, Professors Diels, Gompers, Heiberg, Krumbacher, Leo, and Perrot, with the first-mentioned as chairman, was appointed by the General Convention of the International Association of the Academies of Sciences, at its London meeting, to take the preliminary steps looking toward the preparation of a Thesaurus of the Greek language, on a scale to correspond with the Latin Thesaurus now preparing by the Berlin Academy. The project is principally advocated by English scholars. The Germans declared that for the present they could contribute neither aid nor money, as they were sufficiently occupied with the Latin Thesaurus. Krumbacher of Munich contends that the limit proposed by the English scholars, viz., 630 A. D., for scientific and practical reasons is untenable, as it ignores the Byzantine period.

The Institute of International Law, recently assembled in Edinburgh, decided to hold its next convention in Ghent, with Professor Rolin of the University of Ghent as presiding officer. The Institute passed a resolution expressing a wish that the different states would discuss the questions connected with the neutrality problem, and effect an agreement in harmony with the needs of the times.

The Massachusetts Historical Society, at its recent regular meeting in Boston, on Thursday last, December 8, voted to place the name of Prof. Goldwin Smith on its Honorary Roll. It has already been stated in the *Nation* that, under the rules of this Society, its Honorary Roll is limited to ten names, those upon it being carefully selected on grounds of historical writing or research, and all men of international reputation. At the November meeting of this society Mr. John Morley, since 1891 a Corresponding Member, was, in recognition of his Life of Gladstone, made an Honorary. Professor Smith has been for forty years a Corresponding Member, having been chosen in 1864, on his first visit to the United States. He is now in his eighty-second year. His is the ninth name on the Roll, those preceding him being Professor Masson, Carl Schurz, Mr. Bryce, Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Professor Villari, Henry C. Lea, Professor Harnack, and Mr. Morley. This noticeable list is fairly well distributed as respects nationality; but the absence of any representative of France is somewhat surprising, in view of the preëminence of the French school of historical research. The names of Sorel, Gaston Boissier, Lavisse, and Hanotaux spontaneously suggest themselves as worthy to fill the one remaining vacancy in the Roll.

Dr. William Everett writes to us:

"In reply to my lively and generous critic in the last *Nation*, I would ask him to turn to page 25, and see if I have wholly neglected the patriotic odes of Petrarch. He has been only too gentle with misprints for which I am responsible. Especially on page 225, three lines from the bottom, *Even so* is misprinted for *Nor do*. Neither have I any excuse for misplacing Recanati. I am very glad to be wrong about Carducci's death; an error into which I was led by one of our first *Italianisti*. Will the reviewer believe me when I say that I never read Goethe's 'Tasso'?"

—If writing the lives of men of letters causes their works to be read, we may heartily welcome Mr. Francis W. Hirst's 'Adam Smith' (Macmillan). The restoration of privilege has gone so far as to make timely the counsel which Smith offered to his generation and which ours has sadly neglected. It is true, as Mr. Hirst says, that Mr. John Rae's 'Life of Adam Smith' left little for his successors to glean. The discovery of a copy of Smith's lectures, which Mr. Cannan edited and published in 1896, was of importance to scholars. It showed that Smith had not neglected the theory of consumption, and threw much light on his intellectual methods. Nevertheless, we think that we owe the present book to the necessity of including Adam Smith among "English Men of Letters," rather than to any demand for information concerning his life and work. However this may be, Mr. Hirst has performed his task in many respects extremely well. He is a clever writer, and he has made a very readable book. His exposition of Smith's ethical theories, as well as of his economic doctrines, is not beyond criticism. Leslie Stephen, for example, calls attention to several points that Mr. Hirst scarcely appreciates. Nor can we deny that to many —although not to us—Mr. Hirst's praise will seem occasionally undiscriminating, if not extravagant. But, on the whole, the sketch is true and strong. We get a clear impression of Smith's personality; and, considering the dearth of material, a remarkably full account of his private as well as his professional life. Those who are familiar with both his works and his career will not be unwilling to accept this new appreciation; and those who are not, may well use it to make the acquaintance of one who was as estimable as a man as he was great as a philosopher.

—When Major Martin Hume writes on 'The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth' and 'The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots,' he does not approach these subjects from the side of romance. He is a political historian for whom marriage negotiations are important as affecting the action of States. 'The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth' we noticed on its appearance, but in the revised edition (McClure) there are two fresh chapters of a somewhat different character from the body of the work. In these, Major Hume, at the request of various correspondents, takes up Elizabeth's private morals, and discusses them from a biographical rather than from a political

standpoint. The Queen's relations with her own courtiers, particularly Leicester and Hatton, gave rise to contemporary scandals, which spread widely through England and the Continent. Simier, the Duke of Anjou's agent during the period of his marriage negotiations with Elizabeth, was also brought by gossip into the circle of her unlawful lovers. Major Hume, after a recital of the evidence in various cases, inclines to exonerate the Queen from the charges of misconduct so frequently brought against her. Of the separate subjects treated in these new chapters, the most interesting relates to an alleged son of Elizabeth and Leicester. Floating rumors of such a personage are not infrequent, coming, among other places, from Venice; but Major Hume, since he published the first edition of this book, has found at Simancas a detailed and circumstantial story. In 1587, just when the Armada was being equipped, a young Englishman, dressed as a pilgrim, was arrested in northern Spain within a short distance of the French border. Charged with being a spy, he said that his name was Arthur Dudley, and that he was a son of Elizabeth and Leicester. Philip II.'s English secretary at this time was Sir Francis Englefield, and when the prisoner was brought before him he had the whole story set down in writing. It was a narrative which occupies five pages of Major Hume's book, and contains a number of plausible statements. Whoever made it had been coached for the purpose, even if the tale be thought fictitious. The man, however, was probably a spy who thought it safer to be prepared with some kind of a story in case of arrest. We can hardly believe that Elizabeth, Leicester and Walsingham would have permitted a genuine Arthur Dudley to wander about telling stories of the kind just indicated. Walsingham, for instance, had an excellent corps of spies, and generally knew what was going on both at home and abroad. But Elizabeth, even if she was all she claimed to be—*virgo virginum præclara*—had a great talent for sailing close to the wind.

—The fifth volume of the 'History of North America,' edited by Dr. Guy Carleton Lee (Philadelphia: Barrie), bears the title of 'The Colonization of New England.' It is ground of offence to some that the story of New England origins has been told so largely by New England men, and that the share of the New England colonies in the making of America has been so insistently dwelt upon. Dr. Lee, whose prefatory remarks suggest that he is himself not wholly a stranger to this feeling, has entrusted the New England volume of his series to disinterested hands, in the hope of thereby securing a juster appraisal of historical values. We do not discover, however, that the author of the volume, Prof. B. B. James of Western Maryland College, has produced a work which will startle any New England reader, or change materially the general estimate of the significance of the New England colonies in American history. The book before us is a well-written, and, as a whole, well-proportioned popular summary of New England history, from the day of colonial beginnings to the eve of the Revolution. The problem of giving an impression of unity to the annals of half a dozen different colonies, or groups of settlements, whose several developments were very unequal and whose careers often had no common motive, is certainly difficult; but we are disposed to credit Professor James with a success, in this particular, at least as great as that of any previous worker in the same field. As regards the selection and presentation of facts, too, that in general calls for no adverse comment; the story has been told many times, and one may not demand great originality of a popular narrative. We must note as substantial limitations, however, the slight attention paid to governmental and administrative topics, such as political methods, taxation and expenditure, the land system, and the Indian policy; to the organization and government of the Church; and, particularly in Massachusetts, to the development of clerical influence. The account of the Roger Williams episode in Massachusetts, especially in its later phases, is so brief as to convey no adequate idea of its significance. A similar judgment of inadequacy, so far as allotment of space is concerned, must be passed upon the treatment of the Seven Years' War; and we miss a clear exposition of the economic situation which, from the beginning of the eighteenth century, laid in large part the foundation for revolution. It may be that some of these omissions are to be supplied in later volumes of the series; if so, they will be less serious blemishes in this one. The volume, like its predecessors, is liberally illustrated, chiefly with portraits, though the pictures continue to be distributed with little regard to the subject matter of the text.

—The hundredth anniversary of the birth of the distinguished German philosopher Ludwig Feuerbach, who was born July 24, 1804, and died September 13, 1872, is being worthily commemorated by a new and complete edition of his works in ten volumes prepared by Professors Wilhelm Bolin of the University of Helsingfors and Friedrich Jodl of the University of Vienna, and published by F. Frommann in Stuttgart. Three volumes have just appeared, and the others will soon follow. In 1891 Professor Bolin published a work entitled 'Ludwig Feuerbach, sein Wirken und seine Zeitgenossen' (Stuttgart: Cotta), in which Feuerbach's importance as a thinker and his influence on contemporary ideas and on the evolution of modern philosophy are clearly and consecutively set forth. He has now issued as a centenary memorial two volumes of letters written by or to Feuerbach, and covering a period of more than fifty years (1820-1871), and preceded by a biographical introduction of 211 pages, in which the personality of Feuerbach, the most prominent features of his character and the general course of his intellectual development, are admirably portrayed. The letters are carefully selected, and serve as an excellent elucidative supplement to the biography ('Ausgewählte Briefe von und an Ludwig Feuerbach'; Leipzig: Otto Wigand). A highly attractive and suggestive treatise is also Professor Jodl's 'Ludwig Feuerbach,' which forms the seventeenth volume of a series of monographs entitled "Klassiker der Philosophie," edited by Professor Falckenberg of Erlangen, and published by Frommann in Stuttgart. It is a succinct and singularly lucid exposition of Feuerbach's philosophical system, the psychological problems which he sought to solve, his views of the origin and essence of religion, and his conception of anthropology as the key to theology.

—For three generations, embracing the greater part of the nineteenth century, the Feuerbachs held a prominent place in German science, literature and art. The first to render the name distinguished was Paul Joseph Anselm Feuerbach, an eminent jurist, especially in the department of criminal law. Of his five sons, the oldest, Joseph Anselm, was a well-known philologist and archæologist; the second, Karl Wilhelm, acquired distinction as a mathematician; the third, Eduard August, devoted himself to jurisprudence, and the fifth, Friedrich Heinrich, to the study of Oriental and modern languages. Of the later descendants, the artist Anselm, son of the above-mentioned Joseph Anselm, became noted as an historical and *genre* painter, and died at Venice, January 4, 1880, in the fifty-first year of his age; his biography by Julius Allgeyer appeared in 1894, and was duly noticed in these columns. Of all the members of the Feuerbach family the fourth son, Ludwig Andreas, the philosopher, has become the most celebrated, and exerted the most powerful and permanent influence on his contemporaries, and especially on the intellectual tendencies of the present day.

—Again we have to record the death of an old and valued contributor to the *Nation*, John White Chadwick, who passed away on December 11, almost at the very close of the fortieth year of his pastorate with the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn. His connection with this journal began in volume one, with a notice of the Life of Edward Irving; and his latest printed review was of Ward's Life of Aubrey de Vere six weeks ago. In the vast body of his writing between these two extremes, biography was always a favorite field, concurrently with the religious evolution on both sides of the water. He was at home alike with the Concord Transcendentalists and with the leaders of the Oxford Movement. Not less he was in sympathy with the anti-slavery and allied reforms. The range of his knowledge and his interests was thus uncommonly wide, and was maintained and enlarged by prodigious industry in reading. In spite of his weekly sermon and his pastoral cares, he never refused welcome to a new book, and his services as a reviewer were far from being monopolized by the *Nation*. In theology he belonged to the liberal wing of his denomination, and his biographies of Theodore Parker and of Channing are part of his enduring monument as a sectarian and man of letters. He was, besides, a poet worthy of the Essex County muse, if not in the front rank, and his collected verse has met with wide acceptance, while the anthologies have not failed to give him a place in their bede-roll. A native of Marblehead, born October 19, 1840, the son of a sea-captain, his poetry was tinged with wave and shore; but his summer home was at Chesterfield, in the hill country of Hampshire County, Mass., and his metrical expression had, like Freedom, two voices, one of the sea, one of the mountains. Mr. Chadwick's life was as full as it was uneventful. His education was at the Bridgewater Normal School, at Exeter Academy, and at the Harvard Divinity School, from which last he went straight

to his long ministry. Persistency was stamped on his frank, honest, weather-beaten, sailor-like countenance, and that joy of lively occupation which he enforced in his "Carpe Diem." His very manner was breezy. Every faculty was alert, and what he did was done ardently and energetically. His nature was tender as became his vocation, but courageous, holding nothing back in his messages to his people, in times of deep political feeling when the pulpit and the pews were not always in accord. He spoke consistently for freedom—of the mind and in public conduct; against oppression, privilege, and corrupt government. In this he was at one with his friend and country neighbor, the late George William Curtis. In 1888 Mr. Chadwick received from Harvard the well-merited honorary degree of M.A. Of the three ports of Birth, Life, and Death figured in his "Sealed Orders," he has now entered the last, suddenly, but not without a year's premonition, and also serenely, without misgiving; and pausing for the first time in the work which his hands found to do with a high and lasting beneficence.

PRINCESS RADZIWILL'S MEMOIRS.

My Recollections. By Princess Catherine Radziwill. James Pott & Co. 1904.

It must have given the authoress great pleasure to jot down her varied and interesting Recollections, as it gives the reader pleasure to peruse them. But one cannot help wondering whether the wiser and more satisfactory plan would not have been for the Princess to devote more time to the undertaking, tell the entire truth about all the interesting people, royal and otherwise, whom she has known, in detail, and the political secrets into which (as she frequently suggests) she was initiated, and then leave the record to be published at a discreet interval after her death. In that way she would undoubtedly have reaped a rich harvest of posthumous fame, of a quality which is perforce now denied her. Such a volume might have taken high rank among the celebrated contributions to history from individuals endowed with exceptional ability, powers of observation and expression, and opportunities for getting behind the scenes in the highest society of all countries. As it is, she is, in a way, compelled to apply to nearly every one she mentions all the flattering adjectives in her Book of Synonyms, which produces a rather deadening effect upon the reader, and evokes incredulity, as well as a mental query as to her object in writing the book at all.

By birth and marriage the Princess had access to the highest spheres. Her paternal great-aunt was the wife of King Stanislas Leszczinski, whose daughter became the wife of King Louis XV. of France. Her husband's paternal grandmother had been a Princess of Prussia, a niece of Frederick the Great. Through marriages of her own relatives and of the great and prolific Radziwill family she is allied with the most prominent houses in all countries of the Continent. These alliances, added to the important official posts held by relatives, brought her into close touch with the most highly-placed personages and the most interesting political events of her day. Moreover, one of her aunts married a French author, M. Jules Lacroix, brother of the famous "Bibliophile Jacob," and had a famous salon in Paris, where the celebrities of Europe were wont to congregate. Another aunt was the Madame Hanska whose correspondence with Balzac—whom she afterwards married—is famous. The Princess narrates the romantic circumstances connected with the marriage, chiefly for the purpose of correcting "the many untruths which have been written about it." She says of her aunt:

"She has gone down to posterity as the woman whom Balzac loved, whilst she deserved to have been known as the one being to whom he was indebted for the development of his marvellous genius, and also as his collaborator in many of his works. For instance, the novel called 'Modeste Mignon' is almost entirely written by her pen, and certainly some of her husband's best books have had something or other added to them by her hand."

Of her aunt and Balzac she gives interesting details, and, as she often visited both the aunts in Paris, she came into contact with literary as well as with fashionable society.

Married, at the age of fifteen and a half years, to Prince Wilhelm Radziwill, the Princess took up her residence at Berlin in the old Radziwill Palace, since bought by the State, which sheltered an enormous family, all of them more or less uncomfortably, and began her career of observation behind the scenes at a most interesting period, the year 1873. Special facilities were afforded by the fact that Emperor William I. had, as a young man, been deeply in love with his cousin, the aunt of the writer's husband, and "always looked upon her family with eyes different from those with which he looked upon the rest of the world." Hence frequent invitations to the most select and intimate royal functions, whose dreary monotony and stupidity the Princess vividly describes. She became a stanch friend and enthusiastic admirer of the Empress Frederick, whom she calls alternately by that title and by the title of "Crown Princess," after her accession to the throne, as she has previously called William I. and his wife both "King" and "Emperor," "Queen" and "Empress," respectively, in the same sentence, often with bewildering results. In the latter case, a certain reason for the practice is furnished in an anecdote which represents the Emperor William insisting on calling his wife "the Queen" to his son, while the latter, with equal obstinacy, persisted in referring to her as "the Empress." However, as a rule, the Princess's English is wonderfully accurate and expressive, while her talent for vivid portraiture of personalities is of a very high order, and her powers of psychical analysis are quite extraordinary. Of the Emperor William I. she says:

"In spite of all his gentleness and genuine amiability, the old Kaiser was at heart a furious autocrat, and did not brook contradiction even to the smallest extent. . . . He was certainly one of the most remarkable monarchs of the century, and, with abilities which did not rank above the average, he contrived, only through his sense of duty, to achieve far greater results than even Frederick the Great, with all his genius, had performed. . . . I do not think, in spite of Prince Bismarck's memoirs, or of the Crown Prince's diary, that the public at large has realized the extent of his ambition. He was, without doubt, covetous of his neighbors' possessions."

And with regard to the situation after 1870 she says:

"If Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and the different minor States of South Germany could have been swept away, as was the kingdom of Hanover in 1866, he would have been delighted to cover himself with the purple of the Cæsars, but it jarred upon his nerves to find he had, if only in appearance, to share his authority with other monarchs whom he secretly despised. In this respect the Crown Prince resembled his father, but in a different way. . . . Whilst the old Emperor was always conscious of the dignity of the crown, his son thought more about that of the wearer of it."

In speaking to the Princess about the results of the Berlin Congress, the Emperor told her that he "had been horrified at the emancipation of the Jews in Rumania." Of the Emperor Frederick she says:

"He was everything that is noble, everything that is good. . . . His political abilities have been discussed. It is certain that he had not the proud conviction of the nobility of his mission which distinguished his father, nor the brilliancy which characterizes his son, but he had a rectitude of opinions and a sound common sense which would have carried him through any difficulty, public or private."

The writer's characterization of Bismarck, which is one of the best in the book, is too long even to summarize, but she narrates one striking instance of his methods, which occurred in her connexion. The Chancellor suspected some members of her husband's family of intriguing against him. He did not dare attack them openly without positive proofs which he could lay before the Emperor; and such proofs it was next to impossible to procure. Accordingly he adopted the expedient of a domiciliary visit from the police. Under the pretext of searching the papers of the secretary to her brother-in-law (who was a highly respected and influential member of the Reichstag as well), the police took possession of the room in the Radziwill Palace where the secretary worked, and examined all the papers of the Princess's brother-in-law and cousins.

Equally interesting with the Princess's memories of life in Berlin are her memories of Russian life and affairs. Born a Countess Rzewuska, and Polish by blood on her father's side, she was Russian through her mother and her own birth; while her husband, also of Polish extraction, became naturalized in Russia in the eighties. Through her exalted connections at the court of Russia, as well as owing to her own beauty, sparkling vivacity, and charm (of which her attractive portrait as frontispiece conveys no conception, and which she does not mention herself, of course), she had access to all that was best and most interesting in Russia. Her brother was one of the Russian officers who joined the insurgents in the Servian and Montenegrin revolt of 1876. Neither the Emperor, Alexander II., nor his counsellors wished for the war which followed the short-lived enthusiasm for their cause in Moscow and the country districts. All the officers who went to the insurgents, she says, "came back more or less disgusted with their cowardice and untrustworthiness." But by that time it was too late; war had been declared, and the waning enthusiasm was rekindled. We in America can fully appreciate the situation of having the Government forced into war. Fired by enthusiasm for rescuing their fellow-Christians, the army was profoundly

disappointed when, at San Stefano, already within sight of Constantinople, it was forced to retreat, and lose all for which it had so valiantly fought.

"They lost every confidence in their sovereign," says the writer, "as well as every affection for him. They made him personally responsible for this ruin of their fondest hopes. . . . Nihilism and anarchism became a possibility from that day. . . . I really believe—and I am not the only one who does so—that had a kind Providence removed Alexander II. on the morrow of the war, Nihilism would never have spread in the way it did, or, at least, would not have been sympathized with by so many people. It proceeded more from dislike of a particular sovereign than from hatred of the monarchical system. . . . His reign had begun in such a burst of enthusiasm, had been hailed with such hopes, that it was bound to become a burden to all those who had prophesied that it would be one of the greatest in Russian history. From the moment people realized that their desires could never be fulfilled, the Emperor was doomed. . . . He had, sooner or later, to fall a victim to the hopes he had raised. . . . At heart, he had never intended to grant to his people the liberties of the nations which are constitutionally governed."

In short, the writer attributes the Emperor's assassination chiefly to the Russo-Turkish war, with its immense expenditure of blood and treasure, for the eventual benefit of England primarily, and Germany in a secondary degree—to the total exclusion of Russia. But it must be observed, with regard to the final assertion which we have just quoted, that she contradicts herself two pages further on, and says: "It is certain that the granting of a Constitution had been decided upon by the Emperor, his wife, and Count Loris [Melikoff]. The document was prepared and signed, and was to be made public on the declaration of the sovereign's marriage" (to the Princess Dolgoruky, afterwards known as Princess Yurievsky). The Princess quotes her father as having told her what Nicholas I. had said to him a few days before his death, when he already knew that the end was approaching. "It was to the effect that his son, should he launch into the reforms he projected, would not die in his bed, but perish under the knife or ball of an assassin." She adds that, very soon after the Emperor's marriage to Princess Dolgoruky, and the elevation of her children to be Serene Highnesses, "rumors went round that the new consort of the sovereign was going to be publicly recognized as such, and crowned solemnly at Moscow. Whether this rumor, which I believe was well founded, would have become an accomplished fact or not, I cannot, of course, tell; but it is certain that if it did not lead to the catastrophe of March 13 [the assassination of the Emperor], it mitigated a good deal of the horror which followed upon its execution."

The first winter the Princess spent in St. Petersburg was that of 1881, and from that time on there is much that is of interest about Russia and its prominent men in her memories. She was present at the coronation of Alexander III., and takes occasion to correct various inaccuracies of Mme. Waddington's account of the festivities on that occasion. She also describes the wedding and the coronation of the present Emperor and Empress of Russia, and expresses her opinions of their characters, as well as of the characters of many persons and events connected with them, interspersed with memories of her journeys to Turkey, Egypt, England, France, and Germany, and sketches of the statesmen and prominent women whom she met. In conclusion, she gives (by request) an "appreciation" of the late Cecil Rhodes, which must prove of value to the students of character in general, and of his rather puzzling nature and career in particular. She refrains, until a later volume, from a narration of her meeting and connection with him, which resulted in so much trouble for her. One is struck by her apparent fairness, even generosity, under the circumstances, in her description of him.

"In spite of all the harm he has done me," she says, "it is impossible for me to mention his name with anything but admiration for the great talents as well as the magnificent qualities which made him such an exceptional creature, and I would like to give him, or rather his memory, a last proof of affection by showing him as he really was, with all his faults and all his good points, a man of extraordinary talents who, under different circumstances, might have risen to those heights where, according to the Russian poet's words, 'one gets so near to God that one begins to understand him.'"

She considers that the bane of Rhodes's life was that he never knew who were his real friends, and allowed himself to be influenced by interested and unscrupulous people. His great weakness, she says, lay in his inability to own himself in the wrong. "He had a character so complicated that I doubt whether any one has really understood it, or whether he understood it himself." In fact, like the rest of her narrative, this chapter is of extraordinary interest. On the whole, it may be said that, while the book hardly rises to the level of the greatest historical memoirs, its author has all the talents required for producing such a work, if she should deem it expedient to adopt the requisite attitude towards her material.

THACKERAY IN AMERICA.

Thackeray in the United States: Including a Record of a Variety of Thackerayana. By James Grant Wilson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

When, in 1852, Thackeray made his first visit to this country, he had only ten years more to live. Those ten years, certainly the happiest and most brilliant of his life, owed much of their happiness to his friendships with Americans, and much of their ease to the profits of his American lecturing tours. Thackeray had the art of spending money fast. He loved all that the epicure in life appreciates; the society of the rich, because with them the machinery of life ran with the least friction; good wines, good dinners, which he found it even more pleasant to give than to receive; the luxury of drawing a check rather larger than he could afford, to set some poor devil on his feet. All this was necessary to his sensuous temperament and his profound sensibility. But, in the last decade of his life, when repeated attacks of illness warned him that his working days were numbered, he was possessed by a single thought—how to secure a comfortable provision "for the girls when I die." That is the pathetic phrase which crops up in so many of his letters, and it was to satisfy that ambition and to lay the ghost of that terror, poverty for his daughters, that he undertook the hard and distasteful business of public lecturing. Fortunately, it did not kill him, as it killed Dickens, and, with the clear profit of $30,000 which he gathered in America, he could make his own terms with publishers, build himself a house, and enjoy the present, for all its continued hard work.

In these two sumptuous volumes Gen. Wilson has collected from the journals of the day, from various letters, and memoirs of Americans who entertained Thackeray, and (most interesting source of all) from the letters of Thackeray himself, a very thorough and detailed account of the two American visits. The first volume is devoted to the two winters spent by the novelist in America; the second, to his last years in London, when he was still in touch with the friends who had been so lavish of their kindness and hospitality. Gen. Wilson has the Herodotean cast of mind. He loves the byways even more than the main road, and never loses an opportunity for a digression. It is chiefly that tendency to digress and tell an anecdote, with a perfect indifference to its relevancy provided only that it is entertaining, that makes the first volume such agreeable reading.

Thackeray's first crossing was shared by James Russell Lowell, fresh from his first visit to Italy, and by Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet. Thackeray landed in Boston, and there delivered his lectures on the English Humorists. Boston reminded him of Edinburgh, and he found the literary society there "very good indeed." He thought the life of New York "simpler and less pretentious" than that of the other American cities—a mystifying judgment, unless one remembers how different a New York from ours was that of the fifties, when a "villa in the country" to which Thackeray pays "an out-of-town visit" was situated a little to the west of Fifth Avenue, where are now Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Streets. The general aspect of what there was of New York may not, however, have been so very different from the city of to-day.

"The houses," writes Thackeray, "are always being torn down and built up again, the railroad cars drive slap into the middle of the city. There are barricades and scaffoldings banging everywhere. I have not been into a house, except the fat country one, but something new is being done to it, and the hammerings are clattering in the passage, or a wall or steps are down, or the family is going to move. Nobody is quiet here; no more am I."

Thackeray was entertained by all the most distinguished men of the time, and General Wilson gives us interesting glimpses of the home life of Washington Irving, Ticknor, Emerson, William B. Reed, and others. But the novelist was essentially a club man. The occasions on which he dwells with the deepest appreciation are the dinners and breakfasts at Delmonico's, then at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, opposite A. T. Stewart's, and the gatherings of the Century Club in Clinton Place. At this club, which Thackeray called "the best in the world," he used to meet G. W. Curtis, Judge Charles P. Daly, Dana, the elder and younger Wallack, and many others, whom he always recalled with affection. Of Judge Daly, who died in 1899, General Wilson tells the following anecdote. When Daly was in London in 1851, he was presented to the Duke of Wellington, who said, "You are

too young to have reached a high place on the Bench." "I owe my position," replied Daly, "to one of those accidents of fortune to which your Grace owes so little." "I recall my criticism," said the Iron Duke grimly; "you are doubtless where you belong."

On his first visit to the South, Thackeray was inclined to think it was the slave-owners rather than the slaves who should be pitied. In 1853, he wrote: "The negroes in the good families are the happiest, laziest, comfortablest race of menials. They are kept luxuriously in working time, and cared for most benevolently in old age—one white does the work of four of them, and one negro that can work has his parents very likely and young children that can't." But on his second visit he wrote to his daughter from Charleston: "How fond you would be of the little blackies! . . . Happy they unquestionably are—but—but I remember telling you of a pretty little child scratching my elbow and holding up a plate to me at dinner when I was here before, and now—now my friend has tired of Charleston and his beautiful, luxurious house, garden and establishment, and has sold his house and slaves; and, I don't like to ask about the ebony child whom he tickled and nursed and brought up in luxury. and who, I fear, may be sold, too."

On both occasions when it came to leaving America and the kind faces that he hardly hoped to see again,Thackeray actually could not stand the ordeal, and fled to Europe at a few hours' notice without farewells. He was firm in refusing to write a book about his impressions of America, because in such a work there must be some criticisms, and, unlike Dickens, he could not bring himself to utter them—"May claret turn sour if I do!" In a volume which is a monument of good will on both sides, it strikes the reader as a false note to find Thackeray's "Half a Loaf" reprinted in full. It was written in alarm and indignation at a moment when he was confronted with the suggestion of certain American newspapers that, if the English involved themselves in the civil war in consequence of the incident of the Southern commissioners, the investments of British subjects in America should be confiscated. Thackeray had put a good deal of his money into American stocks, and he wrote on the spur of the moment an effusion that he must have regretted. Gen. Wilson prints here for the first time some verses which are not up to the mark of Thackeray's best. His light verse is, however, always good and occasionally excellent. The short ode to the nightingale on page 178 of the first volume will remind many readers of Matthew Arnold's "Philomela" in both form and expression.

The last half of the second volume is devoted to an index which failed us on two tests (it omits Prof. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, who is mentioned on page 169 of volume ii. as a friend of Thackeray, and a rather important reference to Delmonico's on page 316 of volume i.); and to a valuable bibliography of nearly 300 pages contributed by Mr. F. S. Dickson. The numerous full-page portraits of Thackeray and the reproductions of his amusing and spirited drawings are one of the most striking features of the book. Gen. Wilson's digressive manner has its drawbacks. Those who tell anecdotes inevitably repeat themselves, and his repetitions are frequent enough to make it the reviewer's duty to point out some of them in the interest of a second edition. On page 81 he repeats a saying of Thackeray's already quoted on page 67; page 247 is an echo of page 127; an anecdote about Lady Holland is repeated in volume ii., page 244, from volume i., page 93. Wellington's criticism of Sydney Smith is given twice at length in volume i., (pages 74 and 239); Thackeray's saying about Collingwood and the acorn occurs in volume i., page 236, and volume ii., page 104; in volume i., page 362 echoes page 359; the description of Col. Newcome's death is quoted in full twice in the second volume, Thackeray's tribute to Dickens is given twice, the anecdote of the seaman who read 'Pendennis' on an Arctic expedition is told twice—nor have we in this list exhausted the number of what are obviously involuntary repetitions. The Greek accents in one or two quotations need revision. On page 341 Challey Range is given for Whalley Range, and on page 88 of volume ii. Stephen Gyronn is surely a misprint (repeated in the index) for Stephen Gwynn.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

Artists bold enough to undertake to paint the lily of Tenniel's designs for 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland' have been found, and M. L. Kirk (whom we take to be of womankind) now brings twelve full-page color plates in contact and contrast with Tenniel's in the handsome edition of Frederick A. Stokes Company. Alice herself is not quite consistently imagined, and is a little underbred in the comparison, but, on the whole, the quality of these pictures is good and well-sustained, and will add distinctly to the average child's pleasure in the book. Especially commendable are Alice's descent through the rabbit's hole; the blue caterpillar and his hookah; the table party of Alice, the March Hare and the Hatter; the scene where Alice cries "Nonsense!" to the Queen; and the final dance of the Mock Turtle and the Gryphon.

By diligent distillation of standard works on Japan, written a generation or two ago by men who saw the old social and economic conditions of a people just emerging from insular hermitage, D. C. Angus has produced a very pleasant book for children under the title 'Japan, the Eastern Wonderland' (Cassell). The four-dozen illustrations, besides being bright and clear, hold well to the unchangeable things in nature and humanity. They picture especially social life and the industries which are not affected by modern innovations. The pretty book is one of the progeny of 'Alice in Wonderland,' and is properly clothed in Christmas dress. Wisely the author is willing to "take away eleven hundred years from our history . . . as 'mythical,' " to be still sufficiently proud that "our Mikado is the representative of the oldest reigning house in the world." In other ways he saves himself, by careful priming for his book, from corrupting the youthful mind in lands Occidental, for which he will be thanked by all who enjoy a well-told story free from exaggeration.

The humorous Laird of Littlegrange would have found irresistible 'The Rubáiyát of a Persian Kitten' in Mr. Oliver Herford's parody and illustrations (Scribner). Some thirty-five capital designs there are, confronting as many quatrains, and while children cannot comprehend the verse, they may (or many of them may) listen not impatiently to it while they study the delectable drawings of kitten adventure. Not one quatrain is flat, all are clever, and some exceptionally so. We append a couple of specimens, to whet the appetite for others we should like to quote were it fair. The first shows the kitten at the open refrigerator:

> Some for the Glories of the Sole, and Some
> Mew for the proper Bowl of Milk to come.
> Ah, take the fish and let your Credit go,
> And plead the rumble of an empty Tum.

And here is puss before the wire mouse-trap:

> 'Tis but a Tent where takes his one Night's Rest
> A Rodent to the Realms of Death address'd,
> When Cook, arising, looks for him and then—
> Baits, and prepares it for another Guest.

Annie R. Talbot's 'Bobby and Bobbinette' (H. M. Caldwell Co.) is a pretty little book, with its dainty cover and quaint illustrations. The story is slight, and some of the incidents not very probable, but children will not object to that. The heroine is quite a natural little girl, and if Bobby is rather too good to be true, we can at least take a real interest in their friend the doll-seller, her dog and her dolls. In fact, these last inanimate characters are as lifelike as any in the book. Any child who has ever owned a doll can sympathize with Miss Kathy when she says: "There's days that doll Filury would try a saint. She'll sulk, sulk, sulk, till I have to shet her up in a drawer to get red of her." It is, of course, a surprise to be told of "a line of poetry" which runs: "Hope springs perennial in the human heart"; but as the writer does not quote from Pope by name, we must assume that she is composing a verse of her own.

'Babes in Toyland,' by Glen MacDonough and Anna Alice Chapin (Fox, Duffield & Co.), is, by a reversal of the usual order of things, a story founded on an operetta. There is nothing to take the place of Victor Herbert's music, but for the stage setting we are fully compensated by the charming illustrations, colored and otherwise, of Ethel Franklin Betts, a pupil of Howard Pyle. The main idea is good, and the history of the principal characters in nursery rhymes ought to give scope for imagination; yet as a whole the book is disappointing. The adventures do not thrill us, and are not improved by a fairy element quite foreign to the spirit of Mother Goose. Even the descriptions of Toyland, with its animals of wood or india-rubber on velveteen lawns, and its Master Toymaker, leave us entirely cold. Much the best episode in the book is the visit of the Babes in the Wood to Mean Town, under the escort of Fuzzy, the Little Bear, whose portrait is fascinating.

Virginia Gerson's 'The Happy Heart Family' (Fox, Duffield & Co.) has a catchy title, bright red cover, and amusing illustrations. Yet one groans for a literary censor of the press to guard the ears of the nursery from such ungrammatical jargon as the following: "Nobody saw a great big letter that was lying right out in front of them on the grass, until little Mister Clumsy-heart stubbed his toe and stumbled all over it! He laughed out so it made them all turn round to see what was the matter—and there laid the letter!" Surely a

vigorous protest should be entered against such a well of English defiled, as the reading-matter of children. Again, is it humor to print occasional words in capitals? or is there anything subtly funny in representing the male characters with their hearts upside down? Altogether, the book is claptrap.

If C. Collodi's 'Adventures of Pinocchio,' translated by Walter S. Cramp (Ginn & Co.), were a mere picture-book without text, it would still be worth getting for Charles Copeland's admirable illustrations, in almost every instance superior to the work of Carlo Chiostri in the original. But as a story it will be a delightfully novel addition to our children's libraries. The very idea of a wooden marionette as hero, transports us to a far-off country; and as we follow his adventures till he finally turns into a boy, we feel more and more that the sentiment and the humor are alike foreign. Only the moral is familiar. The sad transformation of idle scholars into donkeys is set forth in a manner worthy of 'The Water Babies.' We could, however, wish that the style were on the same level. The translator, "in order to preserve the unique flavor of the story," has given us a strange admixture of anglicized Italian idioms and American slang. As instances of the former, ascertained by comparison with the original, we may cite "a nearly ruined table," "the guards wept like two baby lambs," "preserved meat," "when Pinocchio had drunk like a sponge," and the like; of the latter, such sentences as "if you had not been around, I surely would have escaped." Thus this "literary jewel," as Sara E. H. Lockwood calls it in her preface, would undoubtedly sparkle more brightly in a different setting.

Mrs. Molesworth's 'Ruby Ring' (Macmillan) and 'The Blue Baby, and Other Stories' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) are so characteristic of this prolific writer as to need little comment. In the 'Ruby Ring' we have some of Mrs. Molesworth's favorite gypsies. The other volume of short stories, collected under a title of unpleasant sound to medical ears, has no element more exciting than a monkey on a barrel-organ. In the one book the heroine learns not to be discontented; in the other, various children are shown the evils of forgetfulness, harsh criticism, deceit, and wilfulness. There will always be a certain class of little girls to like these simple plots, obvious sentiments, and clearly enforced morals, while their elders will rejoice in the model of good English which this writer invariably affords to young readers.

The stories in 'The Touch of Nature,' by Augustus Mendon Lord (American Unitarian Association), range over every epoch and every country, and all but two deal with the supernatural. For most adult readers they will have all the charm of fresh antiquities, and one statement at least, that St. Patrick came from Rome to be a missionary to the Britons, will cause them unfeigned surprise. The book would gain by the erasure of certain unpleasing colloquialisms, and by the substitution of illustrations less careless and less grotesque. Thus, in reading of Spain under the Moors and of a knight and page in armor, we resent a drawing of two theatrical matadors. But, as a whole, the stories are well chosen and well told.

'Mary's Garden, and How It Grew,' by Frances Duncan (Century Co.), is a charming little book, and, as the old phrase goes, combines instruction with amusement in an admirable way. It gives in simple, clear language the story of a child's labors over her garden from December to November, with enough practical information and enough illustrations to make it a valuable text-book. A few flower legends are prettily introduced, and there is sufficient sequence of plot to form a readable story. Of course all children cannot have the advice and superintendence of Herr Peter Trommel, and, as the little girl says, "Gardening is very distracting at times." But still this book ought to encourage many boys and girls to try their hand at this delightful occupation, and enable at least a few to succeed.

Ornament and Its Application: A Book for Students, Treating in a Practical Way of the Relation of Design to Material, Tools, and Methods of Work. By Lewis F. Day. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904. Pp. xxxii, 319.

This is one of a long succession of books, by the same author, in which the arts of design are treated in a very practical way. A companion volume to the present one, entitled 'Pattern Design,' has been reviewed in these columns. The difference between the two is in the more serious attempt made, now, to explain the relation of the piece of decorative work itself, the material used, and the purpose to be served, to the ornamentation. We should use rather the term decoration, were it not for the title given to the book in hand, for decoration suggests the making of the whole piece decorous and fit in every way for its purpose, while ornament refers rather to that which has been put on without other end than the supposed need of adornment.

Now if we take the illustrations of this work, with only such reference to the text as the proper understanding of the illustrations makes necessary, we shall judge the book at its best. There are 289 illustrations, all included in the text; but some are very elaborate, while some are mere diagrams. Collectively, with their well-imagined "captions," they form a mass of very excellent material, calculated to instruct in the best way—that is, by the force of well-chosen examples. Page 166 has cut 156, "Forged iron scrollwork of the thirteenth century"; and cut 157, "Details of forged iron beaten into swages"—these last being drawn on a large scale. Page 167 is occupied entirely by cut 158, "Forged iron scroll-work of the seventeenth century." Page 168 shows cut 159, and the next page cut 160, the two dealing also with wrought-iron work and having captions which describe them rather closely, and point out the difference between them and between each of them and all the other pieces shown. This subject is continued on the following two pages, and two other cuts are shown which come directly into their places in the series. Given a little, a very little, knowledge of the subject of blacksmith work, and the reader who desires information about the different styles of such work—not the historical and epochal styles, but styles of workmanship and of design—will be well served.

On the other hand, if one reads the text which accompanies these pictures, he will find brief explanation of the way in which the work has been done in each case, and this explanation will seem to him to fail rather from mere brevity than from inadequate perception of the conditions. There is no peculiar brilliancy of analysis, but indeed the two pages of text which accompanies these plates (for there are not more than two pages of solid printed matter) contain clear description and positive setting down of facts about the work.

Chapter X. is entitled "From Process to Process," and it shows in text and in cut how the designer works when he models relief in clay, when he scratches the surface of other clay, producing thereby a fantastical pattern, when he cuts through one coat of clay to show other clay of a different color beyond—all of these pieces of work in plastic material being preparations for the firing which is to make pottery of the modelled or sculptured piece. But as the writer's purpose is to explain the way in which ornament develops itself and comes to be what it is, so he passes from this clay work to plaster work, and then to cutting in stone and wood, and again to rapidly incised work in metal for niello or for champlevé enamel. And, as a kind of work closely in harmony with the last-named, a mosaic of inlays is shown, garnet in metal, glass in ivory, clay in wood, glass in plaster in translucent patterns (windows for Cairene mosques). As before, we find the illustrations singularly well chosen and perfectly well explained by their captions, and as before the text is so very brief that it demands close attention from its reader. A sufficient space is not allowed for each separate truth to be dwelt upon, to be brought up again, held up in another light, reconsidered, reëxamined, reinforced.

This book appears to be and is much more important than the thinner book which we have called its companion volume, and every person interested in decorative design should possess it, if only for repeated examination of its very interesting pictures.

Style in Furniture. By R. Davis Benn. With illustrations by W. C. Baldock. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. xvi., 338.

The spread of purely literary education, such as is given by the schools, has not produced as many treatises on the practical trades, the industrial arts, the daily work of manufacture and decoration, as might have been expected. There are but few such books, and when they come to our notice they are disappointing in a way, because one has not thought beforehand of the difficulty of expression on the part of those whose chief business in life is not writing. There have been such brilliant instances of success in that way—so many artists, for instance, who were never suspected of the power of verbal expression, yet have excelled in it—that one ceases to anticipate what should be the normal result of asking a skilful, responsible, and well-informed tradesman to write down his thoughts upon his own trade. And yet the reading public might have seen something of what they had to expect, in the business letters which they receive from workmanlike and businesslike men of affairs, men of good common-school educa-

tion; for it is quite well known to persons who receive many letters on business affairs that only correspondence clerks, and chiefs who have become chiefs because of unusual perspicacity, have learned how to write business letters which are intelligible. The exceptions are not as remarkable by any means as the prevalence of the rule.

In the matter of decorative furniture we have had occasion more than once to comment upon the internal evidence given by this or that book that its author was a thoughtful mechanic and perhaps an artist, but was not a skilled writer. Here, now, is a book with a similar characteristic visible in every page, and unfortunately showing itself in vexatious ways, as by the great number of quoted expressions and phrases, the numerous exclamation marks, the far too obvious attempts at small jocosities, and even by such errors of attribution and popular nomenclature as may easily arise where verbal exactitude is not a primary object of the writer. A "Jacobean chair of the Cromwellian period" may be a puzzle for the historian; a "bread and cheese cupboard" need not excite thought of "the hearty, simple fare of the old days," because, indeed, the name given is a modern and a merely fantastical one; it is a poor way to treat your own judiciously employed epithets to put them into quotation marks, and to print a legend under a cut in this fashion: "'New Art' Surface Decoration of the 'Wiry' Type (German)." The quotation mark is an obsession of our author, and he seems to enjoy inventing terms which are fairly descriptive and then spoiling them by this device.

The feeling that we have about the text extends in a degree to the illustrations, for while they are taken from good examples and are drawn with sufficient intelligibility, they are not made authoritative as to style and date, and they are curiously deficient in charm. To say that they are ugly would be to say too much, perhaps, for the artist may be excused for remembering always and insisting very strongly upon the polished surface of his varnished furniture; and when he has unlovely details to render, it is hard to make the picture attractive. Still, the thought must occur to every person who is familiar with modern illustration that to put "Chippendale" at the top of a plate is not enough of a guarantee, and that less work and a simpler style of drawing would have produced a more fortunate result.

Our fault-finding is now at an end. The book contains a great deal of excellent matter, and it is not ill arranged. Moreover, the good taste shown in the criticisms upon ancient and modern work is noteworthy. The volume is divided into chapters, with titles such as Sir William Chambers, Chippendale, Other Georgian Types, The Louis Quatorze, Empire, etc.—seventeen of them in all. There are 102 numbered plates which show many hundred separate objects, and there are also illustrations in the text. A sagacious plan is adopted of compelling the reader to consult the text in connection with the pictures. Plate so-and-so will have no legend or "caption" whatever, nor any title, but merely a reference to the text—sometimes to six different pages, for the same number of objects shown in the same plate. Those who have noticed the sad fact that an illustrated article in a magazine or an illustrated book is not often read carefully, and this because the man who should be a reader thinks that he gets from the pictures themselves all that there is to be got, because he glances at them, lays the book down, and is sure he is done with it—those persons will accept with applause this novelty. When one end of a very elaborate and gorgeous piece of furniture is shown you, with only Number 3 upon it, and only a reference to Page 244 for its title, the chances are very greatly increased that the lover of such things will look that numbered page up, and in this way get to see the piece of furniture as the author would have him look at it.

Man and Superman: A Comedy and a Philosophy. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's.

At the School of Economics in London last May a number of well-known men and a few women met to discuss a paper by Mr. Galton on the science of "Eugenics." Mr. Karl Pearson was in the chair, and those who took part in the debate were Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Benjamin Kidd, two or three distinguished London physicians, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Eugenics, we may explain for the sake of those who have not followed Mr. Galton's studies in heredity, is a word invented by him to stand for "the science which deals with all influences that improve the inborn qualities of a race." Mr. Galton prefers to call eugenics a science, but a number of those who discussed his paper insisted on regarding it as a new religion, which must be preached with fervor, while even Mr. Galton could not avoid using such words as "tenet" and "dogma" when he prophesied that one day men would believe in eugenics and live according to their belief. There was much talk about heredity, some asserting that we know enough already to use our statistics in a system of artificial selection, though the majority confessed a profound distrust of all such statistics. There was no agreement as to whether improving the environment would improve the stock, or as to what was to be done about the institution of marriage. All agreed that it is the chief obstacle in the path of eugenics, but, on the whole, it was thought best not to meddle with it till, the whole world being converted to artificial selection (for eugenics really amounts to that), marriage would be improved out of existence. The debate left Mr. Galton much depressed in his hopes for his new science.

One of his few whole-hearted adherents was Mr. Shaw, and we have said so much about eugenics because, in the comedy before us, written though it was before Mr. Galton's debate, he definitely aims at converting his readers to what we may call the dogmas of eugenics if we take it as a religion, or its laws if we choose to rank it with physics and chemistry—a step which really calls for an apology to both. Mr. Shaw's hero, the Superman, is, of course, the ideal type. But he would not be every man's, much less every woman's, ideal; and one of the grand difficulties that will have to be faced by those who experiment with the cult of the Superman—we mix our phraseology, like Mr. Galton, so as to cover both views—is that no two persons will agree on the type needed or the special qualities to be bred. Mr. Shaw's ideal is simply, if one may say so without rudeness, himself. John Tanner in the play is the philosopher who inevitably, at some stage of the race's development, turns and denounces its culture and its institutions, like Socrates, like Heraclitus before him, like Nietzsche and Ibsen, and the rest. Such a type is not only necessary but inevitable for the advancement of the race; it is bound to recur. But a race of Supermen of that kind or even a nation of them would be an absurdity; Plato himself, when he designed his impossible community, never expected to breed more than a very small minority of truly enlightened and superior men to guide the rest. Mr. Shaw's heroine is not the Superwoman, of whom, indeed, we hear nothing. Ann Whitefield is Everywoman, and her part is to defeat the purpose of the Superman and to tempt him to be false to his philosophy. In this she succeeds, for Mr. Shaw must make his play like life, though he may desire all that Mr. Galton desires, and may agree, as he did in the London debate, that the "violent preferences" of natural selection should be frustrated or ignored when the good of the race demands it. Nothing, indeed, was more amusing in that debate than the manner in which the theorists waved "love" aside as an irrational element that must be kept out of eugenics, while the men more in touch with affairs (the physicians especially) refused to leave out of the account the mysterious and incalculable force that always has stultified and always will stultify any form of eugenics as Mr. Galton conceives it. Mr. Shaw's hero, accordingly, after denouncing Ann as a vampire and declaiming against marriage, marries Ann.

It is on its sociological side that the play is interesting. The picture of the evolution of the Don Juan type, and the interlude in the underworld with the devil transformed into a bland hotelkeeper, give Mr. Shaw his opportunity for some amusing declamations against all existing institutions. Barring even the long interlude, the play would hardly do on the stage. It is meant to be read by a select few; stripped of its preface and its appendix of revolutionary maxims, and presented to a general audience, it would be both offensive and undramatic.

The Letters of Dorothy Wadham, 1609-1618. Edited by the Rev. Robert Barlow Gardiner. Henry Frowde. 1904.

Dorothy Wadham is a remarkable type of the foundress, even in England, where collegiate bequests by women have been common enough; and notable for the liberality, assiduity, and, on the whole, wisdom, with which she administered her trust. Her husband, Nicholas Wadham, died in October, 1609. He had talked over the plans for the college at Oxford with his wife, but left her by will no directions except that "she will bestow and employ" the residuary estate left unreservedly in her control, "to such uses and purposes as I have requested her." At this time she was seventy-five years old. Within six weeks she had applied for a charter; within nine months the cornerstone of the chapel had been laid; and in a little more than three years the buildings, which remain an almost unaltered delight to-day, were completed. A year before this time she had constituted the college of a warden, fifteen fellows, as many scholars, two chaplains, and two clerks, with the necessary servants. For her own

lifetime she retained the right to nominate to these positions, and her letters, now first edited by an old Wadhamite, relate chiefly to such appointments.

At times the aged foundress deprecates this duty. Writing November 15, 1614, concerning a batch of nominations, she premises to her "good Warden": "Allthough it bee not a thing fitt for me to appointe officers in my Colledge yet knowing by my statutes that I have reserved it unto my selfe and seeing that without my warrant ye will not presume the appointinge of them, etc."—and then follows the "slate." But this tone is rare, and generally her letters bear out the Wife of Bath's view, that women chiefly love dominion. Ordinarily, she addresses "My good Company" or "My Society" without apologetic preambles. Indeed, a feature pathetic, yet not precisely amiable, in her letters is the attempt to secure a post-mortem control of both regulations and appointments. Yielding to pressure from friends and relatives who desired scholarships, she created a waiting-list which could not have been satisfied till long after her death. Moreover, she seems actually to have supposed that no amendment of the rules of the foundation could be made after she was gone. But to this end she urges suggestions from the "Companye," being desirous in her lifetime "to see your Colledge perfect."

No concern of the college was too small for her. She virtually reprimands Warden Wright for appointing a substitute cook during the absence of the regular incumbent, and directs that a recommendee of My Lord's Grace of Canterbury be installed: "These [letters] shall be expressly to require you and your Company to remove uppon sight heerof Doctor Wrights man and to place Rodger Robinson as substitute under my cooke." In a less material spirit she commands in a postscript: "I would have prayers and fastinge dayes dewly observed in the house not allowinge any in ther Chambers to breake it or else where within the Colledge." On another occasion she reprehends the abridgment of the two-hour disputations regularly held after dinner. Bad conduct in her company distresses her greatly. Of an ill-conducted Fellow she writes that she is tempted to cut off his stipend: "I can hardly be drawen to send Robin Arnold his quarterage . . . were it not that I wish him better than he hath grace to conceive and also doubtinge his former frantick tricks. I pray let him not be untold by you whereby he may the better know himself." In like spirit she provides pensions for a "Mansiple" (steward), or orders that a long-standing glazier's account be paid "that ther may be noe more brabling with him." But perhaps nothing better shows her care for the general comfort of her appointees than her stipulation, forced by the unreasonable absenteeism of one of the chaplains, that his stipend should be transferred during such absence to the one remaining in service; "because the Chaplin's place is paynfull and troublesome beyond others."

Unhappily, the other side of the correspondence is not preserved, and we do not know how the "good company" took the rather minute solicitude of their patroness. It is significant, however, that she very promptly lost her first Warden by resignation, while her frequent admonitions to brotherly unity seem something more than perfunctory. When the foundation put on "mourning gowns" which the estate supplied in her honor—the furnisher, M. Boswell, was enjoined to supply "good cloth for his credit and at an easie prise for my [the executor's] purse"—it is possible that the "Societye" had mixed feelings toward the vigorous old gentlewoman. It may be conceived that their real regret for one who had cared for them generously was tempered with a certain relief that Nicholas Wadham's idea of a college was no longer to be interpreted by Nicholas Wadham's widow. But this is only the common lot of founders, and it is doubtful if any future treatise *de senilibus* can afford to neglect the extraordinary and on the whole wisely directed activities of the octogenarian Dorothy Wadham.

Studies in Prose and Verse. By Arthur Symons. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

"Criticism," says Mr. Symons in the expository dedication of this collection of his magazine articles and prefaces, "is not an examination with marks and prizes. It is a valuation of forces, and it is indifferent to their direction." This is clearly the point of view of one who is a fine rather than a "great" critic, of one whose other half is poet rather than, as in the case of the great critics, historian or philosopher. We do not recall any of the latter sort who was ever quite indifferent to the direction of the forces he dealt with. Yet the fine critic of the former sort is likely to have representative import as well as personal interest. Mr. Symons is no exception. His volume is one of the most significant of recent books of criticism. In the long run, the considerable literary forces are ideas as they have been held by persons, and Mr. Symons's criticism is, like that of his acknowledged master, Walter Pater, the criticism of personality in literature, in a very special sense. We have but to call the roll of the personal forces he has evalued to apprehend pretty clearly the direction in which the significance of his criticism is to be sought. He writes briefly—but always pregnantly—of Balzac, Mérimée, Gautier, De Quincey, Hawthorne, Pater, Stevenson, Symonds, William Morris, De Maupassant, Daudet, Hubert Crackanthorpe, Robert Buchanan, Oscar Wilde, D'Annunzio, Meredith, Zola, Gorky, Tolstoy, Campoamor, Robert Bridges, Austin Dobson, Yeats, Stephen Phillips, Ernest Dowson, and (in the prefaces reprinted from the volumes of his poems) of himself.

To Stephen Phillips and one or two more of these writers Mr. Symons applies a firm, defining, and destructive criticism; in the case of Balzac, De Quincey, and Hawthorne, authors in the way of becoming classics, he is concerned with certain subtle aspects of their style and method; but in the case of the majority of the men named above, men marked whether by an admirable or a sad modernity, his affair is one of sympathetic interpretation, of the "valuation of forces." It is this that gives the book its unity and significance.

It is evident that, while the men of this latter company have in common the trait of being sincere artists, whatever they may be as men, they fall roughly into two sets as they are exquisite and wholesome, or wayward and "strong," writers. It is in dealing with the first set that the fineness of Mr. Symonds's literary sense and the close felicity of his prose style are most apparent. What, for example, could be more tellingly phrased than this of the diction of Robert Bridges?

"Mr. Meredith, caring mostly for originality, invents for every noun an adjective that has never run in harness with it, and which champs and rears intractably at its side. Mr. Swinburne, preferring what goes smoothly to what comes startlingly from a distance, chooses his epithets for their sound and for their traditional significance, their immediate appeal, sensuous or intellectual. Mr. Bridges obtains his delicate, evasively simple effects by coaxing beautiful alien words to come together willingly, and take service with him, as if they had been born under his care."

It is, however, in dealing with men of the second set, the more wayward moderns, that Mr. Symons is at once most sympathetic and most significant. Even in the case of that hauntingly exquisite poet and most impossible of disreputable persons, Ernest Dowson, Mr. Symons is an astonishingly faithful interpreter, though he has known too much of the wholesome uplands of English literature to be quite an apologist. It is, perhaps, in dealing with the brilliant, perverse art of D'Annunzio, so alien to sound Anglo-Saxon feeling, that we find Mr. Symons's most characteristic judgments.

"To D'Annunzio," he says, "there exist in the world only two things, sex and art. He desires beauty with the rage of a lover; and, to him, sex is the supreme beauty. The visible world 'exists' for him as an entirely satisfying thing, which the soul or the needs of the soul could but trouble to no purpose. Studious of the origins of emotion, he finds them wholly in the physical action of the senses, and seems to have discovered nothing in human nature which cannot be rendered to the eye by some image. . . . His adoration of beauty is a continual fever, and in the intoxication of physical desire he is conscious that passion, also, is a supreme art. This quality comes to him because he is not so much a novelist as a poet, a poet who writes better in prose than in verse, but who never thinks in prose. 'Le Vergini delle Rocce' is a shadowy poem, in which beautiful ghosts wander, 'as if seen in a great mirror'; they are tired of waiting for life, their souls wasted away by dreams, their bodies famished with desires too vague to find a name. . . . Yet (and here perhaps the Northern attitude of mind may seem to take its revenge) these books of D'Annunzio in which every earthly delight is so eagerly accepted, possessed so passionately, are all tragedies, often tragedies ending in gross material horror, and they are tragedies because no man has yet found out a remedy against the satiety of pleasure, except the remedies hidden away somewhere in the soul."

There is little to be abated here, though it should be said that for many readers the beauty of D'Annunzio is never an enjoyable beauty, because of the heavy scent of the *fleurs de mal*, from which it is never separate. And here, in his characteristic preoccupation with that inward dalliance of modern "temperament" with sensuous beauty and a more and more shadowy soul, we find the significance of Mr. Symons's criticism. This misty, mid-region of moods, troubled with beauty, desirous of truth, yet little zealous in deed, is that in which he is, intellectually, most at home. When he comes at the end to write lyrically, though half whimsically, of himself, he frankly confesses to many of the doctrines of that sect which finds its narrow scrip-

ture in Pater's 'Studies in the Renaissance': his subjects shall be the "moods of men," all of them; his favorite nature shall be the city, with its "beauty of artificial light"; his "escape" from life shall be art.

By virtue of the refinement and earnestness of Mr. Symons's writing, his book is, as a whole, more wholesome than would appear from the sum of its subjects and its doctrine. It is an able apologia, and it is, as we have seen, especially interesting as being in more than a superficial sense typical of the age. It is idle to fit words like "decadent" or "Alexandrine" to our so active and miscellaneous times. General letters, history, biography, criticism were never more capable and healthy, yet the fact remains that in creative literature, for the last score of years, the most sincere and individual art that we have had, has been neither robust nor "of the centre," but, as in the case of the men whom Mr. Symons has chosen chiefly to interpret, wistful or perverse.

Retrospects. By William Knight, Emeritus Professor of Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

Professor Knight need hardly have been so doubtful as he seems to be in his preface of his readers' ability to appreciate his 'Retrospects' without initiatory rites. It is his aim, he tells us, to avoid well-trodden ground; and, though his success in this regard is less than absolute, there is an air of novelty investing a very large proportion of the substance of his book. Here and there an old friend shows a familiar face. At the outset he deliberately denies himself the rôle of critic, but the habit of his life is stronger than his deliberate resolve, and from first to last we have a good deal of criticism and not a word too much.

There are thirteen at Professor Knight's table, but they all have "had their day and ceased to be," so that the fatal number need not disturb our minds. Carlyle has the MacGregor seat, not only as coming first in order, but as affording the most interesting matter. This chapter is almost entirely made up of anecdote and reminiscence; the Browning, Stanley, and Martineau chapters are compacted of letters and recollections in different degrees; the Shorthouse, Davies, Smetham, and Elwin chapters depend almost exclusively for their interest on the letters they contain. Professor Knight laments that there are so few good reports of Carlyle's conversation, and tells of forty pages of Stanley's notes of a single talk, which have mysteriously disappeared. Carlyle did not reciprocate Stanley's admiration. "Eh, the Dean!" he said: "he's a man who just gets drunk on toast and water!" But those whom he did not depreciate were few. "Maister Darwin," he said, "is no better than John Mull [Mill] or Maister Herbert Spencer; they're a' *magneeficent asses.*" Conducting family prayers at a friend's house in Scotland, he read nearly half the Book of Job, pleading that "Eliphaz the Temanite was verra interesting." Disraeli and Gladstone were to him *Tros Tyriusve.* He said: "I don't know that Dizzy has got a conscience. Gladdy *has* a conscience, but he turns it any way he has a stomach to, and immediately thinks it is a call from God." In the Kingsley-Newman fight he thought, being quite isolated here, that Kingsley had the best of the argument. He acknowledged Newman's cleverness, but could not abide his "palpable mendacities." Professor Knight is forgetful when he writes of Carlyle as "savagely denouncing all oppressors." He spared the American slave oligarchy and Gov. Eyre. There is interesting testimony to Carlyle's courtesy and to his deference to others in conversation; in this particular shaming Tennyson, Browning, Martineau, and others.

Professor Knight's interest in Maurice is very great, but he does not succeed in making him impressive to us. The Tennyson chapter adds little to what we have already heard. Tennyson thought Maurice "far greater than Newman, really more spiritual and profounder every way." Among sonneteers he ranked his brother, Charles Turner, next after Shakspere, Milton, and Wordsworth. His ideal sonnet showed "a continuous advance of thought and movement"; but many lovers of the sonnet, if they do not prefer that form where the sestet recoils upon the octave, as notably in Drayton's

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,"

will contend that it is certainly not inferior to the other. The intensity of Tennyson's passion for personal immortality has often been remarked. Professor Knight reports him as saying, "The idea of annihilation would be more horrible to me than the idea of everlasting torments," but it would be different with the realization.

The Browning chapter is interesting principally as showing the poet's warm admiration for Wordsworth. He said of some of his earlier poems that "he could never be tired of loving them, while, with the best will in the world, he could never do more than try hard to like them." If Professor Knight's understanding of Browning's "Memorabilia" does not completely invert Browning's meaning, we have been much mistaken heretofore. The Martineau chapter is a significant comment on certain attempts to exhibit Martineau as leaning to the traditional theology. Let him idealize and adumbrate orthodoxy to suit his taste, and he could conceive it as something very attractive. But here is a passage that will be worth remembering from time to time. It expresses exactly the idea of Emerson's "Divinity School Address":

"The substitution, in short, of religion at *first hand*, straight out of the immediate interaction between the soul and God, for religion at *second hand*, fetched, by copying, out of anonymous traditions of the Eastern Mediterranean, eighteen centuries ago, has really been the directing, though hardly conscious, aim of my responsible years of life."

The recollections of Dean Stanley do little more than confirm previous impressions, the best of them being the most familiar, the Dean's speech in Convocation, defending Bishop Colenso. Some of the letters in the later chapters are too slight to justify their use. The distinguished names attached to them are not enough. Those by the less distinguished persons are frequently the better. Especially agreeable are the glimpses of J. Henry Shorthouse and Anna Swanwick. In the chapter on Whitwell Elwin we have good Wordsworthiana—for example, the poet's staying at home at Abbotsford when visiting Scott, and listening delightedly the whole morning to his sister's reading of "The Excursion"; (!)—and, *per contra*, his eight-mile midnight walk to intercept a letter and change a word in a poem he was sending to the press.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Æsop's Fables. Arranged for children by Nellie P. Dobbs. Topeka, Kansas: Crane & Co. 50 cents.
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. Judith of Bethulia. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
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Bolza, Oskar. Lectures on the Calculus of Variations. University of Chicago Press. $4 net.
Bonar, Horatius. Hymns. Selected by his son, H. N. Bonar. London and New York: Henry Frowde. $2.40 net.
Boraston, John Maclair. Birds of Land and Sea. John Lane. $2 net.
Bryan, William Jennings. Under Other Flags. Lincoln, Neb.: The Commoner.
Bryce, James. The Holy Roman Empire. New ed. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Byron's Love Poems. John Lane. 50 cents net.
Catalogue of the Books, Pamphlets, etc., relating to the City and County of Lincoln. Compiled by A. R. Corns. Lincoln, England.
Cary, Elisabeth Luther, and Annie M. Jones. Books and My Food. Rohde & Haskins.
Clement, Ernest W. The Japanese Floral Calendar. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Crane, Arthur. The New Philosophy. Published by the Author.
Dante's Divina Commedia. Translated by H. F. Tozer. London: Henry Frowde. $1 net.
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Decharme, Paul. La Critique des Traditions Religieuses chez les Grecs. Paris: Alphonse Picard & Fils. 7 fr. 50.
Edwards, William Seymour. In to the Yukon. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. $1.50 net.
Ehrlich, Arnold. Die Psalmen. Neu übersetzt und erklärt. Berlin: M. Poppelauer.
Erbés, Philip H. Cranio-Muscular Origins of Brain and Mind. Chicago: Promethean Publisher.
Felmley and Shutts. Arithmetics. Book I. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Firth, C. H. A Plea for the Historical Teaching of History. London: Henry Frowde.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1904.

The Week.

"We are going to make the dirt fly on the Isthmus." That was the triumphant word which Mr. Roosevelt sent to the protesting Yale professors, after his unhappy *coup* in Panama. Nearly a year has passed, and not even the plans for the canal are yet fixed, so obstinately do the Culebra ridge and the Chagres River refuse to get out of the way at the bidding of impetuosity! The chief engineer of the Commission, Mr. Wallace, has made a report to Congress in which he discusses the difficulties in a very open-minded way. It is evident that he favors a cut at sea-level. Indeed, expert opinion and Congressional preference seem now to be strongly leaning that way. Admiral Walker, however, stands by the old plans, largely on the score of economy and saving of time. Mr. Wallace speaks quietly of fifteen or twenty years' work to be done. This leaves the enthusiastic dirt-flying of a year ago looking slightly premature. The watcher on the peak in Darien will have to wait long before seeing the stately ships go by.

In connection with the Panama Canal, the President is already beset by Congressmen and others to make sure that all contracts go to Americans. It is true, the law requires him to get the work done as well and cheaply as possible, but it is argued that the intent could never have been to compel high-born Americans to compete with low-down foreigners. Sharp complaint is made that lumber from Puget Sound has been carried to the Isthmus in German bottoms, though American ship-owners stood ready to undertake the job at a higher price. Admiral Walker shows himself singularly obtuse on this point. He says that the Commission is going to get all the lumber and other material carried as cheap as possible. Bids will be invited, and if the foreigner is below the American, the former will get the contract. There seems to be something wrong about this. It may possibly be defended on business principles, but the canal is a great national work, and it is well known that the hearts of patriots will not beat warmly for their native land unless an appropriation or a "rake-off" apply the needed stimulus to the cardiac muscles.

President Roosevelt has instructed Mr. Willcox, the recently appointed postmaster of New York, to eliminate politics from the service here; and he has also commendably dismissed J. C. Keller, president of the National Association of Letter Carriers, and Frank H. Cunningham, president of the National Association of Rural Free Delivery Carriers. Their cases were very clear. They had seen the pension lobbyists, the ship-subsidy lobbyists, the river-and-harbor lobbyists, and a dozen others busily pushing their schemes through Congress; and they wanted for the carriers a chunk of the pork. Accordingly, they absented themselves from their duties—for which they were paid by the Government—and spent considerable time in lobbying for an increase of carriers' pay. Their conduct was not only indecent in itself, but in flat violation of President Roosevelt's order prohibiting individual or organized attempts of Government employees to influence legislation. The order itself was obviously in the spirit of civil-service reform. The disregard of it by these two men was particularly flagrant. In the last election the two organizations of carriers frankly adopted the methods of the highwayman: "Money for us, or your political life." Against this outrage the President's action has been emphatic, swift, and salutary.

For so ardent a lauder of high prices as Secretary Shaw recently showed himself, his conversion is lightning-like. Here he is calling upon American farmers to sell their wheat "cheap enough to permit the American miller to undersell." Where is the Home Market Club? What has become of that Midas touch, "selling to ourselves"? Indeed, the whole professed theory of protection is topsy-turvy in Mr. Shaw's statement respecting the drawback on Canadian wheat. The price of American hard wheat, he says, is "about 16 cents above that of Canada." But does he rejoice in that fact? Does he point to it as a triumphant proof that the agricultural schedules of the Dingley tariff, inserted with such broad winks to "fool the farmer," are at last beginning to be effective? No; the Secretary is as anxious and troubled as any free-trader about our foreign market. We must keep that at all hazards. Yet our high prices are killing it. Exports of flour are off one-half. Foreign merchants are telegraphing to American millers, "Your prices are out of sight." Hence the Secretary's incessant labors to lower the price of wheat. But on one point he is unyielding. Flour must not be cheap for the American consumer. We may have special laws and orders, and strain every nerve to give the English artisan cheap bread; we must do our best to feed the German and French laborer at small cost, but no American shall be robbed of the blessing of high prices for the necessaries of life. His right to pay double is inalienable.

It is the exception for Reed Smoot's name to be mentioned in the evidence which concerns his right to a seat in the Senate. Nevertheless, the testimony now being taken is vital to the whole proceeding. Mr. Smoot as an individual has nothing to do with the case. If the Senate is willing to have any Mormon apostle in its membership, he is the one, perhaps, to whom least objection would be made. He can be excluded only on the theory that the Church control is such that no one of its officers could be free from the possibility of its dictation even in his vote as a United States Senator. Last year, President Smith testified that if Mr. Smoot had become a candidate for Senator without asking permission, he would have been considered "out of harmony with his quorum"—an expression which does not mean much to a Gentile. He declared, however, that this consent amounted to no more than it would in any business house, where the cashier would naturally speak to the president before entering on a political campaign outside. We are now getting more light on the workings of the Church in politics. In Idaho, for instance, the Republican candidate for Governor, put up by the Mormons, ran ahead of Roosevelt in the Mormon counties and behind him in the Gentile counties. Many other cases could probably be discovered in the country where race or religious prejudice similarly helped one candidate and hurt another on the same ticket. A very wide net has been thrown out by the committee. It is catching no end of interesting and damaging details about Mormonism, but we are still far from a conclusive demonstration of the facts that would justify Smoot's unseating.

Upon the ear of a Senate fearful lest its right to go to war be curtailed, the appeal of the great arbitration meeting held in this city on Friday night should fall reassuringly. Any Government bent on fighting can do so, treaties or no treaties. One of the barbarities of war is the repudiation of treaties. Hence, even if a nation bound itself to arbitrate certain questions, it could, if it chose in the madness of the war passion, be false to its own pledges and add duplicity to misery. War being essentially a savage thing, no civilized restraints can hold back people determined to plunge into it. The Senate, therefore, need not be afraid of binding the country too securely to civilization. All that is asked of it is to give the peace habit a preference. After all, it can do no lasting harm to permit the nations to settle a

few controversies in the same way that individuals do everywhere—by referring them to impartial judges. The arbitrament of war, as we see it just now in the struggle between Japan and Russia, is not so speedy, certain, or glorious as to make the Hague Tribunal appear contemptible.

The members of the House of Representatives and of its Judiciary Committee differ on the question whether Judge Swayne's conduct of receiverships, treatment of litigants, and alleged residence in Delaware justified his impeachment, but they agree unanimously that his charge of $10 a day for expenses, when he really spent only four or five, constituted a "high misdemeanor." This is undoubtedly good law, but it is a little surprising that the only unanimous condemnation should be of a practice that is so often regarded as a venial offence in various branches of the Government service. Mr. Lacey of Iowa asked, during the debate, what was the custom of other Federal Judges as to the $10 a day charge for expenses, and suggested that the House needed to have "a job lot of impeachments covering the whole district or circuit." A year ago, it will be remembered, when the special session merged into the regular session without interval, the Appropriations Committee reported in favor of paying $145,000 for mileage to members who had never left Washington at all. It was seriously asserted on the floor that the 20 cents per mile allowed by the Constitution was not intended to bear any actual relation to travelling expenses, but was intended simply as additional compensation. The House finally decided not to take the money, but many members were unconvinced. The Congressman draws his "stationery allowance" and clerk's salary, whether he uses them for the specified purpose or not. In the departments it is almost a general rule that when a maximum is fixed for any privilege, this maximum comes gradually to be regarded as the regular thing. The allowance for sick leave for not more than two weeks in the year becomes a regular supplementary vacation. If Government officers in general are interested enough to reflect on Judge Swayne's case, they have many chances to put their conclusions into practice.

The Philippine Improvement bill goes back to the House a decidedly safer measure than when it started. It will not be possible now for a railroad company to mortgage away its property and leave the Government in the lurch, nor to secure the guarantee of returns on the whole line when only a part is completed. Moreover, the guarantee itself is cut down from 5 to 4 per cent. Some of these are points which the Democrats urged in the House, but, as the measure was brought in under a special rule which forbade amendment, there was no chance there for alteration of the clauses objected to. It ought to have as full and fair a discussion now on its return as it has had in the Senate. The vote on Mr. Bailey's amendment is one of those things which will doubtless be regarded as a straw showing which way the wind sets. Ten Republicans, all Western men except Senator Knox, voted with the Democrats to put the control of railroad rates in the hands of the Philippine Commission. Three more Republican votes would have carried the amendment.

The two hundred American clergymen, physicians, and merchants resident in China who have petitioned Secretary Hay on behalf of the admission of Chinese students and men of wealth and position to this country, would see their appeal granted at once were its justice the sole determining factor. To Filipinos, Japanese, Koreans, Porto Ricans, natives of India or the South Sea Islands our institutions of learning stand wide open. But to Chinese students the great educational opportunities are practically closed by the Exclusion act because of a senseless prejudice. Everybody admits that the Japanese who have been trained in this country have been important factors in bringing about the wonderful political and material progress of that country. It is universally believed, too, that a similar development of the Chinese Empire is most desirable from every point of view. Yet the United States, the country which would profit most by it, takes the untenable position of excluding all who might help to bring it about. Obviously, this is giving other nations an opportunity to make their influence felt indirectly, which is most heartily welcome.

"When once they get the old man of the sea—Protection—on their back, he is impossible to shake off." This sentence from Lord Rosebery's recent speech at Glasgow clearly refers to the efforts of this country to escape from the trammels of the protective tariff. The more we struggle, the more tightly we are enmeshed. The difficulty in the way of reform is intrenched corruption; for, as Lord Rosebery pointed out, "protection taints every source of public life." The protected interests, which draw an incalculable revenue from class legislation, can make and unmake every public officer, from poundmaster to President. They can and do dictate to Senators and Representatives their speeches, their policies, their votes. Do Senators Aldrich and Hale fear the stand-patters for naught? Is it love of his native land, or is it tenderness towards the men who are "financing" the Republican party, which arrays Speaker Cannon against tariff reform? Why do the high protectionists tell the President that in urging amendment of the Dingley law he is beating his head against a stone wall? These questions answer themselves. The people want tariff reform. The replies received from the *Evening Post's* inquiry of the first thousand men in 'Who's Who in America' are ten to one in favor of revision. But against this popular demand stand the inordinate greed of the protected monopolies and an inexhaustible war chest.

The Southern press has been quick to see that Senator Platt's connection with the proposal to cut down the South's representation in Congress is harmful to the project. The Charleston *News and Courier* is willing to discuss Congressman Burton's bill, but not Mr. Platt's, who, it says, "has never learned to play but one game—the game of politics—and he has always played it for profit and not upon principle." It is quite certain that Congress will realize that this is a matter in which the guidance of peanut politicians should not be accepted. There is relief in the South that the Republicans give no sign of earnestly pushing any measure, for it was thought that Roosevelt's landslide would encourage them to attempt something pretty radical. It is obvious enough that the reduction of representation is really dreaded, and would be received as a severe punishment. All the talk about the South's welcoming it as an acquiescence in the disfranchisement of the negro appears to be in the nature of a bluff. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* beseeches the South to keep quiet. The Southern members must not be "drawn into debate on this subject," for a heated discussion would have the effect of stirring up the issue and—note the admission—"strengthening the hands of the enemy." All of which looks very little like a calm acceptance of reduced representation.

Republicans of New York can now say with conviction, as the members of the Directory said after their interview with Napoleon, "We have a master." Mr. Odell has served notice on them that he holds their party in the hollow of his hand. His solemn pretence of "consulting" his creatures up the State on the Senatorial question would not deceive a child in arms. Odell exhibits the Republican organization as his personal property. It is as his own horse or ass, and he will ride it or flog it as it pleases him. His appointment of "Charlie" Murray to be judge of the Court of Claims, so as to get him conveniently out of the County Chairmanship, and his naming of the notorious Halpin for the vacancy, combined with his determination to oust and humiliate Mr. Depew are demonstrating that the new boss believes

in the policy of thorough—thorough autocracy and thorough unscrupulousness. Senator Depew ought to regard it as a certificate of character that Odell is against his reëlection. Indeed, if the junior Senator is now to quit the scene, he may be regarded as happy in the opportunity of his political death. A machine capable of taking a Black at the dictation of an Odell has no real honors to bestow upon any man.

The public memory is short, but it cannot yet have forgotten Black's term as Governor. The tone of it was low throughout. He began with an ignorant and brutal attack upon the civil-service laws. Under him the canal scandals created their stench. So bad was the impression made by his Administration that the machine dared not renominate him, and Roosevelt, with all his Cuban laurels green upon him, had to be called in to save the day. Even he narrowly escaped defeat; and the worst drag upon his canvass was the record of Gov. Black. That this man should now suddenly appear as the Senator whom the Republicans of New York are panting to elect, is one of the most ghastly jokes which a boss ever perpetrated. The whole situation is as critical as shameful for the Republican party of the Empire State. It sees itself treated like a chattel. A man about to retire from the Governorship in unexampled odium coolly proposes to go on ruling the party with a rod of iron. Against this degradation there will be protest if there is a spark of manhood left.

Eleven Massachusetts cities voted in the first half of December on the Luce Direct Primary law. Nine which had tried it once rejected it for future elections. One, which had refused to adopt it in the first place, took the same action again, and but one of those which had tried the law voted to continue it in operation. Reckoning in Quincy, which acted favorably, there were more than twice as many voters against the law as for it. This is a curious result to be reported only a month after an election in which primary reform made great advances all through the Western States. The feature of the law which caused its unpopularity seems to be its requirement that the voter, before sharing in the primary, declare whether he is a Republican or a Democrat. It is considered a violation of the principle of secrecy in voting, which of course it is, in a sense, though under the old system a voter just as plainly made known his allegiance when he attended a caucus. The provisions designed to prevent unscrupulous voters of one party from packing the other's caucus have been the weak points of every primary law yet drawn. The Boston *Transcript* compares the Luce law unfavorably in this respect with the statute just adopted by referendum in Wisconsin, which does not make the voter declare his party preference, but permits him to vote for candidates of only one party. Mr. Luce himself says that only a long trial can be expected to secure the results for which his bill was framed; but the Massachusetts cities are impatient.

"We should always remember with satisfaction that peace reigns in six-sevenths of the industrial world," wrote Andrew Carnegie in the address read before the Civic Federation on Thursday night. The other seventh is "exposed to successive and disastrous outbursts of war." That the word "war" is not purely metaphorical in this use is brought out by a compilation which Mr. Slason Thompson has prepared for the *Outlook* on the statistics of violence for two and a half years of strikes in this country. Mr. Thompson collected his data through the coöperation of trustworthy newspaper men in sixteen cities who examined the files of leading papers for reports of all strikes. Where the newspaper report used the word "several" the figure 2 was entered; where it said "many," 3 were added. As the table stands, though incomplete, it shows that deaths from violence incident to strikes were four-fifths as many as in the two days' fighting at El Caney and San Juan, while the injuries were actually one-third more numerous. There were in all 180 deaths, 1,651 injuries, and 5,533 arrests. The largest number of deaths was in Colorado, Illinois, and Pennsylvania; but New York is among the first three States in the number of injuries and of arrests, the figures from January 1, 1902, to June 30, 1904, being 4 kil'ed, 123 injured, and 1,010 arrested. No exact figures are available as to the number of striking workmen in this period, in which is included the building strike, with perhaps 100,000 men concerned, and the clothing strike with 30,000. A further analysis establishes the fact, which hardly needs statistical proof, that the deaths and injuries are chiefly inflicted on non-union men, while most of the arrests are of union strikers. Of the 180 killed, 116 were non-union men, 51 union strikers, and 13 officers. Of the 1,651 injured, 1,366 were non-union men, 151 union strikers, and 134 officers. On the other hand, of the 5,533 arrests 5,159, or nearly fourteen-fifteenths, were of union men. If we assume these proportions to hold good for New York State, about one striker out of every two hundred must have got himself arrested, while for about every 1,700 men on strike a non-union man was injured.

Mr. August Belmont, as a large employer of labor, was obviously on the eligible list for the presidency of the National Civic Federation. His election to succeed the late Mark Hanna is, however, something of a surprise. He may perhaps signalize his administration by reducing the amount of rather casual talk that has generally marked the proceedings. In fact, the danger of an organization that has merely advisory functions is of degenerating into an amiable circumlocution office. We do not underestimate the value of frank conference between employers, labor leaders, and prominent professional men; only good can come of it. Mr. Easley very justly pointed out on Thursday night that the problem of successful employment was largely one of the amenities of life. He instanced the happy condition of agricultural and domestic service—this over-hopefully, perhaps—in comparison with the more impersonal service of the mills and mines. Yet of incisiveness there was little in the proceedings. Mr. Mitchell's admission that the lockout is equally justifiable with the strike was candid and welcome; but the only thing that really struck fire was President Eliot's demand for "industrial peace with liberty." Upon the old-fashioned right of a man to bargain as an individual if he chooses, and to observe his own interests in the contract, he dwelt with his customary sturdiness. It was something of a dash of cold water at a late post-prandial period of this love feast, but who shall say that it was not more wholesome than the vague conciliatory expressions so common at these meetings?

M. Witte's large plan for reform of legislation affecting peasants is published at a significant moment. It offers the Czar an alternative course to acceptance of the zemstvo petition. Instead of sweeping reforms forced extra-officialiy upon his notice, he will be able to offer smaller but still important measures framed by his personal councillors. That may well be the meaning of the publication of Witte's plan shortly before the reply to the congress of zemstvo presidents. But it should not be assumed that the Czar will necessarily use the Witte proposals to give color to a complete refusal of the broader petition. There are within the zemstvo scheme, without accepting the radical demand for a parliament, numerous concessions that could be made—in fact some that Prince Mirsky has made in advance of the request. So the Czar would be short-sighted if, yielding to alarmist counsels of the reactionaries, he failed to give some recognition to the voice of his people as expressed by the zemstvoists. The numerous disorders, which in part seem to be due to *agents provocateurs* of the conservative faction, call loudly not for repression, but for some expression of liberal intentions towards an oppressed people, now coming to a dangerous stage of self-consciousness.

THE SENATORSHIP ET CETERA.

"Of course, the Legislature will decide who is to be Senator; but it is pretty sure to adopt Gov. Odell's suggestion." Thus spake William L. Ward, Republican boss of Westchester County. The reason why the Legislature is so ready to fall in with the Odell view is explained in another illuminating remark by Mr. Ward: "When Odell makes up his mind, he will tell me, and I will tell the boys up there, and I suppose they will vote as the Governor wishes." Thus our academic students of political science can see the very operation of that fundamental principle of a republic —"Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the Governor." Mr. Ward's Declaration of Dependence throws an interesting light on an article by Samuel P. Orth in the December *Atlantic*. Mr. Orth, after complaining that our legislatures are subject to much ridicule and denunciation, proceeds to show by statistics that there are in the membership imposing percentages of lawyers, merchants, honest farmers, college graduates, and self-educated men. Whence he justly concludes, "One must be profoundly impressed by the real representative character of these law-making bodies." The New York Legislature, at any rate, is the real representative of the Odell machine.

That machine has apparently determined upon Frank S. Black as the successor to Depew, for Black's candidacy has been boldly announced by his personal organ, the Troy *Times*. It kindly informs us that the ex-Governor has been "compelled" to this step "by the general request from Republicans in all parts of the State"—a spontaneous uprising of the marionettes. It is inconceivable that Black, after a show of holding back for several weeks, should now irrevocably enter the field unless he were assured of the support of the one man who can make and unmake United States Senators. And since Gov. Odell's shallow professions of impartiality have been unmasked and the last lingering doubt as to his purpose has been dispelled, the lawyers, merchants, honest farmers, college graduates, and self-educated men who form our august Legislature will exhibit their real representative character by cringing to the whip and licking the hand that strikes them.

In this critical juncture of his affairs, Senator Depew presents every appearance of being "chloroformed"—to use Gov. Odell's expressive phrase. As late as Saturday some of Mr. Depew's close advisers complacently declared their belief that Gov. Odell is not finally committed in this contest; that the numerous protests from friends of Depew are giving him pause; and that he may yet come out for Depew. All this recalls that pleasing oratorical figure of the vampire fanning its victim with its wings while it sucks the blood. What the most knowing politicians are saying is, "Sorry for poor Depew. He'll be disappointed, but he'll take his medicine with a smile, as he always does." The truth is, that the junior Senator is not the man for a knock-down and drag-out fight. Naturally amiable, he has acquired the habit of surrendering to the majority, or what he supposes is the majority; and at last he has seemingly lost the power of vigorous self-assertion. He has been shoved and hustled by bosses till he accepts their orders as part of the day's work. As the genial friend and well-wisher of everybody, he has for years been proclaiming a general amnesty in Sancho Panza's own terms: "I forgive all injuries, past, present, or to come, which I have already received, at this present time suffer, or may hereafter undergo, from any person, high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without exception of rank or circumstance." These are Christian sentiments for any time of year, and especially for this happy Christmas season; but there is a possibility of being too complaisant. "Blessed are the meek," says Gov. Odell, "for they are an easy mark."

There is one other man who is not cutting a very heroic figure in this contest—Governor-elect Higgins. He is entirely willing to confess that he has a positive choice for the Senatorship, but this preference he steadfastly refuses to reveal. If he be working secretly for one side or the other, he will do well to come out of the subway and show himself in the open. If he feel that propriety forbids him to meddle in the controversy, he should remember that his own fate as well as Mr. Depew's is being decided in these so-called "conferences" with Gov. Odell. Before the election Mr. Higgins was very loud in his proclamation that he was "no man's man." "That," cried the admiring friends of Mr. Higgins, "is a plain notice to Odell to keep his hands off. Higgins will be the man at Albany." Yet there were skeptics who, granting Mr. Higgins's desire to maintain his independence, questioned his power. Odell was evidently to be master of the Legislature, and he might easily swathe the Governor in bandages till he should be as helpless as a mummy. The process is already well under way. If Gov. Higgins tamely yields while Odell disregards him in the choice of a United States Senator, he will be flouted by Odell in everything else. The Speaker of the Assembly will be Odell's Speaker; the committees of both houses will be Odell's committees; the officers of the State will be Odell's officers; the fate of bills, good and bad, will rest in Odell's hands; and Gov. Higgins, like it or not, will be forced to sit, a gentle and obedient child, in Odell's lap.

SENSATIONAL FOREIGN NEWS.

At an international gathering of journalists recently held in London, a Russian editor made a striking plea for sanity in handling foreign news. He condemned the habit of burdening the cables with casual expressions of that sensationalism which afflicts all nations. He showed how a spiteful or incendiary paragraph which would be quietly disregarded at home, might in a foreign country assume undue importance and stir up resentment. Naturally, he dwelt upon the great harm done in Russia by the repetition of the worst expressions of the British anti-Russian press, and, conversely, in England by the representation of Russia as the pariah of the nations. And, finally, he pleaded that editors and news-gatherers alike should work not to gratify international prejudices, but to foster good will between nations.

The evil here pointed out is undeniable. International news service—with the exception of the London *Times* (of late years, however, a sinner through chauvinism), the Rotterdam *Courant*, and a few papers of like grade—is often defective or positively bad. In part, the trouble is inevitable. Newspapers have personalities and prejudices. If we could imagine a New York daily of anti-German and pro-Russian proclivities borrowing its policy from the personal likes and dislikes of its proprietor, we should expect it to "play up" occasional foolish talk in the Reichstag though the speaker and the sentiment were of no consequence whatever. Many newspapers are what they are simply because the owner hates Jews or loves Free Masons, fears the negro unduly or a fall in stock-market prices. For these offences or aberrations there is no remedy except the moral one. But certain evils pointed out by our Russian editor to his British hosts lie in the exciting method of transmitting international news.

The increased use of the cable has added vastly to the quantity and promptness of the news, at the expense of its quality. The old-fashioned correspondent in the foreign capitals, with almost ambassadorial prestige and pay, has yielded to the mere routine gatherer of news items for an agency. In fact, no paper but the London *Times* to-day is served all over the world by its own correspondents; and the extraordinary completeness of its service results in the unhappy but natural result that most of the news we get of Europe, or Europe of itself, is merely the more or less intelligent condensation of London *Times* dispatches—that is, news filtered first through a British correspondent, next through a British editor, and next through a London correspondent before it reaches the home office. Of course, this process, far from clarifying the original matter, tends at least to give it

English coloring, and often leads to more serious misrepresentation, due to carelessness or ignorance as the dispatch is passed along.

For the frequent inaccuracy and occasional sensationalism of their agents the various news agencies should not be blamed unduly. They have the difficulty of serving many masters, and must in many cases transmit matter which they know to be dubious, committing it frankly to the discretion of all sorts and conditions of news editors. But the trouble comes, after all, less through the news agencies than through irresponsible correspondents of the sensational press. The positive dangers of such inflammatory gossip-mongering was illustrated strikingly before the Spanish war here; and if, in general, recklessness in the selection of foreign news is less harmful here than abroad, it is merely because our interest in European affairs is languid. But all that is changing. Diplomatic relations with the Old World must apparently grow closer and more complex, and the time will come when an incendiary press will not be merely demoralizing, but as dangerous here as in London or in Berlin.

Since this is a moral matter, radical improvement will come only with the general growth in intelligence and morality. The news agencies and the individual newspapers would undoubtedly give a more complete and accurate service if it paid. Wild-eyed editors at home would quickly "kill" incredible or merely trivial dispatches if people stopped reading the paper from disgust. But much can be done by suppressing absolutely pernicious items, or by putting up some danger signal where the reader is invited to skate over some thin ice of rumor. Such censorship is naturally defective. Yet how conscientious and how valuable this sifting process may be is not widely realized. Possibly, the production of a class of educated and scrupulous news editors would do most to curb the vagaries of yellow journalists at large. Let colleges of journalism bring forth men who can tell truth from rumor and news from gossip, and the skepticism with which these institutions are commonly greeted would soon cease. In any case, the duty of sobriety and accuracy in printing foreign news was never so great as in this day when the whole world is a whispering gallery.

THE CASE OF ADOLF BECK.

Miscarriages of justice are by no means uncommon, but the case of Adolf Beck, twice tried in England and once imprisoned on the same erroneous identification, is very remarkable. Generally, Justice forgets her impartial blindness for some irresistible motive: religion is involved, as in the case of Joan of Arc; high personages to be shielded, as in Capt. Kydd's mock trial; popular horror spreads to judges and jurymen, as in many a case of shocking crime or political assassination by a maniac. But in the Beck case there were present none of these manifestations of "crowd psychology."

The charge against this Swedish resident in London was merely petty fraud. A careful scrutiny of the court proceedings by the British Home Office has shown not only that there was no animus against the prisoner, but that all persons connected with the two trials acted regularly and in perfect good faith. The judges, the two sets of counsel, the two juries, may honestly say that under similar circumstances they would repeat their former action. Even the chief witnesses for the prosecution can reproach themselves only with a too great, though perfectly natural, willingness to see in a stranger in custody the rascal who had hoodwinked them. With none of these people lay the moral blame; but with the police court judge who entertained a trivial accusation in the first instance, with the police officers who strained every point to see in Mr. Beck the notorious confidence man Smith, with the officers who had recorded Smith's identification marks so carelessly that they even neglected to mention that he was a Jew; finally, with an unconscious conspiracy to back up the original error by browbeating witnesses and suppressing possible evidence against the Smith-alias-Beck theory. The French General Staff itself hardly bowed more supinely to the *chose jugée* than did English Bumbledom in this instance to its own infallibility.

To make the case clear, recall that Mr. Beck was originally a complainant. In December, 1895, standing in his own doorway, Victoria Street, he was accosted by a strange woman with the outcry, "What have you done with my watch?" He had her promptly arrested, and followed her to the police court, where the nature of the swindle alleged by the woman caused the police to jump to the conclusion that Beck was the malodorous Smith who eighteen years earlier had been sentenced to a term. Assuming this identification, the justice denied Mr. Beck's complaint and entertained the woman's. From that time it is a sorry story of attempts to prove that Beck was Smith. Note that there was no striking personal resemblance between the two. Yet many women, excited by the hope of getting their money back, confidently identified in Beck their cajoler. In court the police swore they saw on Beck's unscarred face the scars and birth-marks they had noted on Smith's. Finally, a reputable handwriting expert testified that Smith's handwriting was merely a disguised form of Beck's. And as if to crown the misfortunes of the unhappy defendant, the judge—led apparently by an honest desire not to prejudice the prisoner's case—ruled out all evidence as to the frauds of 1877, and therewith all direct discussion of the question of identity. In fact, so strong a web of sincere error was woven about the proceedings—the complainants had unquestionably been defrauded—that it is no wonder the jury found blameless Mr. Beck guilty and the judge sentenced him to seven years' penal servitude.

It was during this imprisonment that infallible officialdom appeared in its most sinister light. Mr. Beck's frequent petitions to the Home Office and the activities of the Swedish Minister brought uneasiness to all the hosts of Dogberrydom concerned. Suppose they were wrong, and Beck was not Smith? Beck must be Smith or the query of identity evaded. So they changed Mr. Beck's prison number, took away the label which in his capacity as a "second-termer" he had worn since his condemnation, and gave him that borne by first offenders. Thus it became more difficult to trace him or his grievance. Worse yet, some bungling and dishonest hand changed "dark" to "fresh" in the description of Smith's complexion, so that it might more nearly correspond to Beck's. To cut a painful matter short, Beck served his term and continued to work for a legal vindication. This he owed to the astounding good fortune of being rearrested this year on similar charges of fraud. Again he was stopped on the street by a woman victim of Smith's, again the case was tried without reference to the question of identity, again the judge was about to charge against the prisoner—when, lo! Smith in person, "dark," not "fresh," Jew not Swede. Thus it was only the scandal of a second trial that set the Home Office to investigating some of the devious byways of British justice, and only the happy advent of Smith that saved Beck from a second term at hard labor.

The whole fabric of judicial error comes down in the last analysis to the mistake of the woman who first accused Beck. To the police it never occurred that she could have taken an innocent stranger for her defrauder. The swindles for which Smith was condemned in 1877 and Beck arrested in 1895 were so unusual and so completely similar that it seemed impossible to doubt the same person was concerned in either case. And even the dogged persistence of the police in their identification, their prompting of witnesses, and staving off possible investigation—all were prompted by very simple motives of professional pride. They hated to give up Beck, just as a rather dogged or unlucky angler hesitates to return to the stream a fish just a hair short of the legal length. In such cases the creel or the prison gets the benefit of a large doubt, and the moral of the Beck case is much less that there should be

reform of British criminal procedure—a criminal court of appeals and the like—than that everywhere there should be constant vigilance to protect individuals against collective stupidity and colossal capacity for blundering in every officialdom that boasts itself above mistake.

AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN TROUBLES.

The renewal of the riotous tactics of the Opposition in the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet augurs ill for the ability of Count Tisza to maintain himself long against the united obstructionists. It is unlikely that the Premier's appeal from the passions of Parliament to the deliberate judgment of the people will save his Ministry. Yet it is clear that the violence of the Opposition is not sanctioned by the country, and that the temporary coalition of the Deákist, Count Julius Andrássy, the chauvinistic Nationalist, Count Albert Apponyi, the radical, Francis Kossuth, the ex-Premier, Baron Bánffy, and a number of prominent reactionaries, clericals, and independents, is doomed to end before long in humiliating discomfiture, no matter what may be the fate of Tisza himself.

The fury of the passions aroused by what seemed to be a mere question of reform of parliamentary procedure, becomes intelligible in the light of the action of the Opposition before and directly after the adoption of Count Tisza's proposal to hold night sessions. Like his predecessor, Koloman Szell, Tisza has had to face a deadlock which paralyzed the Government. The Opposition had resisted every effort of the Ministry to amend the rules of order. When Tisza finally moved an evening session of the Chamber, the Opposition protested that such a proposal was against the rules of the House. They denied the right of the Premier to put the motion to a vote, and left the Chamber in a body when the vote was ordered. Immediately after President Perczel had declared the motion carried, the Premier read a royal decree closing the session of the Diet. Thereupon the members of the Opposition issued an address to the throne, drawn up by Count Apponyi, which charged the Prime Minister and the President of the Chamber with having "laid a sacrilegious hand upon the constitutional guarantees whose inviolability your Majesty had solemnly sworn to respect, and which are the sole basis of your Majesty's power." The signers asked the King to entrust the Government to those more faithful to the Constitution.

This appeal to the Crown, Count Tisza very effectively seized upon, in an address before a meeting of citizens of Budapest, as in itself a violation of the Constitution. He acknowledged that, while he might have violated the letter of the law, he did so in order to protect the Constitution against those who would make its working impossible. The force of his argument cannot be denied, for the logic of such appeals as Apponyi and his followers intend to make to the electorate would, through defiance of the wishes of the majority of the Diet, lead to a refusal to pay taxes or obey a call for recruits—in other words, to open revolution. The Prime Minister has, however, sustained a far severer blow than the temporary withdrawal of such men as Count Andrássy from the Liberal party, in the resignation, as a member of Parliament, of Tisza's predecessor, Koloman Szell. The ex-Minister is a serious, moderate, and patriotic statesman, who, while in office, counselled passive resistance to obstruction. When Tisza unexpectedly succeeded him by what he could not help considering an act of treachery, Szell at first warmly supported the new Premier, but finally withdrew to his estate, and has since taken little interest in public affairs. He now justifies his quitting Parliament in a letter to his constituents declaring that, while he considers a revision of parliamentary rules necessary, he deprecates the impatience and arbitrariness of the Government, which virtually amount to an infraction of the Constitution.

The attitude of the King towards the Hungarian Premier is uncompromisingly favorable, and there is little doubt that the veiled anti-dynastic threat in Apponyi's address, and the more or less open agitation of the Kossuth party in favor of a separation of Hungary from Austria, will fail of their effect on the masses. They, whatever their political differences, are loyal to the King. Count Tisza has very justly characterized the tactics of the Opposition as "borrowed from Cisleithania," where attacks on the dynasty are becoming more and more frequent. Nor are they confined to the German liberals and radicals. Extremes meet in the Vienna Reichsrath, as in the Hungarian Diet, and quite recently two such opposite spokesmen of their respective parties as the ignorant and erratic Czech Agrarian, Count Sternberg, and the highly cultured and eminently respectable Social-Democrat Pernerstorfer (a former professor of history), indulged in denunciations of the Hapsburg dynasty the only parallel to which can be found in the debates of the Convention preceding the sentence of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

Perhaps the most significant fact in connection with these assaults is the apathy with which the House received them. A mild call to order, on the part of the President, a perfunctory protest of the leader of the Polish Conservatives, Count Dzieduszycki, were the only answer to Pernerstorfer's arraignment of the house of Hapsburg, its idle and dissolute men, and its ignorant and priest-ridden women. The speaker, it is true, distinctly disavowed any intention of reflecting on the person of the sovereign, but can even the age and the personal popularity of Francis Joseph long shield him from the ultimate consequences of an agitation whose war-cry, "Los von Rom!" is now turning into the more ominous "Los von Oesterreich"? But what may portend disruption in Cisleithania foretells in Hungary, in spite of the present tumult and temporary confusion, only the growing national aspirations of an intensely patriotic people, united in their ultimate aims. It is true of the Hungary of to-day, as it was when Gibbon wrote, that "arms and freedom have ever been the ruling, though often the unsuccessful passion of the Hungarians, who are endowed by nature with a vigorous constitution of soul and body."

A BRILLIANT NAVAL CAMPAIGN.

With the partial sinking of the battleship *Sevastopol*, the Japanese naval victory in the East is complete. So thoroughgoing has the work been that the dispatch announcing the success of the Japanese torpedo-boat attacks on the last Russian battleship above water at Port Arthur concludes laconically, "Admiral Togo's ships will now go into dock." It means for his fleet the ending of the long and wearying vigil begun on February 8 last, for the patrolling of the harbor can now well be left to torpedo-boats. Even should blockade-runners succeed in making the port, they will be exposed to the merciless fire of Gen. Nogi's naval batteries on 203-Metre Hill. The first phase of the naval war is at an end. Before the next begins there must be an interim of at least two months.

During ten months of active service the Japanese have practically wiped out the strongest fleet in the East, consisting of seven battleships—one more than Japan possessed—four armored cruisers, seven protected cruisers, eight unprotected cruisers and dispatch boats, several gunboats, twenty-four torpedo-boat destroyers, and twelve torpedo-boats. They began by assailing the Russian fleet in Port Arthur on February 8, and torpedoing the battleships *Retvizan*, *Poltava*, and *Tsesarevitch*, and the cruisers *Pallada*, *Novik*, *Askold*, and *Diana*. The result was to make a sortie impossible for many months. The next day they sank the American-built cruiser *Variag* and the torpedo gunboat *Korietz*, off Chemulpo, in what is still for the Russians the pluckiest fight of the war, their vessels going out to certain destruction with unsurpassed courage and determination. In quick succession the Russian torpedo transport *Yenesei*, and the second-class cruiser *Boyarin* sank on February 11th and 13th, as the result of striking Russian mines. A terrible blow befell the Port Arthur

fleet on April 13, by the sinking of the battleship *Petropavlovsk* with their great Admiral, Makharoff, on board. Meanwhile, the torpedo-boat destroyers rapidly decreased in numbers, one being sunk on March 11, another on March 16, and a third on April 13. Three more of these small vessels escaped to Kiaochou on August 12, and were dismantled there. The *Ryeshitelni* was captured on August 13 at Chefoo and the *Rastoropny* was blown up at the same port on November 15 by her own crew.

On August 11 came the unsuccessful sortie from Port Arthur. In the ensuing battle no ships were sunk on either side, but the Russian ships, after being terribly punished, fled in various directions The battleship *Tsesarevitch* was dismantled at Kiaochou; the protected cruiser *Askold* and the destroyer *Grozovoi* at Shanghai, where the gunboat *Mandzhur* had been disarmed early in the war; and the protected cruiser *Diana* at Saigon on September 6. The gunboat *Sivutch* was scuttled in the Niuchwang River in July, and one of the *Otvazhni* class was sunk by a mine on August 18. The cruiser *Novik* succeeded in reaching the port of Korsakovsk on the island of Saghalien, but she was there caught and sunk by two Japanese cruisers on August 20. About this time three of the four armored cruisers, comprising the Vladivostok squadron, had been overtaken by Admiral Kamimura, with the result that the *Rurik* was sunk. The *Bogatyr* was previously run on the rocks at the entrance to Vladivostok, from which place the *Gromoboi* has also been reported disabled. Every officer on her and the *Rossia* had been killed or wounded when they finally reached port after the encounter with Kamimura. The unprotected cruiser *Lena* was dismantled at San Francisco on September 15. The ships just placed *hors de combat* at Port Arthur are the battleships *Poltava*, *Sevastopol*, *Peresviet*, and *Pobieda*, and the *Retvizan;* the armored cruiser *Bayan;* the protected cruiser *Giliak;* the hospital ship *Amur*, and, presumably, the remaining destroyers.

This extraordinary result has been achieved with a loss to the Japanese of one battleship, the *Hatsuse*, two protected cruisers, the *Yoshino* and *Saiyen;* the gunboats *Kaimon* and *Heiyen*, the dispatch-boat *Miyako*, and several torpedo-boats and destroyers. The sinking of the *Adsuma*, one of the best of the armored cruisers, has been alleged by the Russians, but only the ships mentioned have been officially admitted lost by the Japanese. Remarkable is the fact that of these six large Japanese vessels, not a single one succumbed to Russian gunfire, and only two Russian vessels of any size have been destroyed by the guns of the enemy's ships. Unique as is this war in many respects, it must always remain notable for the great damage inflicted on both sides by floating mines. The decision of the Russian ships left at Port Arthur not to attempt a sortie can be explained on two grounds: either they had been stripped of guns and men to assist in the repelling of the land attacks, or they had never been able to repair the very severe damages inflicted upon them on August 11. One thing is plainly established: the handling of the fleet after the death of Makharoff was of the very worst, and must encourage the Japanese in thinking that, whatever the paper superiority of the Baltic fleet, they cannot fail to be victorious over such inefficient and ill-trained officers and crews as plainly comprise the bulk of the Russian navy.

All in all, the Japanese have added a wonderful chapter to naval history. They have made mistakes, and some of those, like the license to destroy given to the Vladivostok squadron, have cost them dear. Had they not taken the Russians unawares at the very beginning, the war might have gone differently. But this reflects again only on the Russians. Togo's and Kamimura's men have shown a dash, a determination, and a courage which have compelled universal admiration. Moreover, their Oriental readiness to die has not for a moment led them to risk unnecessarily their precious vessels. Their long-range fighting on August 11th is fully explained by their knowledge that they had no battleship reserves. The pity of it is, from their point of view, that this caution was necessary. Had they been able to close in, much of the terrible slaughter around Port Arthur would have been prevented.

FORM AND SUBSTANCE IN THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC.

MEXICO, December 15, 1904.

In one of his recent lectures at the Lowell Institute Mr. James Bryce remarked that the Spanish-American republics are in no sense examples of self-governing countries. In this respect, the view of the student coincides entirely with that of Americans and other foreigners resident in these so-called republics. But Mr. Bryce went on further to express the belief that this condition arises not from an inherent lack of capacity for self-government, but from the defective state of the masses in these countries and the faulty régime, mental, social, and economical, which their upper class inherited from the period of Spanish tutelage. This is not the view of rampant "Anglo-Saxonism," which often appears in the undiplomatically expressed contempt of the American resident in Mexico or the South American republics, and which regards self-government as the peculiar property of one God-favored race, or blend of northern races, and condemns the Spanish-Americans either as Spaniards or as "niggers," or as mongrels of both, and hence unfit on all counts for the free institutions of the Anglo-Saxon.

Where race-feeling speaks in this fashion, there is rarely present in its exponent either the equipment of education or the judicial turn of mind which alone permits of real tolerance, and which would let him take into account the influences of environment and social education that, to Mr. Bryce's notion, excuse the Spanish-American for much in him to-day that is defective, and give hope for a future career for him as a real "citizen of the republic." Race prejudice, which commonly appeals to an "inherent sense of superiority," brooks no argument on such grounds. There is, indeed, here and there an American who, when visiting these republics, recalls that self-government is not yet perfect in the United States; here and there one who, having had some experience in Mexico or the Argentine Republic or one of the few other of these governments where stability and order have been attained in recent years, frankly owns to a preference for "benevolent despotism." And truly this foremost of the "benevolent despotisms" of Spanish-America (for Mexico is quite unanimously put at the head of the list) can claim adequate preparation for a career in self-government in only one respect, though that is fundamentally essential, viz., the maintenance of stability. Public opinion, in its proper sense, applying not merely to the expressions of a dominating class, will be possible only when the masses are better educated. There is a system by which it might make itself felt, were it intelligent and energetic enough to do so, in the carefully designed election machinery of the Mexican Constitution; but the very inability of the Mexican masses to handle that machinery intelligently has made the elections a farce.

There cannot be an independent judiciary, no matter how its members are chosen, where the executive power so dominates all others as it does in Mexico. The Federal judges are elected, while for the most part those of the State courts are appointed by the Governor; but, elected or appointed, they all owe their position to the power above, which is the Executive. The legislative power is in the same position of subordination, although perhaps somewhat more immediately so than the judiciary. The latter, however, is, if anything, ranked in dignity by the legislative branch of government; inevitably, there is a lack of that respect for the prestige of the courts which alone can give their decisions great weight. In the final analysis, indeed, these decisions and their enforcement rest with the Executive, which is not above taking a hand in the making of them if occasion seems to require or the proper influence is exerted. Note the following personal letter from the Governor of a State to a judge of a civil court in one of its districts, in regard to a case involving the settlement of an estate:

"I have received word that in the court under your charge there is being conducted the settlement of the ——— estate, wherefore I venture to recommend you to endeavor to terminate this matter with the greatest celerity possible and as justice demands. Your affectionate brother[-lawyer], friend, and trusty servant," etc.

To be sure, this case involved the rights of a citizen of another country, and the court had been unusually dilatory in handling it; moreover, in writing this personal letter to the judge at the request of an in-

terested party, the Governor took occasion to remark that the Executive exercised ordinarily no control over the judiciary, and he was departing from the rule in this case only because the rights of foreigners were affected. Nevertheless, where possible in one case, such interference is, of course, not improbable in all; and there is sure to be pressure of a less tangible sort upon a judge when he knows that a party to a suit before him is "close to" the executive power.

This exaltation of the Executive (who, indeed, in the municipalities, combines the powers of mayor with those of chief of police and of police-judge) is not merely the outgrowth of conditions which have, during the last quarter-century, under a strong Executive in Mexico, tended to the centralization of power in order to maintain quiet, protect property, and invite foreign investments. It is an inheritance from the Spanish régime, when government was entirely in the hands of the officials directly responsible to the Viceroy, and the Viceroy was himself the representative of the King. To this extent Mr. Bryce's ascription of present unfitness for self-government to an inherited environment is justified by the facts of history. Wherever Spain has been, the vital idea of government is still that of absolute authority, whether it be that of a president-dictator or the *jefe* of the smallest outlying *barrio*.

Theoretically, the legislative power in Mexico is separate from and independent of the Executive; practically, it is the latter power which decides who shall be members of the Federal Congress and the State Legislatures, and which does the real work of law-making, sending bills to the Legislature or promulgating decrees directly in pursuance of a legislative resolution abdicating control over laws regarding a special matter or an entire subject. The latest tariff law of Mexico was enacted by a decree of President Diaz, and on thirty days' notice (some of its schedules, indeed, being put into effect five days after publication). The recent issuance of $40,000,000 in bonds was made by the President in consequence of a resolution of Congress two years ago authorizing such action when he deemed it necessary. So, also, the bond issues and the other important steps connected with the acquiring by the Mexican Government last year of a controlling interest in three trunk lines of railroad, and the consolidation of these lines into a quasi-governmental system, were all negotiated, down to the final details, before any news of the project was transmitted to Congress; moreover, the matter was not discussed in Congress beyond the reading of the Finance Minister's message, the necessary legislative authority being given without question. Congress is a mere automaton, by which certain forms specified by the Constitution are ceremoniously complied with. Very few of its members come from the districts which they represent, but they are lawyers of the capital, Federal officeholders, etc., who find pleasure in the empty honors of their position, and only in rare cases even think of the Legislature as being the repository of real power in a popular government. So, in the State capitals, hardly a member of the Legislature is a resident of the district for which he is elected with all due formality. Nearly all are lawyers of the capital, addicted to the faction in power, and sometimes half of them are executive officeholders of one sort and another. The Constitution forbids the holding of a seat in the Legislature by an executive officer, unless by special vote of that body itself; at the beginning of each session, whether of Federal Congress or of State Legislature, there is a batch of resolutions to put through, each dealing with such a special case of exemption.

The idea of ministerial responsibility is not recognized in the Mexican Constitution; if it were, the close connection between the Executive and legislative authority might appear at least to be more logical, though there could be but the merest show of "responsible government" where parties are almost suppressed—an open anti-Government party being "seditious"—and where the Legislature is merely the echo of the President or of the State Governor. Still, there is an informal recognition of the right of the Executive to be heard in the halls of legislation. President Diaz reads his messages to Congress; similarly, the Governors of the States. The members of the President's Cabinet address their bills direct to Congress. In most of the States, the Secretary of the State Government (who is virtually the Governor's personal representative as well as secretary) has a seat in the Legislature whenever desired, and a voice in explanation of Executive policy, though not a vote. Practically, he is the Governor's messenger in directing what is to be "put through," and how. Let us take the record of an ordinary session of a State Legislature.

The official gazette of one of the States of Mexico, for instance, shows as one day's record of its Legislature the following: Special permission granted to two legislators to serve as executive employees of the State, one as president of a State institution of education; confirmation of a contract signed by the Governor exempting a mining company from taxation on a new mill for a certain period of years; the acknowledgment of notes of courtesy from two other State legislatures (in far distant States), conveying the information that their sessions had opened; ackhowledgment of the note of information from a Federal Cabinet officer in Mexico City of the appointment of a new assistant secretary in his department, with a specimen of his official signature; the listening to and thanking a legislator who had found an old volume belonging to the Legislature for sale in the market, and had restored it to the library. And this was a rather unusually busy session. The Legislature is provided with an elaborate set of rules, but almost all of them have to do with official formalities of one sort and another, and the rules governing discussion are very brief. They provide that no individual can occupy more than a half-hour of time, except by special vote, and only the mover of a bill or resolution, and the members of the committee which has considered it, can speak more than twice on it. Ordinary sessions are not to last more than two hours, except by special vote; in fact, they rarely last half that time. There are two sessions per year, each lasting three months. The Legislature of a State generally having but one house and only from twelve to thirty members, all residing in the capital, is easily kept together. When it is not officially in session, there is always the "permanent deputation," composed of three members (with two substitutes), who have all the powers of the Legislature in routine matters, though not supposed to be able to pass anything having the effect of a general law. This idea is one borrowed from Spanish Parliamentary methods early in the nineteenth century, and is a feature of all Spanish-American constitutions. Primarily, the idea was one of suspicion, *i. e.*, to keep a watch on the Executive, to see that he did not usurp functions during the recess of the Legislature, which was thus given theoretically a continuous life.

Some of the State legislatures choose a chairman and vice-chairman every month. While in the chair, however, the presiding officer has a wide scope of power; he generally names the committees (though sometimes they are chosen by ballot), he has full decision as to what committee shall consider any matter presented to the house, and he settles the order of discussion. The idea of placing power for action within the hands of a sole authority follows even into the halls of legislation. Only the Governor and the superior judges of a State, the Federal officials, and the officials of other States can address the Legislature officially—which means that others must put the stamps prescribed by the revenue law on their petitions, or they will go into the waste-basket.

The ceremonial for the opening of the Legislature is prescribed in minute detail; so, also, for the taking of the oath by the Governor and by the judges of the Supreme Court, the Governor being seated to the right of the presiding officer, while the Legislators must stand until he is seated and stand with him during the taking of the oath, which is, for all Government officials, as follows:

"Do you swear, without any reservation, to maintain and protect the maintenance of the Political Constitution of the Mexican United States, the additions and amendments decreed on the 25th of September of 1873, and the special Constitution of the State, and to comply with the duties of your office?"

"Yes, I swear."

"If you do so, may the Nation and the State reward you, and, if not, may they require account of you for it."

The same tendency toward centralization of power is to be noted in regard to educational institutions conducted by the Government. The State superintendents of education are directly subject to the Governor, by appointment and by his virtual regulation of the sums allotted to their department. If there is a State law school or secondary school, even its rules and regulations are often promulgated by the Governor, if not actually prescribed by him. The rules of one such institution in point allow to the director the "authority" to appoint and remove freely the *major-domo* and the servants, but absolutely nothing beyond that rests solely upon his initiative. The suspicion that characterizes all Spanish law and administration, the setting one man to watch another, appears even here. It is specifically provided that the director must remain on the place at least one hour in the morning and one in the afternoon, besides the time occupied by his own classes. There is a special inspector, too, to watch over discipline, with two assistants, called "monitors." Where a superior school for

girls is provided, the rules multiply, and, besides the female teachers and inspectors, there is commonly a male "visitor," known as the "commissioner of vigilance." Girls' schools are hedged about with great cautiousness of rules, and mixed schools are still looked upon with suspicion in Mexico, even for primary instruction.

So much in support of the statement of Mr. Bryce that the Spanish-American "republics" are not self-governing countries; evidence of the sort could easily be multiplied. It is not so easy to find positive evidence supporting his opinion that progress toward real self-government is to be expected in these countries. Yet it will have been noted that the defects and arbitrarinesses of government mentioned above do, indeed, appear to have their source in the inherited Spanish social and political organism.

Correspondence.

THE CULTURAL FEATURES OF THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is always something tragic in the destruction of a thing of beauty; and if its life has lasted only a short six months and has, during that period, been a source of joy and instruction to millions of people, and has brought to each of them messages of the highest culture, the regret at its evanescence becomes so much keener. Such is the feeling of the sentimentalist when he sees the imposing and graceful structures of the St. Louis Exposition being levelled to the ground, its grand sculptures effaced, its beautiful gardens and landscapes trod upon by teams and laborers, and dust, lime and refuse disfiguring what was once a laughing, gay and inspiring aggregation of wonders. The philosopher, however, views it simply as one of the things mortal that were predestined to die, and raises the question, Was it worth living, and, having ceased to live, what permanent achievements has it left behind? From this point of view, it may be well to present to your readers not an apotheosis, but rather an apologue of what the St. Louis Exposition has stood for in the line of thought and information.

One of your correspondents, several weeks ago, in describing the St. Louis Fair, gave it as his opinion that one Exposition was like every other; that St. Louis presented the same "show" as did Chicago, Buffalo and Paris; and that its only claim to a difference was its size—in acres—since in every other respect it was only an imitation. In a recent issue of the *Nation* you seem to concur in this view. It is, therefore, a legitimate inquiry to ask what was original and unique at this Exposition, and what were the features it presented that no others did or could, what new sources of information it revealed, and what new fields of thought it opened to the searcher after truth and knowledge.

I will enumerate among these, first of all, the Palace of Education. In all former Expositions there had been educational exhibits of great significance, selected with care, and intended to present the latest and most modern advance in pedagogic science, but these were scattered among the buildings assigned to each country or State. They stood side by side with their other exhibits, industrial, mechanical, or artistic. The inquiring educator had to make the rounds of the different countries for information as to what advances had been made in his line. There was no aggregation, no juxtaposition for the purpose of comparison, no *ensemble*, to study the various methods and appliances. All was different in St. Louis. A veritable palace, in classic design, was constructed for the housing of the educational exhibits (and no others) of all countries, States, and cities, for all the large colleges and art schools, as well as for the manufacturers of school furniture and equipments, of maps and globes, of models for school buildings, of biological, botanical, and mineral specimens for objective teaching, and, finally, of schoolbooks in all languages of the world. Thus there were aggregated in one building, covering over five acres, the gist and essence of the stride which the public schools and colleges, the education of the blind, deaf, and dumb, the course of manual training, and of the kindergarten, the production of physical apparatus and instruments of precision, and finally the objective method of teaching, had made all over the world. No such opportunity for comparative study, for the accurate measuring of the merits of the different methods, systems, theories, and practices, and no such all-embracing pedagogic information had been furnished to the student and teacher. If we add that every country seemed to vie with every other and the United States, to present not only the best, but also the truest of its educational methods and institutions, and that they were all on one floor and in one vast, though admirably arranged, space, we are safe in saying that, in this one most important respect, the St. Louis Exposition presented a feature that no others did.

Another distinct and original feature which furnished to nineteen millions of people—this having been, within a fraction, the number of admissions—ocular information which they never could have obtained in any other way, was the exposition of the Philippines. Since our country is now, alas, committed to the governing and caretaking of the people of these islands, it was of the highest usefulness to our people that they should, in actual presentation, be made acquainted with the most prominent types of Philippine men and women, with their habits, their mode of living, with their intellectual condition prior to the American guardianship, and their intellectual progress since. There is no doubt that new light has been thrown on the possibilities of this new "acquisition," and that the genuine, unadulterated, and realistic presentation of the scale of humanity from the naked Igorote to the highly civilized mestizo went far to instruct our law-makers and their constituents on the problem how best to govern this distant country.

The essence of this exhibition may be summed up as follows: There were five of the original types of islanders, men, women, and children, about one hundred of each, represented, to wit: Negritos, Igorotes, Bogobos, Moros, and Visayans. Each had its distinct village, laid out exactly as at their homes. They built their own bamboo houses in sight of the visitors; and the skill, ingenuity, and rapidity with which they did it was remarkable. The Moro houses were built in a large lake which had been specially provided for in the lay-out, resting on bamboo piles, and the interior cunningly arranged in two to three rooms, with kitchen and closets. Every part of these houses, roof, sides, and interiors, even the ladders over which only they could be reached, were made of bamboo, joined with bamboo cleats, and tied with bamboo strings. Models of all sorts of canoes and quite a large ship with bamboo sails were moored on the lake.

Passing over the exhibitions of dancing, singing, wrestling, and fighting (a sham bolo fight was an almost daily performance) given by each of these tribes in their specific ways, passing further over the sickening exhibition of the Igorotes killing a dog daily for their meals, and waiving a description of picturesque Manila and its city walls with the stone bridge leading to it, all perfectly and truthfully modelled, two distinct departments attracted the attention of the observer on account of their economic and social significance. These were the exhibitions of the products of the islands in one building, and a Philippine school in actual operation occupying another building constructed in the style of the Manila Cathedral. Of the products, the manufactured ones, considering the newness of the civilization, were, excepting that of rope, naturally of little significance. But the wealth of raw material was imposing. Specimens of timber, stone, and minerals, tobacco, grains, marble, indigo, coffee, and rubber plants pointed distinctly to the inducements which these islands offer to development by capital. The school itself was a revelation. To see these half-naked, half-savage boys and girls spell, recite and sing in English, to observe the method employed by the teachers, the gay interest of the pupils and their good manners, one could not help praising the Administration for what it had accomplished. However sincerely we Mugwumps may deplore the as yet indefinable burden which the Spanish war and the resultant fathership of the Philippines has imposed upon us, the candid observer must confess that, in the educational line at least, this *fait accompli* has been met by the authorities in an intelligent and effective way. The schoolmaster is evidently abroad in the islands, and wherever he goes civilization marks his trail. I was told that the Filipinos had learned more English in the last three years than they had learned Spanish in the preceding three hundred years.

A third feature of the Exposition which has not had a counterpart in any previous one, and which served a highly intelligent and sociological purpose, was the "Model City." The idea of this originated with the Civic Improvement League of this city, with the intention of bringing about a display of the best municipal buildings, actual and designed, of the various methods of street paving, of public nurseries, children's playgrounds, parks, etc. This was very happily carried out. A street, about half a mile in length, was lined on each side with beautiful staff structures designed for town halls, guild halls, casinos, etc., a large and simply, though tastefully, arranged nursery and playgrounds in park fashion, which were continually thronged with gay and happy children whose parent visitors had entrusted them there for safe

keeping, presented an inspiriting sight. New York, San Francisco and Kansas City contributed instructive specimens. The New York building contained exact models, on a large scale, of its ancient City Hall, of the new Tombs with the arrangement of prison cells, of the rapid-transit subway complete and in various stages of construction, and of the Brooklyn and Williamsburgh bridges. The latter were delightfully true, and showed the shapes of the various members—girders, braces, eyeplates, anchorage of ropes and chains—in a way which every unprofessional visitor could comprehend. A pleasing memorial to a departed artist who had made the adornment of cities his life study, was erected on the south side of the Model City street by Mr. Albert Kelsey, an architect of Philadelphia, in the shape of a beautiful Town Hall, of chaste design, on the front of which was the largely lettered inscription:

THE CIVIC PRIDE MONUMENT
IN MEMORY OF
CHARLES ELIOT, LANDSCAPE ARTIST

—thus honoring the memory of the gifted son of an eminent father.

I have mentioned these three exhibits as having been unique in the line of culture and in the presentation of valuable knowledge. But one of the most important incidents of the Exposition was the arrangement for congresses and conventions of a purely scientific character. Foremost among these was the "International Congress of Arts and Sciences," which convened in the week September 19-25, and was attended by the most eminent thinkers and scientists of this country and Europe. Of this the *Nation* gave a preliminary account. The invited delegates were selected from among the most intellectual forces in their respective spheres of this country and Europe, and, surely, there never was a finer array of the flower of scientists and thinkers assembled. Altogether, 459 names appeared on the official list, of whom there were 135 from abroad (including two from Japan and one from Mexico) and the remainder from the United States. To each one, except to the chairmen, the subject pertaining to his specialty, on which he was expected to address the convention, was assigned. The occasion was productive of deliverances of lasting importance, and it has been resolved by the Exposition Directory to publish the proceedings and all the papers read at the convention, under the editorship of Prof. Howard J. Rogers, the able director of the Congress. Among the vast number of eminent foreigners who were present, only a few can here be mentioned, such as the Right Hon. James Bryce and Sir William Ramsay of London, Professors Harnack and Delitzsch of Berlin, Picard, Lévy, and Brunetière of Paris, Vámbéry of Budapest, Conrad of Halle, Zorn of Bonn, Lombroso of Turin, etc. It may not be known that the Exposition Directory paid to each delegate an honorarium of $500, and equipped a comfortable dormitory in the Library building of Washington University, close to the Hall of Congresses, free, for their accommodation. But only a few had occasion to avail themselves of the latter, as most of them were entertained, during their whole stay, by the hospitable citizens of St. Louis at their homes.

Of the many other conventions for the discussion of special branches of knowledge, only a few can be mentioned, such as the meeting of the National Educational Association, of the Electrical Engineers, of the Lawyers and Jurists, under the auspices of the American Bar Association; the International Press Parliament, the Peace Congress, at which almost every country in Europe was represented, and at which Count Apponyi made his famous address, and, finally, the International Engineers' Association, which met under the auspices of the American Society of Civil Engineers. This was one of the notable meetings, largely attended by the most eminent engineers of the foreign and home societies, and was productive of addresses and papers and discussions thereon of a solid character, which were ordered to be published and will fill several volumes.

It may be fairly contended, from this necessarily limited résumé of the intellectual features of the St. Louis Exposition, that it has been of lasting value. W. T.

St. Louis, December 15, 1904.

LITERACY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I find in Prof. Juan Sumulong's discussion of the "Philippine Problem" in the *North American Review* for December the following statement:

"The Filipino people has received under Spain not an Oriental but a European education, which has brought into being a body of men capable of directing the government of the country. It has often been said that the great majority of the population lack not only political experience, but even the most elementary education. But this last is not a correct statement, for, apart from Spanish, the Filipinos who cannot at least read and write their own dialect are few and rare indeed."

Is it possible that this is true, and that Mr. Alleyne Ireland is in error when he says, in his article on the same subject in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November: "There is a small educated class, but 90 per cent. of the population can neither read nor write"? James Mascarene Hubbard.

Boston, December 14, 1904.

CHOPIN'S LEFT HAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Many musicians and other people will be startled by your critic's assertion that "Chopin exerted as great an influence on the musical world as Beethoven did," Being an enthusiastic admirer of Chopin, I will leave somebody else to challenge that statement; but as the same critic wonders that "Mr. Dannreuther could accept the preposterous notion that Chopin kept strict time with his left hand and confined his *tempo rubato* to the right hand," I should like to mention the testimony of two gentlemen who heard Chopin at a concert in Paris in 1842-43. They were both excellent amateur musicians and performers, but too exclusively disciples of the classic school to be carried away by Chopin's eccentric and modern genius; what they spoke of above everything was his "extraordinary left hand," which maintained a perfectly even, steady movement, entirely independent of the other. This was what impressed them most in Chopin's playing, and I have often heard them mention it. Both of them had frequently heard Thalberg, Liszt, and other less famous pianists of those and later times.

Yours respectfully, S. B. W.

Philadelphia, December 12, 1904.

[We are quite prepared to hear that some readers were startled by our assertion that Chopin exerted as great an influence on the musical world as Beethoven did, but they will have to get used to it, for it is undoubtedly true. In pianoforte music, and in the realm of harmony and modulation, Chopin's influence has, indeed, been much greater. Beethoven's influence practically ceased half a century ago; since that time Schubert, Chopin, and Wagner have predominated. As for Chopin's *tempo rubato*, it is possible that he may have urged his French and German pupils to play in strict time, because their attempts at *rubato* were likely to degenerate into caricatures. But that he, the incarnation of poetic freedom of motion, should have played with metronomic precision is simply inconceivable. Berlioz's testimony that "Chopin could not play strictly in time" (*ne pouvait pas jouer régulièrement*) is worth more than that of any number of pupils. How the unwary may have been deceived is illustrated in the case of Paderewski when he plays a Chopin mazurka. His freedom of movement is so natural, so unconscious, that one might easily suppose he was playing in strict time; but any metronome trying to keep pace with his hand—right or left—would soon be landed in a madhouse. He plays Schubert and other composers in the same way. Indeed, at present all the leading pianists and orchestral conductors play even Bach and Beethoven in defiance of the metronome; and to suppose that Chopin followed it slavishly is, as we said, preposterous.—Ed. Nation.]

SCHUBERT'S (?) "ABSCHIED."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Mr. Henry T. Finck's otherwise excellent selection of 'Fifty Songs by Franz Schubert,' noticed in your issue of December 8 (No. 2058), I fail to find the pathetic "Last Greeting" ("Abschied"). Could not something have made way for this, or might we not have had a 'Fifty and One Songs'?

L. S. N.

December 16, 1904.

[The "Abschied" ("Schon naht, um uns zu scheiden") is a beautiful song, quite worthy of Schubert and generally attributed to him (it may be found, *e. g.*, in the 'Schubert Album,' published by Novello, Ewer & Co., and in the Schirmer collection); but it was not composed by the creator of the "Erlking." Neither of the two great German authorities on Schubert—Mandyczewski and Friedländer—includes it in his edition of the Collected Works of that composer.—Ed. Nation.]

BOOK "GUESSING."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The suggestion of Mr. McBryde, in No. 2059 of the *Nation*, that the guessing contest proposed by Messrs. Merrill & Baker in relation to books is "a problem requiring no skill and no literary judgment, but depending altogether upon chance," leads me to quote from a letter from a young friend on the same subject: "All we had to go on was the amount of use the books had received in the ———, ———, and ——— libraries, but I suppose that would hardly stand, as people would be likely to buy different books from those they would draw from a circulating library. On this supposition we chose without hesitation [here followed the list]."

It would appear that in this case both skill and judgment were used—how successfully remains to be seen—and that others who ignore such precautions are less likely to be prize-winners. The letter, written 12th instant in familiar friendship, was preserved by chance, but is quoted literally, and is good evidence that mere luck is not depended upon by every one in forming the estimate. W.

PRINCETON, December 17, 1904.

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who have just concluded the admirable Centenary Edition of Emerson's Works, annotated by his son, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, in twelve volumes, are to publish directly 'The Hawthorne Centenary at the Wayside, Concord, Mass., July 4-7, 1904,' with the proceedings in full; and in the spring a 'Bibliography of Hawthorne,' by Miss Nina E. Browne of the Boston Athenæum. They also promise a revised edition of Oscar Fay Adams's 'Dictionary of American Authors,' amounting nearly to ten thousand names.

Dodd, Mead & Co. publish a taking little facsimile of the first (1597) edition of Bacon's Essays from the rare copy in the British Museum. The Essays proper, here only ten in number, really fill out less than a third of the volume, having subjoined to them the Latin "Meditationes Sacræ," and the fragment, "Of the Coulers [*sic*] of Good and Evil," afterwards embodied in the 'De Augmentis.' This is a useful kind of reprint, such as the great libraries would be glad to undertake themselves if they had ample means for the purpose.

The collaboration of two such Dante scholars as Dr. E. Moore and Dr. Paget Toynbee produced in 1894 that most convenient handy edition of Dante's complete works, 'Tutte le Opere di Dante Alighieri' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde). Dr. Moore's special charge was the text, his colleague's the index (of names and topics) filling 55 pages in double column; the whole brought within the compass of 500 duodecimo pages. We now receive from the publishers a third edition, extensively revised, the patient waiters for which will certainly be no losers. The revision, as we learn from the preface, has been chiefly in the prose works, and, above all, in the 'De Vulgari Eloquentia,' for which Dr. Paget Toynbee has availed himself of the Trivulzian and Grenoble manuscripts in facsimile, and of Prof. Pio Rajna's critical edition, but here not to the exclusion of independent judgment. Dr. Moore gives an idea of the corrupt state of the text before Rajna took it in hand, owing to Corbinelli (in 1577) having altered the Latin MS. to conform to the Italian version first published and become familiar. The rectification of the 'Convivio' has been Dr. Moore's undivided labor, through comparison of some 33 MSS., but much remains for a more complete critical apparatus. To the Canzoniere is added an exchange of verse in the Italian fashion between Dante and Forese Donati. Dr. Shadwell has looked after the 'Quæstio de Aqua et Terra.' So the new edition is an event.

Dr. Condé Benoist Pallen has reprinted in book form, under the title 'The Meaning of the Idylls of the King: An Essay in Interpretation' (American Book Co.), a series of short studies published in a magazine in 1895, which in turn grew out of a brief article in the *Catholic World* ten years before. The original article elicited from the poet a brief note of commendation, in which he said, "You see further into their meaning than most of my commentators have done." While this is not excessive praise, the line of explanation here taken may thus be said to bear the stamp of Tennyson's approval. Dr. Pallen expounds his theory concisely and adds some useful notes, chief among which is his comment on the time element. His explanation of the elaborate allegory shows how far Tennyson had got even by 1859 from the "faint Homeric echoes" of "The Epic" of 1842.

Among the latest issues of the "Belles-Lettres Series" (Heath) is a scholarly edition of Browning's 'Blot in the 'Scutcheon, Colombe's Birthday, A Soul's Tragedy, and In a Balcony,' by Prof. Arlo Bates. The two-page biography seems hardly necessary; but the introduction is perhaps the best statement of Browning's merits and defects as a dramatist that has yet appeared. Professor Bates is in thorough sympathy with Browning's spirit and aims, but gives us also the point of view of the playgoer, often perplexed by Browning's failure to work out the action after his characters have attained their inner, unseen development. The text is a careful reprint from the definitive edition of 1888-'94, with a full list of variants, chiefly from the first editions. Judicious and truly illuminating notes follow each play. The bibliography, which has been compiled with care, might have included some other well-known names (Fotheringham, H. A. Jones, Hapgood). As a whole, this edition is highly commendable.

The *International Studio* (John Lane) publishes a fully illustrated monograph devoted to a great artist and a clever draughtsman—Daumier and Gavarni. The lesser man gets the greater share of the text, for M. Octave Uzanne has devoted thirty-six pages to Gavarni against twenty which Henri Frantz has given to Daumier, but the plates are nearly equally distributed—about seventy for each artist. Daumier's savage energy and almost epic grandeur are well shown in many examples, which make one feel that the idealism of the ugly is not essentially different from that of the beautiful or the sublime. The kinship to Michelangelo and to Millet is not entirely imaginary, and in the elimination of the non-essential and the resuming of many observations in one statement there is a real analogy to the procedure of Watts. The mocking spirit of Gavarni, the Parisian dandy, is much slighter, and the bitterness of his later work is much more inhuman. There is always a strange sympathy underlying Daumier's ridicule. He hated the vices of his time and country, but one feels that he had a large heart, and that it was grief rather than rage that was expressed in his laughter, while one cannot find that Gavarni had a heart at all—only a clear brain and a light hand. Technically, Gavarni is supple and adroit; Daumier is extraordinarily forcible and veracious. And Daumier was a true painter as well as a caricaturist, and had a fine sense of tone and of the use of oil colors.

Brentano's publishes a little book on 'Modern French Masters,' by Marie Van Vorst, the masters dealt with being Puvis de Chavannes, Cazin, Rodin, Besnard and Steinlen. The essays, reprinted from the *Pall Mall Magazine*, are written in a rather odd dialect of the writer's own, and it cannot be said that they give as much insight into the nature and methods of the artists considered as Mr. Alexander Harrison has managed to pack into the latter part of his brief and rather dithyrambic preface. But then, Mr. Harrison is a painter. On the whole, the best of the book is the fifty illustrations reproduced from the artists' more important works.

'A Handbook of Plant Form' (London: B. T. Batsford; New York: John Lane) consists mainly of a hundred plates of outline drawings, by Ernest E. Clark, of various common plants, intended for the use of ornamental designers when their own studies may chance to fail them. In general plan it resembles W. G. Paulsen Townsend's 'Plant and Floral Studies,' published by John Lane in 1901. On the whole, Mr. Clark's drawings seem to us the better executed, while there is little to choose in the matter of descriptions. Mr. Clark's introductory chapter on design is too brief and general to have much value. The two books supplement each other, and those who may have found the earlier one of use to them are likely to welcome the later.

'The Japanese Floral Calendar,' by Ernest W. Clement (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company), gives, in fifty-seven pages, many of them covered with good pictures, a vivid idea of the Japanese love of flowers and of nature in general. They are "worshippers of beauty rather than of the 'almighty dollar,'" and at the proper time the entire nation takes a day off to see the plum blossoms, or the maples, or the chrysanthemums, and other favorites. The author makes many apt quotations in prose and verse from the books of other writers on Japan to illustrate these floral picnics, thus producing a convenient and attractive summary of a fascinating subject to which others have devoted large and expensive volumes.

The Lincoln (Eng.) Public Library, at the end of nearly ten years of existence, has determined to lay open its special collection of works relating to the city and the county bearing the same name. The result is a small-quarto volume liberally spaced and printed, with classifications under seven heads, *e. g.*, General Works, Works relating to Particular Subjects, to Towns, Villages, etc.; Works on General Subjects by

Local Authors, Biographies of Lincolnshire Men and Women; Maps, Engravings, Prints, etc. Though this is mostly unified in an index, we suspect the American method would have been to bring all under one alphabet, with authors, subject and class entries. The greatest Lincolnshire light is Sir Isaac Newton; but Fox of the 'Martyrs,' Grosseteste, Henry More the Platonist, the Mozleys, the Wesleys, and Christopher Wordsworth, illuminate the theological body. Tennyson is the poet by way of eminency, with Jean Ingelow for an humble fellow-craftsman. William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, was of Lincolnshire origin, and Sir John Franklin.

In the November number of the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* Dr. Wilhelm Erman, university librarian in Breslau, outlines a plan for uniform cataloguing and classification of the eleven Prussian libraries (the Royal Library in Berlin and ten university libraries) now engaged in the preparation of a union catalogue of their books. It is pointed out that the great expense of the undertaking cannot be very well justified as long as the catalogue exists only in the one manuscript copy in the Central Cataloguing Bureau in Berlin; that it would enhance the value of the work most decidedly if the titles were to be printed on cards of uniform size and distributed among the coöperating libraries, so that each library in course of time would possess a complete catalogue of all of them. Dr. Erman suggests also that the classification of the Royal Library be thoroughly revised and expanded, and the class-numbers printed on the cards, to serve as a basis for a reclassification of the other libraries; this would be of advantage, not only to the librarians, who are often transferred or promoted from one library to another, but also to scholars using the libraries in several cities. The importance, from a bibliographical point of view, of a printed catalogue of all the books in these libraries, especially as a basis for a complete bibliography of German literature, is also kept in view, although the writer emphasizes the fact that such a bibliography cannot be prepared in the Prussian libraries alone; the final coöperation of all the large libraries in German-speaking countries is aimed at.

Prof. Henrik Schück of Upsala, best known for his book on Shakspere and his 'History of Swedish Literature' (still, unfortunately, a torso), has published from time to time volumes of "chips from his workshop" under the common title "From Old Papers." The latest (sixth) volume contains, among other sketches, an interpretation of the Book of Jonah, the literary form of which is shown to connect it with the fantastic fishermen's and travellers' tales collected by Lucian, while its spiritual significance is found in its being evidently directed, from a liberal and cosmopolitan point of view, against the conservative chauvinism of a Joel. Another study is entitled "Gallimatthias," and seeks to justify the old derivation for the word *galimatias*, "galli Matthias" (*pro* "gallus Matthiæ"), which Littré repudiated in his dictionary. Still other topics are Hammurabi's Code, the recently discovered comedies of Menander, mediæval Paris (with notes on the life of François Villon), the "Gothic" school in Swedish literature, etc.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will found a new periodical, the *Garden Magazine*—"a 'gardener's reminder,' pointing out the things to be done during the month." It will be handsomely illustrated.

The chief interest of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for December lies in the memorials of the dead. Following a portrait plate showing two generations of the Hoar family, Senator Lodge pays a personal tribute to his late colleague in a paper read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, with a noticeable want of particularity in characterizing Senator Hoar's public activity. His skill as a presiding officer in a turbulent party convention is alone remembered for mention. Mr. E. K. Rand conveys a distinct impression of the promise of the late Joseph Trumbull Stickney, whose untimely end was noticed in these columns. A Japanese alumnus of 1883, Mr. C. Kikkawa, writes of Charles Sumner Griffin, a professor in the Tokio Imperial University, "struck down before the prime of a vigorous manhood," in the words of the Harvard Club of Japan.

Prof. John J. Stevenson of New York University discusses vigorously, in the current *Popular Science Monthly*, the status of American college professors. The evolution of the college on its material side has left them with no substantial increase of pay, and the changes on the educational side have deprived them largely of that "literary leisure" which used to serve in some degree as a compensation for smallness of pay. They are no longer in touch with the trustees, as of old, and their relation to these officials tends to sink into that of the ordinary employee. On the whole, the incentives to young men of real ability to adopt college teaching as a profession are becoming constantly less. Again, the meagre salaries offered tend to promote the appointment of men who are not obliged to depend wholly upon their salaries, and the personnel of the profession inevitably suffers as a result. As a corrective, Prof. Stevenson suggests a renunciation of the attempt to make "universities" of colleges, a return toward the policy of prescribed courses, and a better adjustment of the relations between the corporate boards and the faculties. The first two of these steps would eliminate a large number of elective courses, taken by but few students, and thus make possible a reduction in the number of teachers employed, with more adequate pay for those retained and more leisure for study. Boards of trustees, he thinks, should be brought in some way to realize the financial sacrifice at which the teaching force does its work, and, when large donations are received, should feel the propriety of using them not merely to relieve themselves of a part of the contributions which they are ordinarily required to make, but to give relief to the teaching force as well.

The University of Göttingen has, with the current semester, introduced an insurance system for its students, male and female, in medicine, dentistry, natural science, pharmacy, and agriculture, against accidents in the University buildings or during the lectures, practical exercises, etc., in any of the institutes connected with the University. The scheme includes even the journeys to and from the University, and excursions under direction of a member of the teaching corps. In case of permanent injury, the amount of insurance is 20,000 marks; for temporary inability to work, after a certain number of days, 4 marks per day. The premium is 1 mark per semester for each of the insured. Göttingen is, we believe, the first university to adopt this innovation only recently initiated at several of the leading schools of technology. The University of Breslau has rapidly followed its example, and introduced compulsory insurance for all its students in the Natural Sciences, Medicine, and Dentistry, with a premium of 1.50 marks for each term.

—The first volume of William Dawson Johnston's 'History of the Library of Congress' has been published by that institution, and makes an interesting contribution to the story of library development in the United States. The beginnings of the collection were more adapted to the needs and wishes of Congress itself than to those of a national library, and to this day some of the restrictions imposed in the first years remain in force. Small appropriations, limited purchases, a narrow policy and imperfect agencies characterized the Library in the sixty years of its history told in this volume, and to these obstacles to growth were added three more or less destructive fires. Badly housed until 1853, managed more as a private than as a public library, and under supervision that remained indifferent to the necessities and the possibilities of the situation, the collections increased slowly and with little system. It is odd to read that Watterston, the librarian from 1815 to 1829, was regarded as the "only man of letters at the capital." In 1829 the Library fell into politics, and in the Jackson sweep Watterston was superseded by Meehan, of whom little good could be said at the time, and in whom little development occurred during his long service of more than thirty years. Of this abuse of the appointing power under Jackson Mr. Johnston records that it "did an incalculable injury" to the Library. Meehan was removed in 1861 for his supposed Southern sympathies.

—Opportunities to obtain good collections were permitted to pass with an indifference that now appears shocking. The Butarlin and Durazzo libraries were refused, as was the manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address. A selection only from the Priestley books was purchased, and the remains of Washington's library would have gone abroad but for the public spirit of certain citizens of Boston. Henry Stevens's Vermont collection was neglected. Even the purchase of Jefferson's library met with severe criticism, for contents as well as for price, although the few manuscript volumes of Virginia records obtained with it are now priceless. The idea of a national library answering to the British Museum was of slow growth, and did not prevail until long after the period covered by this volume; but it was early entertained and urged by men like Jewett, of the Smithsonian Institution, whose services, with those of Adams, Everett, and other members of the Library Committee, are worthy of remembrance. Jewett also foresaw the expediency of coöperative cataloguing, and planned a Bibliographia Americana, which failed of completion. Not until 1846 were copyright deposits made, and the practice under the law was very defective until 1867. The custom house long levied its barbarous duties upon books imported for the Library,

as it still does on photographs and music. This volume raises many points of interest in the early experiences of library economy in our country, and Mr. Johnston has performed his task with a fulness and orderly arrangement that leave little to be desired.

—The Massachusetts Historical Society issues a volume of letters selected from the papers of Major-General William Heath. The pompous style used in his memoirs is here laid aside, and, under the actual stress of routine in camp and campaign, "Our General" makes a very good impression. Entrusted with the command of the Highlands, he had great responsibilities, but those growing out of the reception and care of the convention troops at Boston were more delicate and exacting. It is quite certain that Congress took refuge in a quibble when seeking to repair the serious error committed by Gates, and broke faith, thus placing Heath in a position where all his abilities were called into action. The complaints of Burgoyne and the British officers were justifiable, and Heath sought to satisfy them, while, as the agent of the Congress, he was obliged to carry out its orders. The British would never admit that they were prisoners of war, and the terms of the convention bore out their contention. Much injustice and suffering was entailed by the measures taken by Congress to retain them as prisoners, and the correspondence in this volume, taken in connection with that printed by the late Charles Deane on the same subject, is very interesting matter. It is curious to read Heath's comment on Burgoyne's claim that coin or specie was worth three times the Continental bills of credit, which was indeed the fact. "But what an opinion must he have of the authority of these States to suppose that his money would be received at any higher rate than our own in publick payments. Such payment would at once be depreciating our currency with a witness. I have repeatedly informed them that it is trifling to mention what some sordid individuals would give in the exchange of money, since they do it with great secrecy at their peril, and if detected would be most severely punished." The letters relating to Sullivan's expedition to Rhode Island in conjunction with the fleet of D'Estaing, and those on the unfortunate Penobscot venture, should also be mentioned. Heath remained in command at Boston until superseded by Gates in 1779, when he returned to the Highlands. The editing of this volume is notable for its excellence.

—The statute dealing with compulsory Greek for admission to Oxford by exempting it from scientific and mathematical students was "promulgated," discussed, and thrown out on November 29 by 200 non-placets against 164 placets. Many absentees, probably about 40, were paired, so that the total number of voters concerned was upwards of 400, four-fifths of the 500-odd possible voters in "Congregation," which consists of all M.A.'s in residence at Oxford and on the college books. About a year ago the supporters of the statute just thrown out carried the appointment of a committee to frame the measure by a vote of 164 placets to 162 non-placets. A couple of years earlier still, a resolution looking towards the framing of a statute providing for a universal exemption from compulsory Greek was rejected in Congregation by 132 non-placets to 136 placets. Thus the "Greek question" has been before the University of Oxford and under more or less active discussion for four years or more, with the result of showing that there are ten members of Congregation who, being strongly opposed to making Greek optional for all, are inclined to favor exempting from it (to quote from the rejected statute) "candidates for the B.A. who offer themselves for the final Honor School of Mathematics or of Natural Science," while a majority of 36 are opposed to any sort of exemption from compulsory Greek for any candidate whatsoever.

—Supposing there had been a majority at Oxford in favor of the statute as "promulgated," especially if the majority had been small, the constitution of the University plainly called for an appeal to "Convocation," *i. e.*, M.A.'s resident and non-resident, who number close upon 6,000. The imminence of this appeal and of further discussion before "Convocation," in case the statute had passed Congregation, goes far to account for the brevity of the recent discussion; but the chief and sufficient reason was given by the President of Magdalen College (T. H. Warren), who, in moving the adoption of the rejected statute, urged that the matter, though of very deep significance, was not new either to the House or to the country. It had been in two different forms fully discussed in Congregation before, and the chief arguments had been clearly stated in the various leaflets that had been flying about in great numbers. The constitution of Cambridge University knows no intermediate body like the Oxford Congregation, and hence their discussion, carried on for three days just after the Oxford vote, has been very much longer. Furthermore, the proposal before them is of a very sweeping character, exempting every one who may desire such exemption from the requirement of Greek. The Cambridge deliberations have ended, and the vote, corresponding more or less to that of the Oxford Convocation, will be taken there next February. In the interim the whole discussion is likely to be printed and distributed for the information of their voters, who are also not unlikely to receive various other printed appeals and arguments. It is noteworthy that the proposals under discussion at Cambridge are more adverse to the privileged position of Greek than the regulations now in force for Scotland, which were framed by a Royal Commission. That Commission, although it did away with compulsory Greek, nevertheless penalized the resort to alternatives for Greek in the "Bursary competition," where Greek receives double the marks of French or German, the permitted alternatives.

—Few men have so remarkable a career as the Austrian lieutenant field-marshal, Gustav Ratzenhofer, who died, in the sixty-second year of his age, on board the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II. as he was returning from the United States, where he had been engaged in sociological researches. He was of humble birth, and began life as apprentice to a watchmaker, but on entering the army as a recruit he took a lively interest in military affairs, and passed rapidly through the lower grades of the service to the high rank of lieutenant field-marshal. In 1871, while yet a young officer, he attracted attention by a prize essay on the "Technik der deutschen Armee," which was followed by other treatises on kindred subjects. Meanwhile he devoted himself with ardor to political, ethical, philosophical and sociological studies. As the result of ten years' researches, appeared in 1893 his 'Wesen und Zweck der Politik,' in three volumes (Leipzig: Brockhaus), in which he treats politics from a strictly scientific point of view as essentially a continuation of the struggle for existence in advanced stages of human culture, having for its end and aim the development of a higher civilization and the promotion of the general welfare of mankind. The same publishing house then issued in rapid succession 'Die soziologische Erkenntnis,' a solution of the problems of social life in accordance with the principles of positive philosophy, 'Der Positive Monismus,' 'Positive Ethik,' and 'Die Kritik der Intellekts.' At the time of his decease he was preparing a work on 'Positive Soziologie,' which, although left unfinished, can be in a measure completed from the author's notes. Of the above-mentioned volumes, that on 'Positive Ethics' is one of the most attractive and suggestive; especially interesting is the chapter on the workings of conscience in the several relations of life, its influence on the individual, the relation of the sexes, the family, the school, the laboring classes, as well as in economics, politics, science and art. Ratzenhofer is known as "the Herbert Spencer of Austria."

—On the 10th of November trains ran over the whole railway from Fusan to Seul —that is, on the Japanese line traversing the whole breadth and the richest part of Korea. The road is expected to be in full working order in January, 1905. Meanwhile, what of "Northeast Korea and the War"? Under this heading, in the *Korea Review* for September, we have an illuminating article from the pen of Robert Grierson, M.D., who has lived some years in this region, now overrun by the Cossacks. Contrary to the general view, Dr. Grierson finds, instead of a bleak climate, sparse population, dense forests, and an uncultivated wilderness, with rude and primitive manners, a situation closely resembling that in other parts of the Korean peninsula. The coast rice plains and abundant sea food, hillside farming, and farmhouses of individual owners apart from villages, lend, besides the usual Korean, an American suggestion to the landscape. The roads are constantly alive with traffic from mine, coast, field, and town. The people, who have many relatives who are naturalized Russians, are pronouncedly pro-Russian. Their distance from the capital affords them security from grasping officials, while the Chino-Japanese war of 1894-'95 furnished many refugees from war-devastated areas. Tigers, numerous thirty years ago, are now scarce, "frightened away," the people say, "by the whistle of the coasting steamers." Habitations and food, largely oats, are the only things noticeably plain in contrast to better diet and lodging elsewhere. The Russian headquarters are at Sung-jin, and their forces are all cavalry, so as not to be cut off by Japanese landing in their rear. They have made good military roads all the way from Vladivostok, blasting out the worst places, and are in

telegraphic communication with their great seaport beyond the Tumen River. The bearing of these "nine points of the law," when peace is declared, is manifest. Nevertheless, the Japanese have already begun a railway to Wonsan. As simple fact, the permanent coast people from Saghalien to Fusan are Koreans.

ANOTHER VOLUME OF THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY.

The French Revolution. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

This eighth volume of the great Modern History planned by Lord Acton comes out of its chronological order, following next upon the second volume, which dealt with the period of the Reformation. Its narrative covers about a quarter of a century, from the First Partition of Poland and the beginning of the embarrassments of the Crown in France (1775, 1776) to the establishment of Bonaparte as First Consul and the capture of Malta by the English fleet (1799, 1800). This is a short period compared with those which were included in the volumes that treated of the Renaissance and the Reformation. Yet no one will deem the 875 pages of the present volume too much for the matter they have to deal with. The French Revolution was a gigantic event; and both the causes that led to it and the phases through which it passed deserve the closest study. It gave rise to a series of wars by land and sea which taxed the energies of the great European States for more than twenty years. It produced enormous changes in Central and Southern Europe as well as in France itself. Here we have only the first half of the Revolutionary period, but that half, so far as France herself is concerned, demands a more minute treatment than almost any other part of modern history, so much controversy has raged round it, and so full of instruction is it to the philosophic student of politics. Ten chapters are given to the narrative of the Revolution, prefaced by four which describe the conditions antecedent and causative, out of which it arose; four chapters deal with the international politics of the time in Europe, five are chiefly devoted to the great war on land and at sea. The number of writers is slightly less than in the first and second volumes: here thirteen writers are found with twenty-five chapters—one, Mr. F. C. Montague, taking five chapters; another, Mr. Moreton MacDonald, four chapters. There are advantages in this, because it is less likely that any event of importance will drop out between two writers. This sometimes does happen, however, and must, upon the scheme of a work composed by many hands; or, conversely, it happens that the same event is described more than once, and perhaps in not quite the same way. An instance occurs in the account of Nelson's conduct at Naples in the summer of 1799, perhaps the least creditable part of his career. This episode appears in a chapter written by Mr. H. W. Wilson (chap. xx., p. 631) and also in a chapter by Mr. J. H. Rose (chap. xxi., p. 658).

Multiple authorship involves some loss of unity and comprehensiveness of view. The Revolution needs to be regarded as a whole, and so also does the general movement of the monarchs of continental Europe to resist it. But as different parts of both stories belong to different contributors, the duty of presenting a comprehensive view does not devolve specially upon any single writer. We feel, accordingly, a certain want of the breadth of treatment needed. The details are carefully worked out, and many just observations on particular parts of the story, or on particular actors in it, may be found. But no presiding mind gives the reader a *coup d'œil* of the whole French position or of the whole European position.

When we come to consider the performances of the several writers, the usual difficulty of passing any general judgment on the work of so many pens recurs. On the whole, the volume strikes us as scarcely up to the level of volume i. or volume ii. All the chapters are workmanlike, and most of them well written, though sometimes in a rather loose style approaching that of the newspapers. One does not expect to find the vulgarism "curio" (for curiosity) in a book of this type. The best are, in our opinion, chapter i., by Mr. Willert, containing a review of the intellectual conditions and influences which led up to the Revolution, and the last chapter (chapter xxv.), by Mr. Gooch, summarizing the results of the Revolution upon European opinion, together with M. Paul Viollet's chapter (xxiv.) entitled "French Law in the Age of the Revolution," and Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's account of Bonaparte's *coup d'état* (chapter xxii., Brumaire). Mr. J. H. Rose is generally clear and good in his account of military operations, though he sometimes disappoints us by passing too lightly over important points. For instance, he does much less than justice to Suvaroff's amazing Alpine campaign of 1799, perhaps the most instructive piece of mountain warfare on record. He is interesting on Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt and invasion of Syria, and seems to doubt, though his language wavers a little, whether the ambitious general really had any designs on India or on Constantinople, and whether the expedition was anything more than an effort to win fame for himself at a moment when he was not yet prepared to strike boldly for power in France.

M. Paul Viollet's chapter, already cited (which has been very well translated), is a model of what the concise treatment of a large and important subject should be. It is wonderfully lucid and exact, it selects the main branches of the subject for treatment; it is instructive in every line. One cannot summarize that which is already a condensed summary, but one may note a few of the most conspicuous points. It is shown how ripe France was for an amendment and for a codification of the law, so that the Revolutionary assemblies found a mass of suggestions and discussions awaiting them, with the opinion of thinkers as well as the sense of actual discontent prompting them to change. Every one desired reforms, every one hoped for a new and better world.

"The current opinion was that everything might be remodelled, public law, private law, constitution, and customs. Turgot forcibly summed up the revolutionary idea. 'There is no reason,' said he, 'for maintaining institutions founded without reason.' . . . For centuries the nation had been waiting for reforms; those long-standing grievances and sufferings which keep alive a people's need and desire for social regeneration had been handed down from age to age. The philosophy and literature of the eighteenth century reflect this condition of men's minds and sum up these aspirations, which they at the same time developed and strengthened. At length, under their powerful influence, fermentation began, heads were turned, imaginations inflamed. The ideal philosophy, imagined by philosophers and men of letters, was to be realized here on earth; hatred and injustice, war and suffering, were to be banished from the world; justice, virtue, and peace were to reign among men, who thenceforth were to enjoy equal rights and less unequal fortunes, and live free beneath the ægis of the law. As to the means which were to regenerate society, a constitution, decrees, a declaration would suffice, since ignorance, forgetfulness, or contempt of the rights of man are the sole causes of the national ills" (*Preamble to the Declaration of Rights.*)

A whole generation trusted in this scheme and drank of this intoxicating draught, and there was joy, enthusiasm, and faith such as had never been known—an enthusiasm and a faith that spread throughout Europe. Only a few of the higher natures retained enough freedom of mind, enough self-control, to be able to judge this great effort of humanity. The famous Wilhelm von Humboldt, when yet a young man, had already said: "Constitutions cannot be grafted on mankind like buds on trees. Where time and nature do not come to his assistance, man can make no more lasting work than bind together a few flowers that the first sunbeams will wither. Let the legislator therefore," Humboldt continued, "avoid attaching himself to an ideal, to purely rational conceptions; let him be satisfied to steer the present toward the distant vision of perfection." This was a remarkable dictum to be delivered at that time by a German thinker. One wonders if William von Humboldt had read Edmund Burke. But, as M. Viollet observes, Humboldt underrated the power of the Revolution to produce lasting work, because he did not quite know how much of the work it was doing was prescribed by historical conditions—was, in fact, the outcome of a past which had made certain reforms inevitable. The Revolution merely accelerated those reforms, and that part of its work lasted, while the part which emanated from mere abstract theories and fancies withered quickly away.

This view is well illustrated by showing that already there was a strong desire all over France for unity in law, a desire to simplify the law of land and get rid of its vexatious incidents, a desire to establish religious liberty, a desire to make penal law more humane. The men of the Revolution carried through these changes more hastily and passionately than a regular government would have done, and they made some strange blunders, especially in dealing with the laws of land. But the time had come when the changes had to be effected, by whatsoever government. The chapter is full of curious facts regarding the way in which the legislators tried to get rid of what they called "feudalism," and of their experiments in the field of criminal law and procedure. They (unwisely) abolished, against the advice of Robespierre, the old rules which required certain kinds of evidence for the conviction of an accused person, leaving the jury to follow their impressions or conjectures. Following the precedent set by Joseph II. in Austria and by the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany, the Convention passed, in 1795, a resolution declaring that "the penalty of death will be

abolished throughout the French Republic from the day of the proclamation of peace." In this instance the Convention took the advice given to it by Robespierre (whom it had lately executed). He had proposed the abolition of capital punishment. "Listen to the voice of justice and reason," said this humanitarian, too little known in such a character; "it proclaims that human judgments are never certain enough to justify society in taking the life of a man condemned by other men subject to error." This great philanthropist was deprived of the consolation of taking part in the voting of the Convention on October 26, 1795. Not content with trying to abolish what they called "feudalism" and the death penalty, the Convention did very nearly abolish marriage, for it put illegitimate children, recognized by their father, upon the same footing as legitimate, and did actually abolish attorneys, suppress notaries, extinguish all schools of law! This excellent chapter ought to be read in connection with the useful summary of the contents of the *cahiers* of grievances brought up by the members of the States-General in 1789, which Mr. Montague gives in chapter v.

Chapter xxv. (by Mr. Gooch) presents a very careful and interesting account of the way in which the Revolution and its ideas were received in different countries of Europe, and the influence it exerted upon opinion in each of them. The subject is so large that we must not complain of the rather tantalizing brevity with which some of its aspects are treated; but Mr. Gooch may perhaps appear slightly to overrate the novelty of the revolutionary circle of ideas, and slightly to underrate the extent to which parts of Europe—not England only, but Germany, for instance, also—had been prepared for them. One may really say that revolutionary France did not invent anything; she merely tried to put in practice ideas and conceptions already in the air, to translate belief into fact. No doubt this was a momentous thing to do, and a new thing for the European Continent, though it had been already done in the United States and to a great extent in England. The remarkable feature of the movement is that no mind really original or creative in the sphere of ideas bore a part in the actual work of the Revolution from 1789 till 1799. The men who led in action were not thinkers; and there were no men living at the time who could be compared as thinkers to the writers (including men like Turgot) of the period from 1720 to 1780, whose thoughts had done so much to make the Revolution possible.

So far as vigor of presentation and power of style go, nothing in this volume is better than, perhaps nothing quite so good as, Mr. Fisher's chapter on the *coup d'état* of 18th Brumaire. The circumstances which Bonaparte found on his return from Egypt, the weakness of the Directory, the general discontent with the existing system, the desire for some drastic change, are clearly and concisely set forth, while the narrative of events is told with great spirit. That day marked the end of the Revolution so far as France herself was concerned, though it was less than half way through the career of the Revolution in Europe. Little more than ten years had passed since the fall of the Bastile on July 14, 1789, and already the country was thoroughly tired of the attempt she had made to carry out the principles which were to diffuse universal happiness. "Men of every type," says Mr. Fisher, "concurred in Bonaparte's enterprise, aiding it either with secret prayers or overt act; soldiers from the army of the Rhine, soldiers from the Army of Italy, doctrinaires of the Institute who denied God, doctrinaires of royalism who affirmed the Tridentine decrees, peasants whose sole passion was for their plot of land, burgesses who cared for little but a quiet life, bankers who craved for enlarged credit, diplomatists who wished to see amenity restored to public life, all who cared for peace, all who cared for social stability, all who cared for the glory of France. . . . In the Government of the Directors France had discovered neither virtue, intellect, nor wisdom." The young general had his opportunity. The next volume will tell how he used it.

THE SOUTH IN RETROSPECT.

Bits of Gossip. By Rebecca Harding Davis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Bethany: A Story of the Old South. By Thomas E. Watson. D. Appleton & Co. 1904.

The South is decidedly to the fore in the literary output of the present season. The 'Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee,' the 'Lee and Longstreet,' Mrs. Pryor's 'Reminiscences of Peace and War,' 'A Belle of the Fifties,' Mr. M. D. Conway's Autobiography, and Buell's Life of Andrew Jackson, are now succeeded by the two minor biographical-historical works named above. Mrs. Davis's 'Gossip' is rightly designated. Its eight chapters are loosely run together, without strict chronological sequence and with few dates; and in what pertains to the North (where Mrs. Davis was educated and came to live during the civil war) there is much untrustworthy report. She puts witless words of profanation in the mouth of Sydney Howard Gay during the Frémont campaign, which no one who knew that fastidious gentleman, then managing editor of the *Tribune*, can credit, though Mrs. Davis says she heard them spoken (p. 175). She relates that John Brown, in the guise of a farmer, came into her West Virginia town (Wheeling or its vicinity) "in the spring [April] of 1859"; but if she had consulted Sanborn's Life she would have seen that Brown was at that season, on his return from his Missouri raid, in Michigan and Canada with his human booty, next in Western New York, Concord, and Boston. "But five months later," she continues, "when the old farmer died at Harper's Ferry, on that bright October day," etc.; thus confounding the date of his attack with that of his execution (in December). She would have us believe that in the spring Brown deposited with "our new neighbors" "a quantity of huge pikes and axes" "with which the slaves in town were to kill their masters whenever there should be an uprising."

"I remember," she goes on, "how we all laughed at the story. The children used to tease the old black aunties and uncles to show them how they meant to stab them with pikes or behead them with axes when the day came. We thought it a very good joke" (p. 184).

It is charitable to suppose that Mrs. Davis is the victim of her memory, and that if there was any joking on the subject (apt to be of a grim sort in any slave-holding community) it postdated the first revelation of John Brown's pikes at Harper's Ferry. The whole story is rubbish, yet you are led to think the narrator actually saw the pikes and axes—the axes, by the way, a pure invention for Southern consumption.

There are some wholesome pictures of war as witnessed in a border State situated between the contending parties, but here, too, one encounters the imagination of the fiction writer. "There were," we are assured on page 123, "regiments on both sides which had been wholly recruited from the jails and penitentiaries." So far as this affects Confederate practice, Mrs. Davis may make her peace with her section; we will only remark that Mr. Watson, in his 'Bethany,' repudiates such a charge by implication, for he reproaches the "good Puritans who had said so much about the barbarity of Southern slave-drivers," with having released their felons "upon condition that they would join the army," as was proved by the capture of a bluecoat "wearing the ornament of a brand on the temple"—and this in the first months of the war! Did not Col. Claiborne Snead see the brand and hear the prisoner's explanation, and stuff Mr. Watson with the romance? Mr. Watson is a professional historian, but Mrs. Davis must envy him that touch about branding.

At page 171, this lady quotes, as if verbatim, a letter she received "one July morning in 1862" from "an abolition leader in Boston," not named and we venture to assert unnamable, asking her to help through the Confederate lines an eminent French man of science who "has come to this country to aid the slave in gaining his freedom." The letter may be read ironically, but no one not a lunatic could have written it seriously. That the abolitionists were little better than lunatics is clearly Mrs. Davis's opinion. She gives them a general character for eccentricity—all vegetarians, all users of quack medicines, all dispensing with cotton and sugar as slave-grown products, the men all bearded, etc.; "some of them gave up God himself because he had tolerated slavery." Some, who were tabooed in her town as suspected "emissaries of Garrison"—whatever that means—actually believed in "spiritualism, in divorce [shade of Milton!], and in woman's rights" (p. 184).

There is just one abolitionist, nominated for Vice-President on the first Liberty Party ticket, Francis J. Le Moyne, a truly remarkable man, of whom Mrs. Davis has something worth while to tell us at first hand (pp. 166-169). The Blaines she also saw in their Pennsylvania home. Frémont she makes a hero of, not very intelligently. Among the Concord circle she speaks most warmly of Hawthorne. The most valuable portion of her 'Gossip' is her reminiscences of life in a Gulf State in her earliest childhood, and we shall not challenge her illustrations of the prevailing code of "honor" and vendetta. Major Delasco's wife had given a small supper, followed by a "carpet dance," and was denied the communion the next Sunday.

"Early on Monday morning the major sent a challenge to each of the elders and members of the session, eighteen in all. Most of the men whom he had challenged were his cronies, with whom he supped daily and

exchanged gossip, receipts for drinks, or the eggs of fancy poultry.

"'I may die on the field,' he said, 'but I shall have vindicated Maria's honor, thank God!'

"This washing of reputations clean by blood was going on perpetually."

Mrs. Davis's literary art is apparent in some of her episodes, but it falls short of Mr. Watson's, which is far less conscious and more racy. His 'Bethany' may be curtly defined as *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, and the latter half is purposely given a romantic form, though it is as strictly historical as the first. The entire narrative is as absorbing as a novel, and has an irresistible movement and no little charm. It proceeds from a mind which sees vividly, describes freshly and powerfully and candidly, often humorously, often poetically, especially in the depiction of nature, and has a better title to literary fame than any of Mr. Watson's rival candidates for the Presidency at the late election. Its scene is Georgia till its hero passes to the seat of war in Virginia, and it embodies the author's recollections of his boyhood just before and during the civil war. It is not a stenographic report; it is not regardful of the unity of time at least—it projects Populist notions, for example, backwards into the ante-bellum period; it is just a broad, dramatic expression of Southern sentiment on the brink of war and in the midst of hostilities, and in this aspect is absolutely veracious. "Just as the facts were, I will relate them to you," our author says in a Whitmanesque strain at the opening; "just as conditions were in the South, before the war, I will describe them to you; just how we felt and acted during the cruel conflict between the States, I will try to make plain." "If there is any human creature that I do understand it is the Southern negro" (nigger is his preferred orthography); but give us rather Mr. Watson's portrayal of his own color. It is not new—there is not a lineament of the slaveholding and fire-eating class that is not familiar to any student of the anti-slavery conflict; but it is from a Southern hand, and let no one call it the hand of calumny.

For example, Mr. Watson is describing his grandfather's plantation (p. 17):

"By the way, I now recall that there was a bright mulatto boy on the place, named Sam, whose mother's color was a smooth, universal black, and whose son Sam bore a distinct likeness to my Uncle Ralph. I mention this as a singular coincidence, just as I might tell you of the two mulatto fiddlers at Charlottesville, Va., who bore such an impertinent and irrelevant resemblance to the Sage of Monticello."

Mr. Watson has written a striking biography of Jefferson, and thinks it no discredit to the father of American democracy to report his amours with the despised and servile race. Not so Lowell, when writing for the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* in the late forties: "He [Jefferson] was neither so thriftless nor so inhumane as to turn the Ishmaels he had begotten into the desert. . . . He . . . enriched his pocket . . . by his philoprogenitiveness." Uncle Ralph was equally removed with Jefferson from Mr. Watson's censure. He is the hero of the love story referred to above, and apparently it should and would not have shocked the lovely girl whom he sought to marry to meet the aforesaid Sam and recognize his paternity. But this is not all of the revelation of the Southern mind. Mr. Watson treats us to a great blast against the iniquity of "miscegenation" and the tolerance by Northern abolitionists of a spontaneous, affectionate, legal union between whites and blacks according to natural affinity. Mr. Watson, we repeat, has some humor, but it breaks down here.

It breaks down again in the matter of our author's colored nurse (p. 15):

"Mandy, indeed, might be considered something of a curiosity, for the reason that she was virtuous. It was said among white men, as well as black, that no temptation could reach her. Whether she was constitutionally cold, or whether she acted from principle, I do not know: I simply record the fact that she was regarded and respected on the plantation as a strictly virtuous girl."

The testimony of white men is important, because, as we are told on page 238, "to throw around their women every possible protection, to guard the home against the slightest impurity, are purposes common to all Southern [white] men."

The nonchalance with which Mr. Watson penned the above extract is visible in his account of other Southern habits not yet extinct. In happy Bethany:

"In the grocery which stood on the flat called 'the slashes,' they could show you the spot where Dick Hattaway had cut the life out of Abe McDonald with a bowie-knife. There were places, also, where respectable citizens had shot at others equally respectable; but as there were several of these places and they were lacking in individuality, nobody cared particularly to see them."

In a fight at a political barbecue, with Toombs and Stephens for the chief orators, in which the lie is passed at the feast and a lay preacher engages the challenger of his veracity, one Thomson, the latter is tripped and thrown by an interloping third party, one Hood, who "immediately inserted his thumbs under Thomson's eyes, to gouge them out," and actually destroyed one. This is recalled and related by Mr. Watson as impassively as if he were snapping a kodak, along with a subsequent fight between three friends, all drunk, when "I saw Carter lay the blade to Bean's cheek, to his chin, to both sides of the neck," and the blood gush from the four wounds. He describes on page 80 a "gander-pulling" on his grandfather's grounds—the bird with greased neck and head hung to a high limb by its feet, while its tormentors rode circling about the tree at top speed, "each horseman taking a pull at the gander's head as he galloped past. The hero of the game," Mr. Watson adds coolly, "the winner of the stakes, was the fellow who finally pulled the gander's head off." The Quaker blood in his mother made her explain the performance to the boy "in a tone of disgust" as "just a gander-pulling." His beloved Uncle Ralph was an adept in it, as he was foremost in hard drinking, horse-racing, and cock-fighting.

Space warns us to forbear. Mr. Watson's illuminating book is dedicated "to the magnanimous men of the North who are willing to learn the truth about the South." It marks the hereditary isolation of that section that he should be ignorant that he is carrying coals to Newcastle. Long before he was born, the South insisted on coming North with its oratory, its newspaper advertisements of runaway slaves, the backs of the slaves themselves, its revolvers and bowie-knives, its menace of death to abolitionists, its rewards for their heads; nobody had to go South to learn all about the "peculiar institution." Mr. Watson gives unconscious confirmation of the very primer of abolition knowledge of the disposition, habits, standards, and tender mercies of the slaveholding section. It is valuable, but absolutely unnecessary. We have heard, too, all the arguments advanced by Mr. Watson himself or by his idol Toombs and his associates, in or out of liquor (as he shows them), on the subject of Northern aggression and the Southern right of secession. Still, we advise any one to read his 'Bethany' carefully from beginning to end.

RECENT FICTION.

The Custodian. By Archibald Eyre. Henry Holt & Co.

Off the Highway. By Alice Prescott Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Sea Wolf. By Jack London. Macmillon.

On Etna. By Norma Lorimer. Henry Holt & Co.

It is decidedly hard on Archibald Eyre and his illustrator, Penrhyn Stanlaws, that Anthony Hope and Charles Dana Gibson should have been before them in the field, so that the thought "as moonlight unto sunlight" inevitably occurs to us. But, even so, no one can deny that 'The Custodian' is a readable story, with several interesting characters. The improbability of the plot is forgotten in the excitement of the successive incidents, and it is only in the last few pages that a virtual impossibility shocks our common sense. Even though the reader is sharper-witted than the hero, and pierces the disguise of exchanged clothes by which the German brother and sister, runaways from the court of their royal father, deceive their young English custodian, yet we can enjoy the progress of events in spite of being in the secret. Two things only are left uncomfortably hazy—first, whether the villain's father is or is not abetting his son's attempts to marry this escaped princess; and, secondly, why the hero's mother should have barred his succession to a dukedom out of sentimental respect for his dead father's wishes. Otherwise the story is as clear as daylight, and would to a nicety while away a railway journey.

'Off the Highway' is a remarkable book. The title is well chosen for the descriptions of Californian mountain life have in them the true atmosphere of the country. The following picture of early dawn is a good instance: "A tinkle of bells swept down to him from the road above. A six-horse team, hauling wood, was using the first daylight to make its way down the mountain. The bells on the leaders swung rhythmically on the level stretches, and jarred into splendid crashing discord on the curves." Furthermore, the characters are sharply drawn and individual. The tired surgeon, forcing himself to a complete rest; the splendid clergyman, with mind as lofty as his stature; the heroine, with her ready laughter and somewhat absurdly ready tears; even the minor figures—stand out in strong relief. The narrative and dialogue are good, often epigrammatic, though unfortunately interspersed with such verbal

affectations as the following: "She gestured that side of it away," "She palpitated before him with the hard, definite sunlight of a California summer sifting over, but she flowered in its barbaric glare"; or this sentence of mixed metaphors: "They are wonderful translucent days, hushed spaces, gentle-toned and wooing, that cradle the nerves and tempers frayed by the long reach of the wind-harried hours." One serious defect is the sense of anti-climax in all the crucial moments. Three times at least are we roused to a pitch of expectation, and three times we receive a stone instead of bread, till we exclaim, as the hero did, after the last of these tame explanations: "I thought it was so different. And this really has a ludicrous side." Still, the book will find many readers and will deserve them.

Whenever a new volume by Jack London comes out, we anticipate vigorous writing, brilliant descriptions, and a surfeit of horrors. The fulfilment was seldom as complete as in this instance, but it is the third item that compels our chief attention. Never has sickening brutality been more gloatingly described than in this story of life on a sealing schooner, under a captain of whom the hero says: "This man is a monster. He is without conscience. Nothing is sacred to him, nothing is too terrible for him to do." Whether this is a probable or even possible evolution for a Norwegian sailor-boy, is, of course, an open question. To most readers the man who strikes and tortures and kills as his daily occupation, while for his pastime he reads Herbert Spencer and Browning, or talks philosophy, will seem no less grotesquely fictitious than the Caliban to whom he is compared. Yet the conception is at least novel and powerful, and the breath of the sea is almost painfully perceptible throughout. Indeed, the book might have compelled admiration, if not belief or liking, but for two grave faults—first, a strained exaggeration, which makes the scenes of horror nauseating rather than thrilling, and the love-passages distressingly mawkish; and, secondly, a longwindedness, perhaps to be explained by the original serial form. In a volume of 366 pages we have only the following main incidents: the rescue from the sea, *à la* Kipling, of a man-writer and a woman-writer successively (their meeting being brought about as violently as in a game of "Consequences"); their life on and escape from the sealing schooner, their life on and rescue from a desert island, and the death by paralysis of the Sea-Wolf himself. All the rest is padding of the most tedious kind, with exasperating tricks of speech, such as "what of" for "what with." We are left regretting that Mr. London should ever have abandoned the short stories that he told so well. But perhaps the whole book is to be regarded as a parody, in which case 'Captain Outrageous' would be a more fitting title.

Norma Lorimer's 'On Etna' is another instance of vivid, in this case almost lurid, local color, spoiled by unconvincing characterization. All who have been in Sicily, and many who have not, will find this book conjure up for them visions of that wonderful landscape dominated by the grand snow-topped volcano. As far as descriptions and mere writing go, the author deserves all praise. When we analyze the plot and the psychological subtleties, our admiration decreases. The chivalrous Adonis of a brigand might, perhaps, but for his lapses into metaphysics, pass muster as a barely possible personage; but the English girl whom he captures, defends from an unworthy lover, and finally worships with a passion that is returned, taxes our credulity beyond its limits. Not only is she impossibly beautiful and fascinating, but the scene in which she visits the bandit in prison in order to whisper her love into his dying ears, is, with her antecedents, simply inconceivable. The writer is more successful with the less ambitious characters, especially the unappreciated English lover and the woman brigand Marietta. Apart from the descriptions of scenery, the main interest of the book lies in its information about the Mafia. Our sympathies are divided between the corrupt rule *de jure* of the Government, and the violent rule *de facto* of these so-called *Amici*, and such a topic would in itself make the book worth reading.

Historic Dress in America, 1607-1800. By Elisabeth McClellan. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. 1904.

The history of clothes in America can hardly be said to antedate those first years of the seventeenth century when the English began to settle in Virginia. The half-dozen pages of the present volume that deal with the still earlier Spanish settlements in Florida and California are rather a summary of the history and customs of the Spanish colonials than a contribution to the history of dress. But with the landing of the hundred colonists of the Virginia Company in 1607 our real record begins. We know from Capt. John Smith's book, published in 1624, just how many shirts and shoes and suits of clothes were thought by the London Company the necessary minimum for a Virginia emigrant; fifty-two gentlemen adventurers in that expedition naturally brought a more extravagant outfit, and with them the fashions of London were first introduced into America. Colonial dress among the richer colonists is, of course, merely English dress. Brocades and velvets were in those days a sort of investment, part of the family assets for decades, and it would have been poor economy to send to England for a coat of some cheaper fabric when a brocade would last twice as long and look twice as well. During the last half of the seventeenth century the General Court of Massachusetts passed countless orders restricting extravagances and dictating the length of sleeves or the height of boots, but one had only to prove that one was "passing rich" (two hundred pounds was counted a fortune that excused display) to disarm all criticism and even the law. The seventeenth-century Dutch settlers followed to some extent the fashions of their mother country. Miss McClellan devotes a short section to the dress of the Quakers, which has been handled once for all by Mrs. Gummere.

The eighteenth century is more interesting because our knowledge is more detailed. Moreover, the Colonies were now more prosperous; China and the Indies sent to American markets their rich and delicate silks and gauzes; and towards the end of the century, when intercourse with London was no longer easy or desirable, the fashions of France partly superseded those of England. The colonists were of course at the mercy of the European shopkeepers who filled their orders. When Washington ordered clothes, his wife desired "One fashionable hat or bonnet," and so the order went. No wonder that, in 1760, he writes indignantly to his London agent that "I never had such a pennyworth before. . . . Instead of getting things good and fashionable in their several kinds, we often have articles sent us that could only have been used by our forefathers in the days of yore." The advertisements of the newspapers of the period are useful for the details of dress. Often a runaway slave or servant had to be traced by his clothes, or he had stolen his master's, which were minutely described. When green was the fashionable wear, a man named Davis robbed the church at Wilmington of its hangings and had a green coat made of them, whereupon a reward of ten pounds was offered for his arrest and the recovery of the coat.

One of the most interesting sections of Miss McClellan's work is that on American uniforms. The quotations from the army orders of the day throw light on the pathetic condition of the Continental army, which in 1775 "has unfortunately no uniforms," so that the officers are directed to wear cockades of different colors according to their rank. In 1776 the General "feels an unwillingness to recommend, much more to order, any kind of uniform, but as it is absolutely necessary that the men should have clothes, he earnestly encourages the use of Hunting Shirts." In 1780 the General begins to feel nervous about the appearance of his men before "our Allies, composed of the first troops of Europe," and begs his field officers "if possible to get their old clothes altered to one regimental fashion." In 1783 "the Commander-in-Chief recommends that the business of turning and repairing the coats of last year should now be considered as a primary object." That was in February, when the scarlet cloth expected from Europe had unhappily failed to arrive. One is relieved to read that in April "the regiments which have not turned and repaired their coats are to draw lots for the scarlet cloth which arrived yesterday."

The names of materials in constant use in those centuries are in many cases completely obsolete. Broadcloth has held its own and serge was worn, but what about the chilloes, betelles, deribands, and tapsiels, which were as familiar to the shopper as are the chiffon and tweed and velveteen of to-day? The glossary at the end of the volume before us was a happy thought, but it must not be regarded as final authority. It may be that Piccadilly is so called from the "peccadilles," or bands trimmed with pointed lace, sold in a certain shop in that thoroughfare in the reign of Charles I. But that gauze harks back to Gaza, and dimity to Damietta, has not been proved.

In her long list of authorities consulted for this work the author does not mention Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's 'Two Centuries of Costume in America,' published and reviewed in our columns last year. Yet Mrs. Earle had ranged over the same field, and the same authorities are inevitably quoted in both books. It would not be fair to make a too close comparison of the two. Mrs. Earle has a gift for style and a fund of anecdote quite absent from the work of

Miss McClellan, and she seems to have had access to more Colonial relics, as one would expect from a writer who has devoted so much energy to the study of Colonial life. Miss McClellan's history is more in the nature of a reference book, a most useful collection of prints and evidence of all kinds. The colored plates and other drawings by Miss Steel are numerous and very attractive, and illustrate all possible phases of the fashions of the two centuries of Colonial life. There are many photographs of Colonial garments and household goods, and the volume, a small quarto, is admirably suited for a gift-book.

My Literary Life. By Mme. Edmond Adam (Juliette Lamber). D. Appleton & Co. 1904.

The first volume of Mme. Adam's autobiography, which appeared two years ago, closed with her marriage to M. Lamessine and her awakening to the fact that, by that marriage, she had made a mistake which seemed irreparable. The second volume takes the reader from the provincial life of Soissons and Chauny to Paris, where the Lamessines settled in an apartment in the Rue de Rivoli. It was in the Paris of the fifties, of the Second Empire, that Juliette Lamber (as she preferred to call herself), now became a person of some importance. Her literary career began with the publication of her defence of George Sand and Daniel Stern in her 'Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes.' Proudhon had showered insults on both these writers in his 'La Justice dans la Révolution,' and he was reckoned so terrible an adversary that no publisher would look at a manuscript in which he was attacked. Finally, it was published at the expense of its author, and her defence of their character won her the friendship of both George Sand and the Comtesse Agoult (Daniel Stern, the mistress of Liszt). But unfortunately these two distinguished women, after a devoted friendship, were themselves at daggers drawn. Juliette Lamber received an ambassador from George Sand to inform her that they could not meet until she had quarrelled with Daniel Stern. About ten years later, through some disagreement over a rival salon, Daniel Stern became estranged from Juliette Lamber, who was at once admitted to the intimate circle of George Sand.

Mme. Adam saw the début of Patti and of Bernhardt, and records the publication of the first number of the *Petit Journal*. She was a conspicuous figure in more than one political salon before she founded her own with the twenty men friends and five women prescribed by Daniel Stern as the correct proportion. The set of instructions that the latter gave to Juliette on how to make and keep up a salon are interesting, because they sum up the experience of a clever Frenchwoman whose salon was frequented by all the distinguished Republicans of the day. There Mme. Adam met Grévy, Carnot, Vacherot, Renan, Littré, Girardin, Scherer, and many other politicians and writers. She must have kept a voluminous diary; at any rate, she reproduces in the liveliest manner the conversations, personal peculiarities, jealousies, and weaknesses of the men and women who then led the opposition to the Empire. In the same salon were to be met not only the inveterate Republicans who would make no compromise with the Empire, and admired Orsini, the would-be tyrannicide, and also the "oath-takers" as they were called, who split the Republican party, and revolted the men of 1848 by taking as their motto "The Empire with Liberty."

M. Lamessine drops so completely out of the life of Juliette Lamber that the readers of her autobiography hardly remember the fact that she still bore his name. When she asked for a separation on the ground of his neglect and infidelity, M. Lamessine replied: "I will never consent. You are the handsomest ornament of my house, and, if I should be in financial trouble, your people would help me, I am sure." When her first book proved a success, he informed her that he should take pleasure in signing his own name to the future editions: "The law authorizes me to appropriate to my own use all that is joint property. A wife's work belongs to her husband." Accordingly, he signed with his name the second edition. Mme. Adam remarks that there is even today no clause in French law that would prevent a French husband from doing likewise. M. Edmond Adam was one of Daniel Stern's friends. When the present volume closes, he was still no more than a friendly adviser—one of a small circle who made it their business to protect Juliette Lamber from her husband.

Mme. Adam's second book was 'Mon Village,' followed by 'Mon Voyage autour du Grand Pin,' written when a serious lung trouble exiled her from her beloved Paris to the Golfe Juan, where she made friends with Mérimée and Cousin the philosopher. There we leave her making a garden about the little house that she built near the sea. By this time M. Lamessine has somehow been disposed of, for her apartment in Paris, like her winter retreat in the south, is now shared by her father and mother, of whom every reader of the first volume must retain a lively recollection.

The translation of the second volume is no improvement on that of the first. It is slipshod and incoherent, with numerous mistakes in spelling. But Mme. Adam's narrative is so vivid, so spontaneous and amusing, that the treachery of her translator has done little to lessen its charm.

The Appreciation of Sculpture: A Handbook. By Russell Sturgis, A. M., Ph. D. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company. 1904. Pp. 235.

An attempt has here been made to help the general reader to appreciate the merits of works in sculpture from those of Greek antiquity to the present time. The task is a difficult one, because, as the author repeatedly remarks, it is often impossible to find words to express plastic qualities. The appreciation of sculpture, as of any other branch of the fine arts, demands a culture that can be acquired only by a habit of observation and critical comparison of works of art themselves. Books can be of use only in so far as they may stimulate observation and critical judgment. Mr. Sturgis has written with the commendable purpose of finding such merit as may exist in works of widely different character. His book is appreciative in the sense of finding something to praise in nearly every class of works noticed; but while he has apparently endeavored to discriminate, and to make his appreciations just estimates, it appears to us that he errs somewhat on the side of too general praise. There is not only a wide difference, but in some cases a radically opposite character, manifested in the sculptures brought under consideration; and a catholicity which embraces things so opposed can hardly be entirely just.

The discussion of ancient Greek sculpture appears to us the most interesting part of the book, though it covers but forty pages, and in this narrow compass the question of the use of color in ancient sculpture is included. The superior character of the early mature art of Greece is recognized, but the period of finest production is said to extend from 470 to 350 B. C. It might be contracted, for before 350 Greek sculpture had lost its most excellent character, and had begun to manifest those qualities of over-elaboration and trivial naturalism which mark the decline of the art. Mr. Sturgis has recognized this change, and, in commenting on the realistic treatment of the drapery in the so-called Niobide of the Vatican Museum, he justly remarks that this gives the work no superiority. The more conventional rendering of drapery in the earlier works marks an appreciation of the proper limitations of sculpture which the later Greek workmen had lost sight of. We could wish that Mr. Sturgis had begun his consideration of Greek sculpture at an earlier stage of its evolution, following its development from the archaic conventions of immaturity, and observing how, through all the lack of knowledge and of technical skill, a strong sense of beautiful and effective composition is manifested, and pointing out how the essential principles of design embodied in the early work still form the basis of the consummate art of the Phidian age; and how the primitive conventions give place to those which are inseparable from any work in which the nature of materials and the monumental purpose of the sculptor's art are respected.

The treatment of mediæval sculpture is inadequate, and we have no doubt the author will agree with us in this. The more architectural purpose of the Gothic carver is recognized, and this is fundamental to a right appreciation of Gothic sculpture. But the really classic qualities which underlie all the peculiar conventions of the finest mediæval art, as well as the remarkable fineness of execution which the best of it exhibits, ought to be brought to the reader's attention. Nor is the discussion of the sculpture of the Renaissance as complete or as discriminating as we should desire, though it includes much that may be helpful to the reader unacquainted with the art of this brilliant epoch of artistic retrospection.

A large part of the book is devoted to modern sculpture in its manifold varieties, but just appreciation of contemporaneous works of art is not easy to reach or to formulate. Modern artists work under difficulties not always fully realized. The lack of common aims, common traditions, and monumental purpose, together with the wealth of knowledge of past achievements of many epochs and of many peoples; and the unprecedented dominance of the idea of likeness to nature as a primary motive—make the attainment of the highest excellence in sculpture, and just estimates of

the merits of contemporaneous productions, equally difficult.

The book is illustrated with 64 half-tone plates. These are excellent of their kind; but a great objection to the half-tone process is the fact that good impressions cannot be got on good paper. This highly calendered paper, of wood-pulp and filling, is offensive to the eye and weak in substance.

The Awakening of Japan. By Okakura Kakuzo. The Century Co. 1904.

The mantle of Mabuchi and Hirata has fallen upon Okakura, who was born four years after Townsend Harris's diplomacy made the Japanese a trading nation and lifted up the native merchant from the social mire. Against the flood of Western influences which, if unregulated by the dykes and sluices of fixed taste, would sweep away Japan's civilization, or at least disintegrate her ideals, Mr. Okakura, this true son of the Everlasting Great Japan, is a Protestant of intensest spirit. Considering that even the new Japan, which surprises the world by her power of adaptation and of offence, is but the natural outcome of her own inherent forces in religion, art, and tradition, he would keep the Occident at bay, compelling its gifts to be tributary to Japan's richer life, while challenging with a flaming sword whatever will work harm to the empire's noblest life.

Mr. Okakura has already written a bold and illuminating book on 'The Ideals of the East.' In this, his latest work, applying his theories more especially to Japan in retrospect and interpretation, we have the very marrow of his thought. His ruling ideas are easily recognized. Asia is, or at least was, a unity. The Vedic and the Confucian ideals became one in the weaving of the web which Buddhist missionaries slowly consummated in the loom of time. In the thirteenth century the outburst of the Mongols broke the unity of Asia, leaving a long legacy of mutual hatred and disorganization which made India and China the prey of Europeans. Japan, within its sheltering island walls, is the residuary legatee of all Asia, and more nobly than any other Asian nation has she held to the lofty ethics, ideals, and art of that continent whence all great faiths have issued. Even against the modern religious invasions, lust of conquest, and aggressive economic systems built on machinery and a state of society that must constantly win new markets even at the cannon's mouth, she can, if she will, hold her own. It is Asia and not Europe that has been, and still is, the inspiration of the real Japan, that was, and is, and is to come. The author need not tell us in the publisher's preface that he has had "information better than printed material and common hearsay" through "special acquaintance with surviving actors in the Restoration," for on every page he glorifies the past and gives us a picture painted in the iridescent colors of a sunset glow. His is an idealized painting in words of life in the Island Empire, and one which is about as accurate in detail and about as closely related to fact as is Sir Walter Scott's picture of the Middle Ages. In a word, it is an artist's representation. Mr. Okakura works with the brethren of the palette and brush, or at least with vital interest in art, as well as with eloquent pen and the literary resources of the scholar. While the acknowledged champion of the conservative reaction in favor of old Japan, he is frank and generous in his recognition of the message which Christianity bears to woman.

In elaborating his thesis, which he does in a delightful little book, easily slipped in the pocket or held in one hand, he shows that "while Christendom struggled with mediævalism, the Buddha land was a garden of culture." He pictures the night of Asia, when Islamic and fanatical Mogulism shattered the unity of Asian thought and life. Japan, though never conquered, was "buried alive for nearly 270 years." Under the titles, "The Chrysalis," and "Buddhism and Confucianism," we are shown how the duarchy grew up. The Mikado was gradually dehumanized by a ring of politicians, and evaporated into a god. While elevated to that point at which he was most potent as a mysterious idol in a box, he was most impotent as a ruler. The "old badger," Iyeyasu, had his own way by disintegrating society, separating the different classes, each with its own world of experience, thought, and expression; and this Yedo dictator so determined the course of religion that, according to the proverb of the discerning, "Even a sardine's head became an object of worship."

Masterly is the author's interpretation of the Voice from Within, showing how three schools of thought, dominant from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, united in causing the regeneration of Japan. The School of Classical Chinese Learning, or the Higher Criticism of the Confucian texts, was in deadly opposition to the official orthodoxy of Yedo, and in its manifestation, often with noble motive and pretext, was the cause of technical insurrection and bloodshed, but always in the interest of the common people. The Oyomei School, which taught that knowledge apart from action, and philosophy without application in life, were worse than vanity, was the nursery in which the great leaders of 1868 and also the men of light and action of to-day were trained. But it was the Historical School that first pointed the goal which, along a path made clear by light brought from the younger nations, Japan has reached. Yet the advent of the West was not an unmixed blessing. The Japanese, eager to accept the new civilization, were regarded as renegades by their Asian neighbors. The Russians were the first to threaten Japan, and the coming of the American ships was a mighty shock. This was the White Disaster.

In the transition between the assassination of the Regent Ii, who signed the Harris treaty on his own responsibility, and the Restoration of 1868, there were many rapid changes, with the formation and decay of samurai parties, Federalists, Imperialists, and Unionists; and following upon these we are shown the commoner transformed into a samurai by the system of military service. In the reincarnation of his country, our patriot sees Japan accepting the new without sacrificing the old. It is the heart of old, not new, Japan that beats strongly beneath the arm that pulls the trigger of the modern rifle or the lips that speak into the battle-field telephone. In art, Japan stands alone against all the world. As to the Yellow Peril, it is but the nightmare of a guilty conscience that fears unknown evil while its greedy hands still clutch. The very nature of Japanese civilization prohibits aggression and means peace. Mr. Okakura does not grapple with the problem of how the East and the West are to be made one in brotherhood and mutual respect. Perhaps he will essay this task in some future work.

A word of caution to the Japanophile and the man seeking the royal road to a knowledge of Japan. Here we have history written not as one knows, but as one feels it. It is impression and appreciation, rather than the work of the logical intellect. To not a few of the author's broad statements no scholar could give assent, while to talk of "the awakening of Japan" without ever mentioning the religious and non-religious forces of southern Europe, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or the Dutchmen of Deshima, who for nearly three centuries poured a constantly fertilizing stream of influences upon the Japanese intellect, or even referring to the five thousand or so *Yatoi* or salaried assistants beginning with Verbeck and Pumpelly and continuing with Hearn and hundreds still at work in the land, seems not only absurd, but positively misleading. "Making an idol does not give it a soul," says Japan's own proverb.

Wall Street and the Country: A Study of Recent Financial Tendencies. By Charles A. Conant. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

The essays contained in this volume have all appeared before as articles contributed to the periodical press, or in some other form, but have been rewritten for the purpose of the present publication. The result is an excellent handbook, dealing with "undigested securities," Trusts, the function of the exchanges, the economic progress of the nineteenth century, the standard of value in China, and the growth of trust companies. Mr. Conant is a member of the Commission appointed by the United States in 1903 to consider the question of securing stability of exchange between the currencies of gold-standard and silver-using countries. The first aim of our commission and that appointed by Mexico "has been to put China on the gold standard," and what Mr. Conant has to say on this difficult and important subject is well worth attention. To sum it up in a very few words: The problem is not to provide a gold *currency* for China (to do this would mean a draft on the world's resources of at least $1,200,000,000 of gold—one-quarter of the existing world's stock), nor is it to establish an artificial equalization of gold and silver by "any of the methods pursued under the name of bimetallism." What is wanted is simply a gold standard, such as has been introduced in India, and this, it is thought, can be accomplished by limitations of coinage, by acceptance of the existing currency at gold par for public dues, and the maintenance of a gold reserve.

Mr. Conant combats with great force the common idea that the keeping of trust-company reserves on deposit in national banks, instead of in actual currency in their own vaults, tends "to rear a structure of credit too lofty for the slender foundation of currency at its base." His argument is, in brief, that the structure is more solid than that which rests on the cash reserves in the Bank of England.

"The joint-stock banks keep deposits

with the Bank of England, and the private and country banks keep deposits with the joint-stock banks. The system thus depends absolutely upon the solidity of a single institution—the Bank of England. The British system has the advantage of economy in the use of money, but the American system is more exacting in its safeguards."

The chapter on Trusts and that on the Exchanges are admirable specimens of sane and lucid writing. Mr. Conant is no believer in further State intervention; but what he has to say does not come from any doctrinaire theory of the relation of the State to industry. He treats the subject from the point of view of the investor and the consumer, and asks *cui bono?* Look over all the laws that have been passed to secure publicity of accounts and to restrain fraud and extortion, and then ask yourself, Have they made my barrel of flour cheaper? Did they prevent my investing in Orange Peel common just before dividends stopped? Let us not forget, either, that the wonderful economic progress of the nineteenth century, which has diffused comfort and even luxury throughout the great body of the working population of the world in a manner hitherto undreamed of, was all the result of individual initiative, which has made every one of us a sharer in the "unearned increment" produced by discovery, by invention, by the application of accumulated and accumulating capital.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ancient Kalendars of the University of Oxford. Edited by Christopher Wordsworth. Henry Frowde.
Bourget, Paul. A Divorce. Scribners.
Browning's, Mrs. Selected Poems. Edited by Elizabeth Lee. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Desmond, Humphrey J. The Know-Nothing Party. Washington: New Century Press.
Everett, Charles. Nano. Neale Publishing Co. $1.
Falkiner, C. Litton. Illustrations of Irish History. Longmans. $7.
Farish, Thomas Edwin. The Gold Hunters of California. Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Co.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XV. Cambridge, Mass.
Irish Literature. Edited by Justin McCarthy. Vol. X. Philadelphia: John D. Morris & Co.
Living Church Annual, 1905. Milwaukee, Wis.: Young Churchman Co. 35 cents.
Marco Polo's Travels. Caxton Thin Paper. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Merrill, George P. Rocks, Rock-Weathering and Soils. New ed. Macmillan Co. $4.
Narratives of De Soto. Edited by Edward G. Bourne. 2 vols. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1 net each.
O'Ferrall, Charles T. Forty Years of Active Service. Neale Publishing Co. $2 net.
Reinach, S. The Story of Art throughout the Ages. Scribners.
Sharp, William. Literary Geography. Imported by Scribners. $3.50 net.
Swift, Jonathan. The Journal of Stella. Caxton thin paper. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Woodbury, Charles Levi. Genealogical Sketches of the Woodbury Family. Manchester, N. H.: J. B. Clarke Co.
Wood, Henry A. Wise. The Book of Symbols. W. J. Ritchie.
Wordsworth's Complete Poetical Works. Cambridge Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Yale Insurance Lectures. Vol. I. C. C. Hine's Sons Co. $2.15.
Younghusband, Francis Edward. The Heart of the Continent. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.

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The Nation.

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The Week.

The Czar's response to the zemstvo petition is more generous than might have been expected. On the subject of a parliament he is silent; no other course, in fact, could be looked for at present. On every other count the Czar meets his petitioners half way, admitting the justice of their appeal, and promising the gradual working out of the required reforms. A mere enumeration of the eight heads of the proclamation will exhibit its amazingly liberal temper. The Czar approves equal administration of law for all classes, extension of local self-government, unification of judicial procedure, factory laws, modification of the notorious condemnation by administrative process, religious toleration, freer passport regulations, reasonable freedom of the press. How, in the face of this roster of promises, some American editors continue to interpret the ukase as a check to the reform movement, baffles all ordinary ingenuity. For the case must be judged not so much by the actual laws that may be promulgated in the next few months as by the effect the edict will have permanently upon reformers in Russia. That a constitution should be granted at the request of the first national assembly was beyond even the wildest expectations. In fact, it was freely predicted that Prince Mirsky's Congress would receive an open rebuff, on the ground that their proceedings were virtually seditious. As things stand, the recent convention finds the major part of its programme approved, and thus there is given every encouragement for other reform assemblies to renew the work so auspiciously begun.

Yet one should not rashly assume that the Czar is fully committed to the inferences which will be drawn from his response. He knows well that freedom of movement and education for the peasants—as planned in M. de Witte's report—cannot be suspended when they begin to be troublesome to autocracy. He realizes undoubtedly that successful local governments will emphasize the desirability of a parliament, that free transit of foreigners means the spread of liberal ideas, and that liberty for the press involves the awaking of the people to political self-consciousness. Upon these consequences of his action the Czar can hardly look with equanimity. Indeed, one may believe that he has yielded rather to the pressure of a disastrous and unpopular war than to any personal zeal for reform. The fears of a Plehve may play a considerable part in his decision along with the generous hopes of a Witte or Mirsky. But, willingly or unwillingly, the word is said, and Nicholas II. stands openly committed to the views of his liberal ministers. Under easier conditions he may be tempted to listen again to the reactionaries, but he cannot decree forgetfulness of the hope he has himself held out to his people.

"Corollaries of the Monroe Doctrine" depend altogether upon person and place. It was, for example, long held in Europe as an unquestioned corollary of the Doctrine that the United States should keep its fingers out of the Old World pie. Hence, when Uncle Sam suddenly appeared as the boastful owner of the Philippines, *Punch* asked him quizzically, "Any relation of the late Col Monroe?" But the corollary which Mr. Root dwelt upon at the New England dinner on Thursday night related to this continent, and to our duty to make all American republics "just." He declared that the correlative of saying Hands off to foreign Powers was saying ourselves Hands on. We cannot, he affirmed, justly assert the Monroe Doctrine "unless we also say that the American republics are themselves to be just." Easily said, but no one knows better than a lawyer and statesman like Mr. Root that there is no harder question to answer than "What is justice?" It is immensely more difficult than "What is truth?" Jesting Pilate asked that question, but did not stay for an answer. We would gladly wait for Mr. Root to explain what he means by the American republics being compelled by us to be just. Is the quality of justice strained? Can a people be filled with the spirit of justice at the same time that they are with cannon shot? Do we mean that the republics to the south of us will be just when they do just what we order? Such are the puzzles which confront us when we begin wandering among corollaries of the Monroe Doctrine.

Rumblings at Washington indicate that Venezuela is to be the first material in the great experiment of "making American republics just." The President is represented as being exceedingly "impatient" over the course of government in Venezuela; and everybody knows that there is nothing like an impatient temper as a preliminary to a lofty act of international justice. We have altered the proverb, so as to make it read, *Indignatio facit justitiam*. The details of Venezuela's great offending are a trifle vague. We read that her customs revenue is falling below the estimates. If that, however, were a heinous crime, Secretary Shaw knows who would have to flee the officers of justice. For a nation with a big deficit to coerce another because it has a little one, would, we fear, make the world laugh instead of stand in awe. There is also complaint that the high courts of Venezuela interpret and apply the law of their own land, completely ignoring the domestic laws of the United States. This is said to be an outrage, and they are all honorable men who affirm it. The case being thus strong, we think it a mistake to drag in anything about asphalt concessions and the Asphalt Trust. That is to incur the risk of defilement with what the melancholy Philadelphia bankers used to call "pitch"—probably because their money so hopelessly stuck to the asphalt securities. Man or nation that sets about making another "just," must be sure of justice in the party of the first part. Even the Big Stick would not look pretty all dripping with asphalt.

Secretary Hay washes his hands of the Hague Conference with an excellent good grace. Recalling without rancor the unwillingness of Russia to be represented at The Hague and the qualified adhesion of Japan, he congratulates himself upon the cordial response President Roosevelt's invitation met from all other Powers. With these preliminaries he regards the incident as temporarily closed, and is content to "let the future conduct of the affair follow the normal channels." Such is the rather disappointing conclusion of Mr. Roosevelt's gallant appeal for peace. That it has been wasted, we decline to believe. The subjects of neutrality and of contraband need as much as ever to be threshed out. They have, as Mr. Hay pertinently remarked, been thoroughly advertised by the abortive attempt to reassemble the Hague Congress. Meantime, several decisions by Russian prize courts will serve as valuable precedents when the matter finally does come up. So President Roosevelt need not regret in any way his magnanimous project of calling a peace conference in the midst of the greatest war of recent times.

To thank the President for a Supreme Court decision may be only a recognition of the activities of the Attorney-General's office in the case. Or, again, it may be merely a courtesy of the Japanese kind which acknowledges that all victories are due to the "puissance of the Emperor." But it is shrewdly to be suspected that Chief Hanrahan of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, who last week congratulated Mr. Roosevelt on the successful termination of the coupler case, really believed that the Su-

preme Court had settled the matter in favor of the brakeman in order to please a President who wants a "square deal" for all. Be this as it may, Mr. Roosevelt has done nothing to discourage the impression that he is the "whole thing," and if we hear of appeals to him to help in discovering lost children, why, after all, should he not be pictured as whispering humane opinions to complacent sitters upon the Supreme Court bench? Such a view of the Presidential office is but an exaggeration of that neo-Federalism into which we are driving deeper every day.

Gen. Wood has discovered that the Filipino soldiers are too well fed. He reports that they do not work so well on Uncle Sam's generous rations as when they had only a little fish and rice to eat. This may be proper matter for a military report, but it reflects unconsciously the true Imperialist point of view. The chief end of the natives is to work for their conquerors—or to be "worked" by them. This doctrine was set forth with all innocence by the London *Morning Post* recently, in discussing the labors of missionaries among the Kaffirs. Might not Christianity disincline them to work? Hard labor was the real blessing for them, and beside it "a knowledge of spiritual technicalities" was unimportant, gravely said this organ of British Imperialists. And then, with delicious inability to perceive its own humor, it added that the missionaries ought to be warned that "what they preach about religion is readily applied to politics by the half-educated Kaffir." The implication is, of course, that the fully educated Englishman keeps his religion and his politics severely apart.

As Miss Alice M. Robertson pointed out in a late discussion of the movement for inserting a prohibition c'ause in the enabling act when Congress authorizes the admission of Indian Territory either as a separate State or in company with Oklahoma, it is not an attempt "to bring in prohibition where there is liquor," but "simply to continue prohibition where it now exists." To the testimony of the newly appointed postmistress at Muskogee may be added that of Capt. A. S. McKennon, one of the original "Dawes Commission," and the observation of Mr. Bonaparte. What is being urged upon the Senate now by the Indian Rights Association is that an amendment be added to the bill which has already passed the House, reserving Federal jurisdiction in this matter for ten years, or until satisfactory local laws shall be enacted. Lacking such an amendment, Government control in Indian Territory will cease after March 4, 1906. It is but scant justice to include such a provision in the enabling act; agreements made between the various tribes and the United States in 1897, 1898, and 1902 contain positive guarantees of perpetual prohibition of the sale of liquor.

All the peculiarities of the Wisconsin Republican situation did not disappear on election day. A United States Senator is to be elected this winter if possible. The Stalwarts—"National Republicans," as they were called on the ballot—who fought the direct primary tooth and nail in the campaign, now demand that the new primary law shall go into effect at once in the choice of a successor to Mr. Quarles. The Senator himself has gone so far as to file nomination papers under La Follette's law. Meanwhile, the Governor's adherents, who have now won their four years' fight for direct nominations, are prepared to choose their Senator this year by the old plan of a legislative caucus. The reason for the reversal of positions is plain enough. Quarles cannot possibly be chosen by the caucus, while he might conceivably have a plurality in the primary. There are about 50,000 Stalwarts —that number, at least, was about Peck's lead over Parker, and Roosevelt's over La Follette in the State. There are more than 220,000 La Follette Republicans. If they should split between four or five candidates, and some should favor Quarles on personal grounds, there would at least be hope. Gov. La Follette himself was bound to remain at his post so long as the reforms for which he stood were still to be fought for. But to-day all have been put through, except for a railroad-rate commission bill, and the Legislature will not oppose him this year. One of the obvious possibilities is a deadlock on the Senatorship, lasting until the rate bill becomes law. Then it might be that the Governor would feel freer to enter the national arena at the call of his party.

Connecticut Republican politicians will be as indignant as Lord Melbourne at the attempt of the Rev. Dr. Smyth of New Haven, and other clergymen, to make religion appear to have a bearing on public life. These impertinent ministers are organizing a movement among the churches to secure a worthy United States Senator in succession to Hawley. They have the impudence to assert that neither of the two candidates before the Legislature, Fessenden and Bulkeley, is fit to represent the State. It is not, with them, a question of being happy with either were t'other away, but of being disgusted with both, and of feeling that Connecticut is disgraced by being shut up to a choice between two such men. Dr. Smyth and his brother-clergymen are, of course, in for grave rebuke for "meddling," and for "bringing the Church into disrespect." But we suspect they know their own business. If religion is to sit by without lifting a finger when corruptionists are put forward for public honors, she will soon not only despise herself, but be despised of all men. The Connecticut example is one for other States to follow. There is no interstate commerce law forbidding its transit across the New York boundary.

Election day in Colorado was a mere preliminary to the fight between the two parties this year. The Governorship is to be bestowed, apparently, not on the candidate for whom the largest number of votes was deposited in the ballot-boxes, but for the one who is able to have the largest number of votes for his opponent thrown out as fraudulent. The two sides, however, are using entirely different weapons. When a Democrat has been implicated in election frauds, he is punished for contempt of court, while the Republican charged with identical practices is indicted in the regular way and held for trial. If this is to be regarded as a contest of efficiency between the two methods, government by injunction is badly beaten. A recent census shows that in Denver only eighteen Democratic election officers are in jail for violating the Supreme Court's extraordinary order, while in Pueblo no less than thirty Republican workers are under indictment by the grand jury. The throwing out of five precincts in Denver cuts down Adams's 11,000 plurality considerably. The face of the returns in them showed 1,386 Democratic to 339 Republican votes. It is said that the same action will be asked by the Republicans in three more precincts. One of the most peculiar features is that the Democrats are barred from taking the case into the Federal courts because the court did not interfere with the vote of the disputed precincts for Presidential electors. It appears to have decided, in effect, that precincts too corrupt to be allowed to affect the election for Governor were nevertheless fit to take part in the choice of a President.

Commissioner Pal'as's advertisements in front of the Public Library must go. Judge Scott has found the contract to be beyond the Commissioner's powers and illegal. The decision is important, because it may cover many other cases in the borderland of law. Judge Scott emphasized the fact that the parks existed for certain well-defined beneficial purposes, none of which was furthered by the letting of advertising space. Accordingly, "the Commissioner had no authority, either by the express terms of any statute or by any reasonable implication, to grant a license for the exhibition of advertisements." The Court further held that the facts that the surface thus let was a temporary fence, and that the contract provided revenue for the city,

altered in no way the essential illegality of the act. The case is further interesting because it was won on a taxpayer's suit brought by Mr. Calvin Tomkins, president of the Municipal Art Society. His good success shows that substantial redress for official negligence and wrongdoing may be more quickly and easily secured than is generally imagined. And while the decision is a precedent only for park advertising, it is impossible not to see its inferential relations to the matter of Subway advertising.

With the reappearance of the Biondi case in the courts, we have a very interesting case of implied contract. Biondi held from the late director of the Metropolitan Museum an agreement to exhibit the now famous group, "The Saturnalia." This colossal bronze was shown privately, and the trustees declared that it was unsuitable for exhibition; so it was withdrawn from the statuary hall, and Signor Biondi was offered an indemnity for the expense occasioned by the contretemps. He declined this indignantly, and, holding that he had a formal contract with the representative of the museum, sued for damages. The affair is of a mixed sort, and a decision might bring into the realm of law a class of transactions usually conducted informally. In fact, the business aspect of loans to museums might well tax the acumen of any judge, for it must be admitted that a museum gives a quite tangible return for the temporary possession of rare works of art. Often a timely loan saves a collector considerable sums for storage and insurance, while the publicity given to his art treasures increases their potential value at a sale. But it is a question whether these incidental advantages are in any sense a part of the contract. They cannot be estimated accurately, nor are they ever paid for expressly. It seems, then, that in accepting a loan a museum is merely offering a facility not promising a service; and that the lender, again, is merely doing a courtesy, and not rendering a service for valuable consideration. In short, it seems that agreements of this sort quite lack the quality of true contracts, and fall under the class of gentlemen's agreements.

The petition for a paid football coach, signed by fifty-four Harvard graduates, contains sentiments that, from gentlemen of their dignity, erudition, and love of learning, are surprising: "We would rather see football discontinued than see Harvard continuously represented by teams that might have won, but do not win." The object, then, of football is merely to beat Yale. We had supposed hitherto that college athletics had their chief justification in their incentive to physical exercise and a wholesome life. What becomes of all those disinterested college presidents and professors who have assured us that football is the mightiest moral agency of the present generation? What becomes of those fervid speeches ending in *mens sana in corpore sano?* What becomes of the conviction that the self-restraint exercised by the football player is a sublime lesson to undergraduates? What becomes of the theory that the football field is our finest school of manly strength and of all the cardinal virtues? Would football cease to confer these priceless benefits upon Harvard even if Yale continued to win forever? Is not the exercise as good when Harvard is defeated? Is there not the same splendid opportunity to exhibit self-restraint? Has this "magnificent sport" suddenly become brutal and tricky because Harvard cannot succeed at it? Will a paid coach and a succession of Harvard victories restore the game to divine favor and invoke upon the players the blessings of heaven?

Imperial Federationists will welcome the report that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is committed to the project of a Canadian navy. But if these ships were already patrolling the two coasts of the Dominion, the real problem of sharing in the work of Imperial defence would be little nearer a solution. In fact, all plans of this sort are highly abstract. They rest upon the sense that it is unfair that the colonies, which enjoy the protection of England's military and naval establishment, should contribute little or nothing to its support. But is there really any practical remedy in sight? Colonial sentiment would be strong against direct contributions to the naval and military budget. In Canada it was impossible to get Parliament even to pay the expenses of the contingent of troops sent to the South African war. On the other hand, any contribution to Imperial defence that is indirect is largely valueless. For example, a tiny Canadian navy and half-a-dozen similar fleets, none of which, presumably, could constitute a serious fighting line, would do very little to strengthen the British navy. At most, it would relieve a few cruisers from their customary round. To amalgamate these separate colonial squadrons in time of war would be a vexatious matter; good fleets are not made in that way. In fact, no really business-like apportionment of expense for Imperial defence seems possible short of a visionary pan-British Parliament.

Mr. Chamberlain's protectionist speeches avail at least to bring out the sordid and socialistic nature of his doctrine. In a foreigner, we can always see a vice more clearly than in ourselves. Our own high-tariff orators bamboozle us freely, but we see through Mr. Chamberlain with ease. In his latest deliverance at East London, he went further than ever in promising a millennium under a protectionist régime. All he wanted was to give every British workman employment all the year round at higher wages, and a customs duty was the true magic to do the trick. With rare magnanimity, Mr. Chamberlain asked only for the votes of those who did not think they were "as well off as they ought to be," and who were not ready to admit that "their condition cannot be improved." In other words, every discontented or greedy man Mr. Chamberlain claimed as his own. Like another Jack Cade, he bids his followers "be brave, for your captain is brave and vows reformation"; nor does he forget to add: "All shall eat and drink on my score."

No little stir has been created in Germany by the announcement of the discontinuance on January first of the *National Zeitung*, long one of the most influential organs of public opinion in that country. Writing in the Berlin *Nation* on this "regrettable ending" of so valuable a journal, Dr. Theodor Barth declares that the event would not have attracted so much attention if it were not in a sense typical. There are many other newspapers, particularly those of a political cast, he says, which are on the verge of dissolution, or which can be carried on only with heavy losses and increasing difficulties. The old idea that a newspaper is a sort of pulpit from which certain fixed theories are taught and fundamental principles of art, politics, and literature are defended, is becoming outgrown, Dr. Barth concludes. The desire to influence the minds of the public has been displaced by the wish to make every possible cent out of the sale of a print-covered piece of paper. "Along with the cigarette guaranteed free from nicotine and the wine which is without alcohol, we have the newspaper which is guiltless of any convictions." On the other hand, the Socialist newspapers offer examples of journals which have particular doctrines to teach, and which, so far from reflecting the views of the capitalists, are often supported by collections among day-laborers. The continued influence of Dr. Barth's own weekly, as well as the unusual success of that political free-lance, Maximilian Harden, editor of the weekly *Zukunft*, show that the man of ability who has opinions to express can still find his audience. And it must be noted that in Vienna Dr. Singer's liberal *Zeit* has grown from a struggling weekly into a strong and widely read daily. Finally, the commercialized newspaper and the newspaper trust have not yet been with us long enough to make their lasting financial success certain.

THE GARFIELD PLAN.

There is no good reason why the first report of Mr. James A. Garfield of the Bureau of Corporations should be received with either ecstasy or terror. It is a sober document, telling a plain tale. It describes a condition which all honest men deplore, and suggests a remedy which rational men will discuss without falling into hysterics. Mr. Garfield does not profess to have found the philosopher's stone of the Trust question. His report is simply a modest but careful piece of work, bristling with statistics and fortified by legal citation, which forcibly calls attention to the need of doing something to regulate corporations engaged in interstate commerce, and propounds a method of going to work to do it. His plan is eminently one to be debated in calmness like his own. What are its merits? What are its defects?

First among its good points we place its advance over the earlier crude notion of President Roosevelt, that the one thing needful was to discriminate delicately between "good" and "bad" Trusts. The former were to be given the Executive blessing; the latter to be put under the ban. But this was the dictum of a sentimental social reformer. Mr. Garfield is a lawyer, and knows that law must deal with overt acts, not with the hidden soul. Accordingly, his classifications are legal, not moral. He would not have Congress or the President undertake to read the hearts of men carrying on commerce between the States, or to scrutinize their motives, but would have laws drafted to cover all corporations in a given class. This is the practical spirit of the lawmaker, as opposed to the vague longings of a millennial dreamer, and as such is to be welcomed. We shall hear no more of fanciful distinctions between good and bad Trusts. The one question for all is, Do they or do they not violate the law?

Another high merit of the scheme of control advocated by Commissioner Garfield is that it is presumptively Constitutional. The proposal to compel corporations doing an interstate business, or engaged in foreign commerce, to take out a Federal license seems to fall under the broad grant of power to Congress to "regulate" interstate and foreign commerce. Congress may impose such conditions as it chooses. It may tax at will. Whether wise or not, the plan is apparently lawful. It is not one of those happy-thought improvisations which collapse under the weight of legal precedent and Constitutional guarantees. To compel corporations to obtain a Federal charter would be doubtfully constitutional; but to make them submit to a kind of franchise tax, as a preliminary to the right to conduct interstate or foreign commerce, is seemingly within the powers granted to Congress. It is something to get a plan which does not at once dash its brains out against the wall of the Constitution, or does not depend upon that almost impossible thing, the adoption of a Constitutional amendment.

But while thus praising Mr. Garfield for sticking so closely to what is within Congressional power, we are by no means so confident as he appears to be of Congressional wisdom. His plan is only an outline. It scarcely touches details. Yet in matters of this kind details are everything. The Commissioner of Corporations affirms that a statute enacting his ideas would have to cover such diverse and difficult topics as "offering securities to the general public"; "affecting labor conditions in two or more States"; "affecting prices of goods or raw materials in two or more States"; as well as "lack of personal responsibility of managers, improper use of stock as a kind of currency, lack of proper publicity as to terms of organization, over-capitalization, etc." It is a formidable list. Before Congress gets through the whole of it, and frames each item nicely into a general law, we think a good deal of water will have flowed under the bridge. The license to do business is to be granted, or sold, only when certain "requirements" are met; but the entire *crux* lies in formulating those requirements.

Supposing that Congress finally lays them down in a comprehensive statute, other difficulties will immediately arise. Mr. Garfield frankly admits as much. His eyes are not shut to the means of legal evasion. Corporations may form subsidiary or holding companies in all the States where they desire to operate. Most serious obstacle of all, the courts may intervene to limit the application of the law or defeat its intent by judicial decision. The Commissioner confesses that the opinion of the Supreme Court in the Knight case (156 U. S., 1) is "apparently opposed" to the proposition that Congress may grant a "power to produce" as a means of effectively regulating interstate commerce. Into this legal question it is not for us to go. The Supreme Court, as now constituted, might modify the principle laid down in the Knight case, which was, for the rest, very narrowly defined, and could not be extended beyond the actual facts therein involved. But it is evident that judicial review may be looked to, in all this matter, as a remedy for demonstrated injustice; while if it is a question, as some excited commentators assert, of extinguishing overnight the rights of forty-five States, why, there are the delegates of those States in the United States Senate to prevent that outrage.

That the public mind in this country is feeling after some kind of national control of corporations which are national in their activities, we think no intelligent observer will dispute. Commissioner Garfield does not overstate the general dissatisfaction with existing laws and practices. Some corrective will be applied, and we must cast about to find one that is both just and efficient. Merely as an aid in this quest, the Garfield report is of great value. It contains no panacea. It will not save Congress the need of racking its brain to hit upon the best method. Tremendous labor will have to be done before a practical scheme of Federal control of corporations is worked out into a law able to run the gantlet of the courts. But Commissioner Garfield has collected materials and suggested a procedure which will lighten the toil of others; and his plan should be sensibly considered and, if possible, perfected by sensible men.

THE PAINS OF ECONOMY.

A condition, not a theory, is confronting the Administration at Washington, and it is "the condition of the Treasury." Every day's dispatches multiply evidence of the worry which it is causing. There are many determined utterances about keeping down the appropriations, but, as Mark Twain said of talk about the bad weather, "in spite of it all, nothing is done." Yes, something is done. In a burst of retrenching heroism, it has been decided to cut out of the army bill the $3,000,000, or so, which "the annual manœuvres" cost. This will be hard on the foreign military attachés, who will now have to go elsewhere to make their education in the art of war complete. There are also rumors that the River and Harbor bill must be kept small if it is to escape a Presidential veto. A limit of $20,000,000 is said to have been fixed. Consequently, the committee will report a bill carrying only $12,000,000, knowing that it will infallibly be log-rolled up to $20,000,000 at least.

In all this rather ineffectual talk about being rigidly economical, the idea crops out again and again that it is really impossible for a Government to economize. Nor is it alone our own rulers who confess themselves helpless. The fated increase of public expenses is the theme of publicists and finance ministers in all countries. Recurring deficits make no difference. They call for new loans, or new taxes, never for a severe cutting down of the bills. Baron von Stengel informed the Reichstag that Germany's financial outlook was "dismal"—he would have to borrow $70,000,000 to get on at all; yet he was confident that any reduction of expenditures was out of the question. Similarly, Austen Chamberlain, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, and M. Rouvier, Finance Minister of France, report mounting outlay, but argue from it, not the need of pruning estimates, but of levying added taxes.

Now, why is it that there are no steps backward from the lion's den of public

extravagance? In private life, a man whose affairs are embarrassed does not argue (unless he is a fool) that he cannot possibly lower his expenses; that all the luxuries to which he has been accustomed he simply has to have. He gives up his carriage, dismisses superfluous servants. It is only all-powerful governments that are not strong enough to retrench. The reason is largely political. Democracy has its way of fastening leeches upon the Treasury as surely as any Grand Monarque. The total appropriations represent legislation for a multitude of diverse political interests, all of them possessed of more or less power, and each of them ready to resent any diminution of its meat, in due season. They gather, in body or in spirit, about the President and the Secretary of the Treasury and the Chairmen of the Appropriations Committees, and say: "You propose to cut down expenses, do you? You want to abolish sinecures, cut off unnecessary clerkships, and dry up the usual flow of public money into our districts? Well, what we ask is how you expect to carry elections or get a majority in Congress for your pet measures if you treat us that way?"

Economy is not joyous, but grievous. Yet it is not so absolutely beyond the reach of public administrators as we are told. If they were both frank and resolute, they could effect savings. They must, it is true, have a mind above the taunt of cheese-paring. It is better to pare the cheese than let the mice devour it. Many a paring makes a cheese. But the most important thing for those responsible for the Treasury to remember is that it is policy which fixes expenditure, and that the true way to be economical is to modify or abandon extravagant policies.

The glaring policy of extravagance at Washington to-day is that of the big navy. This is dimly perceived by the Republican leaders desirous of keeping the deficit from looking offensively corpulent. At their gathering in a House committee room the other day, to discuss ways and means of keeping down the appropriations, one of them said bluntly to the Chairman of the Naval Committee, "What is the use of the rest of us trying to save? Every dollar of our economies will instantly be swallowed up by your greedy committee." The truth in this is making its way, we are glad to see, and it is announced that a decided effort is to be made to hold the naval appropriations far below the estimates.

The result will be looked for with interest. It will furnish an excellent test of the President's sincerity in his avowed desire for economy. There can be no sound reason for spending on the navy to-day three times or four times as much as we did six years ago. The huge increase proclaims either pure luxury or justified alarm. But there is not a cloud on our international horizon. The President himself glories in our peaceful relations with all the great Powers. Arbitration treaties all round bespeak the happiest state of affairs. War with England is unthinkable, and with France or Germany almost equally so. But no other nation has a navy with which ours is not more than adequate to cope. The proposed new battleships are not necessary, and, with a big deficit staring us in the face, should be cut out of the bill as the superfluity most easily dispensed with. Mr. Dooley may be right in saying that President Roosevelt interprets the simple life to mean a tremendous navy, but economy certainly does not mean it.

THE SENTIMENT TO WHICH LAWSON APPEALS.

The professional financiers who are indiscriminately lumped together in the term "Wall Street" are unable to comprehend the popular interest in Thomas W. Lawson's articles on "frenzied finance." On the other hand, the unsophisticated millions who devour these lurid tales of greed and gold, are indignant that anybody should speak cynically or flippantly of a truly penitent stock-jobber. Your banker or insurance-company president dismisses Lawson with the contemptuous comment that whatever in his stories is true has long been known, and that what is new is false. "Lawson," they say, "is obviously a blackguard; he confesses to complicity in swindling operations; he is possibly a blackmailer. Let him pass." But he still remains an obstinate fact to be reckoned with. More than one sincere communication has reached us deploring our lack of faith in the heroic Lawson. "He is doing a good work in his own way," they plead; "the least you can do is to respect his motives and let him alone."

This popular view of Lawson has its roots in certain large social and political sentiments that are but dimly apprehended in that part of Manhattan Island lying south of City Hall. Our complacent capitalists have heard faintly and from far off the wild talk of Populists and Socialists about the money devil; but they set this down as the raving of ignorance and hysteria. The Populists and Socialists, however, have simply formulated into a political creed and voiced from the platform an unrest and distrust widespread among laborers, farmers, shopkeepers, and persons of narrow incomes throughout the country. These men and women have seen our captains of industry accumulate enormous fortunes with a speed which is to them inexplicable except on the plausible theory of dishonesty. These plain people know that stocks are watered in the most shameless fashion in enterprises that remain solvent; and the the most barefaced swindling has been practised in bankrupt ventures like the Shipbuilding Trust—to cite one example from a thousand. Poor men and women have put their slow savings into companies presumably directed by men of intelligence and probity—the Amalgamated Copper, for instance—and have seen their petty provision for the future disappear in a night. Somebody has got away with that money; nobody is prosecuted by our fearless district attorneys. The question of the duped a enraged investor is, "Who is the thief?" Lawson is ready with an answer.

The answer comes, too, in the nick of time. The United States is now recovering from an extraordinary speculative debauch. Pretty much everybody, East and West, was "taking a little flyer" in Steel, Copper, or what not. When the bubble burst, there was the inevitable weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The people who fared worst were often those who could least afford losses, the extreme outsiders, who hung off till the last and were then seized by the fever of gambling and went in at the top of the market. They are doubly convinced that they were not the prey of their own folly, but of the machinations of the money-power. They have hitherto been vaguely guessing concerning the details of the diabolical crime; but Lawson supplies the missing data with gratifying fulness. His descriptions of the panic-stricken Addicks, with eyes as dull as those of a dead fish, his account of blackmailing receiverships, of juggling with the judiciary, of buying the votes of five States, his charges of absolutely insatiate and conscienceless rapacity, fit in with the preconceived theories, and confirm the darkest suspicions of the unfortunates who were fleeced.

More significant than Lawson himself, who may soon be a spent rocket, is this sentiment to which he has made such a successful appeal. The people who are convinced that our laws are out of joint are—if we may judge by the recent Socialist vote — an increasing class. In a period of general prosperity they are quiescent; in the pinch of hard times they muster enough strength to be formidable in our politics. For this element the Lawson articles are fresh sinews of war. One of the shrewdest politicians of the Northwest remarked last summer: "Every grafter in Wall Street is against Roosevelt, and consequently we're for him." President Roosevelt was fortunate in having the financial support of Wall Street and the votes of those who hate it; but again in the future, as frequently in the past, there will be a sharp cleavage in politics. When that crisis arrives, such pamphlets as "Frenzied Finance," if skilfully circulated, may wreck a conservative party. Bryan's phrase about crucifying labor upon a "cross of gold" shook the whole fabric of our credit because men's minds were prepared to

believe that it expressed a truth. The seed was sown in good ground. So long as financiers of repute lend their names and influence to speculations that may properly be characterized as "frenzied," just so long will "Down with the grafters of Wall Street!" be a potent battle-cry, just so long will the utterances of a Lawson be flame to the flax.

The enemies, then, which our great financial institutions, our railways, our insurance companies, and our banks, have chiefly to fear are, so to speak, of their own household. When the Goths and Vandals prepare a descent upon our "vested interests," their most terrible weapons will be drawn from the armories of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The men who have promoted the vast and bottomless undertakings into which a credulous public has poured its dollars, are the real begetters of the Populistic and Socialistic parties. From the victims of their rapine, when the day of political judgment dawns, they may expect no quarter.

RUM AND POLITICS.

The presentment of the grand jury finding that the Liquor Dealers' Association raised a large fund for the corruption of the last New York Legislature can surprise no one who is familiar with the connection, here and elsewhere, between rum and politics. For many years the liquor interests, like the railway interests, have followed the policy of keeping the Legislature in good humor. Through affiliations, now with Tammany, now with the rural Democracy, and now with the Republican machine, the liquor dealers have managed to secure at each election the control of a considerable number of Senators and Assemblymen. To this nucleus of defenders they have from time to time, as occasion has required, added recruits either by direct bribery or by forming log-rolling combinations on bills of all kinds. In this dirty business, partisan lines have largely been obliterated; for when the pinch has come, Republicans have vied with Democrats in subserviency to the traffic in drink.

Men who suppose that by amending or abolishing the Raines law, or by any other legislative enactment, we shall heal or even plaster over this open sore, have little knowledge of the history of the liquor question. For hundreds of years alcohol and the vices which it nourishes have vexed Christendom, especially its municipalities. In 1635, to give one example from a thousand, Lord Keeper Coventry denounced ale-houses as "one of the greatest pests" of London, and indeed of England. Seventy years later, Defoe called tippling a "national vice" and spoke of it in terms which are entirely applicable to-day. To deal with an evil so vast in extent, so established and fortified by tradition, so deeply rooted in the weakness of human nature, is a staggering problem. Prohibition, high license, low license, and no license have all been tried, and have, in one point or another, failed. In several of the Maine cities a system of fines has established virtual license under nominal prohibition. In some country districts of the same State liquor is sold under practically no restraint except the slight Federal tax. But, whatever the law, the situation has from time immemorial been the worst in the congested portions of large cities.

We may, however, take courage from noting certain slow but steady remedies at work. One of the most potent of these is the growth of common knowledge as to the disease and crime caused by drink, and a consequent improvement in public sentiment on this point. It can no longer be said, as it was two centuries ago, that drunkenness is "a well-bred vice." The Squire Western of 'Tom Jones,' though no longer a credible character, is not an incongruous figure in Fielding's broad canvas. But the days of three and four-bottle heroes have passed beyond the recollection even of old men; and comparatively young men testify that, within the range of their memory, habits of drinking have improved. At Washington open drunkenness, especially among men in official station, is less frequent than it was one or two generations ago. Education of the masses is the one vital process; for excise laws and their administration can never rise permanently above the existing state of opinion.

Next to an understanding of the exact truth in regard to excessive drinking, the most important step forward is a general comprehension of the fact that no law can operate with equal efficiency in country and city, in the small city and the large, or in different parts of the same city. The regulations which are useful in Cobleskill and Schenevus may be preposterous in Schenectady and Albany. The hours of closing which are natural for Newburgh or for the wholesale district of New York are a formidable difficulty in the Tenderloin or the Bowery. The varying character of the population, say from the Italian quarter to the Jewish quarter, and the habits of different races add another complication. The *sine qua non*, then, for an intelligent consideration of the subject at Albany is a willingness to recognize these widely discrepant conditions. The rural lawmaker must be made to see that his personal, religious, or local prejudices cannot be enacted into laws that are universally applicable.

Since each community is plagued by its own peculiar troubles, each community must enjoy a greater liberty to cure itself. An extension of local option is, then, imperative—power absolutely to prohibit the sale of liquor in certain districts as well as power to fix hours of sale on week-days and Sundays. The amendment of the Raines law will be urged upon the Legislature that is soon to convene. As to the desirability of changes, there cannot be two opinions among well-informed people — to-day the term "Raines-law hotel" has become a synonym for a particularly offensive house of prostitution. But any movement for reform is in danger of spending itself, as so many previous efforts have done, against the granite wall of rural ignorance and indifference unless we can first win stronger support for the principle of local option. This in itself is a somewhat disheartening task. But, with local option as the wedge, the people who are striving for temperance can begin to make headway.

BEGGING AS A FINE ART.

The blessedness of giving is a topic so universally dwelt on at the Christmas season that one is reluctant to mention the kind of giving that is not at all blessed. Yet the two articles on the life of New York beggars which have appeared in *Everybody's Magazine*, at least gain the emphasis of contrast. Written by Theodore Waters, they purport to be an account of a sojourn for six weeks among professional mendicants. As a narrative of personal experience this may be more or less embroidered, but it does contain a deal of curious information about the ways of the profession and its rewards.

There is no longer a Beggars' Trust in New York, it appears, and other statutes than the Sherman law must be resorted to if the evil is to be obliterated. Yet, from the point of view of an outside observer, there are many features about beggary which appear to make it one of those callings in which closely centralized control would be particularly desirable. There is, doubtless, every morning in the pockets of four million New Yorkers a pretty definite sum which can be coaxed out of them by the right sort of pathetic appeal. There are almost a dozen different types of beggars, each one's misfortune calculated to touch a different class of hearts. If anything like the maximum possible return is to be secured every day, sound economic principles demand that the mendicants be distributed so as to appeal to the largest number of citizens, and that each one be assigned to a district where his peculiar talents may be most effective. It was on this theory that a one-legged young man named Kempton formed his organization a few years ago. While it flourished, according to Mr. Waters's narrative, not only were beggars posted scientifically, with due regard to the psychology of the particular crowds likely to pass by, but each one was provided with a "lookout" as a safeguard against police interference, and roundsmen were sent out every hour to collect the receipts.

This "Trust" when in operation was composed of adepts, and no annual report ever disclosed what were its profits. Mr. Waters was an amateur, and did business with no accessories other than a bandaged hand; but, after an hour of holding out his hat in mute appeal, he had $1.17 in nickels and cents. Where a beggar has been clever enough to offer something far removed from the hackneyed starving children or boiler explosions, his rewards begin to approach those of the masters in any other branch of art. A young man who simulated palsy with horrifying verisimilitude, was arrested one day after crawling from Fourth to Sixth Avenue, a journey so agonizing that it took him three hours. Yet the physical and nervous strain of the performance were well paid for, since his receipts in those two blocks amounted to $28.

One gray-bearded "wheezer" who bent over a broken-down hand organ, transported in a dilapidated perambulator, making a picture of dejection beyond the power of a painter to put on canvas, was found, on investigation, to be the owner of a row of houses in Hoboken. There was real genius in the "crust-throwing" act invented by a German and brought to this country by a French beggar, in which the operator first throws a crust into the mud of the streets and, a minute later, rushes out, picks it up from under the horses' feet, and gnaws it ravenously until the attentions of kind-hearted spectators are so insistent that he needs to use both hands to take in the money they offer him. Or, for horrible fascination, what picture could equal that of the Wall Street beggar who sat on the curb with his hat in one hand and his glass eye in the other Some of these men accomplish, in the open air, in broad daylight, and at close range, as perfect an illusion as the best actor can secure with all the advantages of makeup and lighting.

In many particulars Mr. Waters's observations fall in with those of Louis Paulian, who a number of years ago tried begging in Paris under a variety of disguises. His first essay in asking alms, which was in a church porch, netted 13 sous in 14 minutes, at the end of which time a gendarme tried to arrest him, not because he was begging, but because he looked "peculiar." From this it would seem that, for an inexperienced mendicant, Stuyvesant Square in New York is about twice as profitable a post as the Church of Saint Germain-des-Prés in Paris. Yet, if the average remuneration is smaller and the field more crowded, the variety and flexibility of method and perfection of organization make up for it. "There exists," wrote M. Paulian, "an association of young Protestant girls who have had the kindly idea of joining together and subscribing to buy flowers, which they take to poor girls who are ill. If these flowers went only to the poor sick girls, how heartily I should applaud the effort; unfortunately, you need only have lived a little in the beggar world to know that this is not the case. As soon as the association of which I speak became known, there was found by the side of it, and naturally unknown to it, another association, whose mission it was to trade upon the first; and so it comes about that flowers destined to cheer the garret of a poor sick girl, or to adorn the tomb of a little child, are sold in the evening at the doors of night restaurants."

People give to street beggars from a variety of motives. Some men adopt the regular policy of giving five cents to every applicant, trusting that some of the money may go into worthy pockets. Others say to themselves, "This man is doubtless an impostor, but he is nevertheless cold and hungry." The investigations of Mr. Waters show, however, that a penniless man, even if not entirely deserving, can be not only saved from hunger and cold for a night or two, but maintained in missions and free lodging-houses almost indefinitely. It is not those in need of help who make the most of the opportunities for securing it.

HIDE AND SEEK IN THE EAST.

The unconfirmed report of the presence of a Japanese fleet off Singapore has called attention to the gravity of the naval problem confronting Admiral Togo. Should he await the arrival of Admiral Rozhestvensky's vessels in Sumatran waters or in Formosan? Or should he attempt to intercept the Russians in the Indian Ocean? These questions must have occupied him and the Tokio General Staff ever since definite news of the departure of the Baltic armada reached Japan. Upon Togo and his officers rests now the whole issue of the war. A naval failure will inevitably mean the breakdown of the entire Japanese campaign and the instant imperilling of Oyama's great army.

Hitherto the naval tactics called for have been simple enough, requiring merely a stringent blockade of two ports and the attacking of the enemy whenever he issued forth. It has now become a question of strategy. Everything depends upon the judgment and foresight of the Japanese commanders. In many respects their problem is not unlike that of Admiral Sampson, though a vastly more difficult one. In both cases the attacking forces cross long stretches of ocean and may head for one of several ports of refuge, neutral and friendly. Togo and Kamimura have now to seek to divine the plans of their adversaries, and must endeavor not merely to locate them, but to locate them under circumstances favorable to the Japanese—if possible with exhausted coal bunkers, or at a distance from a harbor of refuge, or off their guard. For the odds are so much against the Mikado's sailors that they must choose the best possible time and setting for an engagement, while bearing in mind once more the necessity of saving some of their ships for future eventualities. The advantage of greater mobility is theirs.

The readiness with which Togo has taken advantage of the mistakes of his enemy lends considerable color to the report that there is a flying squadron off Singapore. The Russian fleet, unmindful of past experience, is proceeding to the East in three sections. The largest and most important, under Rozhestvensky himself, was reported to be passing Cape Town ten days ago, and should now be in the neighborhood of Delagoa Bay, or of Madagascar, to which island many colliers are believed to have been sent. The second squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Folkersam, has passed through the Suez Canal with the exception of two cruisers, the *Oleg* and the *Dnieper*, which are trailing after, and is probably well on its way to the Seychelles or the Chagos Islands, at one of which it is expected that the whole fleet will unite. Even here there is a difference of opinion among the experts, for there are some who look for a rendezvous at Minicoy, only a few hundred miles west of Colombo. Moving at the rate of sixteen knots an hour, the Japanese auxiliary cruisers reported in Singapore on Thursday should be off Colombo by Monday morning, and here they would be within three days' steaming of Chagos, and still nearer to Minicoy. The Japanese fleet, described as consisting of two first-class and two second-class cruisers, two battleships, two auxiliary cruisers, and twelve destroyers, would more than match Folkersam's squadron were they to meet. The latter consists at present of two battleships, the *Navarin* and the *Sissoi Veliki*, both no longer modern; three fine new cruisers, the *Zhemtchug*, *Izumrud*, and *Almaz;* and one older one, the *Svietlana*, which is still a very respectable ship. Could these vessels be defeated and destroyed before their meeting with Rozhestvensky the whole naval outlook would be changed, and his force of five powerful battleships and four cruisers would seem comparatively easy antagonists for Togo, who has, it must be remembered, but one other battleship if Kamimura is off with two.

Should the Japanese decide to await the Russians and risk all on one encounter between both fleets at their full strength, there are several places where they could lie in wait for their prey. So sound an expert as Mr. Henry W. Wilson, the well-known English writer on naval strategy, believes that the Russians will certainly head for Saigon, 3,200 miles distant from Chagos by way of Batavia, as Saigon is a French port and therefore friendly. To do so they must pass through the Straits of Sunda, where they could easily be blocked. At Saigon, Rozhestvensky would be

within 3,400 miles of Vladivostok, by way of the Izu Isles and the Tsugaru Straits. This would be the most dangerous part of his journey. If he is allowed to reach Saigon unmolested save by scout ships, he must prepare to fight for the rest of his voyage. If he should go by way of Formosa, the Japanese would be battling in their own waters. If he chose to go north of Borneo and south of the Philippines, which would very much increase the distance, Rozhestvensky would have to coal at sea or under the lee of some island, and he still could not approach Vladivostok without having to pass through one of three straits—the Tsugaru, those of Korea, or of La Pérouse at the northern extremity of Japan. The latter are on the edge of the ice-line.

Obviously, it will be at best a good deal of a hide-and-seek game. In the days of sail-power the search problem before Togo would have been still more difficult, since ships could then keep the sea for months without going near a port. Now warships must seek a harbor in order to replenish their bunkers, coaling at sea not yet being a secure procedure. By so doing, they reveal to the world their whereabouts, unless they choose the few remote harbors still unconnected by a cable or telegraph with the outer world. There are several of these in the Malay archipelago in which the Russians may seek a flying base without fear of being molested by Holland. The attitude of the neutral Powers will have a vital influence upon Japan's fate, for there are strong doubts in some quarters as to the Baltic fleet's ability to reach the East if all countries should be as prompt to insist on the letter of international law as were Germany at Kiaochou and the United States when the *Lena* arrived at San Francisco. As for the time of the final conflict, there is naturally a wide difference of opinion. Rozhestvensky himself is reported to have fixed March as the period of his arrival in Japanese waters. If Admiral Togo plays a waiting game, this date should not be far amiss. So diverse a fleet, so badly manned, and so encumbered with auxiliaries of every description, must needs move at a snail's pace.

THE POETRY OF ARABIA AND THE BALLAD PROBLEM.

To all appearance, I said, in a ten-minute paper read before the Section of Semitic Languages, at the St. Louis Congress of Arts and Science, the bearing of the poetry of Arabia on the ballad problem has never received adequate, or possibly any, recognition. The Arabists are few indeed who have passed beyond the philological and historical stages to an æsthetic appreciation of the material of their labors. Some even, excellently well read in early Arabic poetry, have asserted flatly that it had no interest as poetry for us, and could be regarded only as a source for sociology and history. Others, upon whom its haunting cadences and vistas of feeling and vision have in truth struck home, are half-ashamed to confess their seeming weakness in the presence of the great crowd of cold philologians and historians. The Rückerts and Lyalls are few; the grammarians and sociologists are many. Nor do the students of "comparative literature," to use the new-fangled term, seem yet to have discovered Arabia for themselves. To them, the name suggests first, and possibly last, the 'Arabian Nights,' with which it never had anything to do. No FitzGerald has made an Arabian poem classical and compelled the attention of the civilized world. And against the assaults of any stray littérateur whose curiosity may have been aroused, the barriers are as unyielding as the deserts themselves. To most languages a very few months' work will give an entrance; and, the entrance once forced, the garden of poetry lies open—at least it will be plain what manner of garden and what wealth of promise are there. But Arabic yields itself with no such lightness. Many are the mountain ranges to be crossed; long and wearying are the marches. Days and nights must be spent on a grammar of bewildering subtlety, a vocabulary of utter strangeness and overwhelming abundance, and a range of ideas which conceal their common humanity behind veils of novel circumstance. Assuredly, no one with a light heart "got up" Arabic.

Yet again, a great and evidently most misleading confusion lies in the very name. We say Arabian, we say Arabic; the two may be absolutely separate. It is safe to assert that the greater part of the Arabic literature has been written by men in whose veins was scarcely any drop of Arabian blood, and who lived under conditions and in a form of life as separate from those of Arabia as these from ours. The mediæval monk in Ireland, who wrote in Latin of a kind, was hardly less a Roman or Italian than the author in central Asia or Persia, Syria, North Africa, or Spain, who wrote in Arabic was an Arab. Placed in the desert, there would have been no great difference in their strangerhood. And the cause of the linguistic transfer was much the same in both cases. Muhammad and his successors sent and led the Arab tribes in their great raid which made them masters from the Atlantic to Samarcand. After the raid came the Muslim empire, in which, after a century or two, the Arabs themselves had little or no part. They vanished into the new peoples or drifted back into Arabia. The official language of the new empire remained a kind of Arabic, thanks to the Qur'an and the whole system of Islam. So there were left two things: there was still Arabia, leading its simple, solitary life much as before Muhammad stirred it to action, and there was the people of Islam, of multifarious nationalities and sects, speaking in its homes multitudinous tongues, but using officially and for professed literature a distant descendant of the language of Arabia. From the latter come what are so commonly and erroneously called Arabian literature, philosophy, science, theology—thought and learning generally. To the former, the present subject, almost no attention has been paid. Yet it is Arabian in the true sense, carrying on the blood, the traditions, the customs and life, the literary ideals, forms, and methods of the Arabian peninsula and race from uncounted centuries. For the student of comparative literature or the folk-lorist, the people of Islam writing in Arabic is an amorphous and gigantic jumble of unkindred races, foreign to one another as to all inheritances and ideas which are unlinked with their faith. Their popular literatures are as diverse in spirit and in form as they well could be; what holds of one of them can never safely be predicated of another. There unite them only the Qur'an and the sciences which spring from it, their Arabic language, and their artificial Arabic-written literature—in part a distant and lifeless imitation of the forms of the desert; in part a product, almost equally lifeless, of their common scholastic method in science and philosophy. To Arabia itself, then, and to the Arab people in its own home must the folk-lorist and student of literature turn when he would seek the true Arabian poetry.

The phenomena which they will meet there are strange enough. Of the beginnings of Arabian poetry we know nothing; they must lie with the beginnings of the Arab race. The curtain rises with the appearance of Muhammad, and from that point we can trace backward some hundred and fifty years. The Arabs show themselves producing a poetry that is singularly popular in origin and idea, singularly highly developed and polished, and singularly rich. Grimm's ballad formula, "Das Volk dichtet," holds most exactly of them, but in a different sense. There is no anonymity, but there is a broad generality of authorship. Of great poets the number was undoubtedly small, but the poetic gift was widely spread. Verses of a kind seem to have been on the lips of all, though to build the lofty, monumental *qasīda*, or ode, called for the acknowledged poet. Their poetry, too, as has been well said, answered absolutely to Matthew Arnold's definition, and was a criticism of life. It was in contact with life at every turn, and we, reading it, find again in it the true days and nights of the desert. Our best commentaries on the old poems are the records of present-day wanderings there. Further, we have in it the strange phenomenon of a literature as perfectly popular in origin and use as our ballads, which yet obeys rigid norms of metre, rhyme, and form, and has crystallized into narrow conventionalities of structure. It is true it is not literature in the precise sense. These verses were chanted and sung, stored in the memory, and passed from lips to ears. Not till after the time of Muhammad, when the need of interpreting the Qur'an and fixing the structure of classical Arabic had arisen, were they finally reduced to written form. Before that they existed in stray copies such as those which the gleemen of mediæval Europe carried as their guides, and of which one is our only source for 'Aucassin et Nicolette.' They were sung as our ballads were, and had the same standing with the people. But the perfection and finish of their æsthetic structure equalled that of the lyrics of the most polished and artificial ages. In the steppes and wadis of the desert seemed to spring spontaneously the elaborate blossoms of gardens and hothouses. Yet this, it is to be remembered,

held of their structure only. In reality and life and earnestness they were no hot-house product. They sprang in free air and sun; they knew the winds and rains of life; sedulous care surrounded them, but it was from hands hard and smooth with the sword-hilt and the spear, the care of men and warriors, of no singers of idle songs and players with metres and rhymes. It is precisely there that their fruitful paradox lies for the student of literatures.

But into a characterization in the broad of the poetry of the Arabian desert, it is unnecessary here to go. The English reader can turn to Sir Charles Lyall's translations in his 'Ancient Arabian Poetry'—brilliant alike for scholarship and poetic art—published in 1885, and to Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's translation of the 'Mu'allaqat,' recently published. Mr. Blunt has shown neither the scholarship nor the patient care of Sir Charles Lyall, but he has a first-hand knowledge of the desert which has pointed his renderings.

Again, though this poetry can be traced only to some century and a half before Muhammad, it is very certain that it had existed in essential likeness for uncounted generations earlier. Such hill flowers, as they blossom, so they fade; the memories of men cease to carry beyond limited years; only the accident that the immediately pre-Muhammadan growth was preserved in the herbarium of the early Muslim students of the classical language has saved it for us. It is true that Muhammad and Islam itself seem to have been but features in an Arabian renaissance; that Muhammad was one of its poets, spoiled by some strange inheritance and environment for art and beauty, and transformed into an Old Testament prophet; that he then, in turn, made the great Arabian movement what the West has known it. But who can tell how many such periods had preceded, how many growths of poetry had blossomed and died again, as the generations passed? So, at least, has been the after history. In the records of Arabic literature but a few generations after Muhammad, the names of new Bedawi poets cease to appear. The old poets became inviolable classics, but the desert and its life turned for the Muslim mind to memories only. Caravans must needs traverse its wastes, but its peoples are thought of only as robbers, terrible in courage, untamed and untamable. Yet, all the time, the old traditions were being carried on, and poems were being produced in the same unchanging moulds. This is plain from what we find there now. In the course of last century the desert was opened again to Europe by stray adventurers. In the fifties, Wallin brought back from his epoch-making journey some poems which were published in the *Zeitschrift* of the German Oriental Society (vols. v., vi.). Later, Wetzstein, German consul at Damascus, made collections and lectured on contemporary Arabian poetry at the University of Berlin, in the winter of 1867-68 and thereafter. Count Landberg also made very extensive collections, which, like those of Wetzstein, are still unpublished. But our most precise and widest information is undoubtedly due to the late Professor Socin in his posthumous 'Diwan aus Centralarabien.' Through this precious volume it becomes abundantly clear that the poetry of Arabia of to-day is the same in all essentials as the poetry of Arabia before Muhammad. From the sixth to the twentieth century the stream has flowed unchanging. The metres, the forms, the ideas, the types are all the same. Certainly, the Arab of to-day is not living through a great literary age, as was the Arab of the time of the Prophet; but if his is a day of smaller things, the smaller things are still the same. His poems are produced partly in stately and elaborate metres and in a vocabulary of art which is a poetical *lingua franca* recognized over the whole peninsula; partly, but to a much less degree, in the simpler language of ordinary life. This distinction held also of the ancient period, and now, as then, both forms of poetry are thoroughly popular in audience and in scope. Thus the poetry of the desert, while retaining the old forms, has not separated itself from the later life; there have been, indeed, few changes in outward conditions to need such a transference. The use of the bow may have been lost and that of firearms have come sparingly in its place, but the Arab reivers still ride on the raid in the old fashion. And as they ride, they sing to their camels, to their comrades, and against their foes, and the tribal poets sing of them in ever-renewed odes. Then these, in their turn, sink from the memories and are forgotten, and others come in their places. Like the endless generations, so unending are their songs, ever in contact with life and ever in the old moulds.

But most significant of all in its bearing on the ballad problem is one outstanding characteristic: the Arabian poet, like the Semite in general, knows nothing but a strictly subjective art. He can sing only of his own emotions; all has to pass through the alembic of his feeling and be reproduced as it affected him. He can tell no objective story, as one without, seeing and relating what he sees; he must be in the action, and what he tells us of it is what has come to him himself. Thus, a description of warriors in battle array is wrought for us out of his own pride or fear at the spectacle. The surge and swing of a charge is pictured through what he said to his soul when the shouting line rushed on. Nature, too, we know only because the stars shone brightly on his desert path or mocked in their slow march his sleepless eyes, or because the little spots of verdure and flashing pools after rain were a joy to him and gave him thoughts such and such. A ballad, then, in our sense, was impossible to him. He was not a maker, a ποιητής, but a "feeler," a "knower"—so *shā'ir*, the Arabic word for poet, means. The event was little; the man who saw it, understood it, told what came to him from it, was all. And so these Arabian songs were never anonymous. If the name of the author by chance has been lost to tradition, there stands at the head some formula, "There said a man of Taghlib," or "There said one unnamed." Some one must have said it, for it tells the emotion of some one. Western ballads tell events; who tells them is of no moment. The ballad stands as a record which might have been made equally well by any one who saw the fact. And, therefore, the identity of the teller bears no stress. After he has sung his song, another may take it and sing it with equal æsthetic right. The name of that first singer, maker of it as he was, is lost, and the song is the inheritance of the people. But, for the Arab ode, that was, and is, flatly impossible. And this cannot but raise the final question, whether it is not rather in the objectivity of our Western ballads than in their popular use or any hypothetical communal origin that we are to find the clue to their anonymity.

D. B. Macdonald.

THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON I.

Paris, December 2, 1904.

The centenary of the 2d of December recalls great events, and has been the occasion of an entertaining study by M. Édouard Gachot. It adds one more to the numerous documents which are being brought to light on the Napoleonic period, and derives a peculiar interest from the fact that the question of the separation of Church and State in France and the denunciation of the Concordat signed by Napoleon with the Papacy is just now the order of the day.

The Concordat was the work of Napoleon; he understood that France could not be swerved from religious forms, and that the Goddess of Reason could not survive the Revolutionary period. His ambition was to reconcile the Revolution with the traditions of the past; he was too proud, and had won too many laurels on the battlefield, to play the part of a Monk; he had made himself First Consul, he made himself Emperor; the ratification, by a plébiscite, of the Senate vote which gave him that title, was a mere formality. The number of those who voted yes on the question put to them was 3,572,329; the number of those who answered no was 2,569. In the city of Paris there were only 70 opponents.

The idea of coronation by the Pope's hand sprung up in Napoleon's mind long after the Concordat. It was, it is thought, originally suggested to him by Cardinal Fesch, who was allied to his family; but Napoleon preferred at first the idea of a ceremony similar to that of the Franks, who proclaimed their chief King, carrying him on a buckler. A medal was even struck from a design by Jeuffroy and Merlen, representing him standing on a buckler. Napoleon decided that his coronation should take place on the anniversary of the 18th Brumaire. He was a very superstitious believer in dates. On the 12th Messidor, there appeared in the *Moniteur Officiel* a decree in these terms: "Article I. The ceremony of the taking of the oath and of the coronation of the Emperor will take place on the next 18th Brumaire." Then came various articles, the fifth of which said that the coronation would take place in presence of the Empress, the princes, princesses, the grand dignitaries, etc. Josephine was thus, at first, excluded from the coronation; she was to be a mere witness.

These ceremonies were, in the mind of the Emperor, to take place on his return from England, as he was determined to make a landing in that country. Everybody knows how this project was defeated, and how he turned towards Austria the great army assembled at Boulogne. On his way through Germany, Napoleon stopped at Aix-la-Chapelle; he heard mass in the cathedral, and visited the tomb of Charlemagne. He viewed in the chamber of relics the ossified arm of the famous Emperor, around which there is

a parchment bearing the words "Bracchium sancti Caroli Magni." He stopped before the armchair of the great Emperor, and was told that thirty-six of his successors had sat in it. He had long conversations with the priests of the cathedral. He was waiting at the time for an answer from Rome to his request, through his ambassador, that Pius VII. would go to Paris for the coronation; he received a favorable answer on the 11th of September. The negotiation was difficult. Cardinal Fesch conducted it for Napoleon; the Pope consulted individually all the members of the Sacred College. He told the Archbishop of Lyons: "I know much good is said of the Emperor, and that he loves religion; but he has round his person, in his Council of State and among his generals, several confidants of whom the same cannot be said, and who try to give him ideas opposed to his well-known sentiments of moderation. Well! I will pray God to dictate my duty to me."

After much reflection, the Pope resolved to go to Paris for the ceremony. Napoleon, as soon as he heard this from his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, sent to Rome his first aide-de-camp, Gen. Caffarelli, who spoke Italian well, to deliver his formal invitation. On the 6th of October, the Pope wrote his answer, and on the 2d of November began his journey. He travelled by way of Florence. Milan, and Turin, and he crossed the Mont Cenis by the road which had just been finished. Among the Alps and at Lyons he was received with extraordinary honors. Napoleon started on the 25th of November and met the Pope in the forest of Fontainebleau. Together they made their entry into Paris in the evening of the 28th. The Pope took an apartment in the Pavillon de Flore, in the Tuileries. He insisted upon one point only: Napoleon and Josephine were to be united by a religious marriage before the ceremony of the coronation. The marriage was celebrated privately on the 1st of December in the presence of Cardinal Fesch.

Napoleon personally entered into all the details of the ceremony; designating the disposition of the troops, the order of the carriages, the route of the procession. M. Gachot cites an unpublished extract from a letter written by an eye-witness:

"At six o'clock, we went to the Rue St.-Honoré to see the procession. At nine o'clock, the Pope went by, his cross-bearer before him mounted upon a mule. At ten, we saw the carriage of the Emperor; he was with the Empress and the two princes of the blood. The carriage was very magnificent: over the top was a gold crown supported by four gold eagles. The Pope's carriage was almost as handsome; over the top was a gold crown supported by four gold angels. This carriage was drawn by eight gray horses; the Emperor's, by eight coffee-colored horses of great beauty. At twelve, I went to the Cathedral."

In the procession we find none but historical names: Moncey, Murat, Kellermann, Talleyrand, Lefebvre, Bernadotte, Rapp, Savary, Berthier. The marshal bore the crown, the sceptre of Charlemagne, the Imperial globe—the "honors," as they were called—which had been taken from Saint Denis and Aix-la-Chapelle. The crown was the identical one which Charlemagne received from the hands of Pope Leo III. (This large crown, which had served before for the coronation of the kings of France, was used only for a moment, as it was very bulky; another crown was immediately substituted for it.) The other "honors" were the sword, the hand of justice, the sceptre, the spurs, the ring.

The whole ceremonial had been studied with the greatest care and in all its details —the offer of the "honors" to Napoleon, their disposal on the altar, the singing of the litanies, the benediction of the crowns by the Pope, the crowning, the taking of the oath by the high dignitaries. Napoleon, by his personal demeanor, gave an original character to the ceremony. Covered with a red velvet mantle, sprinkled with gilt bees and lined with ermine, he left his chair and marched deliberately to the altar, took with his own hand the crown, and placed it on his head. Turning towards the Pope, he bowed to him before taking in his hand the crown destined for Josephine. He went with it down the steps of the altar, and himself crowned the Empress, who was waiting for him on her knees. This moment of the coronation was happily seized by David in his famous picture, and may be said to give its real character to the ceremony. The Pope was there only as a witness; Pius VII. did not play for Napoleon the part which Leo III. played for Charlemagne. The modern Cæsar was not the Cæsar of the Middle Ages.

Mass was said after the ceremony of the coronation; and after mass came the taking of the oath. The formula deserves to be noted. The Emperor swore with a loud voice:

"I swear to maintain the integrity of the territory of the Republic; to respect and to make respected the laws of the Concordat and of freedom of worship; to respect and to make respected the equality of rights, civil and political liberty, the irrevocability of the sales of national properties; to levy no taxes and to establish none except by virtue of law; to maintain the institution of the Legion of Honor; to govern solely with a view to the interests, the happiness, and the glory of the French people."

In this formula is condensed the spirit of the French Revolution. The mention of the Concordat is of great importance, for the Concordat was, so to speak, the stepping-stone to the new order of things; and it spoke volumes to see the head of the Catholic Church sanction, consciously or unconsciously, by his presence the conquest and the results of the Revolution.

While this event took place, Napoleon was thinking of invading England; he was making great preparations for an expedition which was to change the whole equilibrium of Europe and of the world. The London *Times* is publishing every day an extract from the *Times* of 1804, and what do we read in the extract of November 29, a few days before the coronation?

"The coronation ceremonies have drawn an unusual crowd, not merely of persons from every department in the Empire of the French, but also of foreigners from all countries with which his Imperial Majesty is not, at present, at war. Spaniards, Italians, Neapolitans, Prussians, Austrians, Germans, Dutch, Portuguese, Americans are all feeding the avarice of the Parisians, for the impure gratification of beholding an unhallowed ceremony, the principal trait of which is the novel contrivance of disgracing the Christian Religion by obliging the Roman Pontiff to pour holy oil and place the Imperial Crown on the head of the greatest enemy existing to himself, his dignity, and his faith."

Who could have foreseen in those days of 1804 what was to be the destiny of the new Cæsar?

Correspondence.

THE AUCTIONING OF OFFICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, Dr. Schrader, who suggests, in your issue of the 15th inst., that senatorships be sold at public auction, in order that the State rather than the legislators may receive the purchase price, will be interested to recall that a great philosopher has, in all seriousness, advocated the sale of public office. While he restricts the recommendation to a monarchy, and even quotes Plato as being opposed to this procedure in a republic, yet the reasons that he advances seem quite applicable to present conditions in some republics—in fact, as is so often said of the wisdom of the ancients, "strangely modern." Says Montesquieu ('De l'Esprit des Lois,' Book V., chap. 19):

"Dans une monarchie où, quand les charges ne se vendroient pas par un règlement public, l'indigence et l'avidité des courtisans les vendroient tout de même, le hasard donnera de meilleurs sujets que le choix du prince. Enfin la manière de s'avancer par les richesses inspire et entretient l'industrie: chose dont cette espèce de gouvernement a grand besoin."

Is not the suggestion that the sale of offices will tend to encourage "industry" delicious? If Dr. Schrader can only make it appear that it is an "infant" industry that will be encouraged, may he not hope for the powerful assistance of the Home Market Club in his propaganda?

Howard L. Smith.

University of Wisconsin, December 19, 1904.

HARVARD AND TECHNOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent Rogers centenary observed by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in honor of its founder and first president brings a realization of the considerable age of technological education, which has so generally been regarded as an "infant industry" in intellectual economics. The Institute of Technology is now upon its fortieth year, standing as leader, by virtue of its size, its system, and its works, of an army of institutions of technological and engineering education. As was last week noted editorially in the *Nation*, this leadership is in no respect more necessary to the educational interest of the country than in its broadness and elevation of conception as to "engineering education." What President Rogers and President Walker have done, the intellectual interest of the country calls upon every technological school to emulate, and upon the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to hold pure.

This is no slight task, for the demands of scientific instruction are as insistent to-day as the lofty disregarding of them was formerly repressive. But, in truth, the tide turned with the half-century in this as in many other intellectual conceptions. And to-day, as we see the growth of a salutary counteraction to that vigorous reaction, we see also the need of caution, lest this new force also direct itself into disadvantageous channels.

To-day, the educational community is in-

terested in a suggested union between Technology and Harvard University. The movement is not a new idea, nor is the practice new; Harvard and other universities have already their scientific schools. But this method is almost original, and the Institute of Technology, when taken as a subject, puts the principle to its severest test. Dissent is not wanting. The following resolution, adopted at a meeting of the Union of German Engineers at Munich, September 12, 1904, expresses clearly the conviction of eminent representatives of German technological schools and universities:

"It is not advisable, so far as can be foreseen, to attempt to meet the need of new technological schools by the addition of technological faculties to universities, but rather by the establishment of independent institutions; for the technological schools would be hindered in their independent development by attaching them to universities. This separation should not, however, impede the welcome development of intellectual good will between the two institutions. The attachment to universities would also in no way involve economies of consequence."

This is no uncertain word; it expresses the conviction that technological education is as distinct a work and as distinct a thing in the world as (let us say) the journalistic school of New York. As an opinion from Germany, it gives perhaps the most notable and certainly the most authoritative foreign opinion which can be summoned to the question. At home, utterances have for the most part awaited the publication of a detailed plan of procedure; thus expressing, perhaps, a public editorial opinion that circumstances may alter cases. This public attitude may be regarded as expressed briefly in an article which appeared recently under the signature of President Thwing of the Western Reserve University. In this article President Thwing discusses "trust" forms of education in general, and lays down as one necessary provision, that an institution should seek to preserve its historical life—its "traditions," as the word is used in such connection. As the *Nation* last week pointed out, the traditions of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are largely and vitally those made by President William B. Rogers and President Francis A. Walker. In the explicit provision for liberal and broadening education, always insisted upon by these distinguished men, there was ever the recognition of the scientific character and earnest, practical purposefulness of this precise culture work. So emphatically did the eminent presidents adhere to this, and so closely were they in the spirit of the recent Munich resolutions, that each of them, upon occasion, emphatically decided against university coördination such as is suggested to-day. The preservation of such traditions would seem to be only the preservation of Technology's integrity.

Upon this basis, it would appear, then, that the issue of alliance between the two institutions is that of the preservation of the highest form of technological education itself. Technology's centenary celebration becomes significant indeed in marking a new problem in the growth of such education, and in determining the direction of its solution. ALUMNUS.

December 17, 1904.

Notes.

Persons having material—especially unpublished MSS. or letters—likely to be of service in the preparation of a biography of the late Edward Rowland Sill, are requested to communicate with Mr. W. B. Parker, 30 Stoughton Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

Prof. Angelo De Gubernatis informs us that he is just beginning the impression of his 'Dictionnaire International des Écrivains du Monde Latin,' of which we have already spoken, and hopes to finish with it by the end of May. An octavo volume of 1,000 pages, this dictionary will contain from five to six thousand biographical notices of writers on Latin subjects, of the present day. There is still time for the tardy to send in personal-bibliographical particulars concerning themselves to the editor, whose address is No. 11 via S. Martino al Macao, Rome.

Macmillan Co. are about to bring out 'Sunny Sicily: Its Rustics and its Ruins,' by Mrs. Alec Tweedie; 'Familiar London, Painted by Rose Barton'; 'The Hardy Country,' by Charles G. Harper; 'The King's Homeland,' by W. A. Dutt; and 'The Art of Creation,' by Edward Carpenter.

Methuen & Co., London, will publish early next year 'De Profundis,' written in Reading jail by the late Oscar Wilde.

James Flint's 'Letters from America' is one of the very best of the reprints in Mr. Thwaites's "Early Western Travels" (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.). This Scotchman was a friendly and level-headed observer, who came over in 1818, landing in New York when the city outlines were obscured by the masts of vessels, when the Lombardy poplar was the favorite shade tree, and the census showed still some 600 slaves on the island. Flint has also to tell of Philadelphia, in passing, and of negro pews even in Quaker meeting-houses; of Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Wheeling, etc. His letters are mostly illustrative of the Ohio valley, and of Indiana and Ohio in particular. There is a graphic description, at page 287, of an Indiana camp meeting. Water in the Ohio was abnormally low, as it is at this season. Our traveller saw something of Southern slavery in Kentucky, and noted the friction over fugitive slaves on the northern border. His comments upon the system and its victims are sound and humane. At Jeffersonville, Ind., he fell in with "a gentleman from Carolina," who, "after a hired man had given him slippers, and asked him for his boots to be blacked, exclaimed, 'As I wish to see my Maker, I would not live in a free State, where one white man cleans the boots of another.'" Flint's narrative is very valuable for its minute particulars, especially in economic matters.

'The Love Poems of Byron' has been added to the tiny "Lover's Library" (John Lane), printed in the regulation green ink and purple border. "She walks in beauty," "Stanzas for Music," "Maid of Athens," "Farewell, if ever fondest prayer," "Well, thou art happy," keep company with others less famous and enduring, with translations and imitations.

A bulky quarto, the first volume of "The Home Library," is sent us from the press of the American Publishing Company of Middlebury, Vt. The book is of the sort that lies on the table in the best room of the farmhouse; and, indeed, it is too heavy for the hand. It is a collection of extracts from well-known works, familiar poems, etc., and the selection is made with some judgment, although the arrangement is haphazard. The numerous photographic illustrations are also capriciously inserted, and few of them have any connection with the text. Many are uninteresting and of inferior execution, but some of the Vermont scenes are of striking beauty. The book is superior to most of its class, and will no doubt be welcome in many homes.

Even little books have fates of their own, and the tinier the *libellus* the stranger often the *fatum*. Some, especially, are indestructible and irrepressible; sooner or later they reach the light. When Scott was writing 'The Lady of the Lake' and 'Waverley,' Marjory Fleming, known as "Pet Marjorie," *ætate* 6-9, was writing her Journal, a life of Mary Queen of Scots, and other works. But it is only some forty years now since tantalizing fragments began to appear, fragments which yet brought the little poet into the great 'Dictionary of National Biography.' And again, only within the last year have they been fully published from the verbatim copies which the happy care of Dr. John Brown made. The present American edition ('Marjorie Fleming: The Story of Pet Marjorie, together with her Journal and her Letters,' by L. MacBean, Putnams), adds Dr. John Brown's sketch. The juxtaposition is unhappy, for the editor has imitated Dr. Brown's method of running comment, and has in no way reached his curious felicity. But Marjory's own words will live with the language. They are those of a healthy child, and of a healthily conscious artist; they have feeling and observation, and, above all, the mystery of style and charm. She is the one example without affectation or sickliness of the child with a pen.

Messrs. A. & C. Black's series of descriptive books illustrated in color is drawing out now in long array, and evidently has met the popular mind. In them the contributor of the "letterpress," to use a politely ambiguous term, is in much the position of the librettist of an opera, with the difference that his work is done in docile sequence and more or less annexion to the pictures. Such cases as Mr. Kelly's 'Egypt,' where artist and describer happily combine, are of necessity rare. In "Bonnie Scotland," painted by Sutton Palmer and described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff (Macmillan), the describer has exercised a tolerable independence and produced a very entertaining book, full of bits of history, character, and custom, anecdote and reminiscence, all much fresher than might easily have been expected; ties of blood, also, and intimacy in childhood and youth, and a certain detachedness in later life have been his fortunate guides. His patriotism is of the pawky, discriminating kind which lends insight. The pictures, too, are good and suggestive, if not too closely viewed. Their limitations are those of the color process, and for magic mists and transparent rays color processes have no spell. The light that never was, on sea or land, perhaps neighbors closest to Scottish hills and seas, purple or gray, but it no mo-

chanical art can reach. Yet Mr. Palmer has done much, and the printer has done his best; and the results, for suggestion or memories, will stand for much more than they are in themselves.

Those who plan to live in the country are nowadays in danger of being distracted by the multitude of advisers. Mr. E. P. Powell, however, is no mere amateur, and his book, 'The Country Home' (McClure, Phillips & Co.), is full of practical suggestions drawn from a long and successful experience in horticulture. He has much to say concerning the selection of a site, water supply, and drainage, buildings, roads, etc., and adds a frequent dose of sentiment, which is wholesome and genuine, even if not always far above the prosaic. The very full lists of meritorious trees, shrubs, fruits, vegetables, and flowers should be found of value by every one who cares for a garden, as Mr. Powell appears to have tested whatever he recommends. The book is pleasantly illustrated, and is in every way creditable to the publishers.

To such of our readers as may desire a brief survey of Goethe's literary activity we can with safety commend H. G. Atkins's 'Johann Wolfgang Goethe' (London: Methuen), in the series of "Little Biographies." The get-up of it is charming; the paper is light but opaque, and the print is a delight to the eye. The author's style, also, is appropriate; lucid, direct, unaffected, it does not divert the reader's attention from the subject. It is almost austere in its dignified simplicity; still, it is by no means dull. Of course, one should not expect even an epitome of the real Goethe in 170 pages; what one gets here is merely a rapid glance at Goethe the author. Of Goethe's influence in finance and politics, in art, science, and philosophy, scarcely a word. Yet this side of Goethe is the one which now attracts most attention in his own country. The German, to whom "Werther," 'Meister,' and "Faust" are well-worn themes, wishes to know more of Goethe the myriad-minded man. Perhaps some German *Goetheaner* will succeed before long in digesting the now undigested mass of the "Jahrbuch" and countless monographs, and laying bare the springs of action of which Goethe's poetry was but one manifestation. Meanwhile, the English reader can profit by the present volume. It is accurate in what it gives, readable and healthful in tone, and well proportioned. We regret that the author speaks (p. 93) of Goethe as a "journalist"; his papers in *Der Frankfurter Gelehrte Anzeiger* were no more "journalism" than were Addison's papers in the *Spectator*. Goethe cared even less than Addison for the day's doings.

To do anything like justice to Mr. William H. Winch's 'Notes on German Schools' (Longmans), the reviewer should have at his disposal the columns of a *Fachzeitschrift*. We in this place must be content with noting the author's painstaking method and his sobriety of tone. The reader cannot but feel that the author has tried honestly to apprehend the salient facts of a complicated system and to present them clearly. In general, the schools here discussed are those below the Gymnasium, and correspond in the main to our New York "grades." In certain studies, however, such as algebra, geometry, and foreign languages, the work overlaps that of our high school. In foreign languages, especially, it is much more thorough and rational. The whole question of language-instruction has evidently a strong interest for the author. We quote from the Introduction (p. 5): "How often, for example, one reads an account of the teaching of foreign languages in Germany which leads us to think that grammatical teaching is dead, that exercise writing is abolished, that no translation is permitted, and that oral instruction by the direct method is the only one in favor with the best teachers. The detailed lessons which I give form a needful corrective to such notions." And, again, we would call attention to the remarks upon the character of the German teacher, upon the study of grammar, upon the "old" and the "new" method (pp. 197-202). Altogether, the book is rich in food for thought.

If Winch's book is in the main a collocation of facts and data, with at most a passing judgment by the author, Bagster-Collins's 'The Teaching of German in Secondary Schools' (Macmillan) is doctrine from start to finish. The book undertakes to show how German may be taught to the best advantage in the American school. Here, too, the reviewer should have the space of a *Fachgelehrter* addressing his *Collegen*. We, in our more restricted sphere, can only testify that the book is well planned and well written. The author inclines to the "new" method of teaching, without going to the extreme in his inclination; his doctrine is always mindful of American conditions and limitations. In substance, the book is a response to the Report of the Committee of Twelve, 1898. We are not disposed to take issue with the author, even where he seems to have entered upon debatable ground; for his opinions are at least matured, and, after all, the field is open to every form of illuminating discussion. Only upon one point do we venture upon a general dissent. "Learning to speak is a complex process, compared with learning to read" (p. 20); "translating and reading a language are two different processes, for a pupil may read a language almost as his mother-tongue, and yet flounder hopelessly if you ask him to translate at sight" (p. 199). Both these utterances are true, yet they are far from giving the whole truth. In view of the circumstance that Columbia publications now abound in psychology, we would ask what is the psychology underlying this whole business? Is it definitively psychological to say that speaking one's own commonplaces is more "complex" than reading the pregnant utterances of another? Does not the fundamental difficulty in translating lie in the need of adjusting one's own mentality to the mentality of the original? If that is the case, we can scarcely admit that the American who reads his Goethe "almost" as English truly understands his Goethe. The chapter on Pronunciation is vigorous and wholly up to date.

The Jefferson letters, in the seventh volume of the Buffalo Historical Society's Publications, are likely to attract general attention. They are fourteen in number, eight of which appear to be now printed for the first time. They were written to Francis Adrian van der Kemp (1752-1829), a Dutch clergyman, publicist and reformer, living at Olden Barneveld, New York, later Trenton. All of them possess the true Jeffersonian flavor. An extract from one dated April 25, 1816, is just now gaining wide currency, for the reason that it has been quoted by Dr. Cyrus Adler in his admirable Introduction to the so-called "Jefferson Bible," which Congress in handsome style is distributing through the country. Whoever examines the full text will be inclined to think that what the writer of the Introduction does not print has been judiciously omitted. Gen. Henry A. S. Dearborn's letters in the same volume are more or less valuable. The Life of Augustus Porter is likewise of general interest. This able pioneer of the Niagara region has left his mark in the history of western New York. The name of Porter is associated with Niagara Falls as closely as is that of Irving with the Hudson. Judge Porter's own narrative, written in 1848, possesses much of the charm that attends the plain, simple talk of a man of action who tells in his own way the story of his experiences. The early annals of Buffalo, it is evident, are well cared for. This well-printed volume is a credit to the Society and to the editor. It has several illustrations, mostly portraits; and the index of names appears to be full.

Under the title, "A Doubtful Island of the Pacific," Mr. James D. Hague gives an account, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for December, of the various attempts to discover an island or group of islands reported to lie about midway between Hawaii and Panama. The unexplored region in question consists of some 40,000 square miles, of which 10,000 have been carefully searched by the *Albatross* in 1899 and the *Tacoma* in May, 1904, without finding any trace of land. A special interest in the investigation is the possibility that the United States sloop-of-war *Levant*, which sailed from Hilo for Panama, September 18, 1860, may have been wrecked on some unknown island, and that some of her crew may still survive. It was on this ill-fated vessel that the hero of 'The Man without a Country' ended his romantic career, and Mr. Hague closes with this characteristic note from Dr. E. E. Hale, which he found awaiting him on his landing from the *Tacoma:* "If you have found dear Phil Nolan, bring him at once to this house; I will adopt him as my grandfather." Among the other contents are an address on China by the Hon. John W. Foster, and an abstract of the report of General Greely, Chief Signal Officer. Of the Alaskan telegraph system he says: "The entire construction of 3,625 miles includes not only 2,079 miles of cable and 1,546 miles of land lines, but also a wireless system of 107 miles" between Cape Nome and Fort St. Michael. This "perfects the military intercommunicating system of the United States." Every important military command, except the legation guard at Pekin, can now be reached over strictly American lines of telegraph and cable.

A conviction of the strategic importance of the republics of Hayti and Santo Domingo, lying in the path of the great stream of commercial traffic which will flow through the Panama Canal, has led the London *Times* to send a correspondent to the island to study its conditions with a view to the question of its political future. The results of his experiences in Hayti are given in a recent communication (December 7), which may be summed up in the assertion that

"the great bulk of the people . . . subsist on a social and economic basis but slightly higher than that of Africa." "In theory republican, the government is a system of arbitrary force, unregulated and unmodified by any consideration save that of individual self-interest and toleration. Martial law is the normal condition in the republic; the military are predominant; officers, soldiers, and police are the most conspicuous element everywhere. The houses of the ministers are guarded; they themselves go about armed with revolvers, and all night long the towns echo to the challenging of guards." Hayti's independence as a negro State is the fundamental principle on which its existence is based. "When President Nord Alexis was questioned by the writer on the subject, and the possibilities for Hayti involved in American intervention in Santo Domingo were pointed out, he replied that his race had fought for independence, and would die to a man before it was given up." Trade and banking business are almost entirely in the hands of Germans, though the bulk of the exports go to Havre, the greater proportion of the imports coming from the United States. The normal relations between the natives and foreigners—a few hundreds only in number—are on the surface friendly; but in times of economic and political crises "the atmosphere is electric with fear and uncertainty, a massacre of the whites often being spoken of and always being possible."

Under the auspices of the Verein der Deutschen Ingenieure, a special commission of German scholars has been appointed to coöperate in the unification of the orthography of foreign scientific and technical words. At a recent convention held in Berlin, the principles upon which this uniform spelling is to be based were practically agreed upon; the various philological societies and the Governments to act further in the matter. The meeting, which was largely attended by specialists in the technological departments, could not quite agree whether the new system should be based on the international scientific orthography (*e. g., calciniren*), or on the popular system (*kalziniren*), or whether both systems might be followed to a certain degree. A list of the words concerned is to be prepared and sent to the different specialists for further study. None are more interested in this matter than the editors and publishers of the great Technological Lexicon now in preparation under the auspices of the above society, with Dr. Jansen as manager.

The Schiller Gedächtniss-Stiftung, an association that purposes to supplant the trashy literature of the day by publishing cheap editions of the best writers, reports that, during the present year, it has distributed gratis more than 10,000 copies of good books to poor libraries in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, and that it is prepared to distribute 15,000 during the coming twelvemonth. It appeals for membership fees of three marks and other help, to be sent to its headquarters in Hamburg.

In an address delivered by the retiring rector of the University of Leipzig, Prof. Dr. Bücher, some new facts were given in reference to the proposal to assess a special tax on foreign students attending the universities and the technological institutes of the Fatherland, this movement being one of the outcroppings of the anti-foreign spirit which has been making itself felt of late to a noteworthy degree in the academic world of the Empire. The project was even discussed in the Reichstag, and there found some favor. A conference of rectors was held in Leipzig, which decided to throw its influence against the proposed innovation, on the ground that such an extra tax could not be justified, seeing that the presence of foreigners does not increase the expenses of these schools. Bücher declares that, to his knowledge, none of the German State Governments show any inclination to put this additional burden on students from abroad.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. complete their centenary edition of Emerson's works by the simultaneous publication of three volumes, 'Lectures and Biographical Sketches,' 'Miscellanies,' and 'Natural History of Intellect, and Other Papers.' Dr. Emerson's taste and skill in editing and annotating this edition of his father's writings have held out bravely to the end. Indeed, these qualities have been less conspicuous in the former volumes. Perhaps the truer word would be that the biographical and local sketches, especially those dealing with Concord subjects, are more fertile in suggestion and reminiscence for the editor than those of a more abstract character. Emerson's "Historical Discourse at Concord" has seemed to many so perfect of its kind that there could be no addition or subtraction without harm, but Dr. Emerson's notes to this address are uncommonly rich. So are those to the short papers on Dr. Ripley and Mary Moody Emerson. There are no additions to the body of the 'Lectures and Biographical Sketches' as compared with this volume in the Riverside edition, but to the 'Miscellanies' of that edition we have here some notable additions. They include a most noble letter written to President Van Buren in 1838 on the removal of the Cherokee Indians from Georgia, and a Concord speech on the Fugitive Slave law, after its enactment. The Shakspere speech at the Boston Saturday Club has an amusing history. Emerson's endorsement on the manuscript was to the effect that the speech was delivered at the Revere House April 23, 1864. Mr. Cabot's recollection is that Emerson made no speech, but a dead funk, remaining, however, serene and unabashed, though unable to say a word. Emerson's interview with Lincoln, recently published in the *Atlantic*, is not published with the notes on his Lincoln speech, but reserved for a later publication of certain selections from Emerson's journals.

—The twelfth volume is much richer than the corresponding volume in the Riverside edition. It contains five new lectures, two of which, "Country Life" and "Concord Walks," are in Emerson's most pleasing vein, and their inclusion with the other three is quite as much in order as that of many other things for the publication of which Emerson's former editor, Mr. J. E. Cabot, was responsible in the volume which he edited on their original publication. The sections added to the "Natural History of Intellect" are interesting and valuable, but, like the narrower inclusion, are convincing that Emerson had little faculty for a systematic presentation of his philosophic thought. Much interesting light is thrown on the methods of Emerson's work. His transference of matter from one lecture or essay to another was apparently habitual, and the final or secondary setting was seldom an improvement on the first. A general index to the twelve volumes covers 125 pages. It is remarkably full and appears to be exceedingly well done. In its present form it is the work of Miss Laura Woolsey Lord.

—Volumes xvii., xviii., and xix. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898' (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.) bring the record forward from 1609 to 1621. It was a period notable, in the matter of striking events, for the continual struggles with the Dutch in the Orient, not only at the very entrance of Manila Bay, but especially in the Moluccas and to some extent in Japan, then soon to be almost completely shut up to Europe again. These volumes naturally bring forth various documents bearing on these conflicts, as well as documents for the years 1619-1621, touching the proposal to abandon the Philippines because of the costliness of the foothold maintained by Spain in the Orient at a time when Philip III. and his resources were sadly strained at home. It is a favorite assertion of historians given to the picturesque that Philip III. held to the Philippines, cost what they might, solely because of his desire to christianize their people. That the friars' arguments availed greatly with him is certain, but it is plain from the record that the hope of empire, and the shame of abandoning it in the face of reversals, were motives that played at least as great a part. These three volumes, however, deal rather with the more significant matters of internal government of the Philippines than with the striking events of buccaneer warfare.

—The documents are mostly drawn from the original manuscripts, especially from the archives of Seville, as will necessarily continue to be the case throughout the series. The letters from Jesuits are of prime value, and also deal considerably with China, Japan, and India. A reprint of Hernando de los Rios Coronel's memorial on faults of administration and abuses of the natives in the Philippines, first published at Madrid in 1621, is also notable. The various documents mostly shed some light on the drain upon Philippine resources, and still more the impoverishment and abuse of the Filipinos resultant upon the equipment of ships to fight the Dutch among the Spice Islands. The editors have performed good service by interposing selections from the Laws of the Indies, the other documents revealing by comparison how far these humane provisions came from successful enforcement. Volume xvii. has a valuable appendix in the form of a list of the various governors of the archipelago from beginning to end of Spanish rule, the most correct and serviceable yet compiled in English, with abstracts from Sinibaldo de Mas (1843) and Montero y Vidal (1866) on the methods and machinery of Spanish administration. Compare with these the abstract of Spanish government in the first volume of the Report of the Philippine Commission (Schurman) of 1900 (the fault of which abstract was that it was mostly confined to the provisions of administrative reforms but recently enacted), and the student will have a very good working knowledge of Spanish administration. It is regrettable to hear that this

series has received most scanty support in the United States, even from libraries, though this is only another evidence of the lack of any serious effort worth mentioning as yet in the study of Philippine history and affairs in our country. The publishers of the series have been compelled to announce that, beginning with February next, they will limit the number of volumes printed strictly to the number subscribed.

—Mr. William Macbeth, the picture-dealer, publishes a thin volume of less than sixty pages, 'Homer Martin: A Reminiscence,' by the painter's widow. The book is well and simply, if not quite frankly, written, and has a distinct charm of its own, while it does, in the words of its publisher, afford "valuable insight into the life and work of this highly gifted artist." As is inevitable, however, the insight given is rather into the causes of the artist's weaknesses and partial failure than into the sources of his strength. No one has ever been able to explain genius or even talent; it is possible to show, in some degree, why genius or talent did not find fuller fruition. The causes of Martin's shortcomings as a painter seem to have been an almost total lack of systematic training, a temperamental inability to work except when in the mood, a defective vision culminating in almost entire blindness, and certain "habits" and "propensities" which are hinted at but not named. Against each of these handicaps artists have victoriously contended—against all of them together no one could quite victoriously contend. Mrs. Martin quotes George H. Boughton to the effect that if Martin had been a pupil of Corot's he "could hardly paint more like him"—and in charm of tone and of delicate light and color there is indeed a marked similarity between the works of the two painters; but of the breadth of design and of the suave perfection of a personal but masterly technique which marked the great Frenchman, there is little trace in the work of the American. Of what he was we have learned to be justly proud; to understand may be to pardon, but need not be to forget what he was not.

—There are not many philosophers, as distinguished from the professors of philosophy, but the late Thomas Davidson was of the number. He deliberately chose the vocation of a sophist, to use the term as explained by Grote, and refused to attach himself to any scholastic corporation. He took money for his teaching from those who could afford it, but gave counsel freely to the poor. An account of the results of a few lectures which he delivered on the East Side of New York has now been prepared by Mr. Charles M. Bakewell, and published by Ginn & Co. under the title, 'The Education of the Wage-Earners.' Incredible as it may seem, Davidson aroused in a gathering of people nearly all whose waking hours were devoted to manual toil, an enduring interest in books and subjects which are quite beyond the capacity of most of the "leisure class." He set them a stiff course, but they proved themselves equal to it, and have continued the movement with wonderful courage. What is even more remarkable, Davidson at the outset persuaded many of his hearers, who knew no hope but that offered by Socialism, that there was a higher ideal. Socialism, he showed, involved the loss of the very thing for which the State exists—personal liberty. To preserve liberty and at the same time secure opportunity for self-development, implies the existence of the conditions that would make Socialism possible. In other words, society will be reformed when the people who compose it become elevated, morally and spiritually; and without this elevation no changes in government or in material wealth will make the world better. Mr. Bakewell is to be commended for calling attention to this remarkable experiment and its present results; and his account of Davidson and his philosophy should perpetuate the memory of a man who labored sincerely and successfully to bring light into the lives of his fellows.

—The latest lists of books and articles on special subjects issued by the Library of Congress, as prepared under the direction of the chief bibliographer, Mr. Griffin, draw fresh attention to the defective bibliographical workmanship of this series. We have never been able to understand why books, articles in periodicals, and Government documents are listed separately, nor why the books are arranged alphabetically while in all the other divisions the titles are arranged chronologically, nor why the alphabetical index to authors should cover the similarly arranged list of books. The absence of topical indexes is a serious blemish. The distinction between the divisions is not always kept in mind by the compiler. In the list on Immigration, for instance, several articles in periodicals and in Congressional documents are listed as if books, and at least one, John P. Altgeld's 'The Immigrant's Answer,' is given both under articles in periodicals—it was first printed in the *Forum* for 1890—and as a "book," because it was afterwards reprinted in the author's collection of essays called 'Live Questions.' In the list on the Far East a number of book-titles are accompanied by descriptive or commendatory quotations, but the sources are not always indicated. Each of the lists mentioned is prefaced by a note describing the material and repeating a number of the titles, with an occasional word or two of evaluation; too many titles are given to be of any value as guides, and the evaluation is haphazard. What is here said of the lists just issued is true of nearly all of the publications of the Division of Bibliography; their standard is not what one has a right to expect from publications emanating from the National Library.

—Magnus, who is well known for his researches in the history of the treatment of diseases of the eye ('Die Augenheilkunde der Alten,' Breslau, 1901), discusses with much acuteness in a late number of the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift* the paragraphs which concern this subject in the lately discovered laws of Hammurabi. Hitherto we have had no knowledge of operations upon the eye of an earlier date than the time of Hippocrates, and even at that time nothing was ventured upon except the removal of tumors from the lid and the cornea; there is no record of anything having been attempted in the interior of the eye. But now we suddenly find that the book of the laws of the Babylonian King makes express provision for regulating the relation between physician and patient in the case of operation for cataract. Cataract is a result of defective nutrition of the lens, and is not so much a disease as a too common physiological occurrence in advancing years. To undertake to push aside the clouded lens at a time when of course aseptic measures were unknown, must have demanded an extraordinary amount both of courage and of skill. Magnus comes to the conclusion that the passages concerning this subject in the book of the laws must be interpreted as meaning that for a successful operation the oculist shall receive ten silver shekels (something like ten marks); but that, if the patient dies under the operation or if his eye is destroyed, the hands of the operator shall be cut off.

THE RECENT HISTORY OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

A History of South America, 1854-1904. By Charles Edmond Akers. With illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

It is surprising, when one considers the size of the South American States, and the importance which some of them are acquiring, that so little has been written about them, either by way of describing their economic and social condition or as a record of their history. Americans, Englishmen, and Germans seem to have found them either too uninteresting or too troublesome and perplexing an object of study, so that until now it has been hard to discover any trustworthy account of the political phenomena which distinguish these republics from the rest of the world. Mr. Akers had accordingly every justification for attempting a condensed account of the recent history of South America such as his volume presents. He takes up in succession each South American country, Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, treating the four last named very curtly, and the others more at length. Two chapters give a rather too sketchy general introduction, four in the middle are devoted to an account of the war between Chile and Peru, while a concluding one reviews the general situation, and intimates views of the future.

The plan is good, and the execution not unworthy of the plan. Although the author tells us that he is a journalist by profession, who has resided for fourteen years in South America, there is nothing in his style characteristic of either the newspaper correspondent or of the leading-article writer. He is plain, concise, businesslike, using no rhetoric, spreading himself out with no vague amplifications. He does not profess to write as a philosopher, examining the causes of the political phenomena which he describes, nor does he make any reference, by way of illustration, to the political phenomena of other governments in other countries which offer parallels to the history of these republics. But he writes sensibly and temperately, making on his reader at least the impression of a man who deserves confidence. The book is one not meant to charm those who read for entertainment, but addresses itself to persons who desire to be informed regarding the recent history and present state of a vast continent which must play in the future a larger part than it has played in the past. Such persons will find in its pages most of the facts they need; there is, indeed, so far as we know,

no other book which contains the facts in so convenient a form.

We say "most of the facts" because, in the case of some of the countries dealt with, there are omissions which one would gladly see supplied. Among these omissions, one relates to the quality of the population. As respects some States, Peru, for instance, and Bolivia, and Venezuela, Mr. Akers gives figures, sometimes unofficial figures, but the best he could get—probably official figures are no better than others—of the respective numbers of Spaniards, half-breeds, and Indians. But in the case of some other States he is apparently unable to provide any estimate of the relative strength of the various elements in the population; and generally he is perhaps rather too curt or two meagre in his notices of this point, essential as it is to a comprehension of the social conditions out of which political disturbances spring. Broadly speaking, the causes of these disturbances, which have not only given South America a bad name, but have done something to discredit republican government itself in the eyes of unthinking persons, stand out pretty clearly from his pages. Upon one of them he seems to us to lay undue stress, viz., the Spanish or Portuguese origin of the European part of the population. There is no reason in the nature of things why Spaniards should not be able to work a free government. In the fifteenth century both Castile and Aragon had constitutions which gave promise of development, though an unhappy series of historical events destroyed that promise. It is more material to observe that the Spaniards in the New World never had any chance of learning self-government. They were comparatively few, scattered in tiny communities among subject races, and they were despotically governed by viceroys sent from Spain. No local institutions existed among them like those planted from the first in the English colonies in North America. Thus, when they shook themselves loose from the mother country in the beginning of the nineteenth century, they were utterly inexperienced in politics, and had nothing to guide them except fine phrases and the Constitution of the United States, which, it may safely be said, few of them understood, and which was not well suited to their very different conditions. Probably the best thing for them would have been a strong, even an autocratic, government, which would have imposed order, prevented insurrections, opened up the country, and given a chance for wealth to grow by the development of agriculture and other industries.

They had against them, besides their unlucky start, the misfortune of being far too few for the territory they occupied, and of having territories in which there already existed native races so far back in civilization as to be unfit for any kind of free government, and indisposed, in many regions, to regular industry. Most of South America was too hot to be cultivated by the labor of the European settlers, and they seldom attempted to work the mines themselves, preferring to employ Indians, as in Peru, or negroes, as in Brazil. Thus the white population increased very slowly, and it continued to be thinly dispersed over a wide area. According to Mr. Akers's figures, three-fourths of the population of Peru, for instance, is Indian, while most of the remainder is of mixed race; Bolivia has only 250,000 whites, as against 1,250,000 Indians, one-fifth of whom are entirely uncivilized, and 500,000 half-breeds; while in Ecuador the Spanish element is only 7 per cent. of the total population, and the number of inhabitants to the square mile is only 1.5. In Chile it is about 9; in Bolivia about 3.5. Through foreign and civil wars, Peru is believed to have now only about half the inhabitants she had in 1876. It is partly a cause and partly a consequence of these physical and social conditions that culture and education have remained at a low level. Even the elements of culture are confined to the European element, and in most States to a small minority of that element. Lying far from Europe and from the United States, these countries have felt only slightly those impulses to progress which have worked powerfully upon civilized peoples.

One fruit of civilization, however, they have reaped, viz., the possession of modern military weapons. They have been engaged in almost constant wars. Some of them have, like Paraguay, been chiefly occupied in foreign strife; some, like Ecuador, Uruguay, and Columbia, in intestine; some, like Chile and Peru, in both. They have raised in Europe large loans for the purpose of buying arms, ammunition, and iron-clad vessels; and have in many cases made default in payment of interest on these loans. The fate of an insurrection has usually been decided less by the valor or cowardice of the combatants—and these Spanish Americans often show considerable valor—than by the supply of ammunition which one or other of the contending parties possesses. Scarcely any of them seems to have advanced far enough to be able to manufacture its own guns; none certainly can build its own ironclads or make its own torpedoes. The sums expended in the great war of Chile against Peru and Bolivia and by the two factions in Chile, in the struggle caused by the ambition of Balmaceda when he tried to establish a dictatorship, would have been sufficient to provide these three countries with the railways and roads which they now so greatly need.

Of all the republics described by Mr. Akers, Ecuador, Venezuela, and Colombia seem to be at present the most backward and barbarous, and Brazil that in which the white population, no doubt much mixed with negro blood, has sunk to the lowest moral level. What he says of Colombia seems to be equally true of several other States:

"The present-day insurgents of Colombia are not far removed from brigands, and the political character given to revolutions is generally a cloak to cover illegal forms of pillage and rapine. It is from such elements that political adventurers of one or other party factions, striving to control the administration, draw elements for armed revolt against the authorities; and the rank and file of the men who enter the contest know little and care less about the merits of the cause. It is convenient for them to maintain the fiction that they are engaged in this or that struggle from patriotic motives, rather than be classified as robbers and outlaws, and this spirit makes armed insurrection easy in Colombia. Nor does any punishment follow an unsuccesstul rebellion. Property is seldom confiscated, treason is rarely made an offence demanding severe castigation, participation in seditious conspiracies entails no loss of civic rights; this immunity being probably due to the fact that the individual privileges of citizens are so mythical as to be thought little of where respect for law and order is practically unknown. In this part of South America the general conditions more closely resemble the early Middle Ages in Europe than anything in modern civilization; the injured must seek redress by the sword, or bear without remonstrance all indignities heaped upon them" (p. 602).

In one State at least it is expressly provided that people are not to be punished for taking part in insurrections, the notion in fact being that insurrection is a regular part of the machinery of public life, which may as well be recognized. It is needless to say that the Government actually in power at any given moment has no moral presumption in its favor. It is the child of revolution, and a revolution to overthrow it is therefore just as likely to have good grounds as had the revolution which installed it. Similarly, the constitutions of some Central American States provide that the force and validity of a constitution shall not be affected by the fact that a revolution has occurred: It is to go on without needing to be reënacted. Revolution is part of the normal machinery of politics.

One feature seems to be common to all these States, the want of honor and purity in the judiciary. Of Peru, Mr. Akers writes (p. 536):

"The administration of justice in Peru could not be more unsatisfactory than it is, and to designate as justice the manner in which the laws are administered is to convey an erroneous impression. To obtain a favorable verdict, bribery must be practised; and it is a question of who has the longest purse when a decision is reached. To this widely sweeping assertion there are no exceptions, the Supreme Court being no cleaner than the lower tribunals: it differs only in that payment must be on a higher scale. An example of the existing conditions occurred recently, when an important suit involving 250,000 gold dollars was pending in the Supreme Court. On the bench were five judges, and the evidence on one side was clear and concise, leaving no doubt of the rights of the case. A few days before judgment was delivered, the principal litigant received information that an adverse verdict would be given unless a bribe was forthcoming, and, not having the necessary funds, he applied to a banker for an advance of 10,000 gold dollars to buy a third vote, explaining that he had secured two others. The loan was obtained, and, after a favorable judgment was pronounced, the 10,000 dollars were paid to the member casting the deciding vote. In this case a just verdict was bought, but it happens quite as often that injustice is obtained by similar means.

"The judicial officials are, as a rule, too ignorant to turn to best use the legal power entrusted to them. They are so inadequately remunerated that they are tempted to corrupt practices at every turn, and it is due to these circumstances that blackmailing has become so common. No redress can be obtained as affairs are conducted to-day, and the most hopeless feature of the situation is that the ordinary citizen does not appreciate the necessity for an impartial administration of justice. He has a vague idea that there are such persons as honest judges in other parts of the world, but he is not sure that an upright judiciary in Peru would be an unmitigated blessing."

Under such conditions, it does not surprise us to be told that elections are hardly ever, if ever, honestly conducted. There does not seem to be a single South American State in which the courts can be trusted, though they are not everywhere quite so bad as in Peru; and there is hardly a State in which Governmental influence may

not be expected to manipulate the elections so as to secure a majority for its own candidates. This is another reason why Presidents and governments lack moral authority. Even if they have not secured their power by force, they have probably secured it by fraud, so insurrection becomes the natural expedient of the unsuccessful party.

Nevertheless, it would be an error to assume that all these republics stand equally low, or that signs of improvement are wholly wanting. Chile has generally borne a good character in the financial world for the discharge of pecuniary obligations, and her people, less mixed with native Indians or with negroes than those of the other republics, have shown more capacity than any others for working Constitutional government. Mr. Akers, however, takes a sombre view of the present condition of that country. Her success in war, while it has made her people blustering and aggressive, has turned them away from agricultural industry, which is now declining. Brigandage is rife, and the mass of the population are wretchedly poor. Argentina shows more distinct signs of progress. No country suffered under a more brutal tyranny than she did under Rosas, who was overthrown and expelled in 1852. But since the election of President Sarmiento in 1868 there has been an unmistakable upward movement, often interrupted, but subsequently resumed. This is largely due to the vast immigration into the country of Italians and of colonists, mostly Basques from Old Spain, to the construction of railways and the development of agriculture, and to the influence exerted by the European capitalists and merchants who have acquired interests in Argentina or do business there. Of late years the material growth of the country has been rapid. It now exports immense quantities of grain, hides, meat, and wool. The population, which was in 1869 only 1,800,000, has now risen to more than 4,000,000; yet even this number gives only about 3.5 persons to the square mile, so the field for further settlement is still very wide. The people seem to be somewhat more enlightened than in the Pacific States, and the Roman Catholic Church is not so powerful a factor in politics as it is in Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia. The temperate climate of Argentina and Chile has been much to their benefit—in the former by attracting European immigrants, in the latter by enabling a peasantry of European stock to pursue agriculture and other industries without depending upon Indian or negro labor. The presence of the negro is a serious factor in Brazil, for, of the 14,500,000 inhabitants, only 5,000,000 are whites, and even among these the infusion of negro blood has been sufficient to affect the character of the white race, there being among the Portuguese no such aversion to intermarriage with colored people as the Teutonic nations evince. Elsewhere the black population is relatively small.

Despite the improvement visible in Argentina and the great possibilities of economic development which the minerals of Bolivia, Peru, and Chile hold out, the impression left by Mr. Akers's review of the existing conditions of the South American States is anything but cheerful. It would almost seem as if the impulse towards progress must come from without to all these mixed races, for except in Chile and parts of Argentina there appear to be comparatively few pure Spaniards. European immigration or the influence of European capital, since direct control by any foreign power is for the present improbable, seems likely to prove the most stimulative influence. This influence might most easily come from the United States, but Mr. Akers thinks (p. 601, p. 655) that recent occurrences at Panama have alarmed the Spanish republics, and for the moment checked their disposition to look to Washington for encouragement and guidance. It is to be hoped that this will prove a passing sentiment, for the United States could do more for Northern South America than can any other people.

In closing we may specify a few shortcomings in Mr. Akers's survey. The two pages dedicated to the brief revolutionary disturbance of 1898-99 in Bolivia might well have been omitted. The statement (p. 533) that alcoholism threatens to bring about the depopulation of Peru evinces a pardonable want of acquaintance with the Peruvian people as a whole. Those of the coast are not at all addicted to drunkenness; in the highlands, the Indians are repulsive inebriates, and were more so before the Conquest, and our author should have made a marked distinction on this point. That Mr. Alfred St. John, British Consul at Callao, should have "arranged a suspension of hostilities" between the forces of Cáceres and Piérola on March 19, 1895, will be news to those who know something about events that terminated the civil war in 1894-95 in Peru. There was a British *Minister* at Lima *at the time*. The suspension of hostilities was due to the personal efforts of the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Giuseppe Macchi, with the backing, of course, of such other members of the diplomatic corps as were then at Lima.

WENDELL'S SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE.

The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature. By Barrett Wendell. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

In this volume, which contains the Clark lectures given by Mr. Wendell at Trinity College, Cambridge, a tactful humor is displayed alike in the choice of a subject and in the handling of it. By the terms of the bequest, a lecturer upon this foundation is constrained to select for his course some period of English literature. Mr. Wendell, as readers of that most suggestive and unconvincing book, his 'Literary History of America,' know, has one pet particular thesis—the notion that Elizabethan literature in England was "spontaneous, enthusiastic, and versatile," that America and American literature take their origins in Elizabethan England, and that, while the temper of English writing has changed vastly since the parting of the ways, American literature has shown spontaneity, enthusiasm, and versatility to the end. He therefore chose for consideration with his British audience that period of English literature in which its modern British mood came into being, and so, implicitly and by indirection, endeavored to expound and justify American letters in "the Old Home."

The strength of Mr. Wendell's method is more, and the weakness of it less, apparent here than in the earlier work. That method is, in brief, intuition, deduction, iteration. There the intuition was but of a half-truth, the deduction not always sustained by fact, and the iteration sometimes cloying; here the case is rather different. No one will deny that Elizabethan life *was* "integral," and its expression in literature "spontaneous, enthusiastic, and versatile" in a sense that English life and expression were not in Jacobean or Caroline days, so that here Mr. Wendell's intuition is unquestionably correct. It chances, furthermore, that the path to be followed in deducing the growth of the conservative "John Bull" temper from English literature of the seventeenth century had been ably blazed by Mr. Dowden in his 'Anglican and Puritan,' by Mr. Gosse (upon the more external side and with some false lights) in his 'From Shakespeare to Pope,' and by many other trailsmen. In his main line of deduction, then, Mr. Wendell is in touch with the best recent scholarship, though he shows an individuality of thought and an amount of the fundamental mind-work of criticism that is stimulating and provocative. Finally, though the old trick of iteration is still here, and we have an artificially close texture of style depending upon the numerous appearance of our old friends, "spontaneity," "enthusiasm," and "versatility" in all manner of adverbial and adjectival permutations and combinations, still the writing is relatively simple and sincere. We could, however, wish away certain disagreeable and unrelenting mannerisms like "so an end," "speed on," "the while."

Mr. Wendell's scholarship, too, is here seen to excellent advantage. It is, in the main, vernacular rather than cosmopolitan and comparative, and we think that his argument might have gained in cogency and truth at many points from the consideration of connected phenomena in the other literatures of Europe; but within its limits it is unassuming, fine and sound. He deals primarily, indeed almost wholly, with the chief and principal things in seventeenth-century writing. His concern is with "the most significant literature," which, as he defines it, is "that which the spontaneous selection of posterity has kept alive from generation to generation." Here, again, the argument might have gained in full and varied truth from a more minute knowledge of the minor men who go to give an age its color, yet whom posterity does not care to keep alive; but in that way, as Professor Masson showed us long ago, danger lies for the seventeenth-centuryist. With the significant literature that here chiefly concerns him, Mr. Wendell has a nice familiarity, and in the field of his special studies, as in the admirable chapter on Puritanism, he writes with specially informed judiciousness.

This is enough as to Mr. Wendell's occasion, method, and scholarship. The course of his inquiry is, briefly, this: the quality of Elizabethan literature being what we have seen it, what were the stages through which the temper of the century passed in the evolution of the English mind as we know it? After tracing the disintegration of the drama, the divergence and decadence of the schools of Spenser, Jonson and Donne, the growth of a deliberate and self-conscious prose, Mr. Wendell sums up the first half of his century as

"a period when the elder integral temper

—with its spontaneity, its enthusiasm and its versatility—swiftly disintegrated; a period, too, when this process of disintegration tended to produce writers who seem increasingly self-conscious, and consequently more and more deliberate; and that, so far as its later manifestations reach the lasting dignity of literature, they reach it not because they express, like Elizabethan literature, a comprehensive national temper, but rather because, more subtly than that elder literature, they express the individual experience of men, mostly given to ideal philosophy, who sought, or who were driven into, personal isolation."

This brings him down to the age of Puritanism and to Milton, the supreme example of the ideal philosophy as well as of the personal isolation characteristic of his age. The progress thence toward a reintegration of the national mood in the new "tenacious," practical temper of Dryden and his followers is easily traced in the single concluding chapter, which was all that the scheme of Mr. Wendell's occasions allowed him. No one who knows well the seventeenth century, with its wayward transitions, its bewilderingly multitudinous survivals of elder times, its inexhaustible fertility in the seeds of future growth, its deep and varied humanity, is likely to go all the way with so pretty a demonstration. It is too good to be quite true. It is, however, an uncommonly lucid and helpful summation of a very tangled and tenebrous matter.

Mr. Wendell's criticism of the separate authors within his province is necessarily partial and sometimes even *parti-pris*, being subordinated to the establishing of his thesis; yet we imagine that it is in certain of these passages that many readers will find him most satisfactory and memorable. As a critic Mr. Wendell is at best in dealing with literature as a fine-art, objectively yet very individually. Here again his method is one of intuition, of the sudden phrase-born illumination which may or may not coincide with the whole truth, rather than of cautious-footed induction. At times, however, this method reaches a felicity that approaches finality. Our space will not suffer us to quote what is perhaps the most convincing single passage in the book—that in which Mr. Wendell elucidates the notably visual bent of Ben Jonson's imagination, and proceeds to show very finely how Jonson's plays are, as many of us have felt, not dramatic, but *pictorial*. No better passage can be selected to show Mr. Wendell's quality as a critic than that in which, after quoting the familiar passage in 'Paradise Lost' describing Eden, beginning,

"Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balms,"

he comments upon it thus:

"Try to visualize that landscape, and you will be more ingenious than I if you can make it take much other form than you may see in the background of some Bolognese picture of Diana and her nymphs. Fancy, if you can, some sculptured Miltonic Adam or Satan; and see whether the form is not strangely like those colossally distorted ones which the Italians made in Bernini's time and after. Try to translate Milton's Eve into terms of painting, and tell yourself truly whether you can make those terms differ much from the manner we now think decadently artificial on the canvases of Guido Reni or of the Caracci. When I said all this to the friend who chanced to be with me, he waxed a little warm, for he was accustomed to reverence Milton, and thought me almost blasphemous. Nothing could have been further from my purpose. What impressed me most was not that Milton thus showed how in life, like every other wholesome man, he was himself a man of the days when he walked the earth. It was rather that the grave, austere earnestness of his mastered purpose surged so supremely strong. Amid his century of artifice and of cultured affectation, he was thus able, without disdaining contemporary terms, to make a supremely noble poem. In reverent admiration of its nobility one no more stops to remark its artifices than one stops to remember its origins."

This, as Mr. Wendell concedes, is a kind of personal imaginative association that is not very closely allied to law-giving criticism. For ourselves, while we see Milton's Adam a majestic and clear-lined figure that no Bernini could ever have conceived, and Eve of an ivory and golden beauty that Guido Reni himself could not have compassed, we are as amply convinced by the analogy in landscape at the beginning of the paragraph as we are satisfied with the sound Miltonic appreciation at its end. It is this union of sensitiveness to qualify with ready and deep admiration for what is formally great in literature, rather than any trick of style, that makes Mr. Wendell's best passages so individual and telling.

In points of detail the book is, of course, of the most capable workmanship, though the finger of the devil that discomposes type is to be seen in several places, and there is at least one misquotation, on page 147, where Herrick is made to say,

"And *then*, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my psalter."

FIVE NOVELS.

His Majesty's Sloop Diamond Rock. By H. S. Huntington. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Wolverine. By Albert Lathrop Lawrence. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Diane. By Katharine Holland Brown. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Dialstone Lane. By W. W. Jacobs. Scribners.

Painted Shadows. By Richard Le Gallienne. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

In the days when Britannia unquestionably ruled the wave, when the mariners of England really earned all the credit they have got in song and story, no little adventure more clearly proved their mettle than the occupation and defence of Diamond Rock, the rock that rises six hundred feet from the sea, guarding the port of Fort-de-France in the Island of Martinique. It is wonderful that the incident has so long escaped an army of scribblers running to and fro upon the earth nosing about for material, but it is also well, because many would certainly have done it hastily and badly, and few indeed so carefully as has Mr. Huntington. The explanation of such escape may possibly lie in the fact that the material is very hard to get at, for the life of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, who commanded the Barbadoes squadron in 1803 has never been fully written, and to get his information and assimilate it so well Mr. Huntington must have had to do more reading and reflecting than running about. His personal familiarity with the scene of his story is shown in detail that could not be grasped by a hasty tripper.

Neither Admiral Hood nor any one known to history is the hero of 'His Majesty's Sloop Diamond Rock,' but Tommy Reeves, a midshipmite who entered the navy with the intention of doing great things, and who therfore got his share of the great things going in the early years of the nineteenth century. Tommy was pretty soon recognized as a boy of spirit and understanding, and when it was decided that Fort-de-France could not be effectively blockaded until Diamond Passage was commanded by guns placed on the Rock, he was of the small band chosen to scale its precipitous sides and plant the flag on the summit. From that moment he is marked as one born for action, thrilling, hazardous, and successful. The account of the establishment of guns and garrison on the Rock, and of its defence two years later and surrender to the French fleet when food and ammunition were exhausted, is excellent, both for description of the thing that was done and characterization of the men and boys who did it. It was an enterprise in which agile and audacious boys were particularly useful, and though Tommy's courage sometimes faltered, it never failed. As a popular hero he can hardly compete with the bad boys, the slangy boys, the cheap boys who pervade modern fiction, but no fellow-boy who reads his story will deny that he was a good fellow who well deserved his luck.

An ignorant or careless person may easily read the novel entitled 'The Wolverine' without receiving the faintest intimation of the significance of the title, but an attentive reader may learn that it is a descriptive or pet name for the State of Michigan. The events narrated take place in Detroit and thereabout, three-quarters of a century ago, before a tide of emigration flowing westward had absorbed the early French population and substituted customs and manners less pleasing and less picturesque than those of the descendants of La Mothe Cadillac and his little band of gentlemen adventurers. The author is full of information about the history of Michigan, and involves his lovers (a French girl and a New England youth) in squabbles over boundary delimitation, a negro insurrection, and a severe epidemic of cholera. Marie Beaucœur, his heroine, appears to have enjoyed a degree of liberty not often granted to the daughters of her people in the New World by a watchful paternal Church. She walked and talked, took "canoe rides," and waltzed flagrantly with strange young men. She even acted Rosalind in a performance given for a church charity and approved of by the parish priest. Such proceedings must have made a scandal in French society, and one wishes the author had told us what Father Richard's bishop said and did when its noise came to his ears. Our inference is that the author has drawn his French girl from a dimly lighted inner consciousness rather than from knowledge, general or particular. He is more successful with Perry North and his New England conscience, and in his case manages to suggest a soul's conflict. His book is a rather pathetic testimony to several kinds of inexperience, yet it does not exclude hope of better things in the future.

The French passion for ideas was perhaps never more heroically tested than by Étienne Cabet and several hundred of his compatriots when they crossed the sea in 1848 to found in America a commune—*Icarie*—which should convert into reality their

ecstatic vision of a free, equal, and united society. The experiment, like most similar ventures, was a failure; a more pitiful, ghastly failure than others because it was undertaken with higher purposes, higher hopes, higher courage, and a more comprehensive ignorance of practical difficulties to be confronted. The story of 'Diane' is the story of this Icarian community on the verge of collapse and dispersion, after it had failed in Texas, failed in New Orleans, and had struggled through a few years of feeble existence beneath the shadow of the deserted Mormon temple at Nauvoo on the Mississippi. Diane is a maiden of noble birth, especially dear to Étienne Cabet because his people had served and loved her people in the days of their greatness before the Revolution and through succeeding years of disaster and comparative obscurity. Diane's gratitude to Cabet and fidelity in the hour of his humiliation form the principal emotional interest of the tale. The author shows familiarity and sympathy with the fundamental theories of Cabet and his associates, and offers a fairly philosophical explanation, by illustration, of the reasons why such theories never work. It is only for an enthusiastic moment that man really loves his fellow-man and is willing to embrace him, to die for him, even to work for him. Inevitably, the emotion passes, invariably the natural man asserts himself, and smashes a society founded on the maxim: "Nothing for oneself; all for all." Before the end comes, shocking things happen—shocking morally and physically—and many hearts are broken. Diane sees the tragedy of Icaria through to its bitter end.

There may be historical authority for the shrine built in the forest by Cabet, where he secretly worships the Christian God, and for the passionate confession that Diane overhears. If there is, Cabet's sincerity is seriously impugned thereby; and if there is not, the author hurts her story by diverting sympathy and destroying compassion for an apparently good man overwhelmed by misfortune.

With the drama of Icaria is interwoven the opening scenes of another drama, conducted by another group of idealists. The opponents of negro slavery in 1856 were stirred to activity by the passing of the Fugitive Slave act, and the agents of the "Underground Railroad" in the Border States had their hands full. Some neighbors of the Icarians are devoted to freeing the slave, and Diane's lover forsakes his people and his heart's desire to stand by John Brown in Kansas. The author has probably wished to point a contrast between two ideals of liberty and two methods of realization. Two "causes," however, overweight one novel, with the result that interest is divided, and neither cause is, so to speak, worked for all it is worth. The author's constructive faculty is not strong, and she certainly doesn't know where to stop. A few paragraphs would suffice for all that ought to be told after Cabet's death in St. Louis. But there are passion and understanding in the tale, things that come by nature, things unto which technical knowledge may be added hereafter.

'Dialstone Lane' is in Mr. Jacobs's best manner. It is the story of three landsmen who set out to look for a hidden treasure buried on an island in the South Seas. There, on a sandy beach carefully mapped on a chart that has fallen into their hands, lies, as they have been assured, the skeleton of a Spanish adventurer, and beneath it a bag of precious stones worth half a million. The adventures of the trio, who are marooned by their crew, are humorous and improbable. But though the story depends for its main incident on this crazy expedition, it is not to be classed as a desperate tale of adventure. The reader is more interested in those who stay at home in Dialstone Lane. The Lane is the home of a retired sea captain named Bowers, who combines a talent for narrative with a remarkably picturesque imagination. Into the mingled yarn of his novel Mr. Jacobs has interwoven the love-story of the Captain's niece, the experiences of his man-of-all-work, Joseph, the ex-steward, and the manners and customs of a little country town, apparently in Suffolk, which lies far enough inland to attract a retired mariner, but not too remote from the influences of a neighboring seaport. The book is admirably illustrated by Mr. W. Owen.

'Painted Shadows' is the title of a collection of short stories and allegories by Mr. Le Gallienne. His heroes are, as usual, persons of artistic temperament who recite very poor sentimental verse which is not inspired by their wives. Mr. Le Gallienne is a master of the domestic-sensual style, and only the sheer unreality of his characters saves them from being completely offensive. Nearly all the stories turn on the sentimental histories of men and women born for each other in some mysterious sense that makes introduction (they always meet in drawing-rooms at evening receptions) seem an impertinence: "Fancy Mrs. Pottle thinking it necessary to introduce us," says the violinist to one of the heroines, a matron of forty, whom he invites to elope with him in "a chariot of fire." "It was Mrs. Williamson's, and no more august stage, that those higher Powers had chosen for our meeting-place," says another hero of the same type; "but . . . as some village stable is suddenly visited by angels to become forever a shrine for all the world, with a like significance I sometimes say to myself—'Mrs. Williamson's!'" The whole book is written in the hysterical style that the author mistakes for poetic prose. As we have seen in the passage quoted above, nothing is too sacred to be dragged in as an analogy for sentimental situations, and Mr. Le Gallienne's single idea of a sentimental situation is one in which a poet or artist finds his "inspiration" in the wife of another. It is a morbid mania with Mr. Le Gallienne, this idealization of sham passion and caprice, and it is not redeemed by a certain prettiness of expression which imposes on some of his readers as prose poetry: "The Rose was coming over the sea, and my heart wondered: Shall we ever meet? One of those mysterious voices of the soul which are deeper than reason whispered that nothing could prevent our meeting. . . . Yes! The Rose and I would surely meet. . . . No, if we were to meet at all, Fate, and not I, must arrange the meeting." There is not a page in the volume from which one could not select a passage equally mawkish.

Routine and Ideals. By Le Baron Russell Briggs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

The papers collected in this volume consist in part of college and school addresses, some of which have been published before. These, with the other essays, however, make what is substantially a new book. The author has added his "Mater Fortissima," the Cambridge Phi Beta Kappa poem of 1903, one of the successes of the dinner of that year.

Dean Briggs has covered so much ground that it is difficult to give in a few words the thesis of his little volume. He calls it in his preface a collection of sermons, or a single sermon, of which the twofold text is, "Be thou faithful unto death," and "Where there is no vision the people perish." But we doubt whether either the idea of fidelity or constancy or even routine exactly expresses what half his sermon has in view. Drill, discipline, the formation of habits—the importance of these is what he wishes to enforce. Mr. Briggs insists that one-half of education, probably the most necessary part, is the training of the will, which is attained only through this formation of habits got solely by self-denial, discipline, and drill, at the end of which the wise find routine their best servant. This view seems, of course, opposed to the current opinion that the true way to educate is to proceed in the direction of the least resistance—to lead the child to knowledge by making it easy for him; but we take it that Dean Briggs would hold neither view wholly wrong. The child should not spend years in learning a quantity of half-understood rules—of grammar, for instance—but should be led into a language by interest in its literature, by its actual use in conversation. On the other hand, what he undertakes to learn he should master, and there is no mastery without drill and discipline. He is not to half-know anything, and consequently his memory must be in constant training, and his habit of application and retention constantly improving. This drill cannot be made easy, but the subject for which the sacrifice of the drill is to be made can be rendered interesting. The old way was to spend years on drill without paying any attention to the fact that drill alone is necessarily repulsive. The true modern way is to make the pupil feel that drill is a means to an end, which he is gradually made to feel is desirable. What Dean Briggs protests against is that slovenly abuse of the true principle which in many quarters is leading to an attempt to do without drill and routine altogether. The effect of this is to destroy the sense of responsibility, and to make it harder and harder for the young to confront and overcome difficulties. It makes education, instead of a blessing, a heritage of woe.

All this part of the book is for the old, for those who educate and devise systems of education; the rest is for the young. All of it will be found instructive, and much entertaining. It touches upon the relation of instructor and pupil, so changed from what it was even a generation ago; upon the code of morality prevailing among those *in statu pupillari*, so different at some points from our mature ethics; upon the ideal which the young man should have before him. This is familiar ground. It is pleasant to feel that here at least the

youngster of to-day is nearer to us than we often think. The ideas of the author of 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' of old Col. Newcome about his boy Clive, were not very different from those which Dean Briggs would expect to find in a modern father, and the dean's boy, or freshman, is his father's own son. At Harvard, it would seem, there is a sort of blending of American and English ideals, reflected elsewhere in the transformation effected in the "crack" schools in the last thirty years, which represents progress in some directions, and in others a reversion to more conservative aims.

Classical Echoes in Tennyson. By Wilfred P. Mustard, Ph.D., Professor of Latin in Haverford College. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

The impression made by this little book, which is undoubtedly a labor of love, is not in all respects pleasant. Tennyson's indebtedness, both for thoughts and expressions, to the Greek and Roman classics is obvious even to his superficial readers. Professor Mustard has undertaken to hunt out and set down every passage which can be called a copy, an imitation, a reminiscence, a hint, a parallel, or a coincidence, in the entire works of Tennyson, to anything in the whole range of classic literature from Homer to St. Augustine. He is obliged to admit that many of these likenesses are shadowy and conjectural. He quotes from Lord Tennyson's Memoir not only his expressions of annoyance when such things were exploited without due warrant, but his assertions as to the real sources of expressions boldly referred to classic models. Yet he persists in a work which in its most important results is not needed, and in its slighter inferences almost impertinent. The book reminds one of a hard word in "Love's Labor Lost," act iv., where Armado proposes to "annothanize" *veni, vidi, vici.* Many editors think this word equivalent to *annotate;* others change it to *anatomize.* Professor Mustard has sought to annotate his favorite; he has really anatomized him. Such love is like that of Mrs. Gamp for her fellow-creatures, who was willing, if she could afford it, to lay them all out for nothing. It is to be feared Tennyson would have received it with more growls than smiles.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Besant, Annie. A Study in Consciousness. John Lane. $1.50.
Brady, Cyrus Townsend. Indian Fights and Fighters. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1:30 net.
Burgess, Gelett. The Rubáiyát of Omar Cayenne. F. A. Stokes Co.
Carr, Clark E. The Illini. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Early Italian Poets. Translated by D. G. Rossetti. Caxton Thin Paper. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Ferree, Barr. American Estates and Gardens. New York: Munn & Co.
Guyot, Yves. Les Conflits du Travail. Paris: Charpentier.
Hazlitt, W. Carew. Dictionary of Faiths and Folklore. 2 vols. Imported by Scribners. $6 net.
Holdich, Sir Thomas Hungerford. India. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Kahle, Paul. Die Arabischen Bibelübersetzungen. Lemcke & Buechner.
Larson, Laurence Marcellus. The King's Household in England before the Norman Conquest. Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin. 50 cents.
Maybrick, Florence Elizabeth. My Fifteen Lost Years. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.20 net.
Minerva, Fourteenth Year. Lemcke & Buechner.
Newlands, Ernest. The Temple of Art. Longmans.
Reinach, Salomon. Apollo. Paris: Hachette & Cie.
Schuster, Arthur. The Theory of Optics. Longmans. $4.
Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents net.
Shaw, Albert. The Business Career. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1.
Shippey, Mary Randall. Sœur Marie: A Poem Robert Grier Cooke.
Simpson, George. Naval Constructor. D. Van Nostrand Co. $5 net.
Stephen, Leslie. Hours in a Library. New ed. 4 vols. Putnams.
Sterne, Laurence. Works of. Journal of Eliza, and Various Letters. J. F. Taylor & Co.
Stoeving, Paul. The Story of the Violin. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Strutt, R. J. The Becquerel Rays and the Properties of Radium. Longmans. $2.40 net.
Tanner, Amy Eliza. The Child. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Wit and Humor of Well-Known Quotations. Edited by Marshall Brown. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

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